



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

P257.1

Re. Feb. 1876



Knickerbocker.



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LONDON: 1850.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN A. BARNES, 108 N. 2ND STREET,
corner of ALBANY STREET.

Printed and Published by J. A. BARNES, at the office of the Knickerbocker, No. 108 N. 2nd Street, New-York.

LONDON: JOHN CROFT, 110, STRAND.

L. J. BARNES, 108 N. 2ND STREET.

J. A. BARNES, 108 N. 2ND STREET.

ART. I. THE HUDSON: ILLUSTRATED BY SIXTEEN ENGRAVINGS. BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS,	1
II. SIX BY SEVEN,	2
III. THE POET'S LOVE,	3
IV. PHYSICAL DECLINE OF AMERICAN WOMEN,	4
V. LINES: WINTER,	5
VI. STANZAS: 'MY HOME,'	6
VII. THE BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE. BY HON. GEORGE BANCROFT,	7
VIII. EPIGRAM ON A LITTLE WRITER WHO WROTE BUT LITTLE,	8
IX. A NEW-YEAR'S MONODY: 'IN SPERO TE,'	9
X. A DAY AT METTRAY,	10
XI. LINES: TO S — H —,	11

LITERARY NOTICES :

1. FRENCH CLASSICS: IN SIX VOLUMES,	12
2. MODERN PHILOLOGY. BY BENJAMIN W. DWIGHT,	13
3. WAYSIDE GLIMPSES: NORTH AND SOUTH. BY LILIAN FOSTER,	14
4. THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS, TRANSLATED AND COPIOUSLY ANNOTATED,	15

EDITOR'S TABLE :

1. EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER NINE,	16
2. AN INTERVIEW WITH AN EDITOR,	17
3. WASHINGTON IRVING UPON THE LATE FENIMORE COOPER,	18
4. REVIEW OF COOPER IN THE 'NORTH-AMERICAN' QUARTERLY,	19
5. DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING,	20
6. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	100

IRVING MEMORIAL.

REMINISCENCES BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK: MR. WILLIS' LATE INTERVIEW WITH WASHINGTON IRVING: VISIT OF THEODORE TILTON TO SUNNYSIDE: ADDRESS OF DR. FRANCIS BEFORE THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY: REMARKS BY PRESIDENT KING: SPEECH OF THE HON. GEORGE BANCROFT: WASHINGTON IRVING AS AN INVALID: REMINISCENCES FROM HIS PHYSICIAN, DR. JOHN C. PETERS.

WE CALL THE ATTENTION OF OUR READERS TO THE BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM PLATE OF 'MERRY-MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME,' A MOST APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS PRESENT, AND BY FAR THE FINEST THING OF THE KIND EVER OFFERED IN THIS COUNTRY. TO EVERY \$3 SUBSCRIBER FOR 1860, INCLUDING 12 CTS. EXTRA IN STAMPS, WE WILL SEND, FREE OF POSTAGE, A COPY OF THIS SPLENDID ENGRAVING. WHOEVER WISHES THE MAGAZINE FOR ONE YEAR AND THE ENGRAVING GRATIS, HAS ONLY TO REMIT TO US THE NAMES OF FIVE \$3 SUBSCRIBERS, (\$15 GR.) TWO COPIES OF EACH, WORTH \$12, WILL BE SENT, *gratis*, FOR A CLUB OF EIGHT SUBSCRIBERS, (\$25.)

Imperfect: - pp. 471, 472, 557, 558 are torn.

THE
29
Knickerbocker,

OR



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME LV.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN A. GRAY, 16 & 18 JACOB STREET
1860.

P257.1

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by
JOHN A. GRAY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District
of New-York.

JOHN A. GRAY,
PRINTER,
16 & 18 Jacob Street, New-York.

38-111
1-30

INDEX.

A	PAGE	I	PAGE	
ADVENTURES on a Mountain Top. Rev. F. W. SHELTON.....	358	ILION of Priam, The.....	299	
		Irving Memorial.....	118	
		Italy, Scene in.....	618	
B		K		
BATTLE of Fort Moultrie, The. Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT.....	59	KING ROLF.....	376, 473	
Behind the Scenes.....	170	Kiss, The.....	604	
		Keats, John.....	392	
C		L		
CHAMBERS of Art, Berlin.....	538	LIFE Among the Kaffirs.....	163	
Chinese Sketches, J. K. DUNE, U.S.N.....	298, 393	Lines.....	52, 80, 173, 377, 389, 397, 436, 511, 526	
Circassia and the Circassians. J. P. BROWN.....	145	LITERARY NOTICES: French Classics: in Six Volumes. 81; Modern Philology. By BENJAMIN W. DWIGHT, 83; Wayside Glimpses: North and South. By LILLIAN FOSTER, 84; The History of Herodotus, Translated and Copiously Annotated, 84; The Professor at the Breakfast-Table, 212; Appleton's New American Cyclopedia, 218; Self-Help: 'Character and Conduct,' 214; History of the Progress of Education, 214; The Rivals: A Tale of the Times of Burr and Hamilton, 218; Poems by Sydney Dobell, 219; The Puritans: Church, Court, and Parliament of England, 220; Foot-Falls on the Boundary of Another World, 221; New Miscellanies: by CHARLES KINGSLEY, 222; Smith and Martin's Book-Keeping, 223; Treason of Major-General Lee. By GEORGE H. MOORE, 422; The Doomed Chief, 423; Poems by Henry Harbaugh, 425; Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., 426; Life in Spain: Past and Present. By WALTER THORNHURST, 427; Life and Times of General Sam Dale, 428; Edgar A. Poe and his Critics. By SARAH H. WHITMAN, 429; Dr. Oldham at Greystones, and his Talk there, 523; Harper's Greek and Latin Texts, 524; Undertow of Trade-Wind Surf. By GEO. H. CLARK, 525; The Satires of Juvenal and Persius, 527; Walter Ashwood: a Love-Story. By PAUL STOGVOLK, 529; Extemporaneous Discourses by Dr. Chapin, 539; Kit Kelvin's Kernels, 540; Leonilda: a Romance of the Sixteenth Century, 533; Tyliney Hall. By THOMAS HOOD, 534; A Dictionary of the English Language. By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL.D., 536; The Mill on the Floss, 537; Stories of Inventors and Discoverers in Science and the Useful Arts, 539; The Complete Works of Charles Dickens, 539; The North-American Review for the April Quarter, 640.—Brief Notices of New Publications, 349, 452.		
Clebs' Lament.....	632			
D				
DAY at Mettray.....	67			
Day in the Dead-Letter Office. FRANCOIS CORCUFF.....	179			
Day at Long Lake.....	573			
Day at Newstead Abbey, A. S. O. MASSETT.....	619			
Dream, The.....	408			
E				
ELBOWING a Pope. By an Eye-Witness.....	433			
Epigram.....	63, 308			
ERRATA: Editorial History of the Knickerbocker Magazine, 55, 215, 324, 430, 541, 643; Reminiscences of the late Washington Irving, 222, 439; Interview with an Editor, 91; Washington Irving upon the late Fenimore Cooper, 94; Review of Cooper in the 'North American Quarterly,' 95.				
F				
FREDERICK the Great and Voltaire.....	522			
G				
GARDEN, The.....	391			
Good Time Generally on a Farm.....	413			
Grave Creek Mound, The.....	309			
Great Creator, God, The.....	592			
Goings with Readers and Correspondents, 100, 234, 335, 444, 553, 665				
H				
HEART'S Confessional, The.....	266			
Hope: after the Manner of HOOD.....	375			
How they Manage the Lunatics at Gheel.....	267			
Hudson, The. Illustrated. T. A. RICHARDS.....	1			
Humboldt at a Court Pageant in Berlin. Hon. J. W. WALL.....	158			

	PAGE		PAGE
M		T	
MAIN of the Cedar, The.....	420	THEMIDIA on the Death of an Infant.....	297
Memory of the late Wm. T. Porter, A.....	157	Tick Family, The.....	512
Miss Machinations.....	314	Trout-Book of the Year, No. I.....	496
Mountains; The Hills of Mortality.....	209		
My First Night in London.....	150	V	
N		VILLAGE Sketch.....	418
NEXT May.....	582		
New-Year's Monody, A.....	66	W	
O		To Weimar. E. G. HOLLAND.....	492
OLD Church, The.....	409	Winter Hymn, A.....	169
		What happens under the Moon.....	378
P		Wolf-Chase, The.....	464
PARSON, The. GHO. H. CLARK.....	177		
Poem of Mr. Pigeon, The.....	561	ILLUSTRATIONS.	
Post's Love, The.....	86	THE Tappan Sea, 1; Zion Church, Dobbs'	
Physical Decline of American Women. Dr.	87	Ferry, 2; Nuits: Residence of Mr. Cottin-	
A. K. GARDNER.....	87	net, near Dobbs' Ferry, 3; North from	
Plough and the Pen, The.....	205	Zion Church, Dobbs' Ferry, 4; Piazza	
Popular Fallacy Exposed, A.....	513	Scene from the Residence of Mr. Cottinet,	
Prince of Pickpockets, The. FRANK WOOD.....	291	5; Landing at Dobbs' Ferry, from above,	
R		6; River-front of the Residence of Mr.	
RAMON of Abernethy.....	594	Macnamee, Irvington, 7; Up the River	
Remembrances.....	279, 405, 506, 588	below Irvington, 8; Sunnyside: Home	
Rescue of Guenevere.....	210	of Washington Irving, 9; Residence of	
Rome, Scene in.....	681	Moses H. Grinnell, Esq., at Irvington, 10;	
Ruins at Paestum, The.....	457	André Monument at Tarrytown, 11;	
Rural Letter to a Cockney Friend.....	605	Cedar-Hill Cottage, Residence of L. Gay-	
S		lord Clark, Esq., 12; Place where André	
SHEPHERD's Sabbath Song.....	585	was Executed, 13; The Hook Mountain,	
Shadow upon Sunnyside, The.....	291	below Nyack, 14; 'Erikstan,' Tarrytown:	
Six by Seven. HANST K. FREEMONT.....	17	Residence of John J. Herrick, Esq., 15;	
Sleeping Maiden, The.....	577	'Erikstan,' from below, 16; The River	
Sleepy Hollow. Illustrated. T. A. RICHARDS.....	129	from Sleepy Hollow, 129; Tarrytown,	
Some Thoughts on Cheerfulness.....	467	South from Irving Park, 180; Kingeland's	
Son of the Man: Reminiscences of Napo-		Point, Tarrytown, 181; The Old Dutch	
leon II.....	286	Church, Sleepy Hollow, 182; The 'Old	
Sonnet, A.....	517	Mill,' Sleepy Hollow, 183; The Bridge in	
Stanzas, 58, 149, 169, 204, 285, 364, 421, 471, 487,		Sleepy Hollow, 184; 'Carl's Mill' in Sleepy	
496, 506, 521, 527		Hollow, 185; Brook Scene in Sleepy Hol-	
Station Life in Australia.....	865	low, 186; 'Rockwood,' Seat of Edwin	
		Bartlett, Esq., 187; Residence of Mrs. A.	
		G. PHILIPS, 189; Oronon Point, from Sing-	
		Sing, 141; The Female Prison, Sing-Sing,	
		142; The State Prison, Sing-Sing, 143;	
		The Croton Aqueduct, Sing-Sing, 144.	

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1860.

IN order to increase the already large circulation of the **KNICKERBOCKER**, we publish this month a splendid line engraving of FRITH'S picture of: '*Merry-Making in the Olden Time*,' which we shall present exclusively to the \$3 subscribers to the Magazine for 1860, whether old or new. The subject represents the pastimes of our ancestors, and is eminently of a genial, domestic character. The plate, engraved in England at an expense of \$2000, is entirely new, measures twenty-five by nineteen and a half inches in size, contains thirty-nine figures, and is beyond comparison the finest work of the kind ever offered as a premium in this country. The engravings are richly worth \$3 a piece, and will be sent to our subscribers for 1860 in the exact numerical order in which their \$3 subscriptions are received at the office of publication, the first impressions always being the best. As we give \$6 in return for \$3, our mail subscribers must inclose twelve cents extra in stamps, to pre-pay postage on the engraving, which will be sent them in strong paste-board tubes.

Both the Engraving (free of postage) and the **KNICKERBOCKER** for 1860 will be sent **GRATIS** to any one who will make up a club of five \$3 subscribers, (\$15.00.) Two copies of each, worth \$12, will be sent *gratis* for a club of eight subscribers, (\$25.) A copy of '*Merry-Making in the Olden Time*' will be sent, free of postage, to any one desiring to act as agent for the **KNICKERBOCKER**, on the receipt of \$1.12, which amount may be deducted from his remittance for subscribers. We refer to the following description of the engraving, kindly furnished for our use by **WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, Esq.:**

'THE engraving of FRITH'S picture of *Merry-Making in the Olden Time*, represents the humors of an English holiday in the country in those good old times when the men wore cocked-hats and knee-breeches, and the women stays and hoops — a costume not essentially differing from the corset and erinoline of the present day. Almost in the centre of the picture and a little in the back-ground is a country dance on the green, with a hard-featured fiddler perched on a high seat, and another musician in a tie-wig standing by him, playing with all their might. On the right, two bouncing girls are gaily pulling toward the dance a gray-haired man, who seems vainly to remonstrate that his 'dancing days are over,' while a waggish little chit pushes him forward from behind, greatly to the amusement of his spouse, who is still sitting at the tea-table, from which he has been dragged. On the left, under a magnificent spreading oak, sit the 'squire and his wife, whom a countryman with his hat off is respectfully inviting to take part in the dance. To the left of the 'squire is a young couple on the grass, to whom a gipsy with an infant on her shoulder is telling their fortune. Over the shoulders of this couple is seen a group engaged in quoit-playing, and back of the whole is a landscape of gentle slopes and copses. The picture has the expression of gaiety throughout, and the engraving is splendidly executed. It is fresh from the burin of HOLL, not having yet been published in England.'

For Prospectus, Clubs, etc., see Third Page.

'To obtain this picture, which, under ordinary circumstances, could not be purchased for the sum above named, will, doubtless, prove an inducement to many to subscribe to this old and worthy Monthly, which, under the editorial charge of the genial and witty L. GAYLORD CLARK and the astute and critical Dr. NOYES, has attained a most enviable popularity.'—*Home Journal*.

'The Proprietor of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE will present to every \$3 subscriber to that excellent periodical for 1860 a beautiful line engraving called 'Merry-Making in the Olden Time.' It is engraved by HOLL, after a picture by FRITH, and is really a valuable work of art.'—*N. Y. Tribune*.

'The engraving is a splendid work of art, and will grace any collection to which it may be added.'—*New-York Observer*.

'A splendid engraving—admirable alike in design and execution.'—*Christian Inquirer*.

'The loves and the sports of youth, the sympathetic delights of age, are all delineated on the respective faces of the group with admirable skill. The engraving is one of great and rare merit, and worthy of a place among collections of true art. It has never before been brought before the American public, and will attract attention. This is more than a liberal offer, as the picture must be worth more than the subscription price of the KNICKERBOCKER, which is the oldest and the best literary magazine in the country.'—*Christian Intelligencer*.

'We are glad to mark from month to month the signs of growing favor and success of this long-established and popular Magazine. It is in excellent hands, and we are confident that its moral character will be kept equal to its literary merit, and that it will be found alike instructive and entertaining. The publishers have just issued a very large and beautiful engraving, executed in England, to be offered as a New-Year's present solely to their subscribers. It is entitled 'Merry-Making in the Olden Time,' and presents a gay and animated scene, such as used to be seen often in rural villages of 'Merrie England.' The engraving alone is worth more than three dollars, the price of subscription for a year.'—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

'**MERRY-MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME.**'—This is the title of a very spirited English engraving published by the proprietors of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, and presented exclusively to their \$3 subscribers for 1860.'—*Evening Post*.

'The enterprising publishers of the KNICKERBOCKER have issued a well-executed engraving with the above-mentioned title. It represents an English scene, and is really a pleasing picture. It is designed exclusively for the subscribers to the KNICKERBOCKER for the year 1860.'—*Courier and Enquirer*.

'**MERRY-MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME.**'—This is the title of a very spirited engraving published by the proprietors of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, and presented exclusively to their \$3 subscribers for 1860. Art cannot be better employed than when devoted to the advancement of a high-toned literature.'—*Journal of Commerce*.

'Merry-Making in the Olden Time,' is a large picture of perfect finish—one of the finest that ever greeted American eyes. The plate is entirely new, and has been prepared at the order of the publishers of the KNICKERBOCKER, and at an expense of \$2000. We cannot comprehend how it can be given with the periodical for three dollars. That sum cannot equal a third of its retail price.'—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

'The KNICKERBOCKER, besides its unfailing supply of poetry, wit, anecdote, and story—a sufficient inducement to lovers of light reading—offers to all \$3 subscribers for the coming year a copy of the beautiful line-engraving by Holl, of Frith's painting, 'Merry-Making in the Olden Time.' This picture, set in an appropriate frame, will adorn many a 'family-room' where the KNICKERBOCKER is welcomed as an old friend.'—*Independent*.

Knickerbocker Magazine.

LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK & JAMES O. NOYES, EDITORS.

Our January number, (ready December 10th,) beginning the fifty-fifth volume of 'the oldest and best established Magazine in the country,' opens with articles by the Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, H. T. TUCKERMAN, T. ADDISON RICHARDS, Miss PARSCOTT, Dr. GARDNER, and other distinguished writers. An extended sketch of the late WASHINGTON IRVING, whose fame is so associated with the KNICKERBOCKER, by LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, and a splendid illustrated article on the Hudson, with numerous engravings on the TAPPAN SEA, SUNNYSIDE, Cedar-Hill Cottage, and the places made memorable by the fate of ANDRÉ, and the pen of the illustrious IRVING, also graces the number. The January number, likewise, contains a powerful and searching article on the 'Physical Decline of American Women,' having five times the outspoken truth of Michelet's famous L'AMOUR, without its sentimentalities. Without containing an indelicate word or thought, the article is replete with information that every man and woman in the country should possess.

The volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER for the coming year will contain the best stories, sketches, and poems that can be procured for the entertainment of our numerous readers.

TERMS.—Twenty-five cents per number, or \$3 per annum, in advance; two copies, \$5; three copies, \$6. The postage on the Magazine (twenty-four cents per annum) to be paid in all cases at the office where it is received.

☞ To every \$3 subscriber for 1860, inclosing twelve cents extra in stamps, will be sent, free of postage, a copy of the new and splendid engraving of 'Merry-Making in the Olden Time.' ☞ Whoever shall send us the names of five \$3 subscribers, (\$15.60,) will receive the KNICKERBOCKER for one year and the Engraving (postage free) **GRATIS.**

☞ Two copies of each, worth \$12, will be sent *gratis* for a club of eight subscribers, (\$25.)

☞ A copy of 'Merry-Making in the Olden Time' will be sent, free of postage, to any one desiring to act as agent for the KNICKERBOCKER, on the receipt of \$1.12, which amount may be deducted from his remittance for subscribers.

The KNICKERBOCKER is furnished to teachers, postmasters, and all periodicals and journals, at the club-rate of \$2 a year. Booksellers and newsmen will learn the price per hundred, etc., on application to the publisher.

All communications connected with the *Business Department* of the KNICKERBOCKER should be addressed to JOHN A. GRAY, 16 & 18 Jacob Street. All *Articles* designed for the body of the Magazine should be directed to Dr. JAMES O. NOYES; those for the Editor's Table to LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

AGENTS ARE WANTED in every part of the country, to canvass for the Magazine and Engraving. Terms unusually liberal.

JOHN A. GRAY, PUBLISHER,

16 and 18 Jacob Street, N. Y.

ELEGANT ILLUSTRATED WORKS,

FOR THE

FESTIVE SEASON OF 1860,

Published by

D. APPLETON & CO., 346 & 348 Broadway, N. Y.

The Waverley Gallery.

Being a series of engraved Illustrations of Portraits of Characters in Sir Walter Scott's Romances. One elegant Volume, 8vo, with 36 Steel Engravings. Morocco antique, rich style, \$10.

Reynard, the Fox.

After the version of Goethe. By THOMAS J. ARNOLD. With 60 Illustrations from the designs of Wilhelm Von Kaulbach. One Volume, 8vo, beautifully printed on the finest tinted paper. Cloth, gilt, \$3.50; morocco extra, \$5; morocco antique, \$7.

The Book of Modern Ballads.

A book of favorite Modern Ballads. Illustrated with 50 Illustrations from Drawings of the first artists. Each page ornamented with a gold border. One Volume, 8vo, cloth, gilt, \$4.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

With Illustrations by Charles Bennett, and a Preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. One Volume, 8vo, cloth, gilt, \$6; antique morocco, \$8.

The Merchant of Venice.

The most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. One Volume, 8vo, with elegant Illustrations, in the style of Gray's Elegy. Cloth, \$3.50; morocco, \$4.50.

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

With 25 Illustrations by Birket Foster and others, in the first style of the art. One Volume, extra cloth, gilt, \$1.75; morocco extra, \$3.

Merry Pictures]

By Comic Hands. Being a collection of Humorous Designs by Phils, Crowquill, Doyle, Leach, Meadows, Hine, etc. With over 550 Illustrations and Illustrative Text. Oblong folio, handsome cover by Crowquill, fancy boards, \$2.50.

Merrie Days of England.

Sketches of the Olden Time. By EDWARD McDERMOTT. Illustrated with 30 large Engravings, from Drawings by Joseph Nash, George Thomas, Birket Foster, Edward Corbould, etc. Quarto, half morocco, elegant, \$3.

L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.

By JOHN MILTON. With upwards of 30 Illustrations, drawn and etched by Birket Foster. The Text printed in red. One Volume, super-royal 8vo, bound in morocco antique, rich style, \$8; or in Levant morocco, \$12.

Dies Iræ;

In Thirteen Original Versions. By ABRAHAM COLMS, M.D. One elegant Volume, 8vo, morocco antique.

Moral Emblems

From Jacob Cats and Robert Farley. With Aphorisms, Adages, and Proverbs of all Nations. The Illustrations from Designs found in Cats and Farley. By JOHN LINGWOOD. One Volume, 8vo, with 60 Illustrations on Wood, and 60 Vignettes and Tail-pieces. Cloth, gilt. (In December.)

Knickerbocker.



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PENTAGONY, 1899.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN A. HAY, 154 11 JACOB STREET,
CORNER OF BROADWAY AND

1899. Published and Circulation for 1899, the year for which, 1899,
is indicated in the Publisher.

LONDON: JOHN DODD, 101, MARK
L & CO. 1899.

1899.

the strong walls of some mighty fortress, have looked grimly down upon us for twenty miles or more in our ascent of the river, we emerge into that bright, broad expanse of waters known to the old Dutch navigators as the *Zuider Zee*, and now called the Tappan Bay. This great lake-like widening of the Hudson is the first of three similar formations, the next being the Haverstraw Bay immediately beyond, and the last the charming bay of Newburgh just above the Highland Pass.

The rocky flanks of the Palisades were fashioned, says tradition, in times long past, by the mighty spirit *Mantheo*, to protect his favorite abodes from the unhallowed eyes of mortals. While the jealous deity thus effectually secluded himself, it was at the cost of all the pleasant peeps at the world beyond, the graceful blending of the valley with the hill, which the voyager is glad to see, at last, upon the left hand, no less than on the right, as the Palisades fall away, and the heretofore imprisoned waters expand their bounds, as in holiday glee, between the far distant shores. From this point onward, our story will lie alike on both sides of the river, each being, henceforth, alive with human as with pictorial incident and interest; though the eastern margin is still the most densely and most richly populated, while to the other belongs, as before, the bolder landscape beauties. The river at the point of which we are speaking, has a noble breadth of from three to four miles, and in its altered character, presents of course, scenes of new and great delight. The voyager might very reasonably think himself in fairy-land, should he chance here on a quiet, sunny, summer day, when the clear still waters reflect the whiteness of a hundred lazy sails, and the sunshine of the all-encircling hill-sides; or he might forget that he is upon the bosom of a decorous and peaceful river, should storm and tempest darken the mountains and valleys, and rudely awaken the dreaming floods.

Charming as is this neighborhood in its physical aspect, it is no less distinguished in its historic and poetic story. Here lie the scenes of that most affecting episode of our revolutionary chronicles, the capture and fate of the gallant *André*. It was at Dobbs' Ferry, near the southern entrance to the Tappan Sea, that the first rendezvous of the unfortunate soldier with his most traitorous confederate was



ZION CHURCH, DOBBS' FERRY.

Imperfect: - pp. 471, 472, 557, 558 &c. &c.

THE
29
Knickerbocker,

OR



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME LV.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN A. GRAY, 16 & 18 JACOB STREET
1860.

whose merry and hospitable 'Table' the patrons of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* have for so many years enjoyed 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' May he long live to see the cedars green around his cheerful cot, and to look through their verdant fringe down upon the broad waters so dear to his heart. With this inviting chart opened before us, we will now begin our day's tramp.

A little below the Tappan Bay, and upon the eastern verge of the river lies the charming village of Hastings, where we left the traveller at the close of the preceding chapter. He has enjoyed his sojourn there, no doubt, for despite the metropolitan proximity of the place, its rural aspect is as excellent as though no such highways as the Hudson and its railroad touched its threshold: more than may be truly said of any of the river localities below. The hamlet—for the more stately villa-edifices apart, such it is—lies snugly nestled in the depths of a beautiful glen, or spreads quietly away upon its verdant acclivities and lofty terraces, looking into the shades of old woods, and listening to the murmurs of running brooks below, and gazing far up and down the broad river above. In the olden time, that is to say, in the days of our revolution, the region around was the domain of the worthy farmer, Peter Post, whose patriotism on one occasion subjected him to an experience which he remembered, no doubt, with less pleasure than we do now. At the period referred to he assisted the patriots, under Colonel Sheldon, to surprise a party of marauding Hessians, by beguiling them into the belief that the Americans, whom they were pursuing, had moved on in a certain direction, while they were snugly ambushed conveniently in the rear.



NORTH FROM ZION CHURCH: DOBBS' FERRY.



PIAZZA SCENE FROM THE RESIDENCE OF MR. COTTINER.

'The Hessians, deceived by his answer,' says the story according to Bolton, in his *History of the County of Westchester*, 'were proceeding in full gallop through the lane, when a shrill whistle rang through the air, instantly followed by the impetuous charge of Sheldon's horse. Panic-stricken, the enemy fled in every direction, but the fresh horses of the Americans carried their gallant riders wherever a wandering ray disclosed the steel cap or the brilliant accoutrements of a Hessian. A bridle-path leading from the place of ambush to the river was strewn with the dead and dying, while those who sought safety in the water were captured, cut to pieces and drowned. The conflict so short and bloody, was decisive. One solitary horseman was seen galloping off in the direction of Yonkers, and he alone, wounded and unarmed, reached the camp of Colonel Emmerick in safety. Here he related the particulars of the march, the sudden onset and retreat.

'Astonished and maddened with rage, Emmerick started his whole command in pursuit. Poor Post was stripped for his fidelity, and after having a sufficient number of blows inflicted upon his person, left for dead.'

The homestead of our 'Peter martyr,' a small stone edifice in his day, is still standing in more modern cottage guise.

A mile above Hastings lies the equally pretty village, known in remote years, as at this time, as Dobbs' Ferry. Like Hastings, the settlement here covers hill and dell, rising charmingly from the river shore to the crests of lofty ridges. The homely name of the village was the bequest of the ancient family of Dobbs, ('Dobb — his ferry,' says Mr. Sparrowgrass,) who whilome farmed and ferried the contiguous land

and water. As early as 1698 there lived here or hereabouts Jan Dobs en zyn huys vrou (Anglice, Dobbs and his wife,) both of whom were members of the now venerable old church in Sleepy Hollow, above.

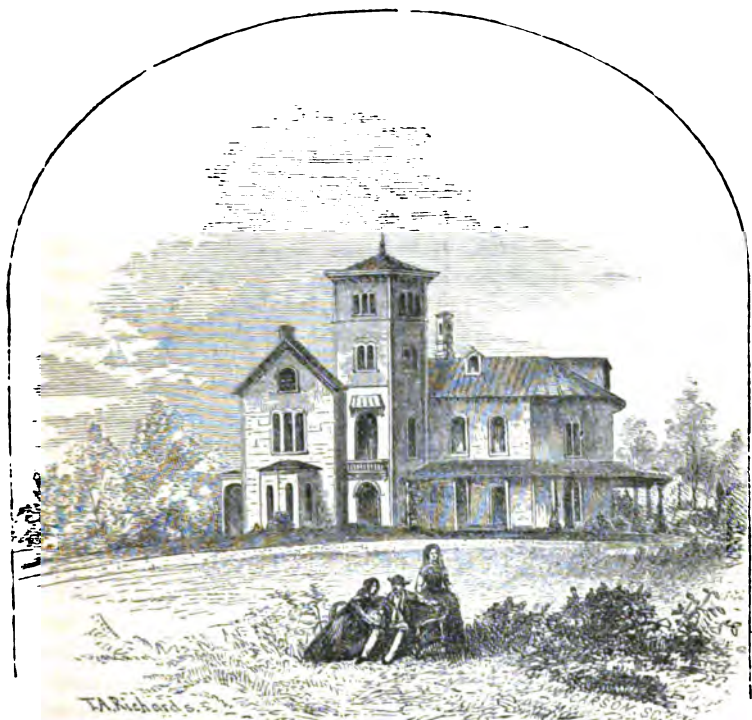
The Indians called this neighborhood Weec-quæs-guck, 'the place of the bark kettle.' Their wigwams were very probably set up near the mouth of the Weghquegue or Wicker's Creek, which here enters the Hudson. Dobbs' Ferry was a famous place during the Revolution; and well-preserved military remains in the forms of redoubts may yet be seen there, in the immediate vicinage of the present railway station, and at other points near by. These fortifications commanded the ferry to Paramus, now known as Sneedeen's Landing, across on the New-Jersey shore. They were a sore vexation, as they were meant to be, to the British ships which ventured to trespass upon the surrounding waters.

Dobbs' Ferry was an important post in the estimation of both armies of the Revolution, and the rendezvous of each alternately. It was here that the British troops mustered after the battle of White Plains, and before marching to the assault upon Fort Washington, narrated in our second chapter; while about the same time Cornwallis led some six thousand of the enemy from Hastings below, over the river to Paramus, and thence towards the American posts at Fort Lee. In January, 1777, Lincoln and his detachment of the patriot army encamped here awhile. Later, in 1781, while Washington's headquarters were at the old Livingston mansion, hereabouts, there occurred a night-skirmish (August 3d,) between the humble garrison at the fort on the river bank, and some guard-boats of the enemy.

On the nineteenth of July, 1781, says Thatcher, the British frigates that passed up the North River a few days since, took advantage of



LANDING AT DOBBS' FERRY—FROM ABOVE



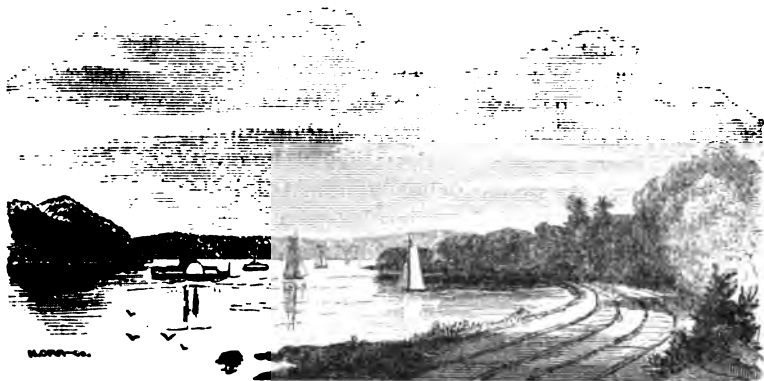
RIVER-FRONT OF THE RESIDENCE OF MR. MACNAMEE, IRVINGTON.

wind and tide to return to New-York. A severe cannonade commenced from our batteries at Dobbs' Ferry, where the river is about three miles wide. They were compelled literally to run the gauntlet. They returned the fire as they passed, but without effect; on board the *Savage*, ship of war, a box of powder took fire, and such was the consternation that twenty people jumped into the river, among whom was a prisoner on board, who informs us that he was the only man who got on shore, all the rest being drowned. He reports, also, that the *Savage* was several times hulled by our shot, and was very near sinking. As we have already intimated, it was at Dobbs' Ferry that the first treasonable interview between Arnold and André was to have been held; though through some misunderstanding or mischance the meeting occurred neither then nor there.

The sumptuous summer-houses which form so marked and beautiful a feature of all that portion of the Hudson, are thick in the vicinage of Dobbs' Ferry, and thicker yet above, to the adjoining village of Irvington, and thence to Tarrytown. Just above the ancient Ferry is

'Nuits,' the charming seat of Mr. Cottinet, a beautiful Italian edifice of the purest Caen stone. Adjoining, is the residence of James Hamilton, Esq., and the pleasant cottage of Mr. George Schuyler. Of the first of these homes we have preserved some mementoes among our sketches, as also of the stately abode of Mr. MacNamee, still beyond, and just below the station at Irvington.

At Irvington, and along the whole reach of the two miles thence to Tarrytown, the villa homes are close as autumn leaves, and every succeeding season they grow in numbers and in beauty. Our gallery would soon run over, were we to attempt the picture of all the worthy architectural attractions here: the examples already chosen must therefore suffice to tell the long tale, excepting that portion of it which concerns the little cottage at 'Sunnyside,' revered as the home of Washington Irving. No other house on the river, or in all the land, will serve as a prototype to this most unique and most remarkable edifice. Plenty are there, all about, of more spacious and more magnificent abodes, but not one of such striking individuality, of such graceful beauty, of such picturesque aspect, of such similitude to our romantic dreams of the home of love and poesy. And yet it is but a little box, with little rooms, surrounded by little lawns and lanes — all shrinking from public gaze in the modest shades of woods and shrubbery and vines. 'It is an old-fashioned, stone mansion,' says the venerable occupant himself, 'all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked-hat. Years and years,' he says, speaking of its aspect in other days, 'passed over the time-honored little mansion. The honeysuckle and the sweet-brier crept up its walls; the wren and the phœbe-bird built under the eaves; it gradually became almost hidden among trees through which it looked forth, as with half-shut eyes, upon the Tappan Sea. The crow-stepped gables were of the



UP THE RIVER BELOW IRVINGTON.



SUNNYSIDE—HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

primitive architecture of the province. The weather-cocks which surmounted them had crowed in the glorious days of the New-Netherlands. The one over the porch had actually glittered of yore on the great Vander Heyden Palace at Albany.'

This is as truthful a picture of the quaint old homestead at this moment as it ever was. For a minute history — and the spot has a long and very heroic history — we commend the reader to Mr. Irving's researches into the records of 'Wolfert's Roost,' in the volume published under that title. Here he will read how in years long gone by, the venerable edifice received its original name from its ancient owner, Wolfert Acker, who inscribed over its portals his favorite motto of 'Lust in Rust,' or pleasure in quiet; hence it became known as Wolfert's Rest, says the historian, and 'by the uneducated who did not understand Dutch, Wolfert's Roost.' This was at the period of the Dutch ascendancy in the New-Netherlands, when Peter Stuyvesant ruled the land with his iron sceptre and his wooden leg.

During the Revolution, the Roost was the home of Jacob Van Tassel, a valiant patriot, who converted his hearth into a private military post. It was in the heart of the neutral ground heretofore mentioned, as the Africa into which both armies of the time carried their devastating war, and of course it suffered no little damage thereby. In point of fact, it degenerated into the ruinous abode of bats and owls only. At this second epoch in its history it was called the Van Tassel House. Mr. Irving's residence in the eventful mansion began

about the year 1835, when it received its present agreeable and characteristic baptismal of Sunnyside. The cottage stands close to the river, some half-mile above the railway-station at Irvington, and may be seen in peeps, *en passant*, but only by eyes well informed as to its precise geography. Irvington, which gives railway access to Sunnyside, is a small place of only slight consideration apart from the villa residences around it. It was originally settled with sanguine hopes of rapid growth, by the aid of its position, directly opposite Piermont, at that time the eastern terminus of the great Erie railroad. But the Erie company afterwards approached New-York, with its principal business, by the nearer point of Jersey City; and Dearman, as the settlement was at first called, was laid upon the shelf. Its present name was afterwards chosen in compliment to the author of the 'Sketch Book.' Two miles beyond Irvington we reach the pleasant streets of Tarrytown. The railway would transport us there in a twinkle, but our approach at this time will be by the more circuitous way of Piermont on the opposite side of the river; thence four miles along the western shore of the Tappan Bay to Nyack, and from there over the Hudson again, by the Ferry.

The traveller will not have failed to notice the interminable wharf, which juts out a mile or more from the shore at Piermont, and from which the place takes its name. It belongs to the Erie Railway Company, and was built to facilitate the river shipment of their freights;



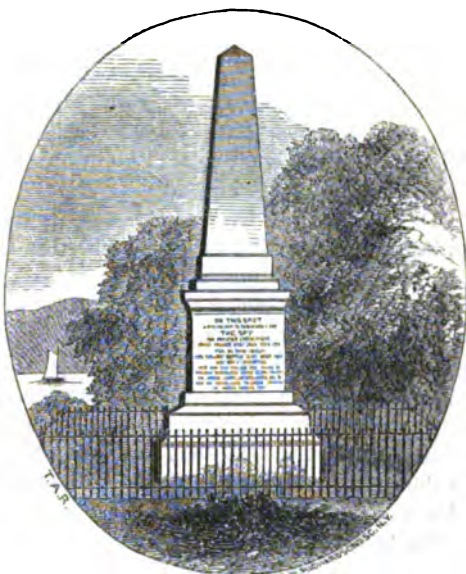
RESIDENCE OF MOSES H. GRINNELL, ESQ., AT IRVINGTON.

a service which it yet performs, though not to the extent intended, when it was expected to be the only or the chief river terminus. This wharf is hardly a picturesque feature in the landscape, under any effect or from any point, though it may be excused sometimes when its dreary length drops entirely under the base of the hills, as when seen from the western shore above.

Piermont is a railway scion, and as far as the business or river portion of the village is concerned, is a true chip of the old

block; the bustling, noisy, dirty, profane neighborhood, one might expect. This is a pity, for few portions of the Hudson are so rich in natural beauties as the vicinage of Piermont, where the mighty mirror of the Tappan Sea reflects the purple shades and the golden sunshine of grand mountain acclivities, and of most picturesque headlands. Back of the village, on the west, the land steps in noble terraces from the water-side to the lofty crests of Tower Hill. To the southward the Palisades rise in majesty, and above, the Bay is shut in by the superb cliffs of the promontory, known as Point-no-Point, or more familiarly, as the Hook Mountain. By-and-by, no doubt, order will come out of this social chaos common to a society of railway laborers, and in the mean while all is quiet and repose on the high terraces above the dépôts and work-shops, and there cultivated and elegant homes are growing up into an attractive neighborhood quite apart from the ruder one below.

It is here, far up on the slope, that we find '*Cedar-Hill Cottage*,' the pleasant home for many years past of LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, the life-long Editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE*. Here in quiet and rest, all undisturbed by the solicitations of the devil — a technical use only of the word — he gossips the months away with his wide world of literary friends. Many, we are sure, are they between Maine and California, who will look with pleasure upon the peep at the '*Cottage*,' which we have included in our present illustrations. Though most



ANDREW MONUMENT AT TARRYTOWN.

charmingly situated, commanding among other fine glimpses, the upward stretch of the Tappan Sea, recorded in the initial picture or frontispiece of this chapter; yet it is in itself a very unpretending structure; that more expensive array of gables and turrets depicted on the title-page of the 'Knickerbocker Gallery,' the famous complimentary volume published some years ago in honor of and for the benefit of our editor, being not yet erected.

About two miles back of Piermont is the ancient village of Tappan, an important camping ground during the Revolution. Here Washington held his head-quarters at one period, in an old house, still to be seen in excellent preservation. It was in this vicinity that a body of troops, under Baylor, was surprised at midnight by General Grey, when, out of one hundred and four persons, sixty-seven were slain or captured, despite their cry for quarter. The chief interest of this region is however in its associations with the tragic fate of Major André, for here it was that the dark curtain fell upon the last sad act in the drama of which the memorable 'capture' of the ill-starred soldier was the ominous prologue.

No better time than now will come to us to recall the incidents of this thrilling story, though the retrospect may well be brief — known as it is in all its details, and often as we may yet be led to recur to it, in our progress up the tale-telling river.

It was in that dreary period in the history of the American Revolution when even hope was heroism, that Benedict Arnold, an officer of the highest rank and trust in the patriot service, and a man hitherto deemed to be of unquestionable virtue, sought to destroy the last faint glimmer of light which reduced numbers, insufficient stores, ill-



CEDAR-HILL COTTAGE, RESIDENCE OF L. BAYLORD CLARK, ESQ.

successes, and the increasing pressure of superior and boastful foes, had left in the hearts of his patient countrymen.

The arch-traitor was at this time in command of those fortifications at West-Point, in the great Highland defile of the Hudson, upon the fate of which the result of the struggle was supposed greatly to depend. This important post he was, in conjunction with Major André, acting in behalf of the enemy, miserably seeking to betray.

André was a young officer of distinguished ability and position, and remarkable among the choice spirits of his time and class for personal graces and accomplishments, and he anticipated, no doubt, from the *rôle* which he was so unhappily led to play in this ignoble plot, high and worthy fame, instead of the terrible disgrace and punishment of a spy.

He had passed and repassed in disguise, and with safe-conducts under the traitor's own hand, between the camps of the rival armies, and was at length returning homeward in possession of all the means and sureties for the consummation of the dark treachery, when a little chance, as it seemed, changed all the colors of his hopes and fortunes.

Tarrytown was at this period the centre of that ill-used 'neutral ground' which, stretching between the posts of the two armies, became the prey of both. At the precise moment of which we write, the marauders, or 'Skinners,' of the American ranks, were on the alert for expected incursions of the 'Cow-boys' of the British, in quest of cattle for city supplies. Of seven daring fellows who had obtained permission to look after these thieves, three posted themselves in ambush, in that part of the village traversed then as now, by the great post-road from New-York to Albany. This trio, since so gratefully remembered by their countrymen, under the names of John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, had watched at their post quietly for an hour or two on the morning of the twenty-third of September, 1780 — now and then challenging and passing a straggling friend — when a stranger horseman, of more remarkable appearance, approached, and excited their curiosity and doubts in an unwonted degree, especially when, supposing himself to have fallen in with adherents of the British, he hastened to declare himself an officer of that army. The suspicions which this claim awakened were but slightly



PLACE WHERE ANDRÉ WAS EXECUTED.

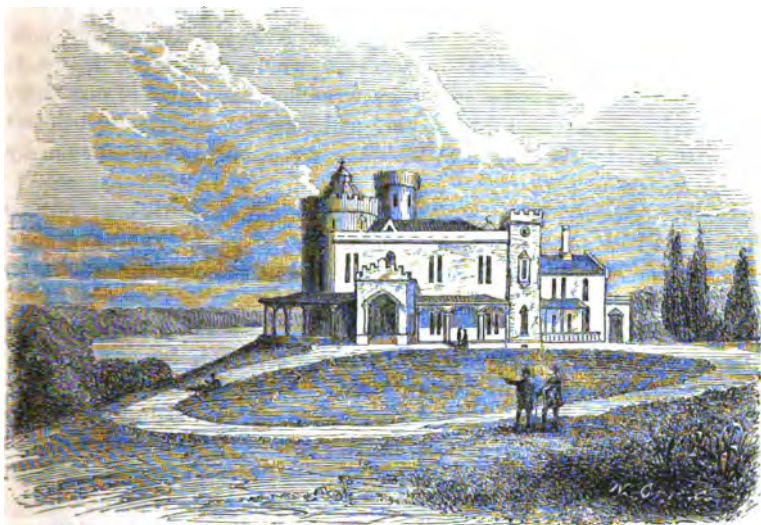
allayed by the subsequent denial of his words and the production of the formal pass, in the hand of the American General. Despite entreaties and threats, the captors proceeded to a more minute search of the person of the traveller. Taking him back within the cover of the bushes, they compelled him to pull off his clothes, though without discovering any thing to confirm their doubts. They next, but seemingly with like results, removed the prisoner's boots. At this critical moment the search would have ended and our story would have taken a very different turn, but for the unexpected discovery of papers carefully concealed within the foot of his stockings. The documents were eagerly opened and read, their momentous bearings at once understood, and the traveller summarily arrested as a spy. No offers of reward could now buy his freedom — 'Not,' said John Paulding, 'if you would give us ten thousand guineas should you stir one step!'

This traveller was Major John André, Adjutant-General of the British army, and the fatal papers discovered upon his person were the evidences of Arnold's meditated treason, and of his own complicity in the crime. The case admitted of no doubt, and the prisoner was at once conducted to North-Castle, then the nearest military station. He was removed thence to West-Point, and again, on the twenty-eighth of September, to Stony Point, and finally, yet further down the river to Old Tappan.

All this time the unfortunate man little anticipated the fatal *denouement* which awaited his rash adventure. His professional rank and social state repudiated the possibility of such bold extremities. Neither do his sanguine hopes appear to have been unreasonable, since the



THE HOOK MOUNTAIN—BELOW NYACK.



'ERIKSTAD,' FARRISTOWN — RESIDENCE OF JOHN J. HERRICK, ESQ.

general sentiment, even in the ranks of his foes, was, as it has ever since been with their descendants, one of earnest commiseration and kind apology. But the exigencies of the hour forbade, alas! the indulgences of these most natural dispositions. The averted crime was deep in dye; the traitor himself had escaped; disaffection was known to exist within the camp of the patriots, to such extent, that mercy at the moment might have been the direst evil; the captive had wittingly placed his life upon the chance, and by all the laws of war and of equity his doom was inevitable.

He was tried and condemned by a court-martial of fourteen general officers, in the old Dutch church which gave place in 1836 to the larger edifice that now covers the spot. The place of his confinement and from which he was led to the scaffold, still stands near the church. It is a little, low building, known to-day as the 'Stone House of '76.' Its appearance has somewhat changed, however, in process of years; a portico or piazza has grown up along the entire front, and the interior has been adapted to the purposes of a country way-side inn. The apartment once occupied by André has been converted into a ball-room; and Lossing tells us that at the time of his visit to the spot he heard the vandal owner boasting that he had received a whole dollar for the old lock that fastened up "Major Andrew."

Not far west of this old jail a stone, rudely sculptured, marks the spot where the young soldier bravely met his sad fate, and where his bones rested through forty long years afterward. At that time

(1821) the relics were piously removed to a more hallowed grave, within the stately aisles of Westminster Abbey. Here they now moulder beneath a sumptuous monument, whereon they are mourned, not as those of an unhappy spy and a wretched felon, but of one 'who fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes.'

Bidding good-by to Tappan and its interesting memories, we retrace our way to Piermont, and thence follow the river road and shore, all undisturbed by prosy railway tracks, as on the opposite side, to Nyack — a delightful ride or ramble to a pleasant destination.

Nyack is a pretty and prosperous town, with good hope for the future, especially when it shall be reached, as it will be ere long, by the line of the Northern Railway, which already extends from Jersey City, back of the River Palisades to Piermont, just below. Among the most salient features of the landscape at Nyack, is the spacious edifice of the Rockland Female Institute, seen very picturesquely from all points, on the river or the shore above and below.

Directly across from Nyack lies the far-spreading domain of Tarrytown, readily reached by steam ferry. It is an enviable spot for sojourn, and there for the present we leave our traveller.



‘ERIKSTAN,’ FROM BELOW.

S I X B Y S E V E N .

I AM a young woman in no wise distinguished by intellect, person, or accomplishment, from the mob of those who polk indifferently, laugh a good deal, and now and then experience a chance lover. Being so very ordinary, it will always remain a mystery why I was made the heroine of certain occurrences which it frightens me to think of.

We are residents of a large country town that crams itself with knowledge through a lyceum all winter, and dissipates the effect of so heavy a repast by a grand musical entertainment at the end of the season, generally some series of eight, with the Mendelssohn quintettes. There are a dozen steeples for indices of the religious fervency or pugnacity of the population; a reading-room where old gentlemen discuss the reputations of young ladies; every body takes a daily paper from the metropolis, and Court sits two or three times a year in this pleasant, dull old crevice of the State.

We lived, at the time about which I am going to tell you, in a house bequeathed my father by his Uncle Oliver—both uncle and nephew long dead; it was surrounded by a large garden, melancholy in the rankness of its summer ruin, from which my mother anticipated selling house-lots at some mythical period of an increase of habitation in the town. Our means were not large, and very little had been done to this house, and no furniture added since the day we moved into it shortly after my grand-uncle's sudden death, and before my birth. I said Uncle Oliver's sudden death, because I did n't like to say at first that he was murdered.

There is always an undue proportion of spinsters in country places, and, as in the present instance, frequently aged ones. I am a great favorite of old ladies, and I like to go and chat with them while they unfold their yellow samplers with a story for the setting of every stitch, and again slip rust-eaten ornaments on the shrunken hand and arm that once filled them so fair and roundly. Privacy or retirement does not exist in these settlements; *that* you find in cities, and so our own affairs were not better known to all such people than their little histories to us, and it was always pleasant to collate their own account with the higher-colored one of hearsay. Among these maiden-ladies there were two with whom we had some bond, and them I oftener visited than the others. They lived so snugly and happily that I never saw them without determining on the blessings of a single life. Miss Lucinda was the Martha of the establishment. I did not so much affect her: Miss Helen was my centre of attraction, and that not less for her

own sake than that she once promised and expected to marry my father's uncle.

There was scarcely any thing I had ever seen so charming as this old woman ; the circle of years with their sorrows and compensations had sown peace on her quiet face, and bathed it in a certain saintly shine ; her soft gray hair, her clear lawn cap, her exquisite neatness, all added to a beauty that was far purer and more touching than that of youth. Miss Helen's voice was yet much younger than her person, and her hazel eyes were bright at seventy as perhaps at twenty. She was very fond of me, partly because she fancied I looked like my uncle. I am sure I hope I do n't. I must tell you how it was between her and Uncle Noll.

In the first place, he yielded as the enemy was marching by, without having been either besieged or summoned to surrender ; he yielded with the more infatuation because he was twenty-two years the elder. 'People at forty-two are far more jealous than at twenty-two,' said Miss Helen to me, 'because maturity is less presumptuous than youth, my dear,' by which I infer that my uncle pestered the life out of Miss Helen with an absurd jealousy. However, they were engaged, and the wedding paraphernalia was ready, and the wedding-day was fixed for just such a day as this, an early, cheerful October day, all Nature festally trimmed in sympathy with lovers. Now Miss Helen had another lover, one of her own age, though not of her own rank, a young carpenter who had beset her with silent attentions, yet without ever speaking of the hopeless passion that she knew he cherished. Of course my uncle would have thought it tempting Providence to neglect such fine opportunities for the display of his great forte, as this silent suitor afforded him. He was intolerably distrustful, and, beleaguered as he was by doubts and fears, would never have employed the young carpenter to make some slight but necessary repairs in the breakfast-parlor if there had been in the town another capable of the job.

It so happened that one morning just as the carpenter had completed his task, Miss Helen opened the front-door, and then that of the breakfast-parlor.

'May I come in ?' she said ; and before my uncle with his old-style gallantry could hand her into another room, she had tiptoed across the dust to him. Perhaps she was a bit of a coquette and enjoyed the little disturbance that she knew would be created in the heart of either lover by her appearance. She held in her hand a letter just written and inviting a friend of his to the holiday, and having waited for him to come and read it till the post was about starting, had thought best to run down and find him.

Meanwhile, Ralph Crampton, the young carpenter, stooped to re-adjust a trifle in his finished work that needed no readjustment ; and

while my uncle read the letter, standing before the tall mahogany secretary with Miss Helen at the other end, she watched the flush that came and went like a pulse in the young man's stooping face. Soon her attention was compulsorily drawn back to Uncle Oliver; he was not reading the letter, but regarding her with such a heated brow and angry eye that she knew at once what demon possessed him. She asked if he had finished. 'Not quite,' he returned shortly. Then she took up a little silhouette framed in some half-dozen and odd inches—it still hangs high on a panel of our breakfast-room—and played with the slender back-board whose confining tacks had got loosened. Wearying of that, for my uncle read the letter slowly, having to keep one eye on her, she commenced turning the ring on her fore-finger, slipping it on and off, and rubbing it here and there with the pen-wiper. This was a very costly diamond ring, a gift from my uncle, and was worth nearly a thousand dollars. 'It was worth the universe to me, my dear,' Miss Helen once said. Continuing to play with the ring, it accidentally fell from her fingers. Just then my uncle looked up from the perusal of the note. 'Is it right?' she asked, bending to pick up the trinket.

'Entirely.'

'Then will you take it down now, dear?' while her hand wandered over the floor in her search.

'And leave you here?' asked my uncle responsively, in a low tone, with a significant flash of his eye.

'Oh! I will go too, when I find my ring. I have dropped it; help me look, please. I thought it rolled on the floor.'

'You are certain that you dropped it?' said my uncle, with a peculiar emphasis.

'It fell, but I'm sure I do n't know whether into some crack of the secretary or the floor,' was the innocent reply.

'I do n't see it there,' said my uncle, stooping with her till her curls brushed his forehead and put him into good humor again, 'it must be in the secretary. Crampton!' Here he rose and faced the young carpenter who was still busy, 'Crampton, will you come and unhinge this lid?' My uncle brushed the papers back into the pigeon-holes, folded the letter and put it in his wallet; while Crampton hung up the little silhouette after looking at it an instant, and then unhooking the lid as directed, took the secretary nearly to pieces, all without finding the ring. Here Uncle Oliver's suspicious nature was again excited; he showered hurried glances on the carpenter who, in his green jacket, with his rule thrust half-way into the pocket, went methodically about his work, and, except for the flush in his cheek, as indifferently as if laying another plank in the floor. But as Miss Helen caught one of these glances, she saw what mischief the loss might

occasion, and procuring a broom, swept in every corner to find the missing thing. It was all labor lost; whether spirited off or made away with by flesh and blood no one knew; the ring never was found. The first dinner-bell rang just as she gave up the search and burst into tears, tears not shed for any ring.

At this point Uncle Oliver fluctuated between two suspicions. Seeing what distress the affair occasioned her, he almost abandoned his first one, that she had lost it designedly for Ralph Crampton to find, and remembering the value of such a treasure-trove to a poor workman, believed that Ralph Crampton had stolen it. Hastily confronting, he taxed him with it roundly. The young man was silent in surprise at first, then indignation at such a charge in such a presence overwhelmed him, and a bold torrent of reproach and denial broke forth. My uncle was a powerful man; he raised his arm to strike down the daring stripling, but Miss Helen caught it. 'O Oliver! I knew he did n't. I have lost it. He *can't* have it!' she cried. 'Oh! what made me come here this morning! What made me come here!' My uncle had sufficient to attend to just then in soothing Miss Helen. Ralph Crampton gathered up his tools and walked out of the house.

But there the matter was not to rest. An hour afterward, forgetting that if Crampton had the ring he had had time to dispose of it somewhere, Uncle Oliver had him arrested, searched, and committed to jail. The grand-jury sat that week, a true bill was found, the next term-time was close at hand, and the case was brought on. Crampton refused a lawyer, or any plea but denial. My uncle, vindictive, and with a jealous fury, pushed the trial adroitly step by step. He would almost have had Miss Helen testify in court, but this she absolutely refused; nevertheless, her deposition of the circumstances was required and given, while she protested her belief in the defendant's innocence. The wedding-day had been postponed till the trial was concluded, my uncle being so much engaged with that; and the letter which she had brought him down to read was yet folded unmailed in his wallet. When the Justice of the Peace who took her deposition had departed, my uncle said:

'Helen, you are very wrong to assert this scoundrel's innocence so confidently, it may injure the case. The chief witness in a trial ——'

'It is not a trial! It is a persecution!' she exclaimed.

My uncle looked at her an instant, then took a couple of rapid turns up and down the room. As he came back and paused before her, 'One thing is certain,' he said, 'either Ralph Crampton stole the ring, or you gave it to him! If the last, tell me so, and I will stop the proceedings. God knows I would not ruin an innocent man!'

'I wish I *had* given it to him, then,' she cried, heedless of the interpretation he would be sure to put on her words.

‘You wish so?’

‘Yes!’ she returned, with as much fire suddenly awakened in her as ever in himself, ‘I could get it again then and restore it to you, and there would be an end of all this miserable turmoil, jealousy, and anger, and heart-burning!’

‘You wish it to come to an end? Very well,’ said my uncle, and taking up his hat he left the room, closing both doors with an ominous gentleness. If Miss Helen’s much-tried temper had only suffered her to run after him as perhaps she thought of doing, I should not be telling my story. But a pitiful pride held her back; she was glad to inflict a little of what she had suffered. Notwithstanding, she was crying as if her heart would break — for my uncle took the night to think about it — when at the same hour of the next day a note was brought her. She has shown it to me since, yellow and creased, and falling to pieces with the weight of fifty-two seasons. Hoping all that it is impossible to utter, she broke the seal. This is what it said:

‘MY DEAR HELEN: It is I who am wrong. Wrong in dreaming that a gulf of twenty-two years did not separate us completely as a gulf of fire. My darling, I am awake now. I will not chain your youth to my advancing age, my stiff notions, my angry doubts. If you refuse to allow this, I still take it as my own punishment. I shall never marry; as for you, you are free. Perhaps fate pointed at this in taking your ring, Henceforth, no longer your lover, your father rather, always and forever, Helen, your truest friend,

‘OLIVER GORDON.’

Miss Helen was not that bustling soul Miss Lucinda, who would straightway have gone and found Oliver Gordon, had it out in so many words, and probably have stopped in at the parish church with him on the way home. She sat still and bore it. But if my uncle had been vehement in the prosecution before, he was furiously so now; he threw all his influence into the scale against Ralph Crampton; he felt that if not of the ring, he had certainly robbed him of hope and happiness. Money, power, respectability, and circumstantial evidence can effect much. Ralph Crampton was sentenced to ten years’ imprisonment. He turned to my uncle in full court, before being led away, and swore he would have his life. Here closes the first act.

Ten years passed now on silent wings. My uncle became a thought stiffer and more old-fashioned than before. He spent two evenings and the Sabbath of every week at Miss Helen’s. When her mother died he took every arrangement upon himself; and when their house burned down he brought them home while he re-built and re-furnished it; but during that brief six months’ stay, the breakfast-parlor by

tacit consent remained closed and unused. Finally, my uncle made his will, by which a comfortable annuity was to devolve upon Miss Helen; this house and grounds, and a sum of money, on my father; and the remainder to another nephew of his, who is dead also, now, so that cousin Harry, his son, born nearly twenty years later, inherits a handsomely accumulated property.

One evening just at twilight, toward the close of this period, my uncle stepped into Miss Helen's parlor. After chatting by the red firelight till all the stars came out above, he extended his hand for his hat.

'I came a little earlier than usual, to-night,' said he, 'because I go so early to-morrow.'

'Where are you going, Sir?' she asked, for he had always, during these ten years demanded, and she had given a certain deferential address.

'I am going to the State Prison,' he said curtly.

At first she laughed, and then as his reason flashed on her:

'Oh!' she said, raising her hand to her forehead, 'I had forgotten!'

'Forgotten, Helen!' The intensity in his tone was like that she used to hear so long ago; she answered nothing, but he came and leaned over her chair. 'Helen,' he murmured, 'can you ever forget?'

Again she answered nothing, but looking up, met for the last time that tender and passionate regard which had enriched her youth. Half-timidly, and then with a daring swiftness, she raised her arm, sprang up and laid her cheek against his, wet with tears. A moment he held her, only a moment, then he kissed her forehead as her father would have done, re-seated her and went out. She heard his quick, heavy step on the gravel, and the swing of his cane that scattered the pebbles, and that was the last to her of Oliver Gordon. Don't *you* know why he went to the State Prison? The next day Ralph Crampton's sentence was ended. He meant to question him alone and sincerely, and I verily believe to repay all his sufferings in so far as it might be possible. As he stepped into the prisoner's cell, a heartier, haler man was never seen alive; an hour afterward the turnkey, opening the door, trod upon him ghastly and dead, and Ralph Crampton was kneeling over him, hands and clothes smeared and dabbled in blood. The prisoner's simple story was that Mr. Gordon got into a great passion on his (Crampton's) persistent denial of the ancient theft, and suddenly endeavoring to control himself, grew purple, and then a little rill of blood broke from his lips, and he fell, striking against the iron stanchion and making the deep gash to be found on his head. Ralph Crampton had called, but no one had answered, and after a gasp or two Mr. Gordon had ceased to breathe. Certainly no one believed this for an instant. Nobody would receive such a solu-

tion when one more complicated was at hand. A knife had been found in the pool of blood on the floor, whether having slipped with the wallet from Mr. Gordon's pocket as he fell, or secured and secreted for this purpose by the prisoner, remained doubtful. In that wallet, by the way, besides sundry bills and memoranda, was the little faded note that Miss Helen had brought him upon the morning the ring was lost.

Of course Ralph Crampton was arraigned for murder. He had received a pardon before the expiration of his term and had refused it; this went against him. His declaration in court ten years ago that he would yet have Mr. Gordon's life bore additional weight. The reputation acquired by the mere fact of his situation was unhappy; and then the crowning occurrences! nothing could be plainer. The only extenuating circumstance was the well-known irascibility of Mr. Gordon, and on a plea occasioned by this, of possibly justifiable homicide, a death-sentence was commuted to one of imprisonment for life. The Judge declared in his charge that if the ring which was the origin of the first difficulty, could have been found or rightly accounted for, his story would deserve credit, and the presumption would be in favor of his innocence; an event which did not happen. This is now forty-two years since. A long sad night to spend between stone walls.

After my uncle's death, Miss. Helen, whose heart had warmed in a flame of doubt and hope, sunk to the whiteness of the ash that such flames make. I need not go through all her trial and experience. Gray hairs crowned her early, and in all her long life, for she was over seventy now, the saintly calm she won in suffering did not once desert her.

It was just after a fine October sunset that I came out of Miss Helen's. Miss Lucinda, arranging tea-caddy and cake-basket, had given us space for the oft-repeated recountal of her cruel little romance. 'And so, my dear,' said the sweet old lady, 'you see I wear no rings!' But as Miss Helen held out her hand for me to kiss, I truly declare that in the faint light, as if a little snake of dim blue fire had coiled round it, I saw the likeness of a ring on her bent finger; a ring of light set with seven jewels; and for a second the finger tapered white and plump and round as when once before it wore it. I smiled at myself, and went out into the keen, frosty air; keen and frosty enough it was to dissipate any such ridiculous notion.

As I closed the little wicket, a sudden flare of gas half-way down the long street made me remember the mail, and thinking there might be a letter from cousin Harry, I sought the office. A letter there was, sure enough, in the box. I waited till some one else was served, then tapped on the number and presented myself. As the post-master put the letter into my hand I noticed a queer look in his eyes. He thinks

it's a love-letter, thought I; pshaw! but I noticed moreover that he lifted it with the very tips of his fingers. No sooner had I got into the open air again than it gave a little crackle as if I had broken the seal, but on turning it there was no seal to be found; and it was too dark to read the superscription, which I had neglected to do by the office-light. So I walked along, thinking about Miss Helen and the weather and little odds and ends, till I passed a field adjoining some one's house, where all the family were out merrily burning the stubble. Little piles were perpetually starting into blaze over the whole place, and the figures as they flitted to-and-fro, bearing bundles for the central conflagration or raking new heaps for fresh flames, seemed like those of the mountain witches with Rubezahl busy at some devilish employ. All around the voices of children, and gay snatches of song, broken suddenly at the singer's whim, wove an arabesque of sound that in the early night with its darkness and eager cold and half-guessed outlines, was full of dim suggestion and bewitching fancy. Resting my chin on the fence, I looked over; but after a while hurried on again. And now I felt a sensation in my hand as if the letter that I was clutching stung it; I thought I must be holding it by a corner: not at all, it lay uncrumpled across my palm; perhaps there was a thorn in my glove, so I pulled it off and trudged along. Once or twice looking down, I fancied that as it lay in my bare hand it diffused a faint luminousness all about it, a light as unpleasant to look at as galvanic wires are to hold and feel. And all of a sudden, as I stepped into the house, this mysterious letter gave a little sparkle and then lay as quiet and demure in my hand as if it were the most properly conducted letter in the world. I did not believe my own eyes, thought I was whimsical, was ashamed of an odd notion that I had brought some one or something into the house with me, and went and took off my things before entering the parlor. Mother was sitting by the fire, not having lit the lamp, and tea was waiting. 'Any letters, Frances?' asked she.

Now mother knew I was going to Miss Helen's, and that I scarcely ever went to the office. Tim, our man, always went, and what could have possessed her to ask this question!

'Yes, mother,' I said, 'one.'

'I thought so,' she said.

'I'm sure we have n't such a voluminous correspondence that you needed to,' I replied, getting nettled.

'Let me see it,' she demanded peremptorily.

'Nonsense, mother, it's for me. At least — no, it is n't — it is n't for any one; there's no superscription!'

'Let me see it, child,' repeated my mother. She held it up between her and the fire, and there appeared a faint 'Miss Frances Gordon.'

She returned it, and in a minute, all expectation and eagerness, I had opened it. I spread the sheet out on my knee and smoothed it with my hand. It was just as innocent of any writing as a fresh ream.

'There's nothing in it!' I cried, extremely crest-fallen.

Mother snatched it from me, put on her spectacles — she had just begun to use spectacles — held it this way and that, below and above the coals, and at last exclaimed:

'Yes, there is! See here.'

I looked over her shoulder and saw, very clear and distinct, though not dark, written in a hand apparently unaccustomed to the pen, these words:

'SIX X SEVEN.'

'Six multiplied into seven?' said mother. 'What nonsense is this?'

'Six times seven?' cried I. 'How absurd!'

She turned the letter, refolded, reopened it; still the three words stared her in the face; she rubbed her eyes, and muttered: 'What does it mean?'

'It means mischief, mother,' I answered.

'I do n't know what we've got to do with six times seven,' continued mother, querulously. 'I've heard of seventy-times seven, but this is ——'

'Six times seven are forty-two,' said I. 'My uncle was just forty-two when his marriage was broken off with Miss Helen. It's just forty-two years since he died.'

'Lor, child, you're always thinking of your Uncle Noll. Do let him rest in peace!'

'I'm sure I hope he is resting in peace, and not up writing letters to bother us.'

'Tsh! The only letter your Uncle Noll ever had any interest in was Miss Helen's, and it's not likely that she invited a friend to her wedding by merely writing six times seven.'

'No; and I've seen her letter besides, you know.'

'Frances!' exclaimed my mother, at length, 'there's no trusting you. I've long had my suspicions — you are so flighty. Is n't — this — letter — an — assignation?'

'Oh! my, mother, who with?'

'That is of no consequence.'

'No one would be happier than I at such an idea; but dear, no, it's an utter impossibility here, you know.'

'Why, I should like to ——'

'First place I do n't know any body, and next place there is n't any body to know.'

'Six times seven,' she repeated dreamily, 'six times seven,' and here

my mother looked at the letter that hung flaccidly in her hand. Every trace of the writing had vanished; there was nothing on the page but a white glister. Mother turned and twisted it again, till finally, 'Here it is!' she cried, and there it was.

'It's witchcraft!' said I.

'It's nitrate of silver,' said she.

'Do ghosts write with that kind of ink?' I asked.

'How provoking you are, Frances. Your head is so ——'

'Is it Uncle Noll's handwriting?'

'It is your cousin Harry's caper, that's what it is!' she replied, 'and we have wasted our wits for nothing. Ring the bell, my dear, I've waited tea nearly an hour.' Therewith my mother tossed the missive aside with contempt and proceeded to light the solar. Mr. Buttrick and mother's lawyer, Judge Vansyckle, came in just after the tea-things were removed, and we played solemn games of whist till eleven o'clock, when they retired.

The next day passed at length; we were preserving plums and making peach-jelly. When it grew dark I felt as if it were a matter of necessity that I should go to the post again, and taking a dish of the plums I left them at Miss Helen's and ran along. Sure enough, there was another letter in the box. The post-master gave it to me with the same odd look and dainty gesture as before.

'Who put that letter in last night?' I questioned.

'Do n't know, Miss Gordon,' was the response, 'found it there. Clerk could tell, but he's gone to tea.'

Just then the clerk returned, but as I expected, remembered nothing about either letter, so I went home.

'Mother,' I said, not waiting to take off my things this time, 'here's another letter.'

'Goodness, child,' my mother retorted very peevishly, 'what do I want with your letters?'

So I opened it myself, found it blank of course, and then holding it to the fire produced after a time, as before, the magic words:

'SIX X SEVEN.'

'Well, what is in it, Frances?' said my mother. 'Why don't you answer, child! And make haste and put away your bonnet and shawl; the room is all at sixes and sevens. Come, what are you standing there dreaming of? What is *in* the letter?'

'Six times seven,' shouted the starling from his cage, having conned his last night's lesson to advantage.

'Beshrew the thing!' cried mother. 'Well, why don't you answer?'

'One answer's enough.'

'Give me the letter.' She took it, adjusted her glasses, and examined it as she had done the other. 'Two of them,' she murmured, 'and both say the same thing, and that is ——'

'Six times seven,' uttered a third voice, hollow and spectral, and distant though close by, interposed as she lingered loth to repeat the words. Far from being laughable, it curdled my blood.

'Eh?' said my mother.

'It was n't I that spoke, mother,' I said, in a whisper.

'What do you say! Who was it then? Who are you? Show yourself!' And my mother, angry and frightened, threw the letter on the floor and seized the poker. I was too greatly awed by that low, mysterious, bodiless voice, that thing that through neither shape nor touch filled and overflowed the room with fear—too much benumbed to smile.

'Look, mother,' I said, and pointed at the mirror; there on the dark-blue surface of the glass the same mystic characters started to light, *SIX X SEVEN.*

'Are you sure that was in the letter?' mother murmured. 'Where is it?' She turned to pick it up from where she had tossed it; it was not there. 'Did you see where I threw that thing, Frances?' she said.

'No.'

'Where is the one that came yesterday, then?'

'I do n't know.'

'Do n't stare that way, child! You drive me crazy. Speak!'

'Did n't you light the lamp with it last night?' I managed to say.

'Not I. Ring the bell for Jane; I'll see if she swept it out.'

But Jane was ignorant as we, and left us in the room alone again, and to this day it remains an enigma. It is impossible to say where they went; I do not know where they went; we never saw those two letters again. I stepped to close the door after Jane—she always left one open—it snatched itself from my hold and slammed violently, and then, before recovering from the surprise I heard a sound like a stifled moan from mother. I turned instantly, and found the room full of flakes of spongy light that coagulated, and grew, and stained the whole air with a singular glow. It stole up from the corners, down from the ceiling, tended principally toward the north-east portion of the room, and hung like a brilliant cloud above us; while we stared aghast, it fell and wrapped us with clinging mists of brightness; in it the lamp-light was drowned, mother became an outline, the coal-fire only a red spot, and this chill, deathly substance slowly settled round us, as if we had stepped into a grave-light with all its nauseating filth. It was impossible to strip it off, to evade it; I was rooted, powerless, all individuality was lost; I felt as if I were fast melting into this

sickly, terrifying, absorbing vapor. I tried to speak, but could not utter a sound; I was cold and faint, and losing consciousness. Suddenly mother shrieked. 'Oh!' she cried. 'Where are you, Frances? Come here! Why don't you speak!' On the instant the door swung wide open again, there was a rushing sound as if all this horror were escaping, then a second slam, and there we were with the blessed, bountiful lamp-light glistening over the urn and china, and on mother's dear face paler than marble. Mother shook her shoulders a little, untied her cap-strings, tied them again and pulled out the bows, wiped her spectacles, and took up the evening paper. I crept toward the fire, contrived to get a vinaigrette from the mantle-shelf, and sat down on the rug. By-and-by I saw that mother was n't reading the paper.

'Mother, this house is haunted,' I accordingly whispered.

'Be quiet, child,' she retorted, angrily, taking off her spectacles. 'Do n't let me hear any such nonsense from your lips; you've had a little faint turn, that's all; you are quite recovered. Tell Jane to bring in the toast and we'll have tea.'

For the life of me I could n't have stirred, so mother did her own errand. 'You won't go down to the evening mail any more, Frances,' said she, coming back from the door; 'it is getting too cold and damp, and is n't good for you.' Thereupon she pulled the table nearer the fire and seated herself. It was very seldom that we had company at tea, and Jane always set the table for only two, when not ordered otherwise. Now why she had put on a third plate and knife and fork and napkin, I am sure I do n't know, or if she had; but there it was, and as I took my seat, another chair, an empty one, slipped from the corner and drew near the table. That was bad enough, but as the chair approached, the table retired, moved decidedly toward the opposite corner.

'Help me, Frances!' exclaimed mother, seizing it, but you might as well have stopped an engine by a touch. Mother caught her fork to throw it at the invisible adversary, but as if such exertion of her will had been sufficient, the table paused; the chair had already reached it. Determined not to be balked, mother proceeded to pour out a cup of tea and pass it to me; as I took it, my hand was irresistibly drawn across the table, the cup trembled and spilled half its contents into the saucer, and as I set it down where I was compelled, beside the third plate, the rest ran over the cloth.

'There's two of them,' I whispered hoarsely.

'Do n't repeat such absurdity,' replied mother sharply, resolved not to be convinced, 'and hand me the cup and saucer again. I believe you've lost your wits.'

'I believe I have, mother,' I answered.

'Do n't be silly,' was the patronizing order this time; 'and give me the cup.' I extended my hand for it, but could as easily have lifted the Iron Mountain.

'What are you about, Frances!' exclaimed mother, bent upon altercation. 'How many times must I ask for that cup and saucer before I get it?'

'Six times seven,' enunciated that spectral tone, hollow and low, not at all responsively, but rather as an admonition, and coming up apparently from every side, so indistinguishable was its source, and so much did its volume seem to surround us.

'I will have that starling's neck wrung!' cried mother.

'It was n't the starling, mother.'

'How do you know it was n't the starling? And if it was n't the starling, who was it? I repeat, Frances, if it was n't the starling, who was it!'

Mother was losing her temper, so I rose, took down the cage from its nail, and held it in her sight; the little bird, all his feathers ruffled with fright, lay stiff on the sanded floor. Its atom of life was not enough to resist the deathfulness of that cloud of light that so recently filled the room.

'You are always a bird of ill omen, Frances. Just like your poor father: if he could n't have good news to tell, he'd tell bad — indeed he preferred bad. There, ring the bell if you do n't want any more tea, and have the table cleared.' Upon which she flew round and spent her efforts endeavoring to revive the bird, finally with success, for the poor thing stirred, dipped his bill in the warm food, and after a time gave a faint chirp. Then mother hung up the cage and took her paper again, maintaining rigid silence for more than an hour.

'The house *is* haunted, mother,' I said, as I sat opposite her, by-and-by.

'Haunted! By whom?' as if willing to entertain the proposition now.

'Uncle Noll.'

'I really think the girl's demented!' said mother. 'It would be high time of day for him to come back after being dead and buried these forty years!'

'Six times seven are forty-two, mother; just forty-two years this fall.'

'Goodness, Frances! Do n't I hear those words enough without your dinning them through my ears?'

'What *do* you think they mean?'

'Mean? How do I know. But if I hear any more of it, I'll just have in Mr. Barker' — that was our minister — 'and Judge Vansyckle to sift the matter.'

'And make us the laughing-stock of the whole town!'

'I'm not afraid of ridicule, and I am afraid of ——'

'Ghosts?'

'Who said any thing about ghosts? Your mind is so full of trash! Do you suppose there's a White Lady of Avenel in every old house? No, if it is n't a trick, it is some of this electrical phenomena that every one is dabbling in; if people had let it alone it would n't have come to this pass!'

'You do n't think it is Cousin Harry's pranks then?'

'I do n't know; the letters may have been. Where can those letters be, Frances? Are you sure there were any? Have n't we been dreaming?'

'Nightmares in daytime then. How absurd, mother! I should think some one else was demented.'

'Remember to whom you are speaking, if you please.'

'It's very odd, I think, that Jane and Tim are n't troubled,' I resumed after a pause; 'that it is all confined to this room ——'

'Or where *you* are. I should n't wonder if you were that thing they call a mejum,' said my mother, turning up her nose with a sniff and a little attempt at satire. 'I'll have the Doctor to-morrow and see. There, read your book, and let me have a little peace.'

We had a dreadful evening, neither of us spoke any more, and we both tried to keep our eyes on the page; but novels come to an end, and so at last, not having comprehended a syllable, I read the word *Finis* of 'Afraja,' and shut the book. Mother was nodding in her chair; I went and locked the doors, lit my candle, kissed her, and was very soon curled in my little bed in my own room, having left mother in hers. No sooner had the chill of my nest worn off than I was startled by a perfectly inexplicable noise. There was a strange clicking sound down-stairs, echoing through the lonely halls and rooms, a light tap, and sharp, quick, regular beat, as if one were measuring over and over again every inch of moulding and mop-board in the breakfast-parlor, with a two-foot rule. I knew there was nobody in the house, perhaps mother did n't hear, and so hoping she did n't, though my heart was beating in time with this mysterious knocking, I lay down again, tried not to hear, and began to hum myself to sleep. But do all I might, I could not help stopping every now and then to listen if the noise had stopped too. There it rapped on steadily through the night and the stillness with a horrid monotony and indifference. At length, the last time, I failed to detect it, and the old tranquillity reigned once more. By-and-by the fear faded and drowsiness set in. I was just in that dreamy state from which you awake falling down unknown depths, when I instantly sprang up in bed, roused by a second peculiar and unaccountable occurrence. I had not actually heard a syllable murmured,

but it seemed that more distinctly than any sound could have articulated them, those terrible words had filled my ear: SIX × SEVEN.

If a voice had really and audibly broken the silence when I knew I was alone, it would not have been so horrifying as this unspoken but perfectly recognized sentence addressed so powerfully to some spiritual sense. I was perfectly sure that some phantom, some creature, or power, had saluted me. It was a night of still frost out-doors, I knew, quiet and cloudy; no light of moon or stars, not a breath stirred any bough, not a red leaf fluttered in the darkness to the sodden ground; but now, leaning on my elbow and looking about the room, I found it filled with an atmosphere like moonshine, pallid and lucid; through it the long muslin curtains swayed, the snowy toilet-covers waved, the little mirror gleamed; all at once it went out, and then, as if a giant had taken the old house in his grasp and shaken it, the walls thrilled from their foundation with sharp tremulous vibrations, every pane in every window rattled and clattered, and stroke followed stroke on the north-east corner of the house with loud malignity and diabolical swiftness. Knock after knock, as if some fiend swung ponderous hammers about his restless forge. Trembling, and covered with a cold perspiration, I hid my head in the blankets, and whether I fainted or slept cannot tell, only when I woke it was broad day, and Jane had just brought the warm water into my room.

‘Did n’t you hear a dreadful noise last night, Jane?’ I asked.

‘Oh! yes, Miss. Tim an’ I says to each other, sez we, we guessed it was an earthquake or something.’

‘Very likely.’

‘Ye’d best hurry yourself, Miss Frances; there’s abody downstairs would like to see you. Maybe ye’ll be down before your ma.’ And herewith Jane took her empty pail and her departure.

In about twenty minutes, shivering and blue, I ran down to the cosy breakfast-room, where a bright coal fire was already glittering, and a cheerful warmth diffusing itself sufficiently to compensate for all last night’s chills and terrors. As I opened the door, who should start to his feet, overthrowing the chair, and then staying to pick it up instead of coming to greet me, but Cousin Harry. In a minute more he caught my frozen hands.

‘Cold as ice, or as mine,’ he said. ‘Come here to the fire and warm them, puss. And then tell me about these confounded letters.’

‘Yes, tell me about them, Harry,’ I answered.

‘Tell *you* about them? What shall I tell, except that I received them?’

‘You received them, Harry?’

‘Yes, and now what did you send them for?’

‘I did n’t send them.’

‘Did n’t send them?’

‘I do n’t understand. I send those letters to you? No! But did n’t you send them to me?’

‘What in heaven’s name are you talking about? Have you, too, had any letters containing just three words, and those ——’

‘Six times seven,’ shouted the starling in his cage.

‘Curse the bird!’ cried Harry, running his hands through his hair and commencing to walk the room.

‘Willingly, if you’ll only explain yourself,’ I replied.

‘Well, listen then: I have received two letters, from which at first I could make nothing, and then deciphered the words ——’

‘Six,’ began the starling. I threw a veil over the cage. ‘Times seven,’ concluded I. ‘Well, and did that bring you here?’

‘Why, I could only decide that you must be in some trouble.’

‘Harry, I can’t believe you got any such thing.’

‘Can’t believe it? Why here they are, look at them; these are the very letters. Perhaps ocular demonstration will satisfy the Court ——’

‘Every thing seems so wild and absurd, that — are you sure?’

‘Sure?’ he asked. ‘What should make me sure? Why, look here while I get them out; here they are, I brought them with me! These are the very letters!’ and with the utmost confidence at this juncture, Harry thrust his hand into his breast-pocket. ‘Wait a moment,’ said he, ‘I — they are in the other.’ Thereupon he felt in another receptacle, slapped it vigorously, and repeated the operation in both pockets, but of course with no results. Neither were the letters forthcoming from the skirts of his coat. ‘I could n’t have left them in my cloak,’ he muttered, and stepped into the entry, ransacked the article in question, and tore the lining out of his travelling-cap. He came back with a low whistle of discomfiture. ‘By George!’ said he, ‘I can’t be sure! The letters are gone. Let me see yours.’

‘I told you that they too disappeared.’

Another low whistle.

‘And what’s this about the knocking on the corner there? Jane said it was an earthquake.’

I described it as well as I was able, for at the remembrance my teeth chattered, and if it had not been for a plantation of hair-pins my hair would have stood on end.

‘Do you know,’ said he, interrupting me once and stopping suddenly in his walk, ‘that as we were thundering along in the cars last night at just that time, I heard the self-same noise, but took it for a part of the inevitable jar and joggle of journeys?’

When I finished, Harry came to my side at the fire; a queer look

sobered his face slowly. 'Where's Aunt Katie?' he asked with an effort to be careless. 'Is n't it rather late for her to be up-stairs?'

I caught his meaning directly. 'O Harry!' I cried. 'You do n't think ——'

Just then the door opened, and looking pale as though she had n't slept a wink, mother made her appearance. She welcomed Harry as if he were a guardian angel, and plunged into the mysteries at once.

'I went for my letters as the fox went for his goose, Aunt Katie,' said he, concluding all he had to say, 'and the goose was n't there.'

'It is the very work of Satan!' she commented.

'We must get to the bottom of it,' said Harry, 'be it miching mallecho or what not.'

'Let us breakfast first,' interposed I. 'Do n't you smell the old Java, Harry? It seems just like one of those frosty mornings when we were children here together.'

'You like those old times, Fanny?' he asked, as mother went to make the repast a little more sumptuous in honor of the guest.

'Fine weather, fine health, and fine company, make any time pleasant.'

'All which you have this morning.'

'O Harry! I shall be so frightened again when you are gone! If you would only stay a little ——'

'I should like to stay forever,' said Cousin Harry, putting a hand on my shoulder, 'if you would give me leave.'

But here mother came back, followed by Jane with a tray of unexpected commodities, so I did n't need to answer Cousin Harry, and we had breakfast. Harry was amusing himself balancing all the spoons within his reach, like so many silver Ravels and Blondina, when I whirled round the lees in my tea-cup three times—mother would n't let me have coffee, because I was nervous—and gave them to mother to read my fortune in. She made a quick exclamation and dropped the cup. Fortunately I caught it and searched it eagerly, while Harry came and looked over me. There, written as plainly as tea-grounds could write, were the mysterious and now truly terrible words:

'SIX X SEVEN.'

'Heavens!' said my mother, 'has it begun again?'

'It's high time to investigate the affair,' said Harry with a laugh.

'You won't laugh after dark, Sir,' said I.

'Or will laugh at the other side of my mouth? No—really though, what does six by seven mean? Does it mean that this garden ground is six rods wide by seven deep, and that you'll make your fortune, Aunt Katie, by selling it in strips? or that you are to take six paces one way in this room, and seven in another, which will bring you to a

spot where Uncle Noll buried untold gold? If it were six feet by two, now, the interpretation would not be so difficult. Can it allude to Sixth-street or Seventh in Philadelphia, or Sixth Avenue and Seventh in New-York, or to the years since Uncle Noll's death and Crampton's imprisonment? I'll tell you what, Fanny, I mean to try and get that fellow out.'

'Fellow! He's a patriarch! He'll be too old to care, Harry — three-score-and-ten —'

'Well, I'll care; some body ought to. I do n't believe he killed Mr. Oliver Gordon any more than that I did, I who was the babe unborn at that period. Two precious firebrands they were! Six to one and —'

'Six times,' commenced the starling.

'Well, we'll say seven to the other, maybe, and so are thrown back on that infernal topic. It's of no use travelling in this circle.'

'Come Harry, do n't trifle,' said mother.

'Let me consider, Aunt Katie,' he said, rubbing his finger over his mustache. 'Do these talismanic syllables refer to the fact that yesterday was the sixth and to-day the seventh of October; or to your ancient belief, that the seventh hen — old Speckle, is she eaten? — has hidden a nest of six eggs in the hay-mow, said nest being really a mare's nest; or to the intersection of the sixth and seventh arches down cellar, where we shall find the skeleton of a nun once walled up alive, or —'

'How provoking you are, child!' said mother. 'How can you play so?'

'There, Auntie, I won't. It is my private suspicion that that rum old cove —'

'What!'

'A trillion pardons; that Uncle Noll and his secretary and the ring and so on, are mixed up in this affair. Now —'

'Six,' cried the starling in a burst not to be any longer repressed. 'Si-i-x six ti-i-imes!'

'Now, can the words from the onus of whose pronunciation Monsieur Tonson so kindly relieves us, can they have any connection with, for instance, the seventh pigeon-hole from this corner of the secretary here to the sixth from that; or with some hour in the dial-plate, there to be indicated by counting seven spaces one way and six another; or with that little six-by-seven-inch silhouette hanging yonder in the north-east corn —'

Suddenly, while the gay mocker spoke, the air of the whole room became dark and hot, dark as night, so that we could not see each other's faces, and hot with a dry crackling oven-heat that was parching and painful to the last degree. It endured only one breathless

second, then a loud report like a pistol-shot split it, and in a flash the room was clear and sweet again, but the little six-by-seven-inch silhouette had fallen from the nail and lay upon the floor. Harry sprang toward it, I followed, holding back my gown, lest it should touch the thing. Mother stood up, leaning over the table. Harry raised it carefully, a small whirlwind of black dust nestled on his fingers, two of the tacks, just loosened again, had fallen with it, and the little thin back-board came apart in his hands. As it did so, something slid from between the picture and the board, dropped, and rolled along the floor. I hesitated an instant, and then picked it up — a ring of tarnished red gold, set with seven costly diamonds solidly mounted in silver. Miss Helen's ring.

'And Crampton was innocent!' said I.

An ominous stillness filled the room, our great pity for bitter injustice, and, as it were, the inarticulate acquiescence of whatever had been tormenting us but was to torment us no more.

'Is innocent,' repeated Harry, looking on the floor.

We scarcely heeded a little bustle in the front-entry just then, till the door softly opened again and Miss Helen entered. How very white and thin her sweet face was! My mother ran to her. 'You will faint, Miss Helen!' she cried. 'Sit down, while I make some sangaree. How came you out so early? And after such a frost!'

She obeyed, but still looked at Harry. 'What were you saying, Master Harry?' she asked. He delayed an instant, then: 'That Ralph Crampton is innocent,' he answered deprecatingly.

'Was innocent, you mean,' she added. 'I had a letter from the Warden this morning. He had asked to have me told when it should happen. Ralph Crampton is dead; he died day before yesterday, at half-past five.'

Harry and I glanced at each other with startled eyes; we remembered the hour when we each received the first letter. I did not know whether to show the ring or not; mother nodded, so I went to Miss Helen and sat down on her footstool. 'Miss Helen,' I said; 'when you lost your ring you were playing with that silhouette. Did it never occur to you that it might have slipped in between? To-day the silhouette fell down and broke, and your ring escaped from prison.'

'Yes, it was mine,' she murmured, holding it in the palm of her hand and touching it here and there caressingly. 'My dear, all its bane is lost, the sin it caused expiated; it is clean through all these years of patience and resignation, and suffering that had its joy too; blessings not curses must go with it now; or else I should not dare — Here, Master Harry, will you take so old-fashioned a trinket?' and she dropped it into his hand, as he half knelt on one

knee beside me. Harry raised my hand and slipped the ring upon the first finger. 'Is that what you meant, Miss Helen?' he asked.

'Right!' was her brief reply, with a sudden smile while bending to kiss me. 'God bless you, dear,' she murmured, and drew back slowly; and then we were all quite still.

In a few minutes mother returned with the sangaree. 'I have made it rather strong,' she said, 'because you must be cold. It is some old wine of Mr. Gordon's. I think it is called *Lacryma Christi*.' My mother carried the glass playfully to Miss Helen's lips, as she sat inclining her head forward; then with a quick motion seized the limp hanging hand. Stepping hastily, she set the glass on the table, came back and knelt beside the chair, while we wondered in silence, and lifting a reverential hand, gently closed the vacant eyes.

Miss Helen had passed from dream to life stately and fair and peaceful: she was dead.

THE POET'S LOVE.

O Love! I hope to win a name
That endless time shall lessen not,
For all the universe a-flame,
Glow in the fervor of my thought;
And my swift fancy comes and goes,
A splendor robed in light divine,
And like an ocean, ebbs and flows
This boundless poet-heart of mine.

For me, the flowers their perfumes keep,
For me the stars their choral-chants;
And if I wake or if I sleep,
Beauty, the mystery that pants
For the embrace of strength, is near,
To me unveils her pensive face,
And smiles upon me without fear,
In many a lone and darksome place.

And deeper are the fires of day,
And deeper are the glooms of night,
That opening inward, far away
Unfold to mine anointed sight;
And it is thine, to say to me,
Which I shall take for my abode,
Infinite bliss or misery,
The pit of Hell, the throne of God.

PHYSICAL DECLINE OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY AUGUSTUS K. GARDNER, M.D.

In the present article we shall depart from the beaten track, worn by the measured feet of fervid orators never weary in praising the charms of lovely woman; her grace of form, her springing step, her glowing cheek, her sparkling eye, her sweet smile irradiating every action. We shall leave poetry for fact, and shall forget woman as she was; and in no sounding periods shall attempt to tell why woman, instead of being as above described, is a haggard creature, dull-eyed and sallow, pinched in form, an unfit mother, not a help-meet, but a drag on the energy, spirits and resolution of her partner in life. We shall not attempt to consider women as an angel, and to solve the great *questio vexata*, 'why she was born without wings.' We shall not even consider her in her æsthetic and intellectual sphere, but in the most ungallant manner we shall class her among ichthyosauri and pachydermata, among bovine and feline, among milleped, polyped and quadruped, and proceed to hold her up for inspection as a simple biped, an animal, and shall then leave the theme for individual reflection.

Our theme then is the 'Causes of the Present Physical Decline of Woman.' We read in the Old Testament in the fifth chapter of Genesis, 'In the days that God created man, in the likeness of God made He him—male and female created He them, and blessed them and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created.' With the exception of the biblical account of the construction of woman out of the rib of Adam, taken from him when asleep, certainly not easily to be comprehended in its full meaning—we have no statement respecting the early character of woman. 'Male and female created He them,' certainly does not imply that any physical difference existed between the sexes as regards strength, endurance, or capacity, either bodily or mentally. We surely cannot infer that any such difference should or does exist naturally. True, indeed it is, that in man and many animals, birds, and perhaps other specimens of animated life, the male is larger than the female, but in proportion to its size we do not recognize any diversity of physical force. In the want of any statement to that effect respecting man, we have undoubtedly a just right to reason by analogy, and we can find no lack of comparative vigor in the sexes of any animals. The lioness, the tigress, the female

bear, etc., are in no wise inferior in vigor to the male, save as they may or not be different in size. The cow is in many lands worked like the ox, with no marked contrast when of equal size and weight. The mare is not judged one whit less muscular or robust than the horse. Why then is it that the woman is physically inferior to the man?

IS WOMAN INFERIOR TO MAN?

To this we answer, she is not inferior, naturally. We will prove this by the females of past days, by the women of Jerusalem, Rome, Greece, concerning whom history gives us abundant details respecting their life, manners, dress, and the like. Is it possible that where these matters are spoken of with so much minuteness, by so astute a sanitary law-giver as Moses, by so thoroughly educated physicians as Hippocrates or Galen, such philosophers as Aristotle and Pliny, any such difference would have been forgotten? Is it probable that Sophocles, Euripides, Catullus, Juvenal, Ovid, and other painters of the domestic manners of their times, should have neglected so great diversities in the physical capacities of the sexes, such as we now observe, if they actually existed?

Neither do we find any such record of the physical inferiority of woman to her lord and master recorded in the writings of later days. Pope, who loved to have his fling at the pampered women of the court and the licentious women of the town no more than the writers of any other stamp of the same period, makes no charges of a natural weakness of the animal woman. No record of this kind is made by the historians of the colonists of the various settlements in America, whether Dutch, English, French or Spanish.

Finally, the Indian women of this country, when unexposed to the damning influences of civilization upon the animal economy, are *pari passu* equal to the man, enduring cold, hardships, and more labor than the man with equal results. Dr. Livingstone, in his travels in South-Africa, while he recognizes the existence of female diseases among the women, does not note any physical inferiority of the women to the men. I am also informed by gentlemen of extensive experience among the slaves of the South, that the muscular vigor of the men and women among the field-hands is not markedly different, unless when abused while carrying children or being forced to hard work too speedily after their lying-in.

Now, what is the recognizable difference in the lot of woman from the past to the present, between the savage and the civilized? Her lot is said to be ameliorated. From being considered a pet and inferior to man, she is now considered a pet and equal to man. As a pet, she is carefully guarded and not allowed to do any thing, so far

as this is possible. The rich being able to effect this end, their women are all sick, the poor comparatively so. The whole sex are being killed by kindness.

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF THE SEXES CONTRASTED.

LET us take the actual condition of the rich child of different sexes in this city of New-York, and looking at them, let us see if there is any wonder that they are sickly, miserable, and inferior in physical force to what they should be, and why the female is constantly, after they each can walk alone, far below the male even in his imperfect physical development.

So long as children are infants, wearing the same dress, their exposures are the same, but as soon as the boy leaves his cumbersome garments, the swaddling-clothes, which must be kept 'fit to be seen,' the distinction begins. The right of woman 'to be free and equal' with man will come with a Declaration of Independence which shall strip off the fetters of petticoats and the gilded meshes of lace which have so long bound down the gentler sex.

For a short period the rich boy is little benefited by the change of attire. The shape of his garments do indeed give liberty to the limbs and play to the muscles, but the exigencies of rich velvet jackets, silken trowsers, and white shirts, with their lace '*fret work*' of frills and furbelows, require him to be constantly guarded, and the natural ebullitions of his animal life restrained by imported bog-trotters, educated to know what dirt is, or by a more fashionable *bonne d'enfant*, who unites to her duties instruction in the freedom of Parisian morals with the restraints of French manners.

Soon the American boy is beyond the demoralizing influences of Hyperion curls which have so long fed the sickly vanity of his enervated mother. His velvet cap, which he so recklessly offered to his friends to be 'pegged at' with tops, has given place to one of meaner stuff, and in games of ball, tag, and the like he neither 'respects his cloth' himself nor exacts regard for it from others. Witness the impetuosity with which those boys in yonder retired street rush in friendly strife after the 'shinny ball;' hear their full-mouthed cry. Does not the air permeate the lungs to their farthest cranny, leaving no portion of their tissue full of stagnant blood? Are not the pores of their skins opened to the free out-pouring of the waste of the body? No matter if the foolish parents stuff their stomachs with improper food, if nature can thus have a full opportunity to get rid of it.

We may speedily follow the boy in his career through life, and while we find him free from the bad effects of tobacco and alcoholic stimulants, engaged in out-of-door exercise, even while breathing the air of a city thronged by near a million souls, and most imperfectly at-

tended, to by the authorities in its sanitary matters, yet we find the man comparatively vigorous. Debility and disease commence with the boy confined over his book in illy-ventilated school-rooms, neglecting healthy exercise for the ambition of literary superiority; or in our own city, most frequently bent over a ledger. It is worthy of note, that there is scarcely a single well-ventilated private counting-room in New-York, and most of the bank-rooms are little better. The New-York merchant changes his badly-heated house for his worse-heated counting-room, not by the healthy walk from one to the other, but by the locomotion of a crowded, shut-up omnibus or car. Is it strange that the health of the business-men of this city is deteriorating; that gout, dyspepsia, and all chronic diseases, in addition to consumptions, erroneously supposed to be the only malady engendered by want of exercise and bad air, are greatly on the increase?

But although the physical stamina of the men is not what it might be, it is far superior to that of the women, to whom we will again turn. We will start with the girl who has kept pace with her brother until the date of his assumption of breeches and their inalienable privileges. We feel that we are treating upon a delicate subject, and we beg our readers to attend to the general idea, rather than to any peculiar form of expression, or to any particular illustration, about which there may be more than one opinion.

So soon as the sex of the child is made evident by any outward manifestations or dress, so soon does the bodily degeneracy commence. The child is then considered as an ornament, in the present or the future. The respectability of the mother is dependent upon the immaculate purity of its worked pantalettes and under-clothing—no mud-pies for you, my dear, after this. ‘Julia, my dear, or Julia, you awful freckle-face, you *must* put on your flat, and be sure and keep out of the sun,’ that is, go into the damp shade, till you grow up like a potato-sprout in the cellar, white and semi-vitalized. ‘But Julia, I see the wind is blowing. Wind is horrible for freckles; you can’t go out to-day.’ To-morrow it is, ‘Clementina Angelica, it is too damp for you to go out.’ ‘But, mother, George is out playing!’ ‘Yes, George is a great boy.’

Soon Julia and Clementina Angelica go to a fashionable boarding-school, where they learn to play a polka, crochet, and the like; and for health, walk up and down Broadway twice a week in a procession the principal use of which is its serving as an advertisement of Madame X——’s school.

Look at the dress of woman. Were man to so direct the fashion of woman’s dress, in order to enable him by physical force to overcome her and tyrannize over her, he could not more completely fetter her than she shackles herself. Her sleeves are placed so low down upon

the waist that she is unable to raise her hands to the top of her head or use them freely in any direction; her limbs are restrained in their motions by a profusion of flowing skirts, and her breathing interrupted by lacings or corsets, which displace the organs and slowly destroy life. It is in vain, however, to hope for any relief from the tyranny of fashion. Were these injuries caused by any edict of church or state, long ere this they would have been abrogated. Against the decrees of fashion there is no appeal. We must therefore seek for other evils more curable.

POPULAR REASONS FOR WOMAN'S INFIRMITIES.

HUDIBRAS well said of men, what is especially applicable to women at the present time, in their attention to matters of health; they

'COMPOUND for sins that they're inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.'

They say that the reason of their condition is, that they are the ills consequent upon maternity; that it is the formation of the modern houses; that they are compelled to go up too many flights of stairs; that they are heated with furnaces, etc. They say nothing of late hours, late suppers, improper clothing at parties and public places, of the bad results from the modern dances, of the want of vigorous out-of-door exercise, of illy-ventilated churches, lecture-rooms, ball-rooms, theatres. We will look at their reasons and those just given.

THE ACTUAL FACT WHEN NATURE HAS A CHANCE.

THE ills of maternity are great. The curse has come down to the present generation. But why is it magnified during the last half-century? Because woman has become a doll, to be decked and draped and carried out, instead of an active, laborious working help-meet to man. We have, within a year, had considerable experience among opera-dancers, whose occupation indeed is unfortunately not so much in the open air as might be desired, but which, in its daily study and subsequent practice requires an amount of long-continued muscular energy of the severest character, little recognized or understood by the community. Hard and protracted as this is, it was not intermitted by some, except two weeks before their lying-in and the pains of labor were in every case most notably diminished in such a manner as could be attributed solely to their peculiar labor, which gives great suppleness of limb, free play of muscle, and that happy union of power and pliability most to be desired. There is reason why the necessities of maternity in all its bearings should make woman less reliable than man for certain duties, but why exercise of these functions in the nineteenth century should be different from the same actions in the sixteenth or eighteenth century, is the question to be solved.

POPULAR REASONS FOR THE ILL-HEALTH OF WOMEN CONSIDERED.

Does it depend upon any peculiar feature in our domestic architecture? Do all these maladies spring from the fact that our houses contain five or six flights of stairs, one above another?

As this reason is urged by many, in all seriousness, it behooves us to answer it without any of the feelings which perhaps so preposterous a reason might excite.

First, we are willing to allow that to frequently ascend a series of flights of stairs may very probably be inconvenient and painful, and even impossible, to any one feeble or diseased in any serious manner; but it should be remembered that the old-fashioned houses had double flights of stairs, while the modern ones have the same number, but placed one above another. Then, owing to the modern conveniences for warming, lighting, watering, and the less necessities for cleaning in consequence, we do not believe that there is so much running over the house as formerly.

Next, we do not imagine that any such exercise could produce, without other ulterior causes, the local diseases complained of, for various reasons. The present women of Switzerland, who are engaged in tending sheep and goats, who follow them day after day, up one mountain-side and down another, jumping from rock to rock, running down the declivities and up the opposite steep, are not distinguished for peculiar ills, but rather for their robustness. Neither are the German market-women of Europe, who walk long distances over uneven ground, where no roads are laid out, with heavy burdens upon their heads or backs, alike when pregnant as otherwise. Nor are the servants in the very houses alluded to affected by the diseases of their mistresses, yet they run over the same stairs many times to their mistress' once.

That the great blessing of furnaces is often abused, we are ready to admit; that when improperly used they do burn up the oxygen of the air to be breathed, we know. But when properly constructed and properly managed, we believe that in no manner can a house be so healthfully heated, to say nothing of cheapness, cleanliness, and convenience. This is not the place to argue the question as might be desired; but we must be allowed to say that in general the furnace furnished to a house is too small for the work it has to perform, and in consequence it is liable to be pressed so hard as to be over-heated, or if large enough, it may, by neglect of those who have charge of it, become red-hot and thus burn up the air. It is allowed to get out of repair and leak out gas into the air-pipes. The house too, guided by the uncertain feelings of the occupant, instead of a reliable thermometer, may be over-heated generally. But it should not be forgotten

that there is no ventilator more efficient, for it constantly brings into the house the pure air of the street, which must push out the already used air in the house, to make room for it. If the air is burnt and thus rendered impure or inefficient, it will undoubtedly aggravate any disease and destroy the general health, but it can scarcely be supposed to cause the local uterine diseases alleged to spring from it, instead of the diseases of the lungs and heart, and the functions of nutrition, which are generally most affected by the impurities of the atmosphere; neither are the servants, as before said, affected like their enervated mistresses.

The deterioration of the health of females is not general, it is local, and it is not only local, it is confined in a great degree to classes even in that locality. Certain forms of the diseases peculiar to females are better understood and more easily recognized now than formerly, but this merely gives a different name to the ill-health of the sex; and it is not that certain diseases exist now which did not formerly, or are increased in proportion, but that now they are recognized whenever they exist, whereas formerly they were often mistaken or disregarded.

THE CLASSES OF WOMEN WHO SUFFER MOST.

It is the females of cities and large towns imbued with city manners and customs, where these maladies are most rife, and found only in exceptional cases among our poorer classes, who are not exposed to fashionable follies. In cities, all of the better classes of the population live not so much for themselves as for other people; more solicitous as to what Mrs. Grundy may say, than for their own comfort and health. They are constantly going somewhere at improper times and seasons and hours. So delicate in health that they cannot go out to perform any duty if the sky be a little overcast; in fact accustomed to spend the most of the time cooped up in the house, dressed perhaps too warmly, yet in the evening, no matter how stormy, freezing or tempestuous, they can ride in a coach, with head and shoulders uncovered, or with clothes well tucked up under their arms they can walk through slush and mire to sit for hours in a cold theatre, an illy-ventilated vestry or lecture-room, or worse still, into an over-heated, over-crowded ball-room.

But this is not bad enough; no matter whether it is at the time of the periodic functions or not, the young girl whose constitution is yet in process of formation, or the young matron engaged in the great work for which the division into sexes was created, spend hours in the most outrageous muscular exertion, in dances which would seem to have been invented by some arch enemy of woman, so effectually do they, aided by a too great weight of clothing, shake up the whole frame and dislocate every internal organ pertaining to womanhood.

We really think that the polka and its varieties which so jar the frame, have done more than any one single cause, to injure the health of our American women.

We must be allowed to dwell upon this branch of the subject. Just think of the young woman who spends her days with a book or with her needle in the quiet of her own house, not even going out for a walk, save semi-occasionally, when she takes an omnibus at the end of the first block from fatigue. Think of this fragile creature, overcoming this chronic habit, and the languor which her periodic condition imparts, with organs excited, turgid and enlarged, dancing these muscular dances, (so different from the gliding graces of the mazy waltz,) then stimulating and aggravating the difficulties by libations of champagne. Think, too, of the cream, ices, oysters and jellies indulged in at this unseasonable hour, and in what quantities! And then when every pore is steaming, when the pulse is beating wildly, half-clad, to seek through the sleet and frost her home. Perhaps our lady lives so near that a carriage is not deemed necessary, and what a chill strikes through the India-rubbers in the walk of half-a-dozen houses; and then to bed in the small hours, perhaps to repeat the same thing every night or two for the season.

This is no fancy picture. You know it, yet you ask me, why is it that this young creature has this and that malady? And all New-York, and all America, (the only place in the world where young girls of sixteen are allowed so to do,) are doing the same foolish thing the whole season through, and you say: 'Is it not wonderful that all the women are complaining of this and that; and it must be the English basement houses.'

What Fifth Avenue does, the girls who can earn their living by dress-making, book-folding, shop-keeping and the like — factory-girls in the country and the country aristocracy — imitate as far as they are able. But it is not night after night, and it alternates with more active and out-of-door daily life, and the disastrous results to health are not so noticeable. Is not this a suicidal epidemic?

FASHION ON THE SIDE OF HEALTH.

BUT fashion, which has done so much for the injury of our women, has done some little lately to ameliorate their condition. The expansive crinoline and modern hoops have reduced the number and weight of the skirts which pressed so fearfully, and which still so injuriously weigh upon the abdominal viscera. But although the words of eloquent warning so forcibly uttered by Miss Catherine Sedgwick have had so little effect upon her countrywomen in introducing the general wearing of skirts held up by the shoulders, we will reiterate the cry of Shoulder-straps, shoulder-straps! till it may awaken every mother

to the dangers hanging over her own child, every woman to the oppressive cincture hanging around her own waist, pressing upon vital organs till they are forced into unnatural situations, destroying the capillary circulation in the skin and external layers of vessels; creating deep-seated congestions, resulting in chronic if not life-long lasting weaknesses which make life wearisome and its duties impossible.

But it is useless, perhaps, to reiterate the cry of 'Shoulder-straps,' unless we can show to those who are not sufficiently ingenious as to make a simple waist with shoulder-straps upon which the skirts may all button, some easy and effectual manner by which all this may be accomplished. A corset manufactured by Douglass and Sherwood, of this city, answers this end in a most complete manner; and so for the last time we will utter the warning implied in the watchword of 'Shoulder-straps!'

A FACT TO BE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED.

ONE other fruitful source of the many nervous and debilitating causes of woman's present degeneracy cannot be passed by in silence, for it is so wide-spread over the land, so early developed, so insidious in its growth, so utterly incurable, for the disordered mind is less and less able to follow the promptings of its own better judgment, or even the threats and entreaties of friends. It is a delicate matter to broach, yet when it is a subject which is of such vast importance, which is noted as fearfully prevalent in the American community, and to a far greater degree probably than among the women of any other country in the world, why should we shirk the subject? why hesitate to say plainly and without quibble that personal abuse lies at the root of much of the feebleness, nervousness, pale, waxen-facedness and general good-for-nothingness of the entire community? It is indeed a convincing proof of the actual chastity of the American females, but its physical results are far worse than those which would proceed from criminal immoralities.

This is one of the greatest evils of our boarding-school educational system, where the advent of one girl thus corrupted will introduce a moral epidemic into this large family of pubescent, hot-bed brought-up girls, worse for the ultimate well-being of this little community than the virulent scourge of scarlatina; for while the latter takes its quota and at once consigns them to an early grave, the former but toys with its victims, destroying the mind and unnerving the body. Foreigners are especially struck with this fact as the cause of much of the physical disease of our young women. They recognize it in the physique, in the sodden, colorless countenance, the lack-lustre eye, in the dreamy indolence, the general carriage, the constant demeanor indicative of distrust, mingled boldness and timidity, and a series of

anomalous combinations which mark this genus of physical and moral decay.

This is not a matter within the scope of general investigation; truth is not to be expected from its *habitués*, parents are deceived respecting it, believing rather what they wish than what they fear. Even the physician can but suspect, till timed envelops more fully by hysterias, epilepsies, spinal irritations, and a train of symptoms unmistakable even if the finally extorted confession of the poor victim did not render the matter clear. Marriage does indeed often arrest this final catastrophe and thus apparently shifts the responsibility upon other shoulders, and to the 'injurious effects of early marriages,' to the 'ills of maternity,' are ascribed the results of previous personal abuse.

For statistics and further information on this all-important subject, we must refer the reader to the opinions of physicians who have the charge of our retreats for the insane, lunatic asylums and the like; to the discriminating physicians of the families of the upper classes, stimulated alike by food, drinks, scenes, where ease is predominant, where indolence is the habit and novel-reading is the occupation, for further particulars on a subject now but barely alluded to.

POSITIVE SINS OF COMMISSION.

BUT now having treated of venial errors, sins against one's own self, for which self is punished, and for which self may perhaps be allowed to stand forgiven, if the suicide is to be forgiven, we must turn to sins of deeper dye, sins which admit of no palliation, sins not only against self, but sins against God, which no plea of ignorance can avail, for they are not the sins of the ignorant, the poor and the starving, but the sins of the rich and the lofty and the educated.

This is a theme from which we would gladly shrink, both from the delicacy of the subject and from conscious inability to treat it as it deserves; to bring before you the most horrid social enormity of this age, this city, and this world, and to hold it up to you in such a light as to make you all feel it, in its craven cowardice, its consequent bodily, mental and moral degeneracy, its soul-destroying wickedness. We look with a shudder upon the poor ignorant Hindoo woman, who from the very love for her child, agonizes her mother's heart, when in the fervor of her religious enthusiasm she sacrifices her beloved offspring at the feet of Juggernaut or in the turbid waves of the sacred Ganges, yet we have not a pang, nor even a word of reprobation, for the human sacrifices of the unborn thousands annually immolated in the city of New-York before the blood-worshipped Moloch of fashion. From no excess of religious faith in even a false, idolatrous god, are such hecatombs of human beings slain, but our women, from a devotion to dress and vain pride of outward show, become murderesses of

their own children, and do literally in their own bodies become whitened sepulchres, pallid with the diseases consequent upon such unrighteous acts, and sepulchral in thought and tone of voice from the remorse which always follows a guilty action.

Infanticide is the great, glaring and fearfully prevalent sin of the women of New-York as immorality, drunkenness, gaming, etc., are the prevailing sins of the female portion of the community of other cities and countries of the world. We take the liberty of speaking freely and plainly upon a topic which the pulpit shirks and the community winks at. We shall speak plainly what we know, and strongly what we feel. The moral sense of the community is at a fearful pass. *Each individual claims for herself whether or not to have children.* But if this right of option is granted, does it permit the destruction of the child? But says the apologetic parent, 'Children are so expensive; the demands of society, the cost for food, clothing, education is so great that we could not decently live with such a family.' Another, with means in abundance, says, 'That the care of children is such a slavery;' this one is fond of show and company, that one intends to go to Europe, and neither can be 'bothered with young ones.' These are the excuses for not pro-creating children, and the right so not to do we will not discuss now; but are these good reasons for *murder*? Is it not arrant laziness, sheer, craven, culpable cowardice which is at the bottom of this base act? Are you not dastardly shirking your duty, the duty of your life appointed you by the Creator? Have you the right to choose an indolent, selfish life, neglecting the work God has appointed you to perform? Are you a man who encourage your wife to such a villainous procedure? or are you the woman whose love for gew-gaws and trinkets prompts to the outrage against the heavenly sanctity of a true woman's nature? Which ever you are, you are a pitiful, God-forsaken wretch, and all true humanity despises you and hoots at you.

You have not even the unjustifiable but possibly excusable desire of the poor girl, the prey of the vile seducer, who bears in her own breast the pitiable evidence of another's crime. You voluntarily commit murder.

No, not murder, you say, for 'there has not been any life in the child.' Do not attempt to evade to man a crime which cannot be hidden from the ALL-SEEING. The poor mother has not herself felt the life of the child perhaps, but that is a quibble only of the laws of man, founded indeed upon the view, now universally recognized as incorrect, that the child's life began when its movements were first strong enough to be perceptible. There is, in fact, no moment after conception when it can be said that the child has not life, and the crime of destroying human life is as heinous and as sure before the period of

'quickening' has been attained as afterward. But you still defend your horrible deed by saying: 'Well, if there be, as you say, this mere animal life, equivalent at the most to simple vitality, there is no mind, no soul destroyed, and that therefore there is no crime committed.' Just so surely as one would destroy and root out of existence all the fowl in the world by destroying all the eggs in the world, so certain is it that you do by your act destroy the animal man in the egg and the soul which animates it. When is the period when intelligence comes to the infant? Are its feeble first strugglings any evidence of its presence? Has it any appreciable quantity at birth? Has it any valuable, useful quantity even when a year old? When then is it that its destruction is harmless or comparatively sinless? While awaiting your metaphysical answer, I will tell you when it is sinful. Murder is always sinful, and murder is the wilful destruction of a human being at any period of its existence, from its earliest germinal embryo to its final, simple animal existence in aged decrepitude and complete mental imbecility.

We make these statements thus fully and plainly because of the frequency of this sin, often committed under the erroneous idea that no wrong deed is committed provided that 'life has not been felt,' by women who would not willingly do such a wrong. The amount of this crime can be testified to by any observing physician, and the half is probably concealed even from them.

This subject is not foreign to the theme of this paper, for it is not only a moral evil, but a physical wrong. The health of the mother suffers materially from the violence done to her system, and from the shock to her nervous sense. Whether it is effected by powerful drugs or by mechanical and instrumental interference, the result is deleterious to the animal economy. The organs are often seriously lacerated, punctured, irritated or inflamed, producing temporary disease which threatens and not unfrequently destroys life, and also when apparently cured, leaves the organs cicatrized, contracted, maimed, in distorted shapes and unnatural positions, in a state of sub-acute inflammation or chronic congestion, for all after-years a source of pain and weakness, and a fruitful origin of neuralgias, debilities and miseries. Be assured this is not exaggerated, for we cannot recall to mind an individual who has been guilty of this crime, (for it must be called a crime, under every aspect,) but who has suffered for many years afterward in consequence. And when the health is finally restored, the freshness of life has gone, and the vigor of mind and energy of body has forever departed. Languor and listlessness have become a second nature by habit.

Were the secrets committed to the sacred keeping of a physician allowed to be exposed to the world, we could convince you by a flood

of witnessing cases which have come under our own observation, and which could be corroborated by thousands of medical men in this city and country, that we have barely broached the subject, and that the facts are not even fully shadowed forth.

EVILS THOUGHTLESSLY PRODUCED.

AN overweening desire for luxury, for dress, fashion, or from simple indolence, sometimes from a desire which may be laudable, not to produce children to inherit constitutional diseases, induces many to take various precautionary measures against conception. We have heard clergymen state 'that a man should control the size of his family as much as a farmer his flocks; that he should not have a larger stock than he can house and feed; that this was in the power of every one; that the mind was given to control the appetites; that the lower classes were over-running with children, and the poorer the parents, the more prolific they became.' Yes, and the more healthy and vigorous. It is these women who do not pretend to guide the course of events, or make the laws of Nature conform to their wishes, who are in health and actually doing the work of the world, while the wise in their own conceit are sufferers, invalids, and useless. The laws of nature and the necessities of our existence implanted by an over-ruling Providence, cannot be contravened without detriment to the system. Local congestions, nervous affections and debilities are the direct and indisputable results of the *coitus imperfecti*, *tegumenta extaria*, *ablutiones gelidæ*, *infusiones astringentes*, etcetera, so commonly employed by the community, who are so ignorant on all these matters, and who are in fact substituting for one imaginary difficulty in prospect, a host of ills that will leave no rest or comfort to be found.

On this subject there is great ignorance and great ills resulting. Inquiry of any gynécologist will convince the most skeptical that the general employment of any means for the prevention of conception, is fraught with injury to the female certainly, if not to the other sex also. Exactly how these evils are effected is not perhaps of easy explanation, for all the physiological laws are not fully known, but of this fact there is no mistake, and reasonably enough, for sexual congress is thus rendered but a species of self-abuse.

We must leave this question thus imperfectly touched upon, for your own reflections. It is one of vast importance to the physical well-being of the American woman, but it cannot be discussed advantageously in a single article. We could not in conscience have omitted so important a cause of the physical decline of the health of our women without alluding to it, and less could scarcely be said. In your reflections take one guide to correct deductions. Start with the

firm belief that God's laws cannot be discarded, superseded or neglected with impunity.

INHERITED DISEASES.

It may be remarked that we have not alluded to either inherited or contracted constitutional diseases which result from immoralities either of ancestors, or from the husband's criminalities, or from woman's personal debasement. We have not alluded to them, principally because they are far less common than some would fain make it appear. With all their follies, the American women are virtuous; those to the contrary, we are confident, being rare exceptions. This is almost as true of the American husbands, the great majority of whom are true to their marriage-vows, and in a proportion, even in the tainted cities, the hot-beds of vice, far greater than in any other land of Christendom. That many women do thus suffer is true; and where this suffering arises from the sins of either ancestors or husband, she can only have our deepest sympathies, and surely none can more deservedly claim them! But where moral sin has brought with it physical disease, we can add nothing to the teachings of Holy Writ and of past centuries. 'The way of the transgressor is hard,' even in this nineteenth century, for the truths of time are the truths of eternity. Women can still do something. They have yet a work to perform. Strip off your follies, your profligacies. Live for something better than dress and fashion, and that ease and self-indulgence which like a coy maiden, when courted most, furthest retires. Accept your earthly mission to elevate man, to lift him above the perishing dross and sickly vanities of this world:

'Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.'

A LOFTIER END FOR LIFE.

If the sins of the past can only be alleviated, in the future they may be prevented. Be a mother to your children; be a companion for your boys and girls. The follies of the young are too often only the manifestation of the sins of the mother, sins of omission, of neglect of the child's thought, which instead of being trained, as the gardener inclines the twig, is allowed to be blown about by every passing breeze. Fill your child's thoughts full; stuff them to repletion with the good, and there will be no room for the bad to get in. You know how to satisfy the demands of his stomach, yet you do not attempt to eater for his nobler mental and moral nature. Be a companion for your children. Teach them that if weaned from your breast they are

not put away from your heart, and from thence let them still draw their spirit as they before found their life's blood! Be a mother!

'My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.'

A mother! The fashionable woman whom we once met dancing waltz at a city ball when her only child lay at home sickening with scarlet fever, is not the type we urge you to copy. She was but an ostrich who leaves its young on the desert sands. No, be a true mother, instinct with all the holy attributes of maternity. There are many of you who can, like us, point to the mansions of the blest for the type of a mother not dead, for she yet lives in our hearts, stirring us up with a sweet, soft voice, yet ringing louder than clarion blasts through our inmost souls, to duty.

Ah! if you will but accept the noble office you are called upon to perform, if you will but *occupy* the heart of your husband, if you will but fold your children into your own self, know their inmost thoughts, be their confident, their life-spring, their guide, 'truant husbands, as they are called, sons designated as 'only a little wild,' will be rare, and the world will be renovated. To these pure joys does the true woman say dress and fashion are preferable?

Like all good actions, these will rebound with blessings. In the exercise of these duties, in the cultivation of home joys and affections, the exposures and consequent diseases will not be met with. Life will not be a state of constant invalidism. Will you think of these things?

We need not speak here of the habit of so many women of indiscriminate doctoring, taking of medicines whose virtues are seen only in newspaper advertisements, indeed in the constant use of any medicines. The evils of over-dosing have been sufficiently dilated upon, but we may be permitted to especially mention the evils arising from the profuse drinking of the waters of various mineral springs, without any regard to the character of the diseases of the individual. It is now so general a custom for the better portion of the community to frequent these summer resorts and without professional advice to drink inordinately of the waters, that a word of caution seems especially necessary. Much local as well as general injury are often the result.

There are many other well-known indulgences which vitiate the health, which have not even been mentioned, but as most of them are apparent to all, and as we can add nothing new to what others have repeatedly said, we shall leave them without any further allusion.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

THE redemption of the sex from their alleged degraded condition as dependent upon and inferior to man, is one of the great controversial topics of the day. If we place ourselves in opposition to this reform movement, it must be seen from the general tenor of these remarks that it is not from any skepticism respecting her native capacity, (for the quickness of woman's intellect, the energy of woman's resolve, and the persistency of woman's determination is a fact generally admitted, and we have endeavored to prove, or at least have asserted our belief, in her natural physical strength.) Any opposition must therefore arise from her own slavery to forms, and customs, and observances, from being tied down by fashion and folly. They should remember

'—— who would be free,
Themselves must strike the blow,'

and not only assert their independence, but vindicate their claim to equality, not with chalk, powder and balls, or blood-rouge stained cheeks, but by actual attainments and victories over self-degeneracy. At the bottom of all superiority is physical vigor. An inferior mind backed by robust health, can accomplish all that it undertakes, but tortured by disease and restrained by debility, the proudest intellect is futile to obtain results. The height of earthly desire can only be striven for with earnestness, to say nothing of its attainment, with the *mens sana, in corpore sano*, a healthy mind in a healthy body.

Readers, we have written these pages not willingly, but after much thoughtful deliberation, and after frequent consultations with those whose advice one who can be so happy as to obtain it, is compelled to follow, and in accordance with an irresistible feeling of duty. Simple and well-known as what we have said may be to many, it has cost some resolution to say it. It may cost you more resolution to follow its instructions. We stand only as a guide-post, showing whither lead the two roads: it is for you to choose which to follow.

—— 'WINTER'S gloom

Shows nothing but a waste with one broad track
Stamped to the humble door-step from the lane;
The snow-capped wood-pile stretching near the walls;
And the half-severed log, with axe that leans
Within the gaping notch.'

M Y H O M E .

I.

If Love would find an humble spot,
Whence he should never wish to roam,
I know the place — a little cot
That shelters those I love — my home.

II.

You may not see the eglantine
In summer clamber on the walls ;
You may not see the works divine
Of the old masters, in the halls :

III.

Nor aught of artful music hear,
Nor waters dripping from a fount,
Nor birds, with music every where
Filling the sky they never mount :

IV.

But still the vines do clamber there,
And cling, and wreath in many a fold,
And all their buds are full and fair,
That blossom into flowers of gold.

V.

And so the halls, and all the rooms,
Are hung with sacred memories
That have their tints ; and o'er their blooms
My thoughts go wandering like bees.

VI.

And loud the little baby laughs,
And flings his arms in dainty play,
And gives the peace he never quaffs
Through all the quiet sunny day.

VII.

And so if Love would find a spot
Whence he should never wish to roam,
I said I knew the place — a cot
That shelters peace and rest — my home.

THE BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE, 1776.*

THE month of May robed the catalpa and the oleander in their gorgeous masses of flowers, and the peace of Charleston was still undisturbed except by gathering rumors, that the English fleet and transports destined for its attack had arrived in Cape Fear River. All the mechanics and laborers about town were employed in extending and strengthening its fortifications, and a great number of negroes, brought down from the country, were put upon the works. The bloom of the magnolia was turning yellow in the hot sky of early summer, when on the first day of June expresses from Christ Church Parish brought news to the President, that a fleet of forty or fifty sail lay anchored about twenty miles to the north of Charleston bar.

Happily the colony had already organized an efficient government and invested Rutledge, its chief executive officer, with large powers. He ordered the alarm to be fired, and while the citizens were looking out for horses, carriages, or boats to remove their wives and children, he hastened down the militia from the country by expresses; and in company with Armstrong visited all the fortifications. Barricades were thrown up across the principal streets; defences were raised at the points most likely to be selected for landing; lead, gleaned from the weights of windows of churches and dwelling-houses, was cast into musket-balls, and a respectable force in men was concentrated at the capital.

The eyes of the whole country were turned upon the people of South-Carolina. Their invaders, at a moment when instant action was essential to their success, were perplexed by uncertainty of counsel between Clinton and Sir Peter Parker, the respective commanders of the army and the naval force. On the seventh Clinton would have sent on shore a proclamation by a flag of truce; his boat was fired upon by an ignorant sentinel; but next day Moultrie offered an explanation through one of his officers, and received the proclamation in return. In this the British general declared the existence of 'a most unprovoked and wicked rebellion within South-Carolina,' the 'succession of crimes of its inhabitants,' the tyranny of its congress and committees, the error, thus far incorrigible, of an 'infatuated and misguided multitude,' the duty of 'proceeding forthwith against all bodies of men in arms, congresses and committees, as open enemies of the State;' but 'from humanity' he consented 'to forewarn the deluded people,' and to offer in his majesty's name 'free pardon to such as should lay down their arms and submit to the laws.' Having

* From Mr. BANCROFT's forthcoming volume of the History of the United States.

done this, he consulted Cornwallis on the best means of gaining possession of Sullivan's island; and both agreed that they could not more effectually coöperate with the intended movement of the fleet, than by taking possession of Long Island, which was represented to communicate with Sullivan's Island at low water, by a ford, and with the main by a channel navigable for boats of draft. Clinton had had four days' time to sound the ford; but he took the story of its depth on trust.

On the morning of the ninth of June, Charles Lee, attended by his aides-de-camp and Robert Howe of North-Carolina, arrived at Hadrell's Point. After examining its fortifications, he crossed over to Sullivan's Island, where he found a good stock of powder, a fort of which the front and one side were finished, and twelve hundred men encamped in its rear in huts and booths that were roofed with palmetto leaves. Within the fort numerous mechanics and laborers were lifting and fitting heavy palmetto logs for its walls. He had scarce glanced at the work, when he declared that 'he did not like that post at all; it could not hold out half-an-hour; and there was no way to retreat;' it was but a 'slaughter-pen' and the garrison would be sacrificed. On his way up to Charleston, Lee touched at James Island, where Gadsden had the command.

The battalions raised in South-Carolina were not as yet placed upon the continental establishment; and although Congress bore the proportionate expense, the disposition of the force still remained under the exclusive direction of the President of the Colony and its officers. This circumstance became now of the greatest importance. To Armstrong no command whatever had been conceded; and he had had little to do except to receive the hospitalities of Charleston; but Lee was the second officer in the American army; his military fame was at that time very great; he had power from the general Congress to order, and he had ordered battalions from North-Carolina and Virginia; his presence was a constant pledge of the active sympathy of the continent; and on his arrival he was invested with the military command through an order from Rutledge.

On that same day Clinton began his disembarkation, landing four or five hundred men on Long Island. It was therefore evident that the first attack was to be made not on the city, but its out-post; yet Lee proposed to Rutledge to withdraw from Sullivan's Island and abandon it without a blow. Had he acted in concert with the invaders, he could not have more completely promoted their design. But Rutledge, interposing his authority, would not suffer it, and Lee did not venture to proceed alone; yet on the tenth his very first order to Moultrie, except one which was revoked as soon as issued, directed that officer to construct bridges for his retreat, and the order was repeated and enforced several times that day, and almost every succeed-

ing one. Happily Moultrie's courage was of that placid kind that could not be made anxious or uneasy; he weighed carefully his danger and his resources; with quiet, imperturbable confidence, formed his plan for repelling the impending double attack of the enemy by sea and by land; and never so much as imagined that he could be driven from his post.

On the tenth of June, while the continental congress was finishing the debate on independence, the Bristol, whose guns had been previously taken out, came over the bar attended by thirty or forty vessels, and anchored at about three miles from Fort Sullivan. In Charleston, from which this movement was distinctly visible, all was action; on the wharfs warehouses of great value were thrown down to give room for the fire of cannon and musketry from the lines along East Bay; intrenchments surrounded the town; the barricades, raised in the principal streets, were continued to the water; and arrow-headed embankments were projected upon the landing-places. Negroes from the country took part in the labor; the hoe and the spade were also in every citizen's hands, for all persons, without distinction, 'labored with alacrity,' some for the sake of example, some as the best way of being useful. Neither the noon-day sun, nor the rain, which in that clime drops from the clouds in gushes, interrupted their toil.

On the eleventh the two regiments from North-Carolina arrived. That same day Lee, being told that a bridge of retreat from Sullivan's Island to Haddrell's Point was impossible, and not being permitted by Rutledge to direct the total evacuation of the island, ordered Moultrie immediately to send four hundred of his men over to the continent; in his postscript he added: 'Make up the detachment to five hundred.' On the thirteenth he writes, 'You will detach another hundred of men,' to strengthen the corps on the other side of the creek. But the spirit of South-Carolina had sympathy with Moultrie, and mechanics and negro laborers were sent down to complete his fort; but hard as they toiled, it was not nearly finished before the action. On the twelfth the wind blew so violently that two ships which lay outside of the bar, were obliged for safety to stand out to sea, and this assisted to delay the attack.

On the fifteenth, Lee stationed Armstrong at Haddrell's Point; and Armstrong, as the superior officer, ever manifested for Moultrie a hearty friendship. On that same day, Sir Peter Parker gave to the captains of his squadron his arrangement for the attack of the batteries on Sullivan's Island, and on the sixteenth he communicated it to Clinton, who did not know what to do. The dilatory conduct of the British betrayed uncertainty and a division of councils; and the Carolinians made such use of the consequent delay, that by the seventeenth they were in an exceedingly good state of preparation at every

out-post and also in town. But Clinton intended only to occupy and garrison Sullivan's Island. For that end, consulting with Cornwallis, he completed the landing of all his men on Long Island, a naked sand, where nothing grew except a few bushes, that harbored myriads of mosquitoes, and where the troops suffered intensely from the burning sun, the want of good water, and the bad quality and insufficient supply of provisions. A trial of the ford was made; Clinton himself waded in up to his neck; so did others of his officers, and on the day on which he succeeded in getting all his men on shore, he announced through Vaughan to Sir Peter Parker, that no ford was to be found; that there remained a depth of seven feet of water at low tide; and that therefore the troops could not take the share they expected in the intended attack. His six full regiments, and companies enough from others to make up one more, a body of more than three thousand men, thoroughly provided with arms, artillery, and ammunition, had left the transports for a naked sand-bank that was to them a prison. Yet compelled to propose something, Clinton fixed on the twenty-third for the joint attack.

On the night after the day appointed for the attack, Muhlenberg's regiment arrived. On receiving Lee's orders it instantly set off from Virginia and marched to Charleston, without tents, continually exposed to the weather. It was composed chiefly of Muhlenberg's old German parishioners, and of the Virginia regiments, and was the most complete, the best armed, best clothed, and best equipped for immediate service. The Americans were now very strong.

The confidence of Sir Peter Parker in an easy victory was unshaken. To make all sure, he exercised a body of marines and seamen in the art of entering forts through embrasures; intending first to silence Moultrie's battery, then to land his trained detachment, and by their aid enter the fort. His presumption was justified by the judgment of Lee. That general, coming down to the island, took Moultrie aside and said: 'Do you think you can maintain this post?' Moultrie answered: 'Yes, I think I can.' But Lee had no faith in a spirited defence, fretted at the too easy disposition of Moultrie, and wished, up to the last moment, to remove him from the command.

On the twenty-third an unfavorable wind prevented the joint attack. On the twenty-fifth the squadron was increased by the arrival of the 'Experiment,' a ship of sixty guns, which passed the bar on the twenty-sixth. Letters of encouragement came also from Tonyn, then Governor of East-Florida, who was impatient for an attack on Georgia; he would have had a body of Indians raised on the back of South-Carolina; and a body of royalists to 'terrify and distract, so that the assault at Charleston would have struck an astonishing terror and affright.' He reported South-Carolina to be in 'a mutinous state that

delighted him ;' 'the men would certainly rise on their officers ; the battery on Sullivan's Island would not discharge two rounds.' This opinion was spread through the fleet, and became the belief of every sailor on board. With or without Clinton's aid the Commodore was persuaded that with his trained seamen and marines, he could take and keep possession of the fort, till Clinton should 'send as many troops as he might think proper, and who might enter the fort in the same way.'

Captain Lamperer walking with Moultrie on the platform, and looking at the British ships-of-war, all of which had already come over the bar, addressed him : 'Well, Colonel, what do you think of it now ?' 'We shall beat them,' said Moultrie. 'The men-of-war,' rejoined the captain, 'will knock your fort down in half-an-hour.' 'Then,' said Moultrie, 'we will lie behind the ruins and prevent their men from landing.'

On the morning of the twenty-eighth a gentle sea-breeze prognosticated the attack. Lee, from Charleston, for the tenth or eleventh time, charged Moultrie to finish the bridge for his retreat, promised him reinforcements, which were never sent, and still meditated removing him from his command ; while Moultrie, whose faculties, under the outward show of imperturbable and even indolent calm, were strained to their utmost tension, rode to visit his advanced guard on the east. Here the commander, William Thomson, of Orangeburg, of Irish descent, a native of Pennsylvania, but from childhood a citizen of South-Carolina, a man of rare worth in private life, brave and intelligent as an officer, had, at the extreme point, posted fifty of the militia behind sand-hills and myrtle bushes. A few hundred yards in the rear he guarded breastworks that had been thrown up, with three hundred riflemen of his own regiment from Orangeburg and its neighborhood, with two hundred of Clark's North-Carolina regiment, two hundred more of the men of South-Carolina under Horry ; and the raccoon company of riflemen. On his left he was protected by a morass ; on his right by one eighteen pounder and one brass six pounder, which overlooked the spot where Clinton would wish to land.

Seeing the enemy's boats already in motion on the beach of Long Island, and the men-of-war loosing their topsails, Moultrie hurried back to his fort at full speed. He ordered the long roll to beat, and officers and men to their posts. His whole number, including himself and officers, was four hundred and thirty-five ; of whom twenty-two were of the fourth regiment of artillery, the rest of his own regiment ; men who were bound to each other, to their officers, and to him, by personal affection and confidence. Next to him in command was Isaac Motte ; the major of his regiment, was the fearless and faultless Francis Marion. The fort was a square with a bastion at each angle ;

built of palmetto logs, dove-tailed and bolted together, and laid in parallel rows sixteen feet asunder; between these rows the space was filled with sand. On the eastern and northern sides the palmetto wall was only seven feet high, but it was surmounted by thick plank, so as to be tenable against a scaling party; a traverse of sand extended from east to west. The southern and western curtains were finished with their platforms, on which the cannon were mounted. The standard which was advanced to the south-east bastion, displayed a flag of blue with a white crescent, on which was emblazoned **LIBERTY**. The whole number of cannon in the fort, the bastions, and the two cavaliers, was but thirty-one, of which no more than twenty-one could at the same time be brought into use; of ammunition there were but twenty-eight rounds for twenty-six cannon. At Haddrell's Point across the bay Armstrong had about fifteen hundred men. The first regular South-Carolina regiment, under Christopher Gadsden, occupied Fort Johnson, which stood on the most northerly part of James Island, about three miles from Charleston, and within point-blank shot of the channel. Charleston was guarded by more than two thousand men.

Half-an-hour after nine in the morning, the commodore gave signal to Clinton that he should go on the attack. An hour later the ships-of-war were under weigh. Gadsden, Cotesworth Pinckney, and the rest at Fort Johnson watched all their movements; in Charleston the wharfs and water-side along the bay were crowded with troops under arms and lookers-on. The men of Carolina must foil their adversary, or their city may perish; their houses be sacked and burned, and the savages on the frontier start from their lurking-places. No grievous oppressions weighed down the industry of South-Carolina; she came forth to the struggle from generous sympathy; and now the battle is to be fought for her chief city, and the province.

The 'Thunderbomb,' covered by the 'Friendship,' began the action by throwing shells, which it continued, till more than sixty were discharged; of these some burst in the air; one lighted on the magazine without doing injury; the rest sunk in the morass, or were buried in the sand within the fort. At about a quarter to eleven the 'Active,' of twenty-eight guns, disregarding four or five shots fired at her while under sail; the 'Bristol,' with fifty guns, having on board Sir Peter Parker and Lord William Campbell, the Governor; the 'Experiment,' also of fifty guns; and the 'Solebay,' of twenty-eight, brought up within about three hundred and fifty yards of the foot, let go their anchors with springs upon their cables, and began a most furious cannonade. Every sailor expected that two broadsides would end the strife; but the soft, fibrous, spongy wood of the palmetto withstood the rapid fire, and neither split, nor splintered, nor started; and the

parapet was high enough to protect the men on the platforms. When broadsides from three or four of the men-of-war struck the logs at the same instant, the shock gave the merlons a tremor, but the pile remained uninjured. Moultrie had but one-tenth as many guns as were brought to bear on him, and was moreover obliged to stint the use of powder. His guns accordingly were fired very slowly, the officers taking aim, and waiting always for the smoke to clear away, that they might point with more precision. 'Mind the commodore, mind the fifty-gun ships,' were the words that passed along the platform from officers and men.

'Shall I send for more powder?' asked Moultrie of Motte.

'To be sure,' said Motte.

And Moultrie wrote to Lee: 'I believe we shall want more powder. At the rate we go on, I think we shall; but you can see that. Pray send us more, if you think proper.'

More vessels were seen coming up, and cannon were heard from the north-east. Clinton had promised support; not knowing what else to do, he directed the batteries on Long Island to open a cannonade; and several shells were thrown into Thomson's intrenchments, doing no other damage than wounding one soldier. The firing was returned by Thomson with his one eighteen pounder; but, from the distance, with little effect.

At twelve o'clock the light infantry, grenadiers, and the fifteenth regiment embarked in boats, while floating batteries and armed craft got under weigh to cover the landing; but the troops never so much as once attempted to land. The detachment had hardly left Long Island before it was ordered to disembark, for it was seen that 'the landing was impracticable, and would have been the destruction of many brave men without the least probability of success.' The American defences were so well constructed, the approach so difficult, Thomson so vigilant, his men such skilful sharpshooters, that had the British landed, they would have been cut to pieces. 'It was impossible,' says Clinton, 'to decide positively upon any plan;' and he did nothing.

An attack on Haddrell's Point would have been still more desperate; though the Commodore, at Clinton's request, sent three frigates to coöperate with him in that design. The people of Charleston, as they looked from the battery with senses quickened by the nearness of danger, beheld the 'Sphinx,' the 'Acteon,' and the 'Syren,' each of twenty-eight guns, sailing as if to get between Haddrell's Point and the fort, so as to enfilade the works, and when the rebels should be driven from them, to cut off their retreat. It was a moment of danger, for the fort on that side was unfinished. But the pilots kept too far to the south, so that they run all the three upon a bank of sand, known

'For food,' was M. Blanchard's reply, 'one hundred and twenty-three francs, (about twenty-three dollars.) For all expenses, three hundred and thirty-seven francs, six centimes,' (sixty-three dollars and twenty cents.)

'And how large a part of this do your *colons* earn?'

'About seventy francs,' (thirteen dollars and twelve cents.) 'The rest is paid by government.'

After a plain but wholesome repast, served with the most scrupulous neatness, M. Blanchard said: 'There is one more place which I wish to show you — our cemetery.'

Expressing my willingness to accompany him, we proceeded, arm-in-arm, to a gentle knoll, at some distance from the chapel, where lie the dead of Mettray. A more quiet and tasteful rural burial-place I have seldom seen, even in *la belle France*. A grove shelters it from the gaze of passers-by, and on the other side, a sparkling stream ripples over the gravel, and lulls one to repose. Flowers and shrubs in great profusion adorn the walks; the cypress and willow sigh their requiems for man's mortality, and wreaths of *immortelles* crowning the more recent graves, tell of his hopes for the future. Conspicuous above the humble graves of the *colons*, by which it was surrounded, was the neat but plain monument to the Vicomte de Courteilles. Beside his name, it contains only the inscription, extracted from his will: '*J'ai voulu vivre, mourir, et resusciter avec eux.*'* The graves, each with a cypress tree at its head, form a parallelogram, and in the centre is a cross. The care of the cemetery, M. Blanchard said, was the charge of the Elder Brothers. 'The first thing,' he added, 'which seemed to soften the hearts of the hardened boys with whom MM. Demetz and Courteilles commenced their experiment here, was the funeral of one of their number. They had witnessed the burials of prisoners at the prisons from whence they had come — a few deal boards, half-a-dozen shovelsful of quick-lime, and a hurried formula, in a dead language, repeated with no apparent sympathy, were all; but when they saw the neat coffin, heard the mournful dirge played by the band, and saw with what reverence the burial-service was chanted, and MM. Demetz and Courteilles walked as chief-mourners, they involuntarily exclaimed: 'It is true, then, that they value us for ourselves; they don't shovel our dead bodies into a hole with quick-lime. From that hour they felt that though they had been criminals, they were not friendless.'

We were returning from the cemetery, when the ringing of the bells at the village of Mettray attracted our attention.

'Ah!' said M. Blanchard, 'there is a fire in the village; our boys will go to help put it out.'

* 'It is my desire to live, to die, and to rise with them.'

her quarter-deck, not one escaped being killed or wounded. At one moment, it is said, the commodore stood there alone, an example of unsurpassed intrepidity and firmness. Neither the wind nor the tide suffered him to retire. Morris, his captain, having his fore-arm shattered by a chain-shot, and also receiving a wound in his neck, was taken into the cock-pit; but after submitting to amputation, he insisted on being carried on the quarter-deck once more, where he resumed the command and continued it, till he was shot through the body, when feeling dissolution near, he commended his family to the providence of God and the generosity of his country. Meantime the eyes of the commodore and of all on board his fleet were 'frequently and impatiently' and vainly turned toward the army. If the troops would but coöperate, he was sure of gaining the island; for, at about one o'clock he believed that he had silenced the guns of the rebels and that the fort was about to be evacuated. 'If this were so,' Clinton afterward asked him, 'why did you not take possession of the fort with the seamen and marines whom you practised for the purpose?' And Parker's answer was, that he had no prospect of speedy support from Clinton. But the pause was owing to the scarcity of powder, of which the little that remained was reserved for the musketry as a defence against an expected attack from the land forces. Lee should have sent supplies; but in the heat of the action Moultrie received from him this letter: 'If you should unfortunately expend your ammunition without beating off the enemy or driving them on ground, spike your guns and retreat.'

A little later a better gift and a better message came from Rutledge, at Charleston: 'I send you five hundred pounds of powder. You know our collection is not very great. Honor and victory to you and our worthy countrymen with you. Do not make too free with your cannon. Be cool, and do mischief' These five hundred pounds of powder, with two hundred pounds from a schooner lying at the back of the fort, were all the supplies that Moultrie received. At three in the afternoon, Lee, on a report from his aide-de-camp Byrd, sent Muhlenberg's Virginia Riflemen to reinforce Thomson. A little before five Moultrie was able to renew his fire. At about five the marines in the ships' tops, seeing a lieutenant with eight or ten men remove the heavy barricade from the gateway to the fort, thought that Moultrie and his party were about to retreat, but the gateway was unbarred to receive a visit from Lee. The officers, half-naked and begrimed with the hot day's work, respectfully laid down their pipes as he drew near. The general himself pointed two or three guns, after which he said to Moultrie, 'Colonel, I see you are doing very well here, you have no occasion for me, I will go up to town again;' and thus he left the fort.

When at a few minutes past seven the sun went down in a blaze of light, the battle was still raging, though the British showed signs of weariness. The inhabitants of Charleston, whom the evening sea breeze collected on the battery, could behold the flag of crescent liberty still proudly waving; and they continued gazing anxiously, till the short twilight gave way suddenly to the deep darkness of a southern night, when nothing was seen but continual flashes, followed by peals as it were of thunder coming out from a heavy cloud. Many thousand shot were fired from the shipping, and hardly a hut or a tree on the island remained unhurt; but the works were very little damaged, and only one gun was silenced. The firing from the fort continued slowly; and the few shot they were able to send, were heard to strike against the ships' timbers. Just after nine o'clock, a great part of his ammunition being expended in a cannonade of about ten hours, his people fatigued, the 'Bristol' and the 'Experiment' made nearly wrecks, the tide of ebb almost done, with no prospect of help from the army at the eastward, and no possibility of his being of any further service, Sir Peter Parker resolved to withdraw. At half-past nine his ships slipped their cables, and dropped down with the tide to their previous moorings.

Of the four hundred and thirty-five Americans in the fort, who took part in this action, all but eleven remained alive, and of these but twenty-six were wounded. At so small a cost of life had Charleston been defended and a province saved.

When, after a cannonade of about ten hours, the firing ceased, the inhabitants of Charleston remained in suspense, till a boat from Moultrie announced his victory. At morning's dawn the 'Acteon' frigate was seen, fast aground at about four hundred yards from the fort. The 'Syren' had got off, and so too had the 'Sphinx,' yet with the loss of her bowsprit. Some shots were exchanged, but the company of the 'Acteon' soon set fire to her and deserted her. Men from the fort boarded her while she was on fire, pointed and discharged two or three of her guns at the commodore, and loaded their three boats from her stores. In one half of an hour after they abandoned her she blew up, and to the eyes of the Carolinians, the pillar of smoke, as it rose over the vessel, took the form of the palmetto.

The 'Bristol' had forty men killed and seventy-one wounded. Lord William Campbell received a contusion in his left side, and, after suffering two years, died from its effects. Sir Peter Parker was slightly injured. About seventy balls went through the ship; her mizzen-mast was so much hurt that it fell early the next morning; the main-mast was cut away about fifteen feet below the hounds; and the broad pendant now streamed from a jury-mast, lower than the foremast. She had suffered so much in hull, masts, and rigging, that but for the still.

ness of the sea she must have gone down. On board the 'Experiment,' twenty-three were killed and fifty-six wounded; Scott, her captain, lost his left arm, and was otherwise so much wounded, that his life was long despaired of; the ship was much damaged, her mizzen gaff was shot away. The whole loss of the British fleet, in killed and wounded, was two hundred and five. The royal governors of North-Carolina and of South-Carolina, as well as Clinton and Cornwallis, and seven regiments, were witnesses of the defeat. The commodore and the general long indulged in reciprocal criminations. Nothing remained for the army but to quit the sands of Long Island, yet three weeks more passed away before they embarked in transports for New-York under the single 'convoy of the 'Solebay' frigate; the rest of the fleet being under the necessity of remaining still longer to refit.'

The success of the Carolinians was due to the wisdom and adequateness of their preparations. It saved not a post but a province. It kept seven regiments away from New-York for two months; it gave security to Georgia, and three years' peace to Carolina; it dispelled throughout the South the dread of British superiority; it drove the loyalists into shameful obscurity. It was an announcement to the other colonies of the existence of South-Carolina as a self-directing republic; a message of brotherhood and union.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth, Charleston harbor was studded with sails and alive with the voices of men, hastening to congratulate the victors. They crowded round their deliverers with transports of gratitude; they gazed admiringly on the uninjured walls of the fortress, the ruinous marks of the enemy's shot on every tree and hut in its neighborhood; they enjoyed the sight of the wreck of the 'Acteon,' the discomfited men-of-war riding at anchor at two and a half miles distance; they laughed at the commodore's broad pendant, scarcely visible on a jury main-topmast, while their own blue flag crowned the merlon. Letters of congratulation came down from Rutledge and from Gadsden; and Lee gave his witness, that 'no men ever did behave better, or ever can behave better.'

On the afternoon of the thirtieth Lee reviewed the garrison, and renewed to them the praise that was their due. While they were thus drawn out, the women of Charleston presented to the second regiment a pair of fine silken colors, one of blue, one of red, richly embroidered by their own hands; and Susanna Smith Elliot, a scion of one of the oldest families of the colony, who, being left an orphan, had been bred up by Rebecca Motte, stepped forth to the front of the intrepid band in maternal beauty, young and stately, light-haired, with eyes of mild expression, and a pleasant countenance; and as she put the flags into the hands of Moultrie and Motte, she said in a low, sweet voice: 'Your gallant behavior in defence of liberty and your country entitles

you to the highest honors; accept these two standards as a reward justly due to your regiment; and I make not the least doubt, under heaven's protection, you will stand by them as long as they can wave in the air of Liberty.' And the regiment plighting the word which they were to keep sacredly at the cost of many of their lives, answered: 'The colors shall be honorably supported, and shall never be tarnished.'

On the fourth of July, Rutledge came to visit the garrison. There stood Moultrie, there Motte, there Marion, there Peter Horry, there William Jasper, and all their fearless comrades. Rutledge was happy in having insisted on holding possession of the fort; happy in the consciousness of his unwavering reliance on Moultrie; happy in the glory that gathered round the first days of the new-born commonwealth; and when, in the name of South-Carolina, he returned thanks to the defenders, his burning words gushed forth with an eloquence that adequately expressed the impassioned gratitude of the people. To Jasper he offered a lieutenant's commission, which Jasper modestly declined, accepting only a sword.

All South-Carolina, by her President and the common voice, decreed that the post on Sullivan's Island should, for all future time, be known as Fort Moultrie; her assembly crowned her victorious sons with applause. The tidings leaped from colony to colony on their way to the North, and the continental congress voted their thanks to Lee, Moultrie, Thomson, and the officers and men under their command. But at the time of that vote, congress was no more the representative of dependent colonies; the victory at Fort Moultrie was the bright morning star and harbinger of American Independence.

EPIGRAM.

M—— writes very little: 'tis strange, is it not?
I'll tell you the why and the wherefore:
He cares not a fig for his fame as a bard,
And he has not a fig's worth to care for!

A NEW YEAR'S MONODY.

IN SPERO TE.

A YEAR! a Tear!
 A Hope! a Fear!
 Like ripples on the stream,
 Like moonlight's fading beam,
 They come! they pass!
 Ah, me! alas!
 This life is vapor,
 A flickering taper,
 In flowing sympathies, in surging sorrows,
 In hopeful ecstasies, in glad To-morrows;
 This rapid Present runs its winding race,
 And Man at last *awakes* in Death's embrace.

A Truth! a Lie!
 A Joy! a Sigh!
 Flow mingling as a wave,
 That makes a common grave
 For Good and Ill.
 Mysterious still —
 Its surface, vexed;
 Its depths, perplexed
 With adverse passions that will never rest,
 The heart — is seething in its troubled breast:
 Eager for joy, it seizes present pain,
 And worships phantom follies o'er again.

A Birth! a Breath!
 A Toil! a Death!
 Then opes the dreary Tomb
 To which all flesh must come,
 And Life is done —
 Its goal is won —
 Dreams all are ended,
 Plans all expended,
 In awful silence now, the dust asleep,
 Throbs with no love, nor heeds if Friendship weep.
 The marble cold, the flower-enameled knoll,
 Conceal and guard the Palace of a Soul!

A Soul! and Sin!
 Ah, how? and when?
 Shall these parted be?
 What healing ministry
 Of suffering grace,
 For Adam's race,
 Has weeping Heaven
 In mercy given?
 A Loving Presence shines upon our night;
 Incarnate Truth diffuses living light;
 Man dies to sin, then dies no more forever,
 But dwells in God, to be dissevered *Never!*

A DAY AT METTRAY.

IN the spring of 185- I found myself at the ancient city of Tours, in the heart of France, prostrated by a sudden attack of pulmonary hemorrhage. I had fallen into good hands; an English gentleman, to whom I had letters, received me at once into his own house, and he and his excellent wife, one of the most charming French women I have ever met, were unwearied in their efforts to aid in my restoration to health, and to dispel the *ennui* engendered by the languor of disease. Their efforts were crowned with success; for after some weeks of suffering, I began rapidly to improve, and by May-day had been pronounced by my physician fairly convalescent. With returning health, however, came restlessness; reluctant to make such demands upon the time of my host and hostess as had been voluntarily accorded to me in my more serious illness, I sought to amuse myself with the city and its objects of interest. Tours is a dull town, as decayed towns are apt to be; and although some of its reminiscences have their charm for the antiquarian and scholar, yet it has little, either in its buildings, its history or its scenery, to attract or amuse the restless Anglo-Saxon traveller. That little, however, I conned most thoroughly, for the same reason that a traveller, weather-bound at a country inn, will study the almanac; because I had nothing else to do. So I strolled upon the mall, looked off upon the fertile lands lying south of the Cher, counted the arches of that wonderful bridge over the Loire, which the inhabitants never tire of telling you is the finest in Europe; looked at the lofty dome-crowned towers of the cathedral of St. Gatien from all possible angles, and tried to climb them, but found my breath too short; searched for and found the tomb of fair Annie of Bretagne and her two children; wondered whether Gregory of Tours, who was once a bishop of this see, wrote his histories of the Merovingian Kings in any of the cloisters of the cathedral; pondered over the ruins of the ancient castle, and admired the solidity of its Roman foundations; queried which of the Cæsars it was that gave the town its ancient name of *Cæsarodunum*, and whether it was because the people were backward in paying their taxes that he was exhorted to dun 'em; lounged through the library and looked, with rather sleepy indifference, at that Evangile in gold letters, on which the kings of France took their oaths as abbots of the princely Abbey of St. Martin's; and finally, on the principle of reserving the best wine to the last of the feast, devoted the whole of two or three days to the investigation of the two lofty but ruinous towers, d'Horloge and de Charlemagne, which are all that remain

to mark the site of the Abbey of St. Martin's of Tours, once the wealthiest and most influential of all the monastic seats in France. This venerable ruin was interesting to me, not for its former wealth, or the succession of kings who deemed its abbacy an honor next to that of the throne of France, but as the home and last resting-place of Alcuin, the greatest teacher of the dark ages, who had an emperor and his entire court for his pupils, and taught them the rudiments of learning and the elements of philosophy; and then, wiser than his successors for a thousand years, persuaded his imperial pupil to promote the education of the masses. As an American, I could not but bow in reverence before the ruins of the abbey where he had once ruled and taught; for in him I saw the type of those sturdy Puritans, Saxons like himself, who, eight hundred and fifty years later, reared in every hamlet in New-England the school-house fast by the church. But here where his last years were passed, he was forgotten, or remembered only as an old monk who had died in the abbey. Disgusted at this ingratitude, weary with my walk among the ruins, and fully satisfied that there was nothing further worth seeing in Tours or its vicinity, I came to my lodgings that evening thoroughly out of humor: my fair hostess perceived the cloud on my brow, and, woman-like, sought to dispel it.

'Monsieur,' said she, 'vous n'avez visité pas la colonie?'

'La colonie,' I answered, 'qu'est-ce-que?'

'La colonie agricole de Mettray,' was her reply.

Here the husband interposed. 'I purpose,' he said, 'going to Mettray to-morrow, to see my old friend, M. Demetz, and shall be happy to have your company.'

'I should enjoy a visit there,' I replied, 'very much, for the fame of the colony at Mettray has reached us on the other side of the water, but only as a vague rumor, and I had entirely forgotten, though I intended to visit it when I left home, that it was in this vicinity. How far is it, pray?'

'About five miles,' he answered; 'a pleasant drive, for the road is of the best.'

'One favor,' I said, 'I must crave of you, if I am to be your companion, namely, that you will give me a more distinct idea than I now have, of the origin and design of the institution.'

'That I will willingly do,' he said, 'as we drive over in the morning.'

The next morning was fair and bright, and at an early hour we were on our way. Crossing the great bridge over the Loire, we proceeded northward over a level, alluvial country, passing on either hand for miles, fields of wheat and barley, which gave ample evidence of a fertile soil and careful culture.

As we passed into the open country, my host said: 'You asked me

last evening to give you some account of this agricultural colony, which the French regard, and with justice, as a model reformatory. I am not, as you are aware, given to hyperbole, and having my English prejudices, am not perhaps in danger of praising too highly a thoroughly French institution, but I regard M. Demetz as one of the most remarkable men of modern times, and my only regret is, that he is not an Englishman.'

'What was his history previous to his undertaking this colony?' I asked, 'for I think I have heard that the colony is only some eighteen or twenty years old.'

'It was founded in 1839,' said my friend. 'M. Demetz, who is now above sixty years of age, and of a wealthy and influential family, was elevated to the position of side-judge of the tribunal at Paris, at the age of twenty-five, and subsequently, in rapid succession, appointed judge of instruction, vice-president of the chamber of correctional police, and councillor of the royal court. In 1836, he was sent by the government to your country, to investigate the penitentiary and reformatory institutions of the United States, and soon after his return, feeling that he could not, as a judge, consign so many young offenders to a fate which would lead inevitably to a life of crime, he resigned his position as councillor, and receiving from the king, who highly esteemed him, the title of honorary councillor, determined to devote himself to what, it is now evident, was his life-work.'

'You speak,' I said, 'of his consigning juvenile offenders to a life of crime; do not your laws distinguish between the young criminal and the hardened adult villain?'

'The Code Napoleon,' answered my friend, 'provides that youth under the age of sixteen may be acquitted of offences charged upon them, under the plea of having acted 'without discernment,' but at the same time requires that they should be detained for a term of months or years, in prisons or houses of correction, in which, mingling with older and more accomplished rogues, they are ready, when discharged, to prey upon the community, and often become our most adroit and depraved criminals. It was to rescue them from such a future that M. Demetz resolved to establish a reformatory colony. He gathered around him, in the beginning of 1839, a little company of men of high social position, like-minded with himself, among whom were the Count Gasparin, Count Léon d'Ourches, and the Vicomte de Bretignières de Courteilles. The last-named, who had been for many years an intimate friend of M. Demetz, offered a tract of between thirty and forty acres of his own estate at Mettray, for a location, and his own services in aid of the work. These gentlemen organized a '*Société Paternelle*,' of which Count Gasparin was chosen President, which should be the basis of their operations, and proceeded to their work. They

first gathered a little company of young men, selected with great care, and commenced instructing them and training them for assistants. This was in June, 1839. By January, 1840, they had erected two buildings, and had so far prepared some of the most promising of their assistants for the work, that they ventured to make a beginning. They commenced with nine or ten boys from the prison at Fontrevault, and added gradually to their number, till, at the close of their first year they had nearly one hundred. These were divided into families of forty, each family being under the charge of a *chef* or *père-de-famille*, two *sous-chefs*, and two elder brothers, (*frères aînés*,) chosen by the boys themselves, from the best-behaved of their number. They were at first employed in the erection of houses for the accommodation of other pupils, and in gardening and agriculture. As their numbers increased, the directors leased five hundred acres of land, which they have since purchased, and Count Léon d'Ourches gave them one hundred and sixty thousand francs (thirty thousand dollars) to erect a church, a school-house, and one or two family houses. They have now eighteen houses, besides offices, etc., around their church, and three farm-houses at some distance, which are occupied by smaller families, aside from a branch colony, the Orphrasière, about eighty miles distant, where a few of their best boys are sent during the last six or eight months of their time. The Vicomte de Courteilles died in 1852, very suddenly. It was a great loss to the colony, but M. Demetz is, and has been from the first, the *soul* of the institution. He is ably seconded, however, by the Vice-Director, M. Blanchard, who is thoroughly imbued with his spirit.'

'What compensation,' I asked, 'does M. Demetz receive for such arduous labors as must fall to his lot as director?'

'From the first,' my friend replied, 'he has devoted his whole time, services, and fortune to the work, without fee or reward. He occupies a house on the grounds of the colony, partakes of the same plain fare with his *colons*, and regards himself as fully identified with them in their interests. The Vicomte de Courteilles never received any salary, but he lived on his estate, a little distance from the colony, though at his own request he was buried in the same cemetery with the boys who have died here. M. Blanchard has received no salary till the last two or three years, but since the greater part of the care devolved on him, he has four thousand francs, and his maintenance. But here we are at the colony.'

As he spoke, we drove up to a gateway, opening into what, but for its numerous buildings, would have seemed a nobleman's park. The whole grounds were surrounded by a beautiful quickset hedge, and at a little distance rose the spire of the chapel, a neat and tasteful edifice, capable of seating, as I afterwards learned, one thousand persons.

On either hand were offices, and on one side a fine school-house. A broad avenue led from the chapel to the gateway, on each side of which were nine dwellings about forty by twenty feet, and three stories high, between which were sheds and workshops. At a little distance was a house occupied by the members of the 'School of Paternal Correction,' an institution, my friend informed me, for the sons of wealthy parents, who were disobedient and refractory, and were sent here for training. Nearer the gate we had entered were the residences of MM. Demetz and Blanchard, as well as a building for the council of *chefs-de-famille*, who met twice a week; and opposite these the school of foremen, the infirmary, laundry, bakery; the apartments for the sisters of charity, the kitchens, and the other shops and offices necessary for the establishment. The grounds were admirably arranged and laid out with the utmost taste. The buildings and plan of the grounds, my friend said, were designed by M. Blouet, who accompanied M. Demetz to America in 1836. A colon approached, as we drove up to M. Demetz' residence, and took charge of our horses. We alighted, and were met at the door by M. Demetz, who welcomed my friend with great cordiality, and me also, when he understood that I was from America. Despite his almost superhuman labors, he retained a look so youthful and vivacious, that I should not have supposed his age to be more than fifty. He inquired earnestly in regard to our American reformatories, and could not understand why our people, usually so prompt to acknowledge and adopt the most improved processes of instruction, as well as the latest discoveries in science and the arts, should not have learned, ere this, that the family system was the one best adapted to reform these youthful delinquents.

As, however, my friend had some special business with M. Demetz, who was to leave that evening for a long-promised visit to England, he introduced me at once to M. Blanchard, a noble-looking man, with a most benevolent face, who very courteously proposed to accompany me in a tour of inspection through the colony. To this I gladly assented, for though familiar with the congregated system of our American reformatories, I had never yet witnessed the practical workings of the family system.

M. Blanchard spoke English with the fluency of a native, and I found myself, therefore, not hampered by a foreign language in making my inquiries.

Our first call was upon the school of foremen. Here were in training about twenty-five young men, a part of whom were acting already as *sous-chefs* or *contre-maitres*,* and the remainder were preparing to take similar positions as soon as there should be a vacancy.

* Industrial teachers, or masters of the workshops.

'The instruction and board in this school,' said M. Blanchard, 'are gratuitous, and we are thus able to make a careful selection from the applicants; yet from one-third to one-fourth are dismissed for want of adaptation to the work. It requires peculiar abilities to make even a successful *contre-maitre*.'

'How long is your course of instruction?' I inquired.

'About three years,' was the reply, 'though at the end of the first year they usually receive a small compensation, and at the end of the second from forty to sixty dollars, beside board and lodging. If they become *chefs* they receive one hundred dollars, aside from their maintenance, and after a time are usually called away to better positions elsewhere.'

'What are they taught?' I asked.

'Mathematics, geography, geology, scientific agriculture, farriery, chemistry, vocal and instrumental music, the art of teaching, and the principles of religion. They are soon employed, also, in teaching the younger boys, and thus acquire a knowledge of the practice, as well as of the theory of teaching.'

Our next call was at the infirmary. This, as well as the pharmacy, cooking, washing, sewing, and accounts, was in charge of the sisters of charity. Order and neatness prevailed here, and the most profound silence. The regulations of the infirmary were posted upon the walls, and after reading them, I said to M. Blanchard, as we passed to another building:

'Does not this absolute silence and solemnity induce a depression unfavorable to the speedy recovery of the sick?'

'It might with you,' he replied, 'since you are a graver people than we; but with our vivacious French boys, the permission to converse would be productive of so much excitement as to be far more injurious than silence.'

We next visited the stables. Here were some sixty head of cattle, all in the best condition, and with the most admirable arrangements for feeding, removing the litter, etc.

'Our boys,' said M. Blanchard, 'are generally fond of animals. This is particularly the case with those from Normandy and Alsatia; this fondness we encourage, by putting one or more animals under the special charge of particular *colons*, as a reward for good behavior.'

As we passed one of the offices, my eye was attracted by the inscription over a box, which closed with a perforated cover, somewhat like, though much larger than, our letter-boxes: '*Pour les objets trouvés*.'

'Are so many things found upon your premises,' said I, 'as to require such a receptacle as this?'

M. Blanchard smiled. 'That,' said he, 'is our method of allowing

a boy, who has yielded to temptation, and feels the reproaches of conscience, to make restitution without being publicly brought to shame. Theft has been the besetting sin with most of them before coming here, but it is very seldom the case that they take any thing after the first few weeks of their stay here, and our box shows, almost every week, the struggles of even the new-comers, with the reproaches of an awakened conscience. We will pass,' he continued, 'to the school-house and the chapel, before entering the dwellings, though it is not now our hour of instruction.'

We accordingly walked along the gravelled paths of the broad avenue, and glancing at the dwellings, I noticed that each had an inscription. This had the name of Strasburg, that of Orleans, the next of Léon d'Ourches, and its fellow opposite, that of Madame Hebert. M. Blanchard saw that my attention was directed to these names.

'The name of the founder of each house is inscribed upon it,' he said. 'The cities which furnished us the means for erecting some of them exact a pledge that we shall receive each year a certain number of *colons* from their houses of correction.'

We entered the school-house, a fine commodious room, but, like all the rest, very plain. Upon its walls, as upon those of the infirmary, and, as I afterward noticed, the dwellings and workshops, was the sentence, several times repeated: 'God sees me.'

'How much time do you devote to instruction?' I asked.

'About fourteen hours per week now for our older boys, and about seventeen for the younger ones,' was the answer. 'At one time we reduced the time for the instruction of the older boys to eight hours; but I think it was an error. The *paysans* and *ouvriers* were fearful our boys would be better educated than their children; but they now begin to understand that an intelligent boy, who is at the same time upright in his conduct, is more useful than an ignorant one.'

'What do you teach them?' I inquired.

'Reading, writing, arithmetic, linear drawing, if they have a taste for it, vocal and instrumental music, as means of procuring a livelihood, and the rudiments of scientific agriculture, and the care of animals in health and disease.'

We passed next to the chapel, in the rear of which were the punishment cells, so arranged that each inmate could listen to the services and see the priest, but could neither see nor be seen by, the other boys. The chapel itself was neat and commodious, and M. Blanchard said that the music was hardly excelled out of Paris. As we came out of the chapel, my ear caught the sound of martial music.

'Our *colons* are coming,' said M. Blanchard; 'we will remain here, and they will defile past us. It is their dinner hour.'

Soon they came in sight, turning the corner of a pretty grove. There were about four hundred and fifty in the procession, a part being in the work-shops, and three families at the outlying farms. At the head was one of the Chefs, in a uniform nearly like that of the French line. By his side marched a lad, one of the Elder Brothers, M. Blanchard said, bearing a fine flag, at the top of which was inscribed, '*Honneur a la Famille*,' and on the flag-staff a scutcheon bearing the name '*Orleans*.' The '*Orleans*' family followed in platoons, keeping step to the music, and evidently full of life and animation. The band followed this family, and were followed in turn by the Strasburg family, and then by others, each family group under its own *chef* and *sous-chefs*. As they passed the steps of the chapel on which we stood, the standard-bearer lowered his standard, and each *colon*, as his platoon went by, made the military salute.

'On what principle,' I asked, 'is your standard-bearer selected?'

'He must be an Elder Brother,' M. Blanchard replied, 'of a family, none of whose members have, for the previous week, incurred punishment. The family Orleans have held the standard now for three months. To them belongs, also, on account of their good conduct, the right to hang out the Medal of Tours.'

'And what may that medal be?' I inquired.

'You may perhaps recollect,' was his answer, 'that in June, 1856, our larger rivers were much swollen by long-continued rains, and inundations were very general along their banks. The Loire, in particular, rose to an unprecedented height, and the city of Tours was in great danger of destruction. The levee on its banks showed signs of giving way, and all the available force of the city seemed insufficient to preserve it. M. Demetz was, at that time, absent, and I stated to the boys the danger which threatened the city, at the same time apprising them that it would be at no small risk of life that those who assisted them must labor. They sprang at once to their feet, crying: 'Let us go and help them.' I went at their head; and for forty-eight hours, they worked incessantly; and though often in great danger, not one shrank from his toil, nor was there the least disorder or lack of discipline. A corps of topographical engineers could not have done better. They did not desist until the levee was rendered perfectly safe; and then marching in perfect order to the colony, they voluntarily proposed to give up their little savings for the relief of those who had suffered by the flood. I *did* feel proud of my *colons* then,' said the good man, a tear glistening in his eye. 'The city of Tours, feeling that their preservation was, in a great degree, owing to the labors of our boys, wished to reward them; but they refused to receive any compensation, and the authorities ordered a medal to be struck and presented to us. See! they are hanging it upon the front of the House Orleans. Let us go and look at it.'

One of the boys, whom, by the red lace on his sleeve, I recognized as one of the Elder Brothers, handed us the medal. It bore the inscription, 'A LA COLONIE DE METTRAY, LA VILLE DE TOURS, RECONNAISSANTE. INONDATION, 1856.'

'To be the guardians of this medal,' said M. Blanchard, 'is one of the highest honors we can confer on one of our families. But come, let us enter and see how our *colons* live.'

As we were about to enter the door, M. Blanchard pointed to an inscription upon the walls. It was in these words: 'Let us love one another; for love is from God.'

'Do your boys obey the injunction?' I asked.

'Far more fully than you would suppose,' was the reply. 'You will, I think, find few private families where there is more fraternal affection than among our *colons*.'

The ground floor of the house we entered was divided, by low partitions, into four work-shops, and in the centre was a small elevated platform, from which all those employed in each shop could be seen. This, M. Blanchard said, was the *contre-maitre's* place. The work-shops were not so fully occupied now as some years since, as there was a strong prejudice against allowing the colony to sell any of the products of their labor. Whatever was needed for their own consumption was, with very few exceptions, produced there, but little beside. This, for a time, had seriously embarrassed them; but by the most rigid economy and the liberal assistance of kind friends both in England and France, they had been able to free themselves from debt. 'One circumstance in this connection showed the spirit which animates all those connected with the colony. When it was found necessary, in consequence of the embarrassments of 1848-9, to reduce the expenses of the establishment, and it was decided to dismiss twenty of the assistants, the remaining teachers, all young men of fine abilities, and most of them having already received offers of double their present salary if they would leave us, came to the directors, and desired to relinquish one half of their salaries, in order to relieve the colony from debt, and each family of *colons* offered their entire savings to preserve Mettray.'

We ascended to the second floor. With the exception of a small room and some closets partitioned off at the end, it was in one room, and through the middle was a table, at which twenty-three or twenty-four persons were dining. The food consisted of a small quantity of meat, beans, bread, and soup, and a gill cup of *vin ordinaire*, to each boy. The *sous-chef* sat at the head of the table, and carved, and the Elder Brother at the foot, while a pupil in waiting — a duty performed in turn, M. Blanchard said, by each *colon* — carried the food to the boys. This was the *meat* day, of which, M. Blanchard informed me, there

were two each week ; the intervening days, the dinner consisted of beans, butter, salt, and onions. This, though appearing to us but meagre fare for boys engaged in severe labor, is fully up to the standard of the diet of the peasant class in France, and it would be impolitic to feed the boys better than the children of peasants in good circumstances are fed.

On the sides of the room hammocks were suspended by hooks. At night, I was told, the beams, which now supported the tables, were so arranged as to afford attachment for the hammocks, and the boys occupied them, the head of one being opposite the feet of the next, to prevent conversation ; and the little room at the end being occupied by the *chef* or *sous-chef*, and having Venetian blinds toward the large sleeping room, he could watch the boys without being seen. This arrangement had served to prevent combinations among viciously-inclined boys. The room above was constructed in precisely the same way.

I had noticed, among the young men at the table, one in the uniform of the Zouaves, and asked M. Blanchard why he was there.

‘He is an ensign in a Zouave regiment now quartered at Tours,’ was the reply. ‘He was formerly one of our *colons*, and now has come, as they all do when near us, to visit us. Did you notice the Cross of the Legion of Honor on his coat ? He received that for his bravery in the Crimea.’

‘I did notice it,’ I replied ; ‘but I also noticed what seemed to me a silver ring on the third finger of his left hand, of which he seemed a great deal more proud than of his decoration. It was an engagement-ring, I presume.’

‘Not at all,’ said M. Blanchard. ‘That ring is the badge of good behavior which those *colons* receive whose conduct has been irreproachable for two years after leaving Mettray, and its reception gives them a membership in ‘The Association of the Founders.’

At this moment the young officer passed us, making the military salute as he saw M. Blanchard.

‘Jacques,’ said M. Blanchard, ‘let me take your ring a moment.’

The young officer complied, and, passing it to me, M. Blanchard said,

‘Read the legend.’

It was, ‘*Loyauté passer tout.*’ I returned it to the young officer with a word of compliment, at which he bowed politely and passed out.

‘He has asked the privilege,’ said M. Blanchard, ‘of contributing annually half the pension (two hundred francs) which accompanies his decoration, to the aid of Mettray. Is it not something to have inspired such love as that in the hearts of our *colons* ?’

'Do those who have left you often revisit the colony?' I asked.

'As frequently as possible when in our neighborhood,' was his reply, 'and many of them take long journeys to see us. M. Demetz once asked one of our boys, who was apprenticed at Tours, if he enjoyed coming back among us. 'Ah! M. Demetz,' was his reply, 'when I see the spire of the chapel I can't walk any longer; I have to run to get here quickly enough.' When sick or out of employment, our *ex-colons* are always expected to return here, as their home. Poor fellows! the greater part of them have no other. We never suffer them to go to the hospital.'

'What means do you use,' I asked, 'to ascertain their condition and conduct after leaving you?'

'We have a Society of Patronage,' was the reply, 'whose office is at Paris, but whose members are found in every considerable town of France. Wherever a boy goes, he is placed in charge of a patron, who watches over him, sees that he is well treated, encourages him to good behavior, and, once in three months, reports to us his conduct, filling up a blank which we furnish him for the purpose. We also correspond with each boy who leaves us.'

'How many are there of whom you have lost sight entirely?' was my next question.

'Not more than twelve out of nearly thirteen hundred,' was the reply.

'And how large a per centage relapse into crime?'

'Not quite ten per cent.'

'How many escape?'

'None.'

'Do you not have some *very* bad boys brought you from the prisons?'

'Yes, very many.'

'How do you subdue them?'

'Occasionally, though very rarely now, they are utterly incorrigible, and we are obliged to remand them to the prison. About four per cent of all who have entered here have been of that character; but usually it is sufficient to put them into one of our best families, like this of Orleans, for instance. The boys will take good care that the new-comers behave well, lest they should injure the standing of the family; for the misconduct of one member would deprive the family of the privilege of carrying the banner; and before long, these bad boys learn that it is pleasant to do well. When they have been here three months, if their conduct has been uniformly good, they can be inscribed on the Tablet of Honor, which secures them some advantages and privileges. About seventy-five per cent of our boys are so

green trees had just expanded into leaf, and last year's verdure 'gave forth a good smell.' Afar off, we

— 'saw the dim blue Highlands,
Coney, Oak, and other islands,
Moles that dot the dimpled bosom of the sunny summer sea:'

and such was the character of our enjoyment, such our 'much and various talk,' that, as we have said, all these things we can at this moment recall, as if they were but of yesterday. Then and there was formed a friendship which has continued unbroken to this very hour; strengthened by long intimacy, and feeding the 'hunger of the heart' for the fraternal affection of which we had just been bereft, when a kind fortune brought us first together. Pardon this tribute: it could not be repressed.

Among Mr. SHELTON's first articles for the KNICKERBOCKER, were '*The Kushow Property*,' '*Peter Cram at Tinnecum*,' '*The Circus*,' and '*The Drama at Tinnecum*.' The first of these was a keen and especially 'telling' satire upon the rage for speculation in real estate so prevalent at that period, which threatened to turn all the Long-Island farms in the neighborhood of the metropolis into premature cities: the second, a most amusing sketch of a Yankee singing-master, who came to the little village to instruct the 'natives' in psalmody, where he met with singular rebuffs from old practitioners of his art: the third a description of a 'Circus,' so truthful, so charmingly written, that to this day, it is sent on in advance by the managers of circus companies, for publication in the village newspapers, previous to the advent of the 'Great Show: ' while the fourth was especially rich as a broad burlesque. The longest contribution at this period, however, from Mr. SHELTON's pen, was '*The Country Doctor, an Auto-biography, written at the request of Glauber Saulitz, M.D.*,' which ran through two or three volumes of the Magazine. It was unquestionably a narrative of events of actual occurrence in the experience of the writer's father, an eminent physician to the inhabitants of his native village and of all the country side, far and near. Many of these possessed the broadest humor, while others were replete with tender pathos; and all recorded in a style of the utmost directness and simplicity. It would not be 'fair' were we not to afford our present readers a touch of 'The Doctor's quality.' In our first extract, the reader will please to accompany the good physician along the banks of 'Dog River,' a queer little stream which took its rise nobody knew where among the hills, and turned a great many mill-wheels before it eventually found its way into Long-Island Sound. 'The Doctor' is suddenly startled by loud cries, as of some person in distress:

'On advancing a little farther, and turning an angle of the stream called Dove-tail Bend, I beheld a woman walking up and down the bank, wringing her hands and beating her breast, and filling the place with the bitterest lamentations. As this part of Dog River is extremely wild, lying within the gloom of old trees, and the foliage of its banks almost black in its luxuriance, the spectacle of this distracted creature, although she looked like any thing but a spiritual being, forcibly reminded me of one of those unhappy ghosts who moan upon the banks of Styx, and cannot cross, because their bodies have been deprived of burial. She did not at first perceive my approach, but continued to weep and talk to herself.

'DENNIS!' shrieked she, in a voice so sudden and piercing that it went through my ears, and then softening down, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed in a mournful tone: 'Oh, hinney, hinney! and is he gone, and is he gone?'

'I was affected by her genuine distress, and reined in my horse. 'My good woman,' said I, 'what is the matter? What makes you cry so?'

'She lifted up her eyes, red with weeping, and with a strong Irish accent, told the cause of her grief. It was a short story, but a melancholy. On the day before, her husband DENNIS and herself were returning at sun-down from their daily toil, when they had occasion to cross the stream in this place, where a tree thrown across formed a rustic bridge. She went before, carrying a basket on her arm, and reached the shore in safety. But alas! for DENNIS. He hesitated in the middle of the bridge, and lost his balance. First his right arm flew up into the air, and then his left; then his right, then his left. It was to no purpose. DENNIS had taken a 'drap' too much, and he fell into the stream. 'Farewell, daylight!' exclaimed he, throwing up his hands with philosophic resignation, and catching a glimpse for the last time of the sky. His affectionate wife hastened to his rescue, but he had sunk to rise no more. And now she ceased not to call upon him in the place where he had died, for his body had not yet been found.

'As this was a case which unhappily my medical art did not reach, I was on the point of departing, and leaving her to that grief which I could not assuage, when my attention was attracted by a rustling in the thicket, and a young fellow bounded forth with a gun in his hand, and dressed in sportsman's attire.

'Hullo!' shouted he; 'what the devil's to pay? What's all this hullabaloo about?'

'I explained to him in a few words the state of the case.

'Oh!' said he, in commiserating accents, 'I'm very, very sorry for you, my good woman. And would you like to know how to find him?'

'The poor creature paused, looked up eagerly, and invoked blessings on him: 'Oh! indade and indade *would* I!' replied she.

'Well,' said he, 'I'll tell you. Go into the woods ——'

'Yaa.'

'And get a ten-foot pole ——'

'Yaa.'

'And put a potato on the end of it, and put it in the creek, and *you'll catch him!*'

'The poor woman broke forth into a tempest of passion at such a sudden disappointment of her hopes, and poured imprecations on the head of the offender, with a volubility rarely equalled. I was myself vexed and indignant at this unfeeling speech, and on the impulse of the moment rebuked the young sportsman with a severity which forms no part of my disposition. To this he replied by sarcastic reflections on my horse and sulky, and finally had the insolence to let off both barrels of his fowling-piece near my horse's head, who was happily very 'hard of hearing,' or else if he had been young and spirited, he might have run away.'

Allow us to make you acquainted with 'Mr. RAINBOW,' a young country 'buck' of the purest water, whom our auto-biographist met at old Mrs. QUAINLEY's tea-party. He is a perfect 'picture,' all ready for framing:

'THE last personage mentioned struck my eye. He was the complete model of a country dandy, and beautifully tricked off in a variety of costume. When he was in full dress, he wore pumps with red ribbons; on the present occasion, boots. His pan-

inscribed, although the slightest infraction of discipline or misconduct causes the erasure of their names.'

'What do you do with a boy who will not work?'

'Shut him up in a cell, and keep him from all employment. In a day or two he will be very willing to work.'

'Did not the social troubles of 1848 affect your *colons* seriously?'

'No. They were a little agitated at first; but we narrated to them the course of events, and explained the causes which led to them, and they became tranquil. Once, I think, our military discipline saved us. Some four or five families of our boys had been at work in the fields, and were returning in their usual military order, with their implements on their shoulders, when they were overtaken by a company of *ouvriers*, who had been patrolling the streets, with flags flying and trumpets sounding, and having become a little excited with drink, were shouting at the tops of their voices, '*Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité.*' 'Boys,' said their leader, as they overtook the head of our column, 'do not be such fools as to work any longer. Join us and be merry. Bread is plentiful; it is ready for you without labor.' The *chef* who was in command of the column saw the danger. '*Colons,*' said he, 'halt! form in line.' They obeyed at once. Then turning to the *ouvriers*, he said: 'My friends, you have learned to labor; you have a right to rest. Leave these lads; let them labor now, and when their turn comes, they may rest as you do. *Colons!* forward, march!' They hesitated for a moment, but accustomed to obey the military command, each one fell into his place, and marching rapidly, they soon left the disappointed *ouvriers* far behind.'

As we passed along toward M. Blanchard's residence, I noticed the masts and rigging of a ship.

'That,' said M. Blanchard, 'is for the training of our boys from the seaboard, and especially from Brittany. They very generally become sailors.'

'How many of your *colons* follow agricultural pursuits after leaving you?' I asked.

'Not quite one-half. The boys from the large towns dislike farming, and either enter the army or become mechanics.'

In the room of the council of *chefs* and *sous-chefs*, which we had now entered, I noticed two medals of the Exposition of 1855.* They were of the second class, one for a root-cutter, the other for a plough-shoe, both the invention of *colons*. The root-cutter had been patented.

Desirous of comparing the cost of this system of reformatory education with that of our American congregated system, I inquired: 'What are your expenses, per head, per annum?'

* The World's Fair held at Paris that year.

‘For food,’ was M. Blanchard’s reply, ‘one hundred and twenty-three francs, (about twenty-three dollars.) For all expenses, three hundred and thirty-seven francs, six centimes,’ (sixty-three dollars and twenty cents.)

‘And how large a part of this do your *colons* earn?’

‘About seventy francs,’ (thirteen dollars and twelve cents.) ‘The rest is paid by government.’

After a plain but wholesome repast, served with the most scrupulous neatness, M. Blanchard said: ‘There is one more place which I wish to show you — our cemetery.’

Expressing my willingness to accompany him, we proceeded, arm-in-arm, to a gentle knoll, at some distance from the chapel, where lie the dead of Mettray. A more quiet and tasteful rural burial-place I have seldom seen, even in *la belle France*. A grove shelters it from the gaze of passers-by, and on the other side, a sparkling stream ripples over the gravel, and lulls one to repose. Flowers and shrubs in great profusion adorn the walks; the cypress and willow sigh their requiems for man’s mortality, and wreaths of *immortelles* crowning the more recent graves, tell of his hopes for the future. Conspicuous above the humble graves of the *colons*, by which it was surrounded, was the neat but plain monument to the Vicomte de Courteilles. Beside his name, it contains only the inscription, extracted from his will: ‘*J’ai voulu vivre, mourir, et resusciter avec eux.*’* The graves, each with a cypress tree at its head, form a parallelogram, and in the centre is a cross. The care of the cemetery, M. Blanchard said, was the charge of the Elder Brothers. ‘The first thing,’ he added, ‘which seemed to soften the hearts of the hardened boys with whom MM. Demetz and Courteilles commenced their experiment here, was the funeral of one of their number. They had witnessed the burials of prisoners at the prisons from whence they had come — a few deal boards, half-a-dozen shovelsful of quick-lime, and a hurried formula, in a dead language, repeated with no apparent sympathy, were all; but when they saw the neat coffin, heard the mournful dirge played by the band, and saw with what reverence the burial-service was chanted, and MM. Demetz and Courteilles walked as chief-mourners, they involuntarily exclaimed: ‘It is true, then, that they value us for ourselves; they don’t shovel our dead bodies into a hole with quick-lime. From that hour they felt that though they had been criminals, they were not friendless.’

We were returning from the cemetery, when the ringing of the bells at the village of Mettray attracted our attention.

‘Ah!’ said M. Blanchard, ‘there is a fire in the village; our boys will go to help put it out.’

* ‘It is my desire to live, to die, and to rise with them.’

In another moment the boys were formed in two divisions, each with its engine, and a *sous-chef* at its head, trumpet in hand, and running at full speed, yet keeping step admirably, for the scene of the fire. My eye fell, however, upon two stout boys, standing near one of the houses, and crying as if their hearts would break.

‘Why are not those boys in the fire-brigades?’ I asked.

‘They have committed some offence,’ was the reply, ‘and hence their *chef* denies them the privilege of doing good to others — the highest reward of good conduct.’

Approaching M. Demetz’s house, I found my host of Tours awaiting my return; and bidding the courteous and excellent MM. Blanchard and Demetz farewell, I entered the carriage, fully satisfied that in the colony of Mettray, and the similar institutions of which it had furnished the model, France was solving most admirably a social problem, which has vexed the wisest of our political economists and statesmen.

TO S— H—.

He who on sadness waits
And is devoted to no other spirit,
Who sits in gloom eternally, and falls
A cursing Fate, and nurses still his woe,
Shall have his fill of all unhappiness —
Of all men he shall be most miserable.
So easy is it for self-clouded eyes
To see but darkness and all horrid shapes,
The children of so sadly wayward Fancy!
But the clear spirit fails not ever. Dark
May be the vista that environs it;
Envy and Malice may put out their tongues
And harm be ever hanging in the air:
What cares it, when it needs but look within,
Where is all peace, a heavenly quietness!
So easy is it for the pure of heart
To flee the storm that threatens all abroad
And find a haven it may never reach!

Courage, my gentle friend! Look ever up!
These thorns that pierce you, and these clouds that frown,
Are but rough friends, whom you will one day own,
And bless their honest ministry — not free
From transient pain, but pregnant of all good.
Mayhap the plant now watered with your tears
Is not to blossom here: some time it will,
In balmier air, fed by far other dew.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

MADAME DE STAEL'S CORINNE. Translated by ISABEL HILL: with Metrical Versions of the Odes, by L. E. LANDON. 12mo pp. 396.

VOLTAIRE'S HENRIADE. Edited by O. W. WIGHT, A.M. 12mo, pp. 407.

PASCAL'S THOUGHTS. Translated by O. W. WIGHT. 12mo, pp. 552.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S MARTYRS. Edited by O. W. WIGHT. 12mo, pp. 451.

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES. Translated by ELIZUR WRIGHT, Jr. 2 vols. 12mo.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extent to which the French language is understood and cultivated in this country, there is a very large proportion of Americans who, with decided intellectual tastes and habits of self-culture, are too busy in their respective pursuits to engage in the study of any foreign language: yet reading with them is a necessity, and not a few read history, philosophy, and criticism with intelligent zeal, and earnestly aim to atone for the want of academic discipline, by the generous culture obtainable from the judicious study of English literature. These facts are not conjectured, but amply evidenced by the statistics of libraries all over the land, and by the habitudes of intelligent families. The zest of knowledge thus acquired, the literary taste thus confirmed, soon craves a wider field, and to know other literatures, to obtain a good general idea of the standard authors of antiquity and of modern Europe, becomes a desideratum. Hence the enormous sales of good translations of the Greek and Latin Classics—like the series which the HARPERS continue to republish from BOHN'S Classical Library; hence the popularity of translations from the German, of which so many have been already executed by our own countrymen; and hence, also, one great motive for the enterprise of Messrs. DERBY AND JACKSON of New-York, in bringing out a complete set of the best obtainable English translations of the standard authors of France. Heretofore, such of them as were to be found at book-stores or in public libraries, have been incomplete, badly edited, and inadequately translated. The object of the publishers, in this instance, was to provide such an edition as would do justice to the originals as far as the text is concerned; and, at the same time, furnish the reader with all requisite illustrations for com-

prehending the special claims, influence, and rank of each author. The services of a gentleman well acquainted not only with the language, but with the critical history of literature in France, were secured; each celebrated work was re-examined and compared with existent translations; prefaces and notes were assiduously prepared; critical estimates thoroughly collated; the best biographical data gleaned; and thus each volume was presented with every advantage which conscientious scholarship could realize. The publication of DERBY AND JACKSON'S edition of the French classics commenced about a year since, and has steadily progressed. The choice of the initial work was highly judicious. Old MONTAIGNE comes nearer the sympathies of those whose chief intellectual pabulum has been derived from English literature, than any of the early writers of France. His colloquial ease of diction, his comments on things familiar to daily human experience, his copious and choice quotations, his anecdotes and personal confessions and speculations, are so like, in scope and quality, some of the endeared British essayists, that he is relished at once by all who speak the English language. The edition of MONTAIGNE most familiar in this country, has been a large octavo, with fine print and double columns; and the annotations are of no later date than HAZLITT'S; whereas, within the last fifteen years, new discoveries and superior criticisms have thrown fresh interest over MONTAIGNE; of all these, the present editor has availed himself wisely and well; and by a new and copious memoir of MONTAIGNE, and the substitution of four neat and beautifully printed duodecimo volumes for the old, clumsy octavo, the pioneer essayist is introduced to exclusive readers of English, under every advantage, and must, in this form, take his place in all the libraries, and become more universally the favorite of this generation. But if it is essential to an average education, in this age and country, to know the old French essayist, not less so is it to understand VOLTAIRE'S influence upon subsequent modes of thought and styles of writing. His famous epic and his model history — though time has greatly diminished their intrinsic interest, will ever be exemplars of the taste of his age and the genius of the author. Accordingly, the 'Charles XII.' and the 'Henriade' are reproduced, in this series, in a most readable English dress, and with able introductions. At the other extremity of opinion, to show what the acute Gallic mind can achieve when inspired by faith, we have PASCAL; and the 'Thoughts,' 'Letters,' etc., of the great and pious thinker will commend themselves to the more thoughtful class of readers as the most valuable of all. There are two names associated with the literature of France that appeal to the humane sympathies, and are perhaps among the most familiar household words of foreign birth — FENELON and FONTAINE — the one endeared by a pure religious urbanity and culture, which transcends all sectarian bounds; and the other synonymous with felicitous invention — FONTAINE; the 'Telemachus' of the one and the 'Fables' of the other, form most appropriate additions to this series; and they are translated with rare skill and grace, so as to preserve their classic tone.

All these works belong to the earlier periods of French literature, which appears in its germ in MONTAIGNE, and culminates in that brilliant age, which was

signalized by the triumphs of VOLTAIRE, FENELON, LA FONTAINE, and PASCAL. As the design of the publishers was to give a complete library of the French standard writers, more recent works of celebrity have been included; and two better names to give popularity to the whole, could not have been selected than those of CHATEAUBRIAND and Madame DE STAEL. Although contemporaries, the genius of these writers were singularly diverse; and yet, each was and is a representative mind, whose career is intimately associated with the political and social transitions incident to the reign of the First NAPOLEON; CHATEAUBRIAND indicating, with rare eloquence, the conservative, and DE STAEL the speculative and experimental tendency of that wonderful crisis; the former's 'Martyrs' is a prose epic of Christianity; the latter's 'Germany' and 'Corinne,' are glowing and thoughtful pictures of national life, literature, and development, wherein philosophy combines with romance as only they can in the grasp of a French soul. Such are the valuable and interesting works thus far published of this much-needed and admirably-produced series of translations of the French classics — the success of which tasteful enterprise will, we trust, be commensurate with its merits.

MODERN PHILOLOGY: its Discoveries, History, and Influence; with Maps, Tabular Views, and an Index. By BENJAMIN W. DWIGHT. New-York: A. S. BARNES AND BURN. 1859.

MR. DWIGHT is in advance of all collaborators, in this country at least, in attempting a popular exposition of the science of comparative philology. His work, founded on essays which first appeared in religious periodicals, is written in an ambitiously rhetorical style that may have added to the effect of quarterly articles, but is entirely inappropriate in a volume devoted to a scientific subject and designed as a text-book for schools. With this single criticism, the work deserves commendation as containing perhaps a greater amount of information, on a subject of leading interest to scholars at the present time, than can be found in any other single volume. After giving a sketch of the classifications of languages, it traces the Indo-European development in all its branches, from the Arians of India to the Celts of Britain. The statement of the peculiarities of different languages and races is full enough to give an intelligent general comprehension of the subject, and is in some cases more definite and precise than is warranted by the results thus far obtained from modern researches. Thus the old Egyptian language is decisively classed by the author in the Semitic family. On the contrary, the principal and latest authorities, show that the Egyptian had nearly as much affinity with the Indo-European languages as with the Semitic, and make it probable that Egypt was peopled by an early offset from the undivided Asiatic stock, and that its language was a form of the original Asiatic tongue, the common parent alike of the Semitic and Indo-European families. An interesting portion of the work is the history of modern philology, containing sketches of the principal laborers in this department.

WATSIDE-GLIMPSES, NORTH AND SOUTH. By LILLIAN FOSTER. In one Volume: pp. 250. New-York: RUDD AND CARLTON.

THE letters which compose this neatly-executed volume, (which reaches us at a late hour,) were written at different periods during the last few years, and describe, as the title implies, 'men, manners, and scenery,' in different portions of our country. Mrs. FOSTER is not wrong in modestly inferring that they will be found to impart both instruction and interest, 'in relation to the various routes of travel, as well as the places of fashionable resort for artists, statesmen, and men of business, with their families, during the pleasant season of the year;' thus furnishing those who design to journey in the United States, whether American or foreigner, a synopsis of pleasant routes, with the rendezvous of intelligent and refined travellers. The work, remarks a contemporary, 'is marked by an earnestness of spirit, a pleasant gift of description, and a correctness of judgment, which show that literature is the author's proper vocation.' But even were the work less varied and interesting than it is — and stern criticism might pick flaws in some few instances — still the circumstances under which it is written and circulated, should commend it warmly to the public: the writer is a widow, and is using, in her bereavement and sorrow, the best means at her command, for the support of a little family left entirely dependent upon her exertions.

THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS: Translated and Copiously Annotated by GEORGE RAWLINSON, assisted by Col. Sir HENRY RAWLINSON and Sir J. G. WILKINSON. Vol. II. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1860.

THE second volume of this elaborate illustration of ancient history is chiefly occupied with Egypt. More ancient than Greece and Rome, than Ecbatana, Nineveh, or Babylon, more ancient than any other recorded facts in history, are the exploits of the early Egyptian dynasties, whose monumental annals extend, according to the most authoritative interpretations, back into the fourth decade of centuries before our era. As geological science has demonstrated from the crust of the earth long periods of ante-historical time, so the researches in comparative philology and ethnology have rescued from the realm of myth and fable not only long periods of national existence, but the migrations, relationships, and general fortunes of the primitive races, and the broad outlines of an eventful and interesting history far behind the point which not many years ago was the terminus of historic certainty. The new English version constitutes but the smaller part of 'Rawlinson's Herodotus,' the larger portion consisting of notes and appendices, which embody the chief results, historical and ethnographical, that have been obtained in the progress of cuneiform and hieroglyphical discovery. Upon this subject the editors are original and distinguished authorities, and their illustrations are from the most recent sources of information. Among the many learned works in this department of historic inquiry, we know of no other which is at once so accessible and interesting, and so nearly exhaustive.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER NINE. — Among the earliest, the most genial, and up to the present time, the most popular of the contributors to this Magazine, we have long desired to mention the name of Rev. FREDERICK W. SHELTON, author of 'SALANDER and the Dragon;' than which a more forceful portraiture of SLANDER has seldom been written; 'The Rector of St. Bardolph's, etc.:' and of this second-named work, also, we cannot help saying in this place, that it embraces a series of good-naturedly satirical sketches, which every parish-clergyman, in the small villages of the country, must admit to be truthfully and admirably wrought out. Both works were, and continue to be, deservedly popular.

Mr. SHELTON, when first he became a contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER, was not a clergyman. He had recently graduated at Princeton College, with distinguished honors; was an accomplished scholar; and with a literary style, even then, so smooth and flowing, as to indicate the 'cultured' features of his future compositions, when experience and practice should have ripened his powers to full maturity.

Well do we remember the first time that we had the pleasure to meet with the writer and long-time friend of whom we are speaking, at a pleasant village of Long-Island: a varied and extensive ocean-washed region, almost every part of which he has made familiar to our readers, in all sections of our common country, by his graphic and unmistakably natural, *life-like* descriptions. It was a most heavenly day in early spring; and after much enjoyable converse in the home of his boyhood, we took our first walk together up to a pleasant eminence on the 'Back-bone of Long-Island,' over-looking the wide-spread and beautiful bay of Jamaica. There and then it was 'sad yet sweet to be,' for we could not choose but think of one just laid in earth, who was with *us* when we were born, but with whom *we* were not, when he died. The fresh, yellow-

green trees had just expanded into leaf, and last year's verdure 'gave forth a good smell.' Afar off, we

—— 'saw the dim blue Highlands,
Coney, Oak, and other islands,
Moles that dot the dimpled bosom of the sunny summer sea:'

and such was the character of our enjoyment, such our 'much and various talk,' that, as we have said, all these things we can at this moment recall, as if they were but of yesterday. Then and there was formed a friendship which has continued unbroken to this very hour; strengthened by long intimacy, and feeding the 'hunger of the heart' for the fraternal affection of which we had just been bereft, when a kind fortune brought us first together. Pardon this tribute: it could not be repressed.

Among Mr. SHELTON's first articles for the KNICKERBOCKER, were '*The Kushow Property*,' '*Peter Cram at Tinnecum*,' '*The Circus*,' and '*The Drama at Tinnecum*.' The first of these was a keen and especially 'telling' satire upon the rage for speculation in real estate so prevalent at that period, which threatened to turn all the Long-Island farms in the neighborhood of the metropolis into premature cities: the second, a most amusing sketch of a Yankee singing-master, who came to the little village to instruct the 'natives' in psalmody, where he met with singular rebuffs from old practitioners of his art: the third a description of a 'Circus,' so truthful, so charmingly written, that to this day, it is sent on in advance by the managers of circus companies, for publication in the village newspapers, previous to the advent of the 'Great Show:' while the fourth was especially rich as a broad burlesque. The longest contribution at this period, however, from Mr. SHELTON's pen, was '*The Country Doctor, an Auto-biography, written at the request of Glauber Savitz, M.D.*,' which ran through two or three volumes of the Magazine. It was unquestionably a narrative of events of actual occurrence in the experience of the writer's father, an eminent physician to the inhabitants of his native village and of all the country side, far and near. Many of these possessed the broadest humor, while others were replete with tender pathos; and all recorded in a style of the utmost directness and simplicity. It would not be 'fair' were we not to afford our present readers a touch of 'The Doctor's quality.' In our first extract, the reader will please to accompany the good physician along the banks of 'Dog River,' a queer little stream which took its rise nobody knew where among the hills, and turned a great many mill-wheels before it eventually found its way into Long-Island Sound. 'The Doctor' is suddenly startled by loud cries, as of some person in distress:

'On advancing a little farther, and turning an angle of the stream called Dove-tail Bend, I beheld a woman walking up and down the bank, wringing her hands and beating her breast, and filling the place with the bitterest lamentations. As this part of Dog River is extremely wild, lying within the gloom of old trees, and the foliage of its banks almost black in its luxuriance, the spectacle of this distracted creature, although she looked like any thing but a spiritual being, forcibly reminded me of one of those unhappy ghosts who moan upon the banks of Styx, and cannot cross, because their bodies have been deprived of burial. She did not at first perceive my approach, but continued to weep and talk to herself.

“DENNIS!” shrieked she, in a voice so sudden and piercing that it went through my ears, and then softening down, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed in a mournful tone: “Oh, hinney, hinney! and is he gone, and is he gone?”

“I was affected by her genuine distress, and reined in my horse. ‘My good woman,’ said I, ‘what is the matter? What makes you cry so?’

“She lifted up her eyes, red with weeping, and with a strong Irish accent, told the cause of her grief. It was a short story, but a melancholy. On the day before, her husband DENNIS and herself were returning at sun-down from their daily toil, when they had occasion to cross the stream in this place, where a tree thrown across formed a rustic bridge. She went before, carrying a basket on her arm, and reached the shore in safety. But alas! for DENNIS. He hesitated in the middle of the bridge, and lost his balance. First his right arm flew up into the air, and then his left; then his right, then his left. It was to no purpose. DENNIS had taken a ‘drap’ too much, and he fell into the stream. ‘Farewell, daylight!’ exclaimed he, throwing up his hands with philosophic resignation, and catching a glimpse for the last time of the sky. His affectionate wife hastened to his rescue, but he had sunk to rise no more. And now she ceased not to call upon him in the place where he had died, for his body had not yet been found.

“As this was a case which unhappily my medical art did not reach, I was on the point of departing, and leaving her to that grief which I could not assuage, when my attention was attracted by a rustling in the thicket, and a young fellow bounded forth with a gun in his hand, and dressed in sportsman’s attire.

“‘Hallo!’ shouted he; ‘what the devil’s to pay? What’s all this hullabaloo about?’

“I explained to him in a few words the state of the case.

“‘Oh!’ said he, in commiserating accents, ‘I’m very, very sorry for you, my good woman. And would you like to know how to find him?’

“The poor creature paused, looked up eagerly, and invoked blessings on him: ‘Oh! indade and indade *would* I!’ replied she.

“‘Well,’ said he, ‘I’ll tell you. Go into the woods ——’

“‘Yaa,’

“‘And get a ten-foot pole ——’

“‘Yaa,’

“‘And put a potato on the end of it, and put it in the creek, and you’ll catch him!’

“The poor woman broke forth into a tempest of passion at such a sudden disappointment of her hopes, and poured imprecations on the head of the offender, with a volubility rarely equalled. I was myself vexed and indignant at this unfeeling speech, and on the impulse of the moment rebuked the young sportsman with a severity which forms no part of my disposition. To this he replied by sarcastic reflections on my horse and sulky, and finally had the insolence to let off both barrels of his fowling-piece near my horse’s head, who was happily very ‘hard of hearing,’ or else if he had been young and spirited, he might have run away.’

Allow us to make you acquainted with ‘Mr. RAINBOW,’ a young country ‘buck’ of the purest water, whom our auto-biographist met at old Mrs. QUANTLER’S tea-party. He is a perfect ‘picture,’ all ready for framing:

“THE last personage mentioned struck my eye. He was the complete model of a country dandy, and beautifully tricked off in a variety of costume. When he was in full dress, he wore pumps with red ribbons; on the present occasion, boots. His pan-

taloons were blown out at the knees, diminishing above and below. His coat was a swallow-tailed blue, with gilt buttons, stamped with some curious device. It was very superb. On his breast he wore a jet eagle, with wings outspread, from whose beak a chain descended to another large square ornament farther down, containing a representation, painted in water-colors, of a willow-tree, a woman, and a tomb-stone. On the tomb-stone you could scarcely distinguish the letters: 'In memory of . . . ' Here the chain was again attached, and thence went festooning in various directions about his vest, communicating with a pinch-beck watch, and at last dangling down in front, where it was terminated by three seals, three keys, and a ten-penny-bit. A silly expression of countenance, and hair plastered down with studied effect over a forehead not the most capacious, completed the whole of the external man.'

One morning in early autumn the doctor calls to see a poor English boy, literally a 'patient,' fading daily from consumption; dying among strangers, far from family and friends, in a strange land. His physician finds that the heartless woman of the house where he lodged had sent him to the Poor-House, where she herself, as a just retribution, afterward died. The Doctor determines to go at once and bring the young man away:

'AFTER driving for some distance over a desolate moor, I drew near the place of destination. A small house of one story, painted of a dusky red, stood alone, without fences, or trees, or garden, or any thing to alleviate its dreary solitude. There was no object on which the eye could rest, or the senses receive pleasure, but a dead flat extended on all sides, as far as the eye could reach. Every blade of grass in the vicinity was dead, and the pools of stagnant water were dried up by the summer sun, and exhibited their bottoms of baked clay; and myriads of flies and wasps were buzzing around, and inflicting their poisonous stings on all living things. How emblematic was this external cheerlessness and drought, of the hearts of that miserable brotherhood, to whom the public charity doles out its morsels with a pitiful hand, and will bestow on them nothing with pleasure but a grave! Here was indeed a fitting abode for Poverty to eke out the penalty of its misdemeanor in an affectionate fellowship with Crime; for Crime and Penury, forgetful of caste, seemed to stand upon equal ground, and to jibe and chatter on the brink of the grave. Here in this hidden place, where the foot of the world never intruded; where Charity never came with her open palm; where the light of smiles and cheerfulness was never known to break, and where the voice of lamentation, of bickering and complaint, never penetrated beyond the walls of the little pandemonium.

'The County Poor-House! What horrible associations are connected with the name! How do all, save those who are hardened and insensible, shrink back from those walls, and tremble at the humiliation of such a home! I had some curiosity to examine a place of which report did not speak favorably; and truly can I say, that its actual terrors deserve to be held up as a warning to those who have entered on the career of poverty and crime; and may God pity those who, without any fault of their own, have arrived at a place to which the grave itself is preferable!

'I entered the walls, and soon saw enough to disgust and sicken. The miserable inmates who were able to keep out of their beds and to eat, were assembled in the refectory; and there a sanctimonious man, whether chaplain or superintendent, or what not, with uplifted hands, was imploring Heaven's blessing—shall I be believed when I state the fact?—upon a dinner of BOILED HORSE-FEET. This species of shell-fish is

used in maritime districts to enrich the soil, and vast quantities are brought up out of the sea for that purpose, and are scattered over the fields, tainting the air for miles around. Swine are sometimes fattened on this fish, which renders the flesh so strong and disagreeable that it is scarce eatable. But it is only in the *County Poor-House* that this noxious food is administered to men. The paupers started from the table in disorder, when they beheld a stranger; and some of them coming toward me, stretched out their hands for alms.'

We are glad to state that this very sketch, copied into the Long-Island journals, effected in some respects a reform of this disgraceful abuse. A single farther extract must finish our quotations, and bring the present number of our narrative to a close. A most melancholy duty interrupts us, of which the reader will be apprised elsewhere. The terrible wreck of the 'Mexico' on the Long-Island shore at Rockaway, will be fresh in the minds of many of our older readers. Exceedingly graphic and forcible is the record of this event, as preserved in the 'Doctor's port-folio. On a bitter, 'bitter cold night' he has been sent for to visit a man dangerously ill at 'Far Rockaway,' in a lonely house, not far from the sea-shore:

'HAVING visited the man in his chamber, and ascertained that he was not very ill, I returned to the kitchen, and sitting down before the fire, forgot my chagrin in an enjoyment of the genial warmth. For some moments I found ample cause for rumination, gazing alternately at the bed of hickory coals and at the cobwebs which graced the rough beams overhead. Presently my ear was startled by the cries and voices of a number of men without; and one of them, thrusting his head in the door, gave the appalling cry: 'A SHIP ASHORE!'

'I started to my feet at the intelligence. 'Where does she lie?' I inquired.

'High upon the beach, two miles east of this.'

'What is she?'

'An English brig, full of passengers.'

'Merciful heavens!' I exclaimed; 'is there no relief for so many perishing souls?'

'I guess not. We are getting the neighbors together, to see if any thing can be done.'

'I was aroused to learn the whole of the horrid truth, and resolved to follow the men. From them I learned that the vessel had been ashore several hours, and would scarcely hold together till morning. To bring away any part of the crew would be difficult in the day-time, but nearly impossible in the tempestuous night. Yet there were brave hearts and strong hands in the small company which was collecting to the rescue. We stopped at every lonely house, and every fisherman's hut, on the approach to the sea-shore, and communicated the intelligence. Nor were those hardy men, who are accustomed to battle with the deep, deaf to the calls of humanity. They turned out with alacrity, and their wives and families kindled fires, and made provision for any of the shipwrecked sufferers who might be saved. We received occasional accessions to our number, as we journeyed along the deep sands, but we exchanged few words. For myself, I had nearly covered my head in the folds of a large cloak, to withdraw myself as much as possible from the blast, which had become almost too cutting to be endured.

'Suddenly the whole company halted. 'Hark!' said one of the number. We listened attentively, and then for the first time heard as it were a choir of human voices, low and plaintive, swelling and subsiding with the fitful gusts; sometimes dying alto-

gether away, then rising with greater energy above the noise of the tempest and booming of the waves. At this appalling sound, the men started off on a full run toward the beach. I followed, but soon paused, out of breath, having gained the summit of some hillocks of sand. I looked before me, and beheld the ocean lashed into fury by a succession of storms, and the white breakers rolling and bursting at my feet. I have never sailed in ships, nor been wafted to foreign climes; but I have walked often on the shores of the great Sea, and have ever found it the same solemn, sublime, and comparatively changeless scene.' . . . 'The night had become more clear; the moon rode high and less obscure in the heavens, seeming to look down with a cold apathy on a world of sorrow and distress. But that which riveted the gaze of the beholder, was a large ship, not many yards from the shore, her spars, yards and rigging distinctly visible, and her decks dark with human beings. The sea was making a continual breach over her, and the spray turned into ice as it fell upon those who sought a refuge in securer places from the waves. It was even possible to discern some of the minuter details of the melancholy congregation; the wild gestures which accompanied their heart-rending shrieks, and the arms uplifted to heaven in supplication; friends locked in each other's arms, and mothers clasping their infants in a cold embrace, vainly striving to cherish life by the last drop of their own bosoms. Horror-struck, I stood and gazed at the spectacle. I was too deeply absorbed to be any longer sensible of the bitter cold, but was trying to estimate by a vain arithmetic the amount of suffering and mortal agony brought together in so small a space, and how many trembling souls, whether of the guilty or purely innocent, were about to ascend from this tumultuous scene to the God who gave them.'

Vigorous efforts were made to save the poor unfortunates, but all in vain. Oars became clogged and shapeless with ice, and the strong man's arms paralyzed with cold. The rising sun of the next morning shone brightly upon the bark 'Mexico' — upon icicles pendent from spars and rigging, and upon men clad in complete icy armor: and this was the closing scene:

'It was two days after this, when the sea had given up many of its dead. The victims of the late disaster, as they had been recovered, were placed in a sort of hovel on the desolate shore, awaiting the recognition of friends. It was a singular and impressive spectacle. They lay there in all attitudes, rigidly frozen; some with their knees bent, and their hands clasped upon the breast, as if they had died in prayer; others exhibiting the contortions of those who had experienced great agony. Before the spirit had winged its flight, it seemed to have left an impress which remained fixed on the countenances of the dead. There you could trace unerringly the last emotions which had agitated their souls in death; the pangs of youth and age, of man and womanhood. There you saw the closed lips and high brow of the strong man who had met his fate with resolution, and the intenser anguish of him who feared to die. Children appeared to be still sobbing, and the half-mumbled cake remained in their clenched fists. Resignation and calm joy were depicted on the countenances of a few with an expression so life-like, that one might have deemed them the subjects of sweet dreams, and not of the long, last sleep. Death had spared the bloom on the frozen cheeks of a young girl. She lay with a crucifix clasped upon her breast. And where was the lover, who now lived in happy ignorance, but would on the morrow kneel at the side of the blooming corpse! In the city, looking toward the sea with strained eyes, watching every white sail, and wishing the intervening time to be blotted out which debarred him from so much happiness!'

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN EDITOR. — There is a good degree of sly satire, and not a little genuine humor, and puncturative common-sense, in the '*Interview with an Editor*,' for which we are indebted to a new correspondent. He does n't 'cover a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter;' and his dialogue sounds very much as if it actually occurred. Read, please, and see if it does not:

'I know you will be pleased to have an account of my first and only interview with GODWIN. It was striking and characteristic. It occurred in this wise: I was out of employment. I had suddenly been deprived of a situation which I had long held with no little pride and pleasure, as chore-boy to a country establishment. The fact is, (it is better to confess it,) I somewhat transcended the duties of the situation I filled. The mistress of the mansion in whose service I had long labored, although not particularly indulgent to her employées, looked with a charitable eye upon my short-comings or over-goings, especially those of a grave nature. This fact led me with some such perverseness of spirit as that which actuated JOHN WILKES when he was trying to find out by personal experience *what was* libellous, to ascertain by frequent experiments how great a latitude I might venture to take. I have since ascertained that the knowledge once acquired, it is hardly worth the cost.

'Being tolerably free from conventional prejudices, I determined to seek a livelihood in the most congenial employment I could find. The toy business at once suggested itself to me as a very desirable one; but a lack of capital prevented me from going into it. I next turned my attention to literature, being ashamed of no employment that would afford an honest livelihood. Before embarking very extensively into literature, I thought it necessary to bore some experienced literary personage for information, that being the very thing I in common with many others who make literature a calling, most lack. Of course I very naturally determined to make a victim of the most benevolent man I could think of.

'A relative of mine who has a great admiration for German literature, and especially for the philosophy of Kant, has contracted an acquaintance with two celebrated men of very antagonistical qualities. One of them is the well-known, charitable and affectionate divine, the reverend FROBIN HART GOSSLING, and the other is that learned and distinguished philosophical bigot and misanthropical litterateur, FITCHFOURAY GODWIN, Esq.; no relation to him of the *Evening Post*, though marvellous proper men, both of them. No three birds of the forest resemble each other less than GOSSLING, GODWIN, and my relative; yet they unite in one harmonious chant in praise of German philosophy. If there are any marks by which to distinguish transcendental philosophers, my impression is, that if the reader should see these three gentlemen moving arm-in-arm towards a lager beer saloon, the thought would not at once be irresistibly forced upon him that they were men of that stamp.

'In my straits for information with regard to literature, I could think of no more available victim than Mr. GODWIN. As it was necessary that I should have an interview with him, and my relative not being at hand to introduce me, I made use of his name to introduce myself. I had never seen Mr. GODWIN before, and was somewhat disappointed in his appearance. In the face he reminded me a little of

the representations of that great medical luminary, Mr. BOB SAWYER, as he appears in the illustrated editions of the *Pickwick Papers*. There was the same jolly twinkle in his eye, the same broad philanthropy and hopeful views of life expressed in his countenance, as distinguished the rather pensive-looking but cheerful SAWYER. He is apparently about fifty years of age, decidedly JOHN BULLISH in appearance, a stout, well-built, fine-looking man. This is my impression of him as near as I can now recollect. But if he should come into the room while I am writing this, I doubt if I should know him.

'His career has been a somewhat striking one. Previous to becoming editor of the *Metropolitan, New-Light Ethical Clipper*, he had started in New-England an institution which he intended as an opposition to the military school at West-Point. A moral discipline was to be substituted for a physical one; and it was thought (by those not connected with the establishment) that constant real fights would be substituted for sham ones. It was very successful, I mean the fights were successful, the project was a failure. After this he became editor of the *M. N. L. E. C. newspaper*, and has since held that post with great advantage to himself and the country. He is in advance of his age, hopeful, genial, and race-loving; I mean that he loves the human race, and not horse-racing; the latter he is opposed to. In short, he loves every thing that true benevolence dictates, and hates every thing that true malevolence suggests. A model man is old fatty FITCHFOURAY.

'I found him occupying elevated apartments in a prominently located building of the city, earnestly engaged in a philosophical pursuit after riches. Having been pointed out to me, I said to him :

'My name is TODD of Toddville.'

'Take a seat, Mr. TODD of Toddville.'

'You are no doubt aware from painful experience, Mr. GODWIN, that it is one of the admirable compensations of nature that those who have won distinction in the world should be bored by those who have not. Acting upon this well-known law, I have called upon you simply (very) to inquire whether you think a man of fair abilities and moderate acquirements, with a strong love for the employment, can make a living by literature.'

'That depends somewhat upon his age, experience, and qualifications generally.'

'I am thirty years of age, and have had somewhat of an elephantine experience; my qualifications, I presume, are so-so.'

'Did you bring any letters of recommendation?'

'No, sir, I was too prudent for that.'

'You were too prudent. How so?'

'I was afraid, Sir, that parties from whom I might have obtained such letters would have said too much.'

'If this prudence was confined to yourself, it was quite commendable. At what college did you graduate, sir?'

'At none, sir. I am a self-made man.'

'The trouble with most self-made men is, that they are not more than half-finished.'

'Very true, sir. But I think the trouble with a large portion of regularly educated men is that they are completely finished when they leave college.'

'Ah! very good. Is that in JOE MILLER?'

'I think not, Sir. I flatter myself that it is a little ahead of JOE.'

'There is no worse habit, I think, than that of flattering one's self too much. If

I had waited a few minutes I should have been spared the necessity of inquiring at what college you graduated. '*Ahead of Jos*' does n't strike me as a particularly classic or respectful expression. I presume, however, that you do not propose to set up for another ADDISON or IRVING ?'

'I set up for nobody, Sir.'

'Ah! that will do very well. But do you think your wits are sharp enough to cut your way through the world without JOK's assistance ?'

'I have not been in the habit of sharpening them at that old and much-used grindstone. If the multitudes that have been there 'to grind' had not generally taken very soft metal to be sharpened, it would have been worn out long ago.'

'You recollect, I presume, the interview between SMITH and the publisher ?'

'SMITH, SMITH! I have heard the name before; firm of SMITH and Brother, I think ?'

'The SMITH I refer to was one of the authors of '*Rejected Addresses*.' He and his brother were in company, I believe.'

'Ah! yes. A hard experience as '*Rejected Addresses*' those poems had before they found a publisher. But I am flattered if any thing in those poems, or in the experience of their authors reminds you of my case.'

'Nothing but the rejected part.'

'I am intruding upon your valuable time; of course I intended to do that when I came here. But if you will be kind enough to inform me whether you think I should be able to make a living in Gotham by literature or not, I will soon relieve you of my presence.'

'What do you mean by a 'living'? It is said that four cents a day will support animal life.'

'Four cents a day will not support this animal's life. Neither did it support THORNTON's; and he waged the most successful warfare against his stomach of any man that I ever heard of. But the stomach triumphed at last, though it had rather a lean show of spoils. No, Sir, no such views of a living as that will meet my case. I like to employ the best tailors and boot-makers. To the æsthetic eye there is such a difference between the best and indifferent workmen. I am not very fastidious about what I eat; the table at the Fifth Avenue Hotel is good enough for me, but I do appreciate very highly, commodious, rich, and beautiful lodgings.'

'I very much doubt, Sir, if literature would afford you that style of living.'

'Then literature may be, as much of it is, both by me and the public, discarded. I will go into the toy business, and thus seek to amuse children of a *smaller* growth.'

'I commend your resolution, Sir.'

'Good-day, Mr. FITCHFOURAY.'

'Good-day, Mr. TODD of Toddville.'

'Thus ended my interview with one who was once the principal of the great New-England male and female military academy, but who now as critic, philosopher, and prophet, stands at the bellows of one of the greatest forges in the country where public sentiment is manufactured. On the whole, I received a gentler snubbing from Mr. GODWIN than it has been my experience to meet with from editors and publishers generally. I believe the good time is coming.'

Our correspondent '*made a good show*;' but it seems to us that '*our talented contemporary*,' the EDITOR, was n't altogether '*slow*,' either. Apropos of the *toy trade*: will our new friend oblige our youngest juvenile — who, hearing us

read to 'mother' and 'the girls' something touching *that* species of commerce, pricked up his ever-open and not over-prolonged ears 'for a boy of his size'—by sending to our sanctum, for his benefit and behoof, a certain carved wooden operative specimen of mechanical animal 'movement'? He wants a wooden monkey, climbing a small white-wood pole, to which he (the monkey, *not* our 'little boy') is very much attached by his arms. The higher he climbs the more he shows his agility, but at the same time his inability to reach the top; until, his lucky stars favoring him, over he goes, head first, down the other side! We want one of those.

WASHINGTON IRVING UPON THE LATE FENIMORE COOPER.—The subjoined note from Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, written to us soon after the publication of Mr. COOPER's '*Pathfinder*,' and which we find mis-filed among the letters of the 'loved and lamented' WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, will form an appropriate opening to a few remarks which we had intended to make upon an able article in the last number of the '*North-American Review*,' upon *James Fenimore Cooper and his Writings*:

'MY DEAR CLARK:

'I hope you have performed your promise, and that we shall see an extended critique on COOPER's new work in your next number, in which the author will receive ample justice. I have just read the '*Pathfinder*,' and it has given me a still higher opinion than ever both of COOPER's head and heart. It is an admirable production; full of noble pictures of exalted virtue in the humbler paths of life. The characters of the '*Pathfinder*' and '*MABEL DUNHAM*' are noble conceptions, and capitally sustained. The old salt-water tar captain, also, is a master-piece, with his nautical wisdom, his contempt for fresh water, and his 'point no point' logic. Let no one say, after reading '*MABEL DUNHAM*,' that COOPER cannot draw a female character. It is a beautiful illustration of the female virtues under curious trials, some of the most terrific, others of the most delicate and touching nature. The death-bed scene, where she prays beside her father, is one of the most affecting things I have ever read; and yet how completely free from any overwrought sentiment or pathos!

'The proof to me of the great genius displayed in this work, is the few and simple elements with which the author has wrought out his effects. The story has nothing complicated; it is a mere straightforward narrative; the characters are few.

'I am interrupted by a call to breakfast; my brother is about to set off, so I must break off.

Very truly yours,

'WASHINGTON IRVING.'

The promise to which Mr. IRVING alludes *was* performed; and if we remember rightly, by the late Mr. HENRY BREVOORT, who translated for our pages, in that connection, the appreciative and eloquent critique of BALZAC upon the great characteristics of COOPER's writings. But we desire to call especial attention to the article to which we have alluded, in the present number of the '*North-American Review*.' It has been ascribed, and we have no doubt correctly, to the pen of Mr. H. T. TUCKERMAN; for it bears all the marks of that gentleman's fine critical taste, true American feeling, and chaste and scholarly manner. The review is based

upon the superb edition of COOPER's works, now in course of publication by Messrs. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY, of our city : and its praise of the character of the enterprise, and especially of DARLEY's exquisite illustrations, is strong and cordial, to a degree somewhat out of the usual order of this old, staid, conservative Quarterly. Designing to refer again to this article, when we come to speak, in the 'Narrative-History of the KNICKERBOCKER,' of Mr. COOPER's communications to our Magazine, we content ourselves for the present with the subjoined brief extract :

'To be thoroughly appreciated, the American novels of COOPER must be read, even by his countrymen, abroad. His fresh and spirited pictures of colonial life in the West gain infinitely, as regards vividness and effect, by the perspective attainable only from a European stand-point. It is when surrounded by the visible tokens of ancient civilization — when the effigies of national maturity and decline, the arts, the polity, the social conventionalities which centuries have made mellow, are visible and audible — that the young life and the virgin nature of the world laid open by COLUMBUS impress the imagination and win the heart. Our idea of COOPER's originality and vigor of conception — especially of his scenic limning and elaboration of native character — was vague, until we thoughtfully communed with his descriptions amid the mediæval architecture of Florence, and on the fertile and historical shores of Sicily. To turn from the massive symbols of European feudalism — from ancient temples, vast palaces, jewelled mausoleums, refined art, Southern nature, trophies that were old when America was discovered — to the leafy forest isles, the sea-like prairies, the settler's lonely log-hut, the primitive communities, the inartificial habits, and nascent civil life, which he delineates, is a contrast so entire, that the mind takes in, as never before, the whole significance of the picture. We feel the very spirit of our native land and our hardy progenitors in its original freedom and purity. Aboriginal figures seem more distinct to the fancy, when invoked in the atmosphere hallowed by sculptured deities and a living race moulded by the highest civilization ; the wilderness has a singular charm when contemplated from an old European city ; and frank, natural character, bred on the sea or in the forest, has a most attractive reality, when beheld with the extreme types of artificial humanity beside and around us. We seem, in such circumstances, to inhale the balmy fragrance of the primeval woods, we catch glimpses of dusky forms in the twilight, and nestle to the very heart of Nature in her verdant solitudes or ocean haunts, as we follow the firm step and piercing eye of a writer who has caught the inspiration of unhackneyed scenes and fresh, free, intrepid, isolated, but most characteristic life, which, compared with that around and within us, seems indeed born in another hemisphere, and fraught with higher issues than can ever result from the effete civilization of the Old World. COOPER then becomes to us what ARIOSO is to the Italian exile, CERVANTES to the Spaniard, Scripture to the Hebrew — the literary representative of our nationality — the enchanter through whose spells we are transported, at will, to the bogs and meadows, the Indian trail, the hunter's lodge, the frontier bulwark, the rocky coast, the patriotic strife, the secret council, the ambush, the skirmish, the pure domestic altar, and the simple human sympathies, which make up the adventurous ordeal through which our ancestors passed to win the heritage that is their children's vast and vaunted home. For many years the only two native authors ever found in the American artist's meagre library abroad, on the *diplomat's* table, and in the banker's *salon*, were COOPER and BRYANT — because through the novels of the one and the poems of the other, the history and the scenery of home could be so authentically revived.' . . . 'European readers, satiated with the worn-out romance of Italian amours, German mysticism, and French intrigue, turned with avidity to the grand natural panorama, the novel Indian warfare, the simple colonial life, the magnificent scenery and heroic endurance in the wild and on the billow, unfolded in the pages of COOPER. The American traveller found in the remotest provinces of Europe, that next to WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN, the household word of his nationality was COOPER.'

Death of Washington Irving.

WASHINGTON IRVING has exchanged worlds.

He is not dead. To be sure, he has 'gone hence, and will be no more seen,' of those who revered, honored, loved him: and yet he is with us, and will be with us, still. When, in the pleasant apartment at 'Sunnyside,' where we had so often met him, we stood by his coffin, besprent with the flowers which he loved so well, we called almost insensibly to mind the words of a noble American: 'I have seen one die; the delight of his friends, the pride of his kindred, the idol of his country; *but he died!* How beautiful was that offering upon the altar of DEATH! The fire of Genius kindled in his eye; the generous, golden affections of manhood mantled in his cheek; his studies, his preparations for an honored and renowned life had been wielded, and attained their full fruition: his breast was filled with a thousand noble and glowing aspirations. Can we believe that the energy, the deep and earnest passion of a noble nature shall never *hereafter* manifest its power; never speak; never unfold itself? *No!* Ye goodly and glorious ones! — ye die *not!* Ye teach, ye assure us, that ye are gone to some world of nobler life and action.' Let us present here a brief sketch of WASHINGTON IRVING's life, history, and literary career:

'WASHINGTON IRVING was born in the same year with the Republic. A third nationality was springing into existence, and the world of the Americans, as we now see and share in all its wondrous life and movement, was just 'yearning at the birth,' no man being able to foresee very clearly what manner of world this new social and political creation might in time be expected to become. In the midst of these influences, so varied, so picturesque, so rich in striking contrasts and suggestive traits, WASHINGTON IRVING grew to early manhood, developing with every day that singular delicacy and felicity of observation which was to constitute in after-life the rarest attribute of his well-balanced, humane, and gracious intellect.

'In 1802, two years before he attained his majority, he had already made his mark in the then rather desert regions of American literature, by publishing a series of essays in the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper edited by his brother, PETER IRVING. That was the age of essays; the traditions of the *Spectator*, perpetuated by the *Idler* and the *Rambler*, still oppressed all writers of the English tongue, and English prose ran to essays as easily as English poetry ran to odes. In America we were still, of course, absolutely provincial and imitative in all matters æsthetic, and these first flights of IRVING's muse were flutterings of a fashion which hardly prefigured the special triumphs which he was to win. Still they were, no doubt, useful to him as a sort of mental gymnastics; and they pointed him out to his fellow-citizens as a 'youth of promise.'

'By his brothers these indications were happily accepted as implications of a duty to be done, and the health of WASHINGTON failing shortly after his first appearance as a writer, they sent him abroad for travel and study. He made the

tour of Europe in 1804, seeing, in his capacity of American, infinitely more of the continent than any Englishman in those troubled times could hope to visit. At Rome he met with ALLSTON, and, we believe, with COLERIDGE; and brought back with him when he returned to America in 1806, literary and artistic tastes so positive and so emphatic as very soon to make the project which his brothers had entertained of converting him into a lawyer appear utterly hopeless. He went to his pens and paper at once, and in 1807 sought the ear of the public, in conjunction with JAMES K. PAULDING, through the series of whimsical utterances still so much talked of and so little read, under the title of 'Salmagundi.' These papers, ethical, æsthetic, critical, and discursive, opened a new vein to the American reading world, which up to that time had been rather satiated with the solemnities and intensities of style appropriate to an infant nation and to a race of writers diffident alike of their powers and of their themes. The hit thus made was followed up the next year by IRVING, with his 'History of New-York,' composed under the pseudonym of 'DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.'

'A thousand parodies and imitations have not impaired the charm, though they have perhaps betrayed the lurking mischief of this fantastic travestie. It has travelled the world over, making the sturdy settlers of Holland in the New World, very famous, although the fame which it has given them be faintly flavored with something like contempt. One day, perhaps, the debt which America owes these solid sons of Flemish freedom will be more adequately paid; but their manners and their customs, the humor and the fashion of the folk, can never be more strikingly portrayed than in these undying pages. The name of Knickerbocker has become, through them, a fact in the earth, and has rendered baptismal tribute to all manner of human devices, from a New-York magazine to the shooting-breeches of the London dandy. It is probable that the success of this work definitely fixed Mr. IRVING's vocation in life.

'In 1810 his brothers took him into partnership without exacting of him any services in the way of their business, and bade him make himself famous. He now devoted several years to study, with a brief interval of military service on the staff of the Governor of the State during the war of 1812. But no British bullet was billeted for the destined delight of a whole generation of British readers, and Colonel IRVING hung up his still maiden sword at the peace to resume his more congenial weapons. The great effort of the war was followed, it will be remembered, by a long paralysis of commercial enterprise in this country, and the house of the IRVINGS was not spared in the general shock. WASHINGTON IRVING went to London to do his part in redeeming the affairs of the family, but in vain; and in 1818 he found himself stranded in England, with the world before him to be won. The story of his trials and his labors at this time is too well known for us to repeat it here. Who has forgotten the cordial homage of gratitude which IRVING rendered in his days of prosperous renown to the generous friendships that made his upward path more easy in these days of doubt and darkness? To SCOTT in particular he now became bound by the ties of one of the most genial and noble relations which adorn the history of authorship; a relation which recalls, though at a distance, the magnanimous union of SCHILLER with GOETHE, in labors supposed by the vulgar mind to breed only the selfish lust of reputation and the cruel egotisms of artistic vanity. For nearly twenty years Mr. IRVING remained in Europe, winning his place among the most conspicuous and the most admired of English writers, but never forgetting his American birth, or neglecting the ties which bound him to his native land. His 'Sketch Book,' and 'Bracebridge Hall' fascinated the public by a freshness of

style and a naturalness of sentiment, delightful in those days of the decadence of what may be called the Georgian prose. They brought back the charm of STERNE without his pruriency and his personal conceit; the grace of ADDISON made warm with the generous gentleness of RICHARD STEELE. Their author became the fashion, but he was not spoiled.

‘He bent himself with each new success more earnestly to the task of achieving better things. Alternating his residence between London and Paris, and seeing in each capital the best thinkers and the most inspiring society of each, he eventually decided to aim at the high prizes of history, which had then begun to assume the magnificent place since accorded to it in the hierarchy of modern literature. He sojourned three years at Madrid, and brought away from Escorial Libraries and Jesuit Colleges, in 1828, his ‘Life of COLUMBUS, which became at once an authority, and secured for him the honor of sharing with HALLAM the first award of the gold medals conferred by GEORGE IV. for the encouragement of historic composition. If all history be as EXMASON calls it, the biography of eminent men, the prize was fairly won. The ‘Conquest of Granada’ and the ‘Tales of the Alhambra’ followed the ‘COLUMBUS,’ while IRVING was filling at London the posts of Secretary of Legation and Chargé d’ Affaires of the United States to his own credit and the honor of our country. The diplomatic inspirations of our Presidents have not materially improved since those times!

‘In 1832 Mr. IRVING came back, bringing with him as a farewell from old England the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws won from the fastidious Senate of Oxford University. How his life has since been led, with true laborious days, we all know.

‘He was not the man to vegetate upon a reputation. He scoured the prairies of the West and ransacked the annals of the past for topics congenial to his maturing mind. In 1842 he was most wisely selected for the post of Minister to Spain — there being no season then for our insulting the monarchy to which our fathers owed so much — and remained at the Spanish court for four years. When the fulness of his time at last had come, IRVING remembered the great name that he bore, a name conferred upon him by his parents in the very dawn of all our national greatness, and gave the final fruits of his thought and feeling and skill in style to the memory of WASHINGTON. He was granted the privilege of completing this latest of his works; and closing then, forever, the portfolio out of which so many sweet and kindly and beneficent creations had passed into the world, and with them not one evil thing, one false spirit, one impure, the old man quietly folded his hands in his well-named home of Sunnyside, the goal of a life sunlit by goodness and beauty; and there awaited the summons which has come to him now as gently as we could have asked it should. He died almost in the arms of his niece, without any visible sign of suffering, and after an evening passed in the society of friends whom he loved, and in the indulgence of all those genial and pleasant emotions which he loved especially to cherish in himself, and in all with whom he was brought into contact.’

It was our purpose, in the present notice, to exhibit WASHINGTON IRVING's kindness and goodness of heart, as he exhibited these traits himself, in a familiar correspondence with us, which extended over a period of more than twenty years. The length of the sketch, however, which we have quoted from ‘*The Times*’ daily journal, and which as a matter of biographical and historical record could not be omitted, pre-

cludes these passages until subsequent numbers. We content ourselves for the present with citing the subjoined English tribute from the '*Albion*,' which is certainly very beautiful:

'THERE are few men now living whose death would excite a sorrow so universal and so genuine as that which, awakened by the sad event at Sunnyside on Monday last, will not die away until it has thrilled through the civilized world. For the admiration of WASHINGTON IRVING — an admiration mingled largely with a sweet and gentle feeling that might almost be called love — was felt wherever the English tongue is spoken; and the sad news of his death will fly eastward, casting its gloom upon the advancing light, until the East becomes the West, as sympathy in a common sorrow spans the ocean between Canton and California. Yet, since men must die, why should the world grieve that IRVING has left it? He had advanced beyond the ordinary limit of man's healthful life, and was beginning to taste that 'labor and sorrow,' without which few indeed are they who reach the farther boundary of the decade which he had more than half passed over. He had completed his labors, and had voluntarily laid down his pen, after crowning his life with a work of national importance which, in its plan and execution, was worthy of his best years. He had lived a long life, honored and beloved by all who knew him, and admired by millions to whom he was but a name or a thought; and at last, on the spot which his pen had made famous, in the house which he had built for his own home, and where he had passed many years of placid literary ease alternated with the gentle excitement of literary labor, amid scenes in which he delighted, and surrounded by hearts bound to him by the ties of blood, and closest love, after an evening of cheerful social enjoyment, in which he bore the part that he so well could bear, he sank to his rest almost unconsciously, without even the pang of parting. Could he, could any one for him, in his brightest youth have looked forward to a happier close of a life as happy? He seems to have been born to show that whom the gods love do not always die young, and that vicissitude and care are not the inevitable heritage of literature. But let no aspirant for literary fame be tempted to hope that a like fortune may be his; for WASHINGTON IRVING was probably the happiest man of letters that ever lived.

'An American by birth, and the pride as well as the patriarch of American literature, WASHINGTON IRVING was yet not distinctively American in the style of his writing or the tone of his thought. Happily for himself and for his country, he was one of those minds which are recognized simply as English, irrespective of the place of their nativity. '*KNICKERBOCKER'S History of New-York*,' humorous as it is, would never have achieved more than such a local reputation as would hardly have balanced the local acrimony that it excited; but in the '*Sketch Book*,' and '*Bracebridge Hall*,' and '*The Alhambra*,' the author handled themes of universal interest, in a manner that awoke universal sympathy wherever the English tongue was spoken. And having thus won the coy world's ear by the magic of his words, she listened ever after to each new tale he found to tell her. His style, how clear it was; and how bright, and genial, and serene, and loving was the nature that shone through it! What kindness even in its satire, what decorum in its humor, and in its pathos what hope and cheer! Happiness was its inspiration, happiness its aim; happy the life and the fame that it won for its author: and happiness go with him; we would not call him back.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We heartily welcome to our pages our California correspondent. He has written before for the KNICKERBOCKER: and the Press of the country has shown that his communications were received with marked favor. He cannot 'drop us a few lines' too frequently. What may strike *him* as worthy of record, we are quite certain will so impress our readers:

'FRIEND CLARK: Are you very busy? If so, just lay this by till another time. I want to 'corel' you for a little chat. I am a stranger, but no matter; the best of friends are only known by their names, 'like letters sealed up, we but read each other's supercriptions,' and I do not trouble you often; only once before has my 'crabbed hand-of-write' invaded your sanctum, (*vide* June number of KNICKERBOCKER, 'Railroad-Posting Literature.') The steamer has just arrived to-night, bringing your Magazine, and now, not being sleepy, although the wee small hours are passing, I light my segar for a quiet talk with you — will you have a segar? See, I stretch my spirit-hand across those rocky hills and long stretch of barren plain that is supposed to intervene, and proffer you the social weed, thus — a light, Sir? thus; ah! now we'll tell stories while we smoke. We have some good things in our golden State beside our gold, as all should know; we have Brobdignagian vegetables, four pound pears and apples that well might hinder the speed of a fleeing maiden, and grapes — such glorious grapes, old BACCHUS's eyes would sparkle with delight at the sight of their rich purple clusters, and we have pretty girls, too — California will one day be famous for its beautiful girls. Here in this pure, strong air the human form develops in such perfect healthful symmetry, and the human face divine takes such bewitching graces, that it seems the very Paradise Regained for Eve's delighted daughters. But this is not what I was to tell you of; far up in the mountains, among the cold white tops of the Sierras, we have a water-fall, something over half-a-mile in length, I believe it is, and not long since I made a little trip that way; crossing the rich valley of the San Joaquin, and the brown, bare hills that roll along by its side, we came at last among the deep mountain caverns and the rocky, tree-crowned cliffs farther up. These trees are a sight; long, straight, sugar pines, with their green cones gracefully pendent, cedars and red-wood, such as would furnish the timber for the whole of SOLOMON's Temple; would not a tree one hundred and twenty feet in circumference and four hundred and fifty feet high do that, do you think? If it would n't, we might find one larger, perhaps. Here we slept for the night, building us a couch of the fragrant hemlock boughs, and a fire of their fallen trunks; no grizzlies disturbed us that night, but the hollow hoot of the owl, and the low, deep murmur in the tall tree-tops mingled and echoed in the silent woods, mingled and echoed that night just as they had for ages before, whispering the same sad sounds to the same old trees that might have listened to their tales when the pyramids were building; those trees whose parents of an equal age were rocked by breezes from the gates of Eden, bearing perfume from the flowers EVIL tended. Strange to think of all the changes that the world has seen — its revolutions, struggles, and the little spasm of each human life, while all the time these living monsters have been silently and unheeding gathering from the earth and air their needed particles. Just think of it: here a branch that was broken off when JESUS died; here a shaving that was grown while PLATO lived, and that large limb perhaps was nourished in its earlier prime by breezes that had fanned the cheek of either BAUZA. And then we lay beneath

their shadows, looking up to where their aged arms were pointing, in silent speechfulness, to the glorious heavens. One should make it a point in living to spend at least one night in the Sierras; such skies are not for every place; such a deep infinity of space made visible. No bounds are set to seeing, but far beyond the stars, beyond the limits of conception you look on and on in the blue vault interminable. And such a rich, pure atmosphere, it seems not air, but a certain life-elixir, firing the blood like a draught of old Falernian, such an air as might have floated round the top of old Olympus, bearing incense from the sacred groves. It is not summer, nor yet winter, but the mingling of the best of all seasons, quintessence of December, spiced with July and perfumed with May; but it is not to be spoken of, only silently enjoyed. Full too early '*Erodaktalos Eeos*' came to shower her maiden blushes round our mountain couch, and send us upward on our toiling way. He who climbs these hills must needs bear with him that 'banner with a strange device,' up, up the tortuous pathway, persistently precipitous, pertinaciously perpendicular, and sometimes downward, headless, headlong heights, where the black depths yawn before you, and a single misstep or a sliding stone would — one glance shows you what. But at last we reach the falls, or the valley rather, which we enter by a zig-zag pathway of some thousands of feet straight down. If any one wishes for a new sensation let them grasp the ten thousand bushes that grow 'convenient' here, and look over one of those high cliffs; there are places where a stone would drop four thousand feet and never touch the side. The first fall that we come to is the Bridal Veil, whence named or wherefore is more than I know, but it is a bright little stream that comes out on a bold, jutting rock, and breaking itself into crystals, playfully tosses them over the edge; these the wind catching, waves gracefully backward and forward till they fall in bright showers on the black rocks below; some seven hundred feet is the height I believe. I have never seen anything so beautiful, unless perhaps that little silver crescent on the bosom of the green prairies that the Indians named so prettily the curling, laughing water, '*Minne-ha-ha*.' Next above the Bridal Veil is a white cliff rising four thousand feet perpendicular; *Tesnac* it is called, from an Indian god that dwelt there, and whose form is impressed in a dark stain near the top; he was god of the bears and fishes; sometimes he would come down from his high home and walk in the valley below; then the Indians in great awe stood in his presence, silent and reverent. Once in a great drought the streams were dried up and the bears left the valley. *TESAAC* came down from his rock, but the Indians refused their wonted honors, and gazed gloomy and sullen on the sorrowing god. • *TUTOCHANULA*, a mild goddess that dwelt supreme in a hidden cliff farther up, saw with pity the sad plight of her children and the grief of her fellow-immortal; she struck the high rocks that walled in the valley, when instantly they divided, the waters rushed through, the bears and the fishes returned, the Indians in their joy carried gifts to *TESAAC*, and ever more he has dwelt in his cliff, well pleased with their silent homage. To this day the walls stand rifted, and the crystal waters murmur between them. At the foot of this rock I killed a huge serpent that lay basking in my pathway. I send you his narrative; it is a tale in ten chapters, as you see. The highest fall in the valley comes over the side at about mid-way from one end to the other, about ten miles in length it may be. This is the *Yo Gurnite* proper; the grizzly or gray mountain bear it means. The fall, with one or two slight breaks, is two thousand eight hundred feet high. Looking up from below, it seems like a stream from the very windows of heaven; at first, slow-moving, the waters gather in little groups, like friends that clasp each other for the last long leap; then hurrying onward they break and scatter, throw-

ing out their writhing arms in wild despair, and, sweeping fiercely downward with a great wailing cry, dash on the jagged rocks below; forms in the mist appear and disappear, one moment writhing and struggling in mid-air, then glancing to their swift destruction; despairing eyes flash out their agony of fear and then are lost; mists like human hair stream on the rushing wind, and all the while that piercing shriek comes up from the dark mist-cavern; sometimes a tone more shrill with troubled agony will ring and echo through the soul, and then be swallowed in the general uproar. I never heard such human passion shrieking in the voice of things inanimate; what genii haunt that place, or what immortal, for some impious deed, is doomed to bear that fate more fearful than PROMETHEUS suffered? It is not pleasant, but terrible to see and hear such sights and sounds, waking with a wizard power all the fierce and savage of one's nature.

'At the head of the valley, five miles above, the river Merced enters, at first with a fall of six hundred feet, then gliding over a smooth rock at a steep angle for a few hundred yards, dashes over a precipice of four hundred more; here it scatters in a world of sparkling gems, wreathing mists, and glancing rainbows, moving with the swaying wind. I clambered by the help of ladders two hundred feet in length to the top of that first fall. It was Sunday when I stood there, but I never heard from cushioned pulpit such a sermon as those granite rocks and rushing waters preached; one glance down that deep abyss convinced me I was a sinner, not good enough to fall down there. But I am wearying you. Some day an artist-friend will bring you views of these scenes well worth your seeing; a panorama of the whole State I believe he is painting.

'If there are any extracts from all this you choose to print, you can do so; thanks for your kind but long-neglected invitation 'to be heard from again.' I sent you, a few days ago, some miserable verses that I am very sorry for, but perhaps the Comanches will get them; if they do, they are 'goners'—the Indians.

'Yours, etc.,

R. G. HUNT.'

Thanks for the 'rattles' specimen. - - - WHILE it was a laughable, a *very* laughable, it was also a very melancholy sight: for a drunken man is a melancholy object to behold and to contemplate, any where, and under any circumstances. But the particular case to which we have reference was a 'hard case,' in all respects. In a spar and ship-timber yard, on the border of West-street, far down toward the Battery, on a pleasant October afternoon, as we were hastening to take our favorite steamer, the 'ISAAC P. SMITH,' up the river to Cedar-Hill, 'we saw a man,' or something bearing the image of a man, exceedingly tipsy, lying on the ground, amidst scattered chips and shavings, in the yard. Some boys stood hard by, jeering and plaguing him. 'Upon remonstrance,' one of them said that he had 'throw'd a stone at JIMMY CANOON, 'cause he tickled his ear with a shavin' when he was asleep.' This was no excuse; and we told the boys so; 'but somehow or 'nother,' like the Americans at Bladensburg, 'they did n't seem to take no interest.' Meanwhile, the poor inebriate had raised himself partly up, resting on one side, and remarked: 'Why can't they let me be? *Wish-to-God-I-was-an-Injan*—that's all I hope!' Two squaws, with moccasins and other wampum bead-work, had been dawdling along by, a moment before, which probably suggested the thought that was permeating his half-addled brain. He finally stood upon his feet; but his knees were

not like the firm oak ship's-knees which were piled up around him : the 'feeble knees' failed him, and down he went. He stretched out an arm, laid his head upon it, and was presently in the 'Land of Dreams.' All this while, however, the mischievous boys were watching him, while we were watching *them* through a crevice in the board-fence which surrounded the yard. At length, he was fast and sound asleep. His yawning shoes disclosed all his toes, on each foot ; 'and as we gazed, we saw' one of the little rascals making a slip-noose, with a strong twine, around one of his big toes, which protruded from the clam-shell opening of his old shoe, that looked, more than any thing else, like the head of a great black snake. To the other end of this twine, which had a 'long purchase,' they tied securely the ragged half of a large brick. They then carefully removed, for a wide space around him, every other possible thing which he might get hold of to throw at them ; but *this* missile they placed, as the Irish have it, 'convenient' to his hand. Then all the laughing boys retired to a safe distance, save one : *he* remained, to tickle the sleeper's ear and nose with a thin pine splinter, to arouse him from his slumber. Presently the poor inebriate awoke ; and seeing his tormentor beating a retreat, at the same time laughing 'ready to split' his young sides, he seized the decoy missile and hurled it after him ! It was cruel. The string came up 'with a round turn,' which almost tore the poor fellow's toe off. He roared with the self-inflicted pain, and straightway staggered thence. 'Have you seen him about here since?' we asked the proprietor of the spar-yard, some six weeks afterward. He is a man of few words : he said : 'I guess *not* !' - - - We spoke in our last of certain pleasant '*Letters from the Adirondacks*,' which we had read with the greater gratification, that they bore us back in imagination to the wild scenes of JOHN BROWN's Tract ; not 'OSAWATOMIE BROWN,' we believe ; 'not *that* man,' as MR. TODDLES says, 'but *another* man' ; where, with certain other and worthier members of the '*North-Woods Walton Club*,' 'SCOPE,' whose companion we have been for summer days together, and who writes so frequently and so well from those wild forest-regions for the '*Utica Morning*' and '*Oneida Weekly Herald* ; 'Scope,' *he* is one of the noble '*Club*' who has done more to make town and country acquainted with its *locale*, its sayings and doings, its adventures and enjoyments, than any other single member of the great and genial Fraternity. Hear him, in one of his recent glowing epistles from 'SHERMAN Lake, Moose River,' in the 'northern department' : and although when you read this scriblet, WINTER will have 'spread wide a waste of snow' over all that vast region, so fresh and green in its season, and all the lakes and streams will be

— 'SILENT as the ground,
AS DEATH had numbed them with his icy hand ;'

yet then shall you have the more leisure to plan your late spring or early summer visits, to inveigle from the waters of those still solitudes the precious Trouts, and other fishes which do there abound. But scope for 'SCOPE' :

'It is a glad sight to see thirty or forty active, intellectual, gentlemanly business men in the woods, away from care and anxiety, and a perfect, unrestrained freedom. All the world shut out by gates of mountains — kept aloof by moats formed by deep lakes and

streams. Freedom and contentment and peace, jointly presiding over the scene. Depend upon it, there is no such place as this in which to test a man, and to find out what he is. All restraint removed, you see the very heart of your companion. If he is a gentleman then and there, you may trust him any where else in the world, and you will not be deceived. We had many such with us, and it was a pleasure to mingle with them, and to enjoy their society. The spirits of youth and boyhood came back, and looked in upon us. They saw our hearts ready to welcome their coming, and they took possession of their former homes. The thrills of early feeling, and the glow of early joy, delighted us again. The flush of childhood's sunsets came back upon our cheeks, and the light of life's young mornings came back into our eyes. Along our veins ran tinglingly the blood of early days, even as the rivulet along the mountain side doth glide again, though for many months its silver flow hath been hidden from the view.

'The Editor forgot his pen; the Judge heard not the shout of the crier; the Congressman was oblivious to the call for the final vote; the Banker let the note run past its protest time; the Doctor allowed his patients an extension of the lease of life; and the Clergyman found his

'Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stone, and God in every thing.'

'The very air around us had a smack of life's young morning in it that was delicious to our every sense. So there we were; thirty or forty of us, all boys again; good boys, too—depend upon it, good boys—an honor to our parents and an ornament to the neighborhood in which we were sojourning. This newness of life made us happy and content. We lived again in the merry past. We talked of the days gone by, and sang the songs of boyhood. The influence of the scene did not fade away from us when we left the forest and the mountain. It cheers us yet, and strengthens and improves us. That great transfusion of young and buoyant life fills us with energy and exhilarates our spirits through all the year.

'We look back upon those scenes from the office, the desk, the counting-room, and the daily labor, and we feel a great strength come upon us from the retrospect; a sense of repose and of quiet that clears the brain from the mists of feverish impatience, and lifts from the heart a weight of anxiety and care.'

Our own experience exactly! - - - It seems a very short time since we and ours 'assisted' at a 'Golden Wedding' in the 'kindred circle:' but the 'ponderous and marble jaws' of the family tomb at Greenwood not long afterward opened to receive the Good Man, the true Husband, the affectionate Father, and the faithful, loving Quaker Wife and Mother: and now 'they are not.' A private thought, reader, springing from a perusal of this paragraph, in the description of a 'Golden Wedding,' in the '*New-York Observer*.' Another and deeply interesting feature of the occasion was the fact that death has never entered this family circle. All the children and grand-children, with their partners, are still living, respected, united, affectionate and prosperous. And still another feature, which, like a sun-beam, threw light and gladness over the scene. These parents could look on all this circle of their offspring without a blush of shame. There was no returning prodigal to welcome home: no one who, by a vicious or immoral course, or disgraceful deportment, had pained them, or dishonored them. Parents and children were happy in their mutual

affection and esteem.' - - - A VERY interesting incident is the following, which we segregate from a few familiar sketches of '*Wanderings in the West*;' the only objection to them being, that rail-road travellers, through our daily and other journals, have made their main features too familiar to the public, to be of general interest in a Magazine like the KNICKERBOCKER:

'THERE are many interesting historic associations connected with Mackinac which was visited by HENNEPIN and other French missionaries nearly two centuries ago. The following incident was related to me by a gentleman formerly of the army, who was well acquainted with the old chief, and the spot pointed out to me, where his wigwam once stood: 'During the last war, many of the Indians on the Northern frontier offered their services to the United States, but from a mistaken policy, the Government declined the offer. Many of the tribes, therefore, joined the British. NA-GWA-GON, a famous Chippewa chief, however, remained a steadfast friend, and as far as permitted, took up the tomahawk for the Americans. When the enemy had taken possession of Mackinac, the old chief, with his band, retired to his hunting on the main land. He planted the American flag in his camp in the woods. One day, while his band were mostly absent engaged in the chase, a British officer and fifteen men presented themselves before the lodge of NA-GWA-GON and said: 'I have come to take away that flag. It is the American flag, and must not fly here. The British alone now own this country.'

'The old chief rose and strode forward to his flag, lowered it, and winding it around his left arm, drew his tomahawk from his belt, and turning to the officer with flashing eyes, sternly said: 'NA-GWA-GON is the friend of Americans; he has but one flag and one heart. If you take one, you shall take the other.' Then giving his war-whoop, he looked silently at the officer, who, seeing the warriors assembling around their chief, thought 'discretion the better part of valor,' and hastily retreated to his boat and returned to Mackinac. The brave old Chippewa Chief hoisted his flag, and kept it flying until the end of the war. For many years NA-GWA-GON, with his family, annually went to Detroit, in two large and beautiful bark canoes, with the stars and stripes flying at the stern of each, and was always kindly received by our present venerable Secretary of State, General CASS.'

All honor to the brave old 'Abrogyne!' - - - COME, '*Little People*,' we can make room for three or four of you at the 'Table' now; and you who have waited so long and so patiently shall have a better place, and more room by-and-by:

'CHILDREN often make use of odd words and phrases which they have carefully remembered from the indiscriminate remarks of the help, to whom, in many families, they are at times necessarily confided. 'GERTIE' was not quite three when she was left in care of the Irish servant, one afternoon while her mother was out making calls. Looking out of the window, the servant saw coming toward the house three little ones, the beautiful children of one of New-York's merchant-princes; who, as they were fifth or sixth cousins of GERTIE's, were evidently intending to make a specimen call of the Young America style. The quick-spoken yet good-natured Irish lass exclaimed: 'The little devils! they are coming here.' As soon as they were shown in, GERTIE ran down to receive them. '*Little devils! how do you do?*' was the greeting given in all innocence and kindness, sworn to, sealed and delivered by a sweet kiss of childhood.

'WE have a manly little boy, six summers old. His mother takes great pains to instruct him in some of the principal Bible truths. One day she told him that every thing which God had made was good. Shortly after he asked her why DAVID killed GOLIATH. To make the answer easier to his comprehension, she told him that it was because GOLIATH was a bad man. 'Did not God make GOLIATH?' he asked. 'Cer-

tainly, my child.' 'There now,' says he triumphantly, 'thought you told me that every thing which God had made was good!'

'We had a sweet little girl, who left us some four years ago for the 'Better Land.' Her mother taught her early the little prayer: 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' It was her custom, after repeating the prayer, to say: 'God bless mother, father, and all my friends: make little E—— a good little girl.' She would frequently ask God to bless all her friends and acquaintances. One night, upon retiring, after asking a blessing on every one whom she could think of by name, she said: 'And do please God, bless *the Devil!*'

'I LAUGHED immoderately at an observation made by a two-and-a-half year old 'shaver' in this city a short time since, as related by his nurse, a colored woman. He has commenced to talk within the last year; and a few nights since was instructed to repeat the LORD'S PRAYER, for the first time, before retiring to rest. He labored powerfully to 'lap his tongue around' some of the hard words; and when he arose from his knees, was completely overwhelmed with—perspiration! After puffing a short time, he remarked to his nurse: 'Mammy LUXFORD, *that—is—mighty—hard—work!*'

We have heard 'old folks' labor in prayer quite as hard as this! - - - 'In the town of Sharon,' writes an obliging friend, 'not far from Sharon Springs, on the old turnpike leading from Cherry Valley to Albany, there is a grave-yard, from one of the tomb-stones of which I last week copied the following tribute of a 'lone, lone widder' to her departed lord. I give it verbatim:

'Go home, dear friends, and shed no tears
I must lie here till CHRIST appears
When he appears, I hope to have
A joyful rising from this grave
I feel to mourn at the great loss
In which I have met with in
Giving the parting hand
To a near and dear companion
My house now appears empty and all gloom
His company cannot be filled up in either room
And when I walk out into the store
His company is not there any more
The groans and tears which I have shed
Cannot be numbered by any head
The lonesome days and nights which I have already seen
I could not have told until I had experienced them
The dreary winter now is past
And I am left to mourn at last
And now the spring has come
And I feel to mourn as if I was undone
When this composition you shall read and see
You must think how lonesome I must be!'

'The first four lines, bad as they are, are borrowed. I have seen them on other grave-stones. No one can question the originality of the remaining lines. The last two were somewhat sunken beneath the sod: I had to excavate in order to decipher them. The worthy woman had literally 'run the thing into the ground!'

- - - ALL communications, whether intended for the 'body' of the KNICKERBOCKER, or for the editorial department as heretofore, should hereafter be addressed to 'L. GAYLORD CLARK, care of Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, Publisher KNICKERBOCKER, 16 and 18 Jacob-street, New-York.' We shall be at our town-sanctum daily; and the favors of our correspondents shall hereafter

receive prompt attention. Copies should be retained, if desirable, of *all* articles in verse, and all *short* articles in prose. We can find no leisure to return such to their authors. - - - If any body doubts our 'sense of justice,' let them read the following 'animated correspondence,' and see how willingly we comply with the request of our artist of the 'Arkansas Traveller.' We should n't do it, however, if the original with which he furnishes us were not a great deal more amusing than the synopsis sent to us several months ago by a South-western correspondent. We have waited to see, and animadvert upon the promised picture, (which has not *yet* reached us) or this 'correspondence' would have appeared a little before:

'MR. CLARK:

'Boston, Oct. 4, 1859.

'DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA felt himself much aggrieved, by him of Tarragona, author of that fictitious and slanderous *second* history of the exploits of DON QUIXOTE.

'So felt the *real* 'Arkansas Traveller' when he read his memoirs in your 'Table' last February. His most intimate friends, in his own domains, not being able readily to recognize him in the habiliments and surroundings with which your informant 'fixed' him.

'Not less dismayed at that time was the undersigned, who for some months previous had been engaged in painting a picture called '*The Arkansas Traveller*,' to be engraved or lithographed; fearing, from the popularity of the history furnished by him of Camden, that he would have to fall to work and paint a new one, to conform to the fictitious light thrown on the incidents by this new account. But the author of this picture disdained such a course, having as great a soul as the '*Arkansas Traveller*' himself.

'But in order that those 'outside barbarians,' who have not enjoyed opportunities of informing themselves correctly, or may have been misled by the representations of the afore-mentioned false history, (false, inasmuch as it shows up the fiddler sitting under a sort of wagon-cover or tent, whereas he was only sitting *outside* of a cabin ten logs high, and in other particulars, incorrect,) has found it necessary to publish a *reliable* statement of the whole matter, taken down in 'short-hand,' from the 'Traveller's own mouth, which will be furnished with each copy of the lithograph. And, in order that no doubt may remain in the minds of those who see the picture, he has introduced in the painting a perfect likeness of the original 'TRAVELLER,' represented by the man on horseback, trying to stay all night.

'The 'Arkansas Traveller' requested me (his painter in ordinary) before I left Arkansas, to say to you that he is affronted, and demands justice; and unless you grant that satisfaction, in default of which, 'first, he says he will have the last, (not indeed, with the weapons,) the 'pomp and circumstance,' attending an attack of DON QUIXOTE, but with such ordinary weapons as any Arkansas man might be supposed to 'have about' of a cool morning. By 'justice,' he mean that you should either present again his history to the public, worked up correctly from the *facts* before you, or that you should inform your readers where a correct statement may be found.

'He tells me, moreover, to send you a copy of the picture as soon as it is issued, which will be by the last of this month. So great is his estimation of your abilities, that he informs me that in you rests his only hope for justice.

'Yours, etc.,

R. F. W.,

'Painter in Ordinary to 'The Traveller.'

He shall *have* justice: and when the lithograph arrives, 'E. P. W.' shall have justice also. So here ensues the true and '*only* original' Arkansas Traveller:

'The Arkansas Traveller.'

'A *BURLESQUE tune*, known as 'The Arkansas Traveller,' is exceedingly popular at the West and South, and originated from the incidents of the following story—which are exactly as related fifteen or twenty years ago—by the author of the tune and story, Col. S. C. FAULKNER, of Arkansas.

'The narrator plays the air vehemently, on a fiddle, for a short time, then relates a portion of the story; then again, falls to playing, as if he had given his audience enough of a good thing, for one time.

'In the earlier days of the territory of Arkansas, when the settlements were few and far between, an adventurous traveller from one of the old States, while traversing the swamps of that portion of the *kedn'try*, gets lost, on a cold, rainy day, in the autumn of the year. After wandering till evening, and despairing of finding a habitation, while searching for a place to camp, he strikes a trail which seems to lead *somewhere*, and also hears in that direction the *noise* of a fiddle. Accordingly he *takes* the trail and soon discovers, ahead of him, rising above the timber, a light column of smoke, which he knows comes from the cabin of a squatter. As he approaches, he finds it to be a log cabin, ten logs high, and about ten feet square—one side being roofed, and the other only half-covered with boards. He also sees the proprietor seated on an old whisky-barrel, near the door, sheltered by a few boards which project from the eaves, playing a tune, or rather the first snatch of a tune, on an old fiddle.

'After surveying the habitation and surroundings of 'cotton head' children, the traveller rides up to see if he can get lodgings; and the following dialogue ensues. The hoosier, however, still continuing to play the same part over and over again, only stopping to give short, indifferent replies to the traveller's queries:

'TRAVELLER: 'Good morning, Sir!'

'SQUATTER: 'How dy'e do, Sir?'

'TRAV.: 'Can I get to stay all night with you?'

'SQUAT.: 'No, Sir.'

'TRAV.: 'Can't you give me a glass of something to drink; I'm very wet and cold?'

'SQUAT.: 'I drank the last drap this morning.'

'TRAV.: 'I am very hungry; ain't had a thing to eat to-day. Will you let me have something to eat?'

'SQUAT.: 'Hav n't a darned thing in the house.'

'TRAV.: 'Then can't you give my horse something?'

'SQUAT.: 'Got nothing to feed him on.'

'TRAV.: 'How far is it to the next house?'

'SQUAT.: 'Stranger, I do n't know; I've never been there.'

'TRAV.: 'Well, where does this road go to?'

'SQUAT.: 'It's never been anywhere since I've lived here; it's always here when I get up in the morning.'

'TRAV.: 'As I am not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree and do without any thing to eat or drink?'

'SQUAT.: 'My house leaks; there's only one dry spot in it, and *me* and SAL sleeps on that.'

'TRAV.: 'Why do n't you finish covering your house and stop the leaks?'

'SQUAT.: 'It's raining.'

'TRAV.: 'Well, why do n't you do it when it is not raining?'

'SQUAT.: 'It do n't leak then.'

'TRAV.: 'Well, as you have nothing to eat or drink in your house, and nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do here, anyhow?'

"SQUAT.: 'Putty well, I thank you. How d'ye do yourself?'

"TRAV.: (After trying in vain all sorts of ways to extract some satisfactory information from him.) 'My friend, why do n't you play the whole of that tune?'

"SQUAT.: (Stops playing and looks up for the first time.) 'I did not know there was any more to it. Can you play the fiddle, stranger?'

"TRAV.: 'I play a little, sometimes.'

"SQUAT.: 'You do n't look much like a fiddler, (handing him the fiddle.) Will you play the *balance* of that tune?'

"The traveller gets down and plays the tune.

"SQUAT.: 'Stranger, come in! take half a dozen chairs and sit down. SAL, go round into the holler, where I killed that buck this morning. Cut off some of the best pieces and fetch it, and cook it for me and this gentleman, directly. Raise up the board under the head of the bed, afore you go, and get the old black jug I hid from DICK, and give us some whisky—I know there's some left yet. DICK, *carry* the gentleman's horse round to the shed; you'll find some fodder and corn there. Give him as much as he can eat. Durn me, stranger, if you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Hurry, old woman. If you can't find the butcher-knife, take the cob-handle, or granny's knife. Play away, stranger! you shall sleep on the dry spot to-night.'

"After about two hours' fiddling and some conversation, in which the squatter shows his characteristics, the stranger retires to the 'dry spot.'

There, Mr. ARTIST: will *that* do? - - - There is something laughably Germanic, and yet one can hardly explain *why*, in 'The Legend of Hans Von Kroust,' sent us by a St. Louis correspondent. We 'clip,' but present a specimen:

'Loudly rolled the drum!
And a martial strain rang out
A welcome to the '*Bier Saal*,'
To the valorous HANS VON KROUT.

'Loudly rolled the drum!
As he, with a valiant air,
Strode into the crowded bar-room
And gallantly took a chair.

'Loudly rolled the drum!
And he fastened his proud, cold eye
On one of the waiters, tray in hand,
Who was hurriedly fitting by.

'Loudly rolled the drum!
When his stern voice broke on the ear:
'Du, waiter! bring ein glas lager,
Mit käse und bretzel mir.'

'Loudly rolled the drum!
Again came the man with the tray,
And the valorous HANS, in deep gutt'ral,
Inquired what he had to pay.

'Loudly rolled the drum!
'*Zehn cent*,' was the bold reply,
And the valorous HANS paid over
The coin with a smothered sigh.

'Loudly rolled the drum!
He arose in stately grace,
And lit a segar and went his way
With a satisfied look in his face.

'Loudly rolled the drum!
And the closing strain rang out:
So here ends the famous legend
Of the valorous HANS VON KROUT.

R. V. C.'

Premising that customers are attracted to lager-beer houses by 'musical instruments, and that of all sorts,' you have the mystery of the 'loudly-rolling drum,' and eke the 'ear-piercing fifa.' - - - A RIGHT lively, friendly and 'gossipy' little 'notelet,' from 'R. W. C.,' of Portland, Maine, who, we are glad to perceive, evinces excellent taste in the selection of his reading! He must tell others to follow his example. But to his epistle:

'Portland Nov. 14, 1859.

'DEAR SIR: I know that every body who wants to see themselves (or himself; which is it?) in print, invariably addresses the editor of the favored journal as 'an old acquaintance through your publication,' and as persistently adopts the signature, 'A CONSTANT READER,' largely underscored. I say I know this; but I decline pursuing

Remember, uncultured Thinker, of these times, that *indistinctness* is one of the most formidable elements of the 'true Sublime!' - - - THE splendid engraving, '*Merry-Making in the Olden Time*,' which we issue as a 'Premium,' bids fair to repay the liberality which prompted the large outlay by Mr. GRAY for its purchase. It is every where received with the greatest favor, and is being rapidly circulated all over the country. It is a 'Premium,' we can assure our readers, which for varied excellences is in all and every respect what it is stated by our Proprietor to be. - - - A young 'Law-Student,' a misanthropic dyspeptic, who was induced to 'try' *Gymnastics*, sends us some of his '*Experiences*' in that department of 'Physical Science.' We clip and quote:

'I DID N'T attempt any thing for a good while. I sat and calmly surveyed the scene. I saw very little boys, who seemed to be qualifying themselves for the profession of India-rubber men. I saw great strapping men (new-comers) attempt and fail in things which fellows, whom they could put in their pockets, did with ease. I saw feats performed which seemed very hard, and which turned out to be very easy; and feats which were very simple to look at and 'splitters' to try; and then I took off my coat and 'went in.' I pulled up the small weights five or six times: I went along the horizontal ladder and the parallel-bars once or twice. I went home, and found two fine blisters on my hands next morning. Still I went there the next evening: exercised twice as much as I did before; felt convinced that I was getting along very fast: and lay awake almost all night, my arms ached, so.

'I staid away about a week, and then fell to work again manfully: became acquainted with a young gentleman who 'knew the ropes;' and, under his guidance, I performed many marvellous feats; and also met with more mishaps than I believe any body ever met with before, in the same space of time.

'Being, as I have said, long and lean, and naturally awkward, every new thing I learned was ushered in by a disaster or two. But still I persevered, for I now 'alept like a top' and ate at a rate very alarming to my boarding-house keeper. I persevered, I say, for two long months, and was still in the 'full tide of successful experiment,' when, on going to the gymnasium at my accustomed hour one evening, I found a brilliant assemblage of beauty, brought together by invitation of the managers to witness our performances!

'I disported myself on the floor some time, until at length my evil genius impelled me to ascend, for the first time, a ladder, which ran up one side of the room nearly to the ceiling; then across, and down the other side of the room. Under the horizontal part of the ladder was temporarily placed a spring-board, of whose existence I was unaware. I wriggled up the ladder with convulsive jerks of the legs, the audience looking on in respectful silence; but, when I had reached the middle of the *horizontal* part, locomotion became impossible! I could neither go backward nor forward, but hung suspended between heaven and earth, like MOHAMMED'S coffin. I squirmed about with my legs, but I could find no rest for the sole of my foot. I could hold on no longer; and as the distance was n't very great, I determined to drop to the floor as gracefully as possible, and persuade the audience that it was done on purpose. So I let go, and *down* I came perpendicularly — and *up* I went 'flying.' I had come down on my feet upon the spring-board!

'My first impression was a chaos: my second was, that I had dropped into the mouth of a cannon just as it was going off. *Up* I went, like a shuttle-cock, almost to the

ladder, at which I made a desperate but ineffectual 'claw,' which threw me out of the perpendicular, and *down* I came, bang! in a sitting posture; *up* I went again: and I gathered my legs under me distractedly as I rose; so that when I dropped again, I was shot in a slanting direction, head-foremost, as from a catapult, into the waistcoat of a two hundred pound man, who was looking on in open-mouthed astonishment. Down *he* went with a 'squelch,' and over him *I* went, like lightning, into the dressing-room! I rushed into my clothes, and out of the building, and have never entered a gymnasium since!

The writer 'has it in him' to do much better. - - - We call the special attention of our readers to D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S advertisement of ELEGANT and ILLUSTRATED Works for the festive season of 1860, including the 'Waverley Gallery;' 'Reynard the Fox;' the 'Book of Modern Ballads;' BUNTAN'S 'Pilgrim's Progress;' the 'Merchant of Venice;' CAMPBELL'S 'Pleasures of Hope;' 'Merry Pictures;' 'Merry Days of England:' 'L' Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso;' 'Dies Iræ,' and 'Moral Emblems,' all in the choicest editions and most elegant binding. - - - WILL the reader, subscriber or agent receiving this number of the KNICKERBOCKER please use his best efforts to extend the circulation of the Magazine? The volumes for 1860 will be by far the most brilliant yet published; and in order that direct subscribers may not alone avail themselves of the splendid PREMIUM PLATE, agents can deduct sixty cents for each three-dollar subscription they may obtain for the KNICKERBOCKER for 1860, and 'Merry-Making in the Olden Time,' the balance, two dollars and forty cents, (two dollars and fifty-two cents when the Engraving is to be sent by mail,) to be paid in advance, and both the Magazine and Engraving to be furnished direct from the office of publication. A copy of 'Merry-Making in the Olden Time,' richly worth three dollars, will be sent to any one desiring to act as agent for the KNICKERBOCKER, on the receipt of one dollar, (one dollar and twelve cents when the Engraving is to be sent by mail,) which amount may be deducted from his remittance for subscriptions. A copy of the Engraving, free of postage, and the KNICKERBOCKER for 1860, will be sent *gratis*, to any one making up a club of five three subscribers. Address Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, 16 and 18 Jacob-street, New-York.

New Musical Publications.

Messrs. WM. HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued: *Preciosa*, fantasie de Salon, by WALLACE; *La Traviata*, fantasia, by HENRY ROSELEN. *When I am Far Away*, and *Where art Thou, Dearest?* ballads, by FOLEY HALL, are good specimens of ballad-writing. *Simon the Cellarer*, by J. L. HATTON, as sung by Mr. DEAYTON in his Parlor Operas in this city: a rollicking, jovial song, easy to be sung, and very good to listen to.

Messrs. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, No. 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued *Thy Heart's a Well of Waters*, by W. H. DUTTON: a fearfully sentimental song, for tenor voice, with easy arpeggio accompaniment. *Tam O'Shanter March*, illustrative of the celebrated *Opera* by ROBERT BURNS: composed by G. W. WARREN. The artist who drew the illustration had not read the 'opera' aforesaid very attentively, we judge.

MEMORIAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Reminiscences of the late Washington Irving.

BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE death of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, occurring just as we were completing our Table, rendered it impossible for us to do more than present a biographical and historical sketch of his life and his literary career, from a contemporary daily journal, based, as we knew, upon authentic data, furnished from correct and reliable resources. This biographical sketch we accompanied with a few remarks, such only as we could prepare, with the brief time left us before those pages went to press.

We felt at the time the inadequacy of our notice of the most renowned and most voluminous of all the contributors to the *KNICKERBOCKER* in past days. For it was our 'benignant and happy fortune' to know intimately, and to enjoy the cordial friendship of, the author of the 'Sketch-Book' and of 'Bracebridge Hall,' for a period of over twenty years; an intimacy and a friendship, which was not for one moment interrupted, until at a 'ripe old age,' full of years and full of honors, he resigned his noble, genial, gentle spirit into the hands of his MAKER.

In a recent number of the '*Editorial Historical Narrative of the Knickerbocker Magazine*,' we have, we may hope, conveyed to our readers some idea of the intense delight with which Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING was welcomed to our pages as a contributor. But the pleasure which we derived from that fact, was heightened and continually strengthened by intercourse, not alone with the AUTHOR, but with the MAN. We are giving expression to no extravagant eulogy; we are not over-stating, in the slightest degree, the testimony which every one who had the happiness to know WASHINGTON IRVING, while he was living, will bear as to his character, when we say, that aside from his preëminence as the most justly renowned American author of our time, he was one of the most genial, the most truthful, the *most lovable* authors in the world.

As we have already described, our first preliminary intercourse with Mr. IRVING was simply of a business nature; it was soon arranged; and with a kindness and exceeding pleasantness of manner, which it is a delight to recall, even after the lapse of twenty years.

Soon after Mr. IRVING's permanent connection with our Magazine, as a monthly contributor to its pages, occurred the death of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, the twin-brother of the writer of this feeble tribute. His delight at the acquisition of 'GEOFFREY CRAYON' upon our staff of '*collaborateurs*,' hardly 'knew bounds;' and in an ensuing number we shall present his fervent congratulations thereupon. In the mean time, let us ask the reader's attention to the subjoined touching and beautiful letter of condolence addressed to us by Mr. IRVING, soon after his decease:

'MY DEAR SIR:

'Sunnyside Cottage, July 8, 1841.

'I HAVE not sooner replied to your letter of the eighteenth of June, communicating the intelligence of the untimely death of your twin-brother, because, in fact, I was at a loss how to reply. It is one of those cases in which all ordinary attempts at consolation are apt to appear trite and cold, and can never reach the deep-seated affliction. In such cases, it always appears to me better to leave the heart to struggle with its own sorrows and medicine its own ills: and indeed, in healthful minds, as in healthful bodies, PROVIDENCE has beneficently implanted self-healing qualities, that in time close up, and almost obliterate, the deepest wounds.

'I do not recollect to have met your departed twin-brother more than once; but our interview left a most favorable impression upon me, which was confirmed and strengthened by all that I afterward knew of him. His career, although brief, has been useful, honorable, popular, and happy; and he has left behind him writings which will make men love his memory, and lament his loss. Under such circumstances a man has not lived in vain: and although his death be premature, there is consolation to his survivors, springing from his very grave.

'Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

'WASHINGTON IRVING.'

Perhaps it may not be amiss to mention here the occasion in which the subject of this note met MR. WASHINGTON IRVING. It was at the nuptials of his life-long friend, DAVID GRAHAM, JUNIOR, in Hudson Square, at which he officiated as groomsman: MR. IRVING, if we remember rightly, as an old friend of the beautiful bride's father, ROBERT HYSLOP, ESQ., acting in a similar capacity. Brother WILLIS had this allusion to the event in his pleasant gossiping '*Ollandiana*,' in the KNICKERBOCKER for October, 1836:

'EATING is earthly and sensual: and the knife-and-fork system of pursuing it, especially when you cannot select your own hardware, is 'faulty.' Commend me to the Turk. I could not eat with satisfaction at the Table d'hôte of any inn in the country, (some *ten* excepted, which it would be invidious to name,) did the table groan with a feast like that which covered the board of KATRINA VAN TASSEL, that Dutch beau-ideal of our beloved IRVING.

' Talking of WASHINGTON IRVING: Let me take it for granted, reader, that you have never encountered him: for, except in the elevated circle where he moves and shines, I believe he is one who is not ambitious to 'be seen of men.' He affects not your pointings-out in the street, and greetings in the market-places: these he leaves to be struggled after with painful yearnings, 'by the flimsy fry which injudicious friends would inflate to his capacity and standard.'

'It is a year ago, since I had the pleasure to meet this affectionate, noble, genial man. I am myself but little known: and my praise is very far removed from what I should like MR. IRVING to know that in my heart of hearts I could find it in my soul to bestow upon him. My feeling for him is a feeling of LOVE. His veracious '*History of New-York*' has created more risibility under my waist-coat, than any other volumes from the Past or the Present. I read them regularly once a year. What a transparent flow of wit; what adroit satire; what simple 'happiness' of expression! As 'GEOFFREY CRAYON' I am charmed with him: as an historian, I honor him: as a Patriot and a Gentleman, I thoroughly revere him! What a *style* is his!

None of your shallow tinsel, your unnatural emblems, your forced conceits, your windy tropes: all is *Truth*, gentleness, Nature!

The day of Mr. IRVING's funeral was, like his life and his character, mellow and cheerful. It was a beautiful specimen of a *Winter Indian-Summer*. A soft, warm haze rested upon his 'River of Delight,' and clothed the bold mountains that towered over the Tappaân-Zee, and the lofty Palisades in the distance, with almost a preternatural grandeur and glory. We rode with a daughter along the lovely road to Nyack, seldom saying a word; for she had regarded Mr. IRVING and his writings from merest childish girlhood with an affection which was hardly the first remove from love.

Crossing to Tarrytown, we were received at the landing by a hospitable friend, whose palatial mansion adorns the 'Zee' which it commands in its noblest aspects, and in company with Mr. SPARROWGRASS, were driven at once to 'Sunnyside.'

And all the way we could not choose but think of the delight we had a hundred times enjoyed in going over the same ground before, to the same destination. But now all was changed. The GENIUS of the place had departed!

Before taking up our summer quarters at DOBBS' Ferry, for a couple of seasons, we had visited Mr. IRVING at Sunnyside, by way of the boat to Tarrytown, two or three times, at his request. We were not unaware, however, that he was daily paying the penalty of a glorious reputation and a popularity as an author and a man that was universal: and we relucted at intruding too frequently upon a leisure so precious as his. When we were first installed, however, at the 'Ferry of DOBB,' Mr. IRVING called in our absence, and left with Dame KNICK the subjoined most cordial note:

'MY DEAR MR. CLARK:

'I have been intending every day for some time past to drive down and make you a visit; but every day something or other has prevented. Do not, however, stand upon ceremony, but come to Sunnyside whenever you feel in the notion. It is but a pleasant walk by a foot-path along the Aqueduct. We dine at three o'clock, and shall always be happy to have you as a guest; but come at any time in the fresh of the morning, and lounge away the day under the trees. I can furnish you with books and leave you to yourself.

'I am still busy with building and improving, and shall be at home for some time to you please, without further invitation.

come, excepting perhaps Saturday, Sunday, and part of Monday next. So come when

'I am much obliged to you for the loan of the periodicals, which I shall return to you in good order.

Very truly yours,

'Sunnyside, July 28th, 1847.

WASHINGTON IRVING.'

We can affirm, with the entirest truth, that nothing in the whole course of our life ever afforded us more supreme pleasure than we enjoyed in our subsequent visits to Sunnyside. We always walked up on the Croton Aqueduct, a level, dry, and charming path-way, commanding the loveliest reaches of the ever-glorious Hudson; stopping to rest sometimes amid the 'breezy call of incense-breathing morn,' to read an article for, or a proof-sheet of the KNICKERBOCKER, under the shadow of one of the marble ventilators of the aqueduct.

Let us here present a few pleasant *Reminiscences of Washington Irving at Sunnyside*, infracting, as we hope, no privacy, nor embodying any thing which, if living, he himself would not be willing should appear in print.

As we have said, what always struck us the most forcibly was the universal kindness of his heart, and the unostentatious loveliness of his outward acts and his every-day demeanor.

One morning we were taking a short before-breakfast stroll along the north bank of the little stream which throws itself into the Hudson at the foot of the gentle slope on which stands the pleasant mansion of Sunnyside. Passing by a tree, close to the water's edge, we observed a bird sitting upon her nest: she never moved; but only winked her small, bright eyes as we passed.

'That is very strange, Mr. IRVING,' we said: 'is that a wild or a tame bird? she seems to have no bird-like timidity.'

'No,' Mr. IRVING rejoined, 'she has no occasion to be afraid of any one around here. I pass here sometimes a dozen times a day; but I never molest her, *nor she me.*'

At which we remember to have mentioned the story told by our friend Mr. ELLIOTT, the eminent portrait-painter, of a man caught in the act of killing a fat young sheep belonging to a neighbor: 'What are you doing *that* for?' asked the owner. 'What am I *doing* it for?' was the echo of the culprit: 'I'll kill *any* man's sheep, I do n't care *who* he is, that *tries to bite me!*'

At which Mr. IRVING laughed heartily; which fact alone makes us love to mention the anecdote.

While we were sitting beside a dam, 'a profane improvement,' as Mr. IRVING called it, the construction of which his brother had been overseeing, he mentioned the deposition of a rooster, by a sort of *coup d'état* of a stronger bird, which deposed monarch he pointed out as an exile, walking silent and solitary on the other side of the brook. 'He comes over sometimes,' said Mr. IRVING, 'to look in upon his old harem; but the members have no respect for him: his degradation is complete. I am sorry for him: he was a high old cockolorum in his day.'

'Do you see that tree?' asked Mr. IRVING, one day after dinner, as we were standing just before the south porch at Sunnyside. 'That tree is now about seventeen feet high, and growing taller and taller every day. I bought that of our friend DOWNING at Newburgh, for a flowering shrub, which was to bear an odorous blossom, and attain to its full growth at about four feet! The discrepancy reminds me,' continued Mr. IRVING, 'of a lady whom I once knew in England, who purchased of a dog-fancier a fine, soft, glossy King CHARLES spaniel. He was made a great pet of, and fed and pampered, even beyond his desires; for after every meal he was in the extremest pain; running round and moaning in the most piteous manner; and one day, after a more than usual hearty repast, he *burst his King Charles jacket*, and came out in his true character of a stout English bull-dog! My flowering shrub has gone through with a similar metamorphosis.'

It was a most pleasant event, '*A Ride through Sleepy-Hollow with Washington Irving.*' Let us record it for our present readers:

'Yox murky cloud is foul with rain,' that here at Piermont we see rolling slowly over the hills that environ Sleepy-Hollow, on the other side of the river. Even while we watch it, it begins to shake its skirts, and to sift down upon the fading landscape its 'superflux of shower.' Looking at this, we cannot choose but think of a memorable excursion which the writer hereof once made with GREGORY CRAYON through the wizard region of Sleepy-Hollow, a neighborhood which his own pen had made world-wide famous. The morning had been thunderous and showery; nor did it entirely brighten up until the removal of the first champagne-cork at the hospitable table of 'Sunnyside;' always a precursor, as the host remarked, of 'pleasant weather about this time.' After dinner, preceded by the ladies of the household and another guest in the family-carriage, Mr. CRAYON, in a light open wagon, 'tooled' the 'Old KNICK' over the high eastern hills that inclose the sheltered valley where in their day lived and flourished old BALTUS VAN TASSEL, and his blooming daughter KATRINE. The sun came out between the pearl-colored opaque clouds; the birds began to sing in the trees; a bobolink was 'rising and sinking on a long flaunting weed' in an adjoining field; and every thing in nature was bright and smiling. Now it came to pass, howbeit, that when, beguiling the way with much rememberable converse, we came to the brow of the last hill that overlooks the turn of the road into the valley, one of the aforesaid opaque clouds, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which had been gradually 'gathering fatness,' suddenly darkened, and presently 'opened upon us;' also there were thunderings and lightnings; and trees, singly and in ranks, tossed their plumes of green, and battled with the storm. Moreover, the rain now descended amain; inasmuch that Mr. CRAYON wheeled suddenly into an angle of a rail-fence that skirted an umbrageous grove, dismounted, clambered over, and took shelter under an adjacent tree, holding over his head meanwhile the cushioned wagon-seat, adown which, as from a spout, the rain poured from his back. 'Why do n't you come under here, and be comfortably housed, as I am?' asked the Sleepy-Hollow historian, with amusing mock gravity: 'Whereto thus then' 'Old KNICK': 'Dare n't do it, dear Sir; 'fraid of the lightning, now playing about us; had a near relation once struck with the 'electric fluid' (the kind always mentioned by country newspapers as the most fatal) while standing under a tree; came near dying—but did n't.'

'Oh!' answered Mr. CRAYON, 'that alters the case: *'it runs in the family, eh?'*

'Well, well; the idea of lightning 'running in a family;' the odd appearance of the speaker, with his inverted leathern cushion on his head, under which he looked like a Roman beneath his tortoise-shell shield; the after excursion through the valley, with all that we saw and heard by the way; the appearance of a saturated guest about the hearth of 'Sunnyside' that night, clad in roomy habiliments of the host; all these manifold recollections have arisen in about the space of a minute.

'Cur'ous' and very pleasant are the matters lodged in the thousand cells of memory!'

This brief gossipry, short as it is, has exceeded our space: but it will be followed by several similar sketches upon the same theme, covering and including the reminiscences of more than twenty years.

The last tribute was paid to the 'Beloved Departed' at the rural cemetery near Tarrytown, of which he speaks in the following characteristic, felicitous letter:

'MY DEAR MR. CLARK :

'I will thank you to send me the two numbers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* which contain the story of Mountjoy.

'You once spoke to me about some work, in print or manuscript, in the possession of your Oriental correspondent, relative to the history of Persia, which might be of service to me in writing the life of *MAHOMET*. Can you procure me a sight of it?

'I send you a plan of a rural cemetery, projected by some of the worthies of Tarrytown, on the woody hills adjacent to the Sleepy Hollow church. I have no pecuniary interest in it, but I hope it may succeed, as it will keep that beautiful and umbrageous neighborhood sacred from the anti-poetical and all-levelling axe. Beside, I trust I shall lay my bones there. The projectors are plain matter-of-fact men, but are already aware of the blunder they have committed in naming it the *Tarrytown* instead of the *Sleepy Hollow* cemetery. The latter name would have been enough of itself to secure the patronage of all desirous of sleeping quietly in their graves. I beg you to correct this oversight, should you, as I trust you will, think proper to notice this sepulchral enterprise.

'I hope, as the spring opens, you will accompany me in one of my brief visits to Sunnyside, when we will make another visit to Sleepy Hollow, and (thunder and lightning permitting) have a colloquy among the tombs. Yours, very truly,

'New-York, April 27th, 1840.

WASHINGTON IRVING.'

And there in that little rural cemetery they laid the Great and Good Man in his final rest. Winter day though it was, the sun shone in spring-like freshness, the sod was soft and green, and the little birds sang a sweet requiem from the overhanging boughs. As the vast multitude, certainly not less than three thousand persons, wended their way homeward, the sun was setting behind the lordly hills of the Hudson, the feathery golden clouds suggesting not only a glorious termination of the day, but a glorious immortality.

Washington Irving as an Invalid.

BY DR. JAMES O. NOYER.

FROM various sources, but principally from Dr. J. C. PETERS, Mr. IRVING's only physician from 1852 to the day of his death, we have collected a number of facts and anecdotes that are new, and may interest our readers, in connection with the preceding pages. The relation of the patient to his physician was so intimate and confidential, that, though frequently solicited by the latter, he would never consent to avail himself of other medical advice.

A strong and elastic constitution, with remarkably abstemious habits, carried Mr. IRVING through a laborious life in comparative health. For a period of twenty years he neither called in a physician nor took a dose of medicine. His love of Nature — an idea that because he loved her, she would do him no harm — led him frequently to expose himself unnecessarily. Until within a few years

he would carelessly fall asleep on the ground or on the settee in the piazza of Wolfert's Roost. A severe catarrh, which for a long time affected his voice, was the consequence. Of this difficulty he was suddenly relieved, by the prescription of a good lady in the neighborhood, but an asthma immediately supervened, which at intervals caused him great suffering, until within two or three months of his death, when it entirely disappeared.

The asthma was the precursor, if not the cause, of the fatal enlargement of the heart that developed itself about the time Mr. IRVING finished writing his fifth volume of the *Life of WASHINGTON*, the proof-sheets of which he was not able to correct. His great and laborious work had been carried on without any serious interruption, and as it drew to a close, Mr. IRVING promised himself and his anxious friends that he would take a long holiday of repose. Though 'out of sorts,' he considered himself sound. He had suffered previously from several attacks of fever and ague, contracted by a tour to the Western lakes. In the stage of fever he would fall into a lethargy that lasted several hours, and from which he could not be aroused by artificial means.

Some of Mr. IRVING's friends also believed that he never entirely recovered from the effects of the fall from his horse, alluded to in Mr. WILLIS' letter. His face was much bruised, but he called the attention of his physician especially to his chest, remarking jocosely that his skull was very strong; that he had never had the head-ache in his life, or any unpleasant sensation in the head, except a few attacks of vertigo when writing the first volume of his *Life of WASHINGTON*.

Mr. IRVING was informed of his actual condition through his nephew. At the next interview with his physician, he told him, in private, what he had heard, wished him to explain the nature of the disease, and remarked that he supposed he must be prepared to die suddenly. He added that he would like to live so long as he could make himself useful to those about him, but hoped that he might never become a confirmed invalid, a helpless burden upon his friends. He requested the doctor also to have as little said about the matter as possible, as he did not wish to become an object of sympathy, or have those not immediately about him speculate as to the probable time of his death. He would trust to Providence, to his excellent constitution, and what his physician could not alleviate he would bear with all the resignation he could summon. Mr. IRVING, especially after the completion of his great work, suffered much from sleeplessness, producing nervous agitation, and at times despondency. During his whole life, in fact, he did not remember to have slept six hours without waking. Entire forgetfulness for four hours was a circumstance to be remembered. CHARLES LANMAN, Esq., writing of him in 1853, says that for years he had frequently spent half the night awake, and that at such times he was in the habit of reading a great deal. Mr. IRVING said he really envied the man who could sleep long and soundly. Until within a few years he slept in his library, with lamp, matches, and books at the head of the bed. When comparatively well, he was to be heard every morning, between four and five o'clock, in his room, taking the indispensable sponge-bath, and preparing for the morning walk. His habit of early rising often produced drowsiness in the afternoon and evening, when he would sleep in his

chair or on the sofa, his head inclined slightly forward, but without nodding or loud breathing.

About the time of the completion of his last volume, Mr. IRVING called upon his physician, in the city, greatly depressed and agitated, saying that he had not slept for four nights, and begged that something might be done for him. He remained in the city a few weeks, for better treatment. The doctor found that in the evening it was comparatively easy to procure his patient sleep, when a piano was playing or people were conversing in the room; but when he retired by himself, there would return the same wakeful nervousness, sadness, and despondency. His friends would read to him by the hour, not that he wished or allowed himself to become interested, but to hear the monotonous tones of the voice, which were very soothing to his excited nerves. He had travelled so much, and known so many distinguished individuals, however, that in reading there was danger of exciting him, by touching some chord of association or sympathy.

Mr. IRVING suffered greatly from these attacks of despondency during the remaining months of his life, consequent, no doubt, upon his failing health. He did not allow them, however, to interfere with his long established habits. Down to the day of his death, he was regularly in his chair at the head of the table, carved, and waited upon all who were seated, in that unstudied but graceful manner that was characteristic of all his acts. When suffering the most, he would sometimes cheer up suddenly, his eyes sparkle and his face flush, so as to give him the appearance of being years younger, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the power of a strong will over his weak body, and leading visitors, especially, to believe that the reports of his illness were exaggerated. At such times he would utter, in a quaint way, some of those bright and humorous sayings for which he was so remarkable. When, for the first time, he found himself too weak to carve, or to cut up the piece given him, he remarked sadly that he would go and lie down. He rose with tottering steps, and one end of his shawl happening to drag upon the floor, he looked back and said playfully: 'I must look like a bird of Paradise, with my fine long tail.' When a number of people in the room were talking about a woman who had ascended in a balloon and never been heard from, and wondering what had become of her, Mr. IRVING, suddenly brightening, said: 'Why, she's up above; handed out by ENOCH and ELLJAH!'

Mr. IRVING, as we have already said, was remarkably abstemious. He could endure nothing gross, was fond of delicate bits, and seemed not to eat half so much as an ordinary person of his size. He drank tea and coffee, and had wine on the dinner-table, using it himself, however, most sparingly. Mr. IRVING always offered his arm to one of the ladies present, to conduct her to table in the olden style; said grace himself; usually attended the morning and evening prayers, while his parting from the members of the family in the evening, and his greeting of them in the morning were as affectionate as if he had been about to leave, or had been separated from them a long time. Rarely or never has there been seen in an American family one so kind, so considerate, so gentle, and yet so noble, uniting in himself all home virtues and courtly manners.

Such was the delightful place Mr. IRVING filled at Wolfert's Roost, and from

which he was suddenly called away to other and brighter scenes. On the evening of his death he played five games of whist, and retired to his room at the usual hour, his niece carrying up with him his medicines and a small pitcher of ice-water. Leaning a moment with his elbow upon the mantel, he complained of low spirits, saying: 'I never in my life felt so sad.' He then walked a few steps, put his right hand on the foot of the cottage-bedstead, his left over his heart, and a moment after began gradually to sink. His niece, thinking he was trying to seat himself in a chair by his side, caught him in her arms. His head fell back upon her shoulder, and with three little gasps for breath, without a groan or struggle, life was extinct.

He was buried in plain citizen's dress; and it was noticed, as a singular peculiarity, that the rosewood coffin was marked by a number of distinct crosses in the natural wood. On his table, where he had placed them, were some of his favorite books: the Bible and Prayer-Book, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' CAMPBELL'S 'Pleasures of Hope,' etc.

Every anecdote or incident concerning Mr. IRVING will be treasured by his friends. As an instance of his kindness to animals, he said one day, to his physician, when they met in the road a team which had formerly belonged to him: 'I can't bear to see those poor horses drawing dirt. They were once my carriage-horses. I shall never again sell any animal that belongs to me.' The horses, however, were well cared for, the owner being very proud of them.—Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS gives us the two following incidents. While he was sketching the pleasant picture seen through two beautiful elms, as you look up the river from the Sunny-Side lawn, and talking with Mr. IRVING, the latter fell into some allusions to his advancing age and declining strength, and added, with his characteristic sly humor: 'Some twenty years ago, I carried both those trees on my shoulder; but, bless you, I couldn't do it now!' He had planted the trees himself. Speaking one day of the pretty gardener's cottage, he said that he had been forced to build it; that ROBERT, after basking in the smiles of Fortune as a jolly, contented bachelor for many years, had been overtaken by calamity, and got married; that it was a sad affair, a very sad affair, although ROBERT did not seem to think so, but on the contrary, deemed himself a more lucky boy than ever. Still, the thing was done, and could not be undone; and it only remained to make the best of a bad bargain. He had foreseen the consequences at once, (pointing to the youngsters playing in the cottage park,) and so set forward to plan and erect a new edifice. It was Mr. IRVING's custom to buy Christmas toys for the children of his gardener and coachman, and present them himself. Last Christmas the unpleasant weather kept him in-doors, but he was uneasy all day about the children, who received the presents, but, he knew, would miss his visit. The next day he called upon them, to enjoy their bright smiles. In the cars one day from New-York an Irish woman in the next seat could not keep her two noisy children quiet. Mr. IRVING took one of them in his arms, caressed it, and when the woman got out she thanked him, saying: 'You must be a kind, good father, Sir.' 'No,' said Mr. IRVING, 'I am, unfortunately, an old bachelor.' The children at Tarrytown would often put flowers in his church pew.

Mr. IRVING cherished tenderly the memory of his excellent mother. On meet-

ing Mrs. CURTIS, he was so struck with her resemblance to his parent, then dead forty years, that his feelings overpowered him, and he was obliged to apologize to the lady for the emotions her presence excited. It is well known that Mr. IRVING was engaged to the sister of a distinguished lawyer, and that she died of consumption before the expiration of the time fixed for their marriage. We have heard of a well-worn miniature confided by him to an artist, in order to have the ravages of time upon the precious relic repaired so far as possible. Mr. IRVING and his affianced, with two friends situated like themselves, once visited a watering-place near the city. Many years later, Mr. IRVING called upon the same friend, surrounded by a happy family, and was so overcome by the associations suggested, that he burst into a flood of tears.

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE BANCROFT, BEFORE THE N. Y. HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

'MEMORY cherishes the lovely qualities and beautiful career of our friend who has just ceased to be mortal; but words are wanting to portray his genius and his virtues. No American since WASHINGTON has taken with him to the grave the undivided affection of the American people like IRVING. And it is right that it should be so. He came into the world just as a treaty with England gave our Republic a recognized existence among the nations; and he was lulled in his cradle by the pleasant songs of returning peace. The first great solemnity that he gazed upon in his childhood was the inauguration of our Constitution; so that the early life of him who was called to take the foremost part in creating an American literature, was bathed in the purest dews of our country's morning. As he grew up, his genial humor was nursed by the traditions and inspirations of his own native State; he opened his heart to all the pleasant influences that surrounded him; he made himself one with Nature as she reveals herself in her glory along the Hudson; and when he was scarce six-and-twenty years old he had written what the world will not suffer to be forgotten.

'Thus far his literary activity had been the out-going of the joyousness of youth; his mind was to be ripened, his character to be matured, his rightful career to be made plain by the trials of affliction. He had loved and been beloved; and he watched, to use his own words, 'beauty and innocence languish into the tomb.' The being was departed whom he had loved as he never again was to love in this world, who had loved him as he was never again to be loved; and the gladsome humor that marked his entrance into life had become, not subdued, but tinged by a sweet-souled melancholy, and a large and more earnest sympathy with his kind. Now, when he stood mid-way in the path of human life, of a sudden his outward fortune was swept away and disappeared, and he was left in possession of nothing but his own mind. Blessed adversity! that opened to him the treasures which lay heaped up within his soul. Sorrow and misfortune only brought out in its brightness the purity of his nature, and were but as clouds that reflect the sunshine in a thousand hues.

'In a foreign land, alone, impoverished, bereaved, he was so good and true, we might also say angels ministered to him. He looked with serene wisdom upon the angry waves that threatened him, and they passed under him without harm.

'The career of letters now claimed him for its service. He had not been deeply read in books; but his mind was richly stored with images of beauty and primal truths, and he knew Nature by heart. The English language, which better than any other can express the sincerity of affection, the delicacy of sentiment, the freshness of rural scenes, spread out its boundless wealth as his own; and at that period of what he himself calls

'his troubled life,' he conquered for himself fame and good will wherever that language is spoken.

'It was at this period of his life that, during a summer at Paris, I formed with him that relation of friendly intimacy which grew in strength to the last. Time has in a measure effaced the relative difference of our years, but then he was almost twice as old as I. As we roamed together over the fields around Paris, many an earnest and noble and encouraging word fell from him for my behalf; and sometimes he would speak to me of his own occupations. How he proceeded with descriptions, I cannot say; but I found that where he gave expression to feeling, he would write continuously, pouring out as it were at one gush all he intended to give forth. One evening, after we had been many hours together, he took me to his room and read to me what he had written at one sitting, without pause, under one inspiration, and almost without interlineation or erasure.

'I remember it to this day; it was his 'St. MARK'S EVE,' from the words 'I am now alone in my chamber,' to the end. He that studies such passages closely will find confessions of IRVING'S own inward experience and affections.

'As an historian, IRVING stands in the front rank. His life of COLUMBUS has all kinds of merit — research, critical judgment, interest in the narrative, picturesque description and golden style; exquisite in the melody of its cadences and in its choice of words. His life of WASHINGTON, which is still dear to the American people, is a marvel. No one has so painted the Father of his Country to the life; modestly disclaiming great extent of original research, he has yet added much that was not known before. But what distinguishes him is the grace and facility of his movement. He writes American history, as it were, by the aid of special endowments; he takes with him a candor that never fails; a clear, impartial judgment, and an unrivalled keenness of insight into character. He may err in minor details, but never in the general effect. No one has drawn so true, and touching, and vivid a picture of WASHINGTON in his retirement as IRVING, who published it while suffering from prostration of the nerves, a depression of spirits, and that attack of asthma which harassed him to the last.

'Nor let it be forgotten that IRVING is a native of our own New-York. Like CHAUCER, and MILTON, and POPE, and GRAY, his birth-place was in the heart of a city. Among the Greeks, when a victor returned from the Olympian games, the citizens of his own home esteemed his prizes their own, went out to welcome his return, and would even break down the walls to receive him in greater triumph. Our IRVING has wrestled in the game of life and come off the conqueror; he has gone to his long home; on the mildest of winter days we have surrounded him with flowers and laid him among his kindred, and his spirit in its flight has been borne upward on the affections of countless multitudes. Now, what shall we do here to mark for him our veneration and love? He gave to this city of merchants fame throughout the world of letters. Will not, then, the merchants of New-York raise to his memory a statue of purest marble? It would be the payment of a debt to his fame, a just tribute to his virtues, a lesson to the rising generations. Fathers might then take their sons to gaze on his lineaments, and say: 'There is the man who during more than fifty years employed his pen as none other could have done, and in all that time never wrote one word that was tainted by skepticism, nor one line that was not as chaste and pure as the violets of spring.''

EXTRACTS FROM DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS' REMARKS BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

'THERE was a period in the life of the great author in which I think I have some advantage, in information at least, over the orators of to-night; and that fact, and that only, impels me to the utterance of a few circumstances associated with WASHINGTON IRVING during a portion of his school-boy days.

'I was a boy of the same school with young IRVING, now some sixty-two years since, in 1797. The institution was situated in John-street, next to the primary Methodist Meeting-

house, and in the vicinity of the renowned John-street Theatre. There were some six years difference in our ages, and IRVING occupied a place in the school among the older youth at the head where the prominent master had his desk and exercised his ferule. The younger the scholar the nearer the entrance or door seemed to be the disposition of the seat for him. In that day of dreary teaching in our academies, young IRVING was associated with boys of about the same age with himself, and their studies blended in classes in the ordinary way so common in school arrangements. I remember well the elementary books scattered about so characteristic of a common English school. The 'Columbian Orator' of BRIGHAM, and HAMILTON MOORE's 'Monitor;' the 'School-master's Assistant' of DILWORTH, and the 'Arithmetic' of PIKE, with here and there a copy of DRYDEN's English Dictionary. In those days ballads, on printed slips or folded in octavo half-sheets, were widely sold in the streets, and many found their way in the school-house. WATTS and MRS was of the number, supposed generally to be an offspring of BURNS, but afterward known as an early production of the celebrated ALEXANDER WILSON, the great American ornithologist, and many of the songs of the famous DIBDIN. Young IRVING was, I think, more of a reader than a student, so far as prescribed duties enjoined. I take it that even at this juvenile period he had already adopted his own peculiar method of obtaining knowledge. That quick foresightedness, that apt seizure of a principle or a fact, that quick comprehension rendered it comparatively any easy matter for him to master his rule of three, and as to grammar, we may infer from the ever dominant beauty and gracefulness of his diction in all his writings, that he was etymological from the beginning. The leading teacher of the institution was ever insisting on the importance of rhetoric, and struggled hard to make every boy a CICERO. He assigned pieces for memory, to be rehearsed at the public exhibitions of his scholars and such was his ethnological science, that he assigned to IRVING the heroic lines:

'My voice is still for war,'

while I, nearly seven years younger, was given for rhetorical display,

'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.'

'There was a curious conflict existing in the school between the principal and his assistant—the former a legitimate burgher of the city, the latter a New-England pedagogue. So far as I can remember, something depended on the will of the boy's parents; but if not expressed otherwise, the principal stuck earnestly to DILWORTH, and the assistant, for his section of instruction, to NOAH WEBSTER: the same system was adopted with the school in unfolding the intricacies of arithmetic. DILWORTH was all in all with the principal, while NICHOLAS PIKE, with his amended federal currency, was imparted by the assistant.

'It is a remark, well founded, that realities are but dimly to be traced in the twilight of the imagination, and the first impulses of genius are often to be illustrated by the subsequent career of the individual. Young IRVING at school was a quiet boy. I can narrate no wild freaks or sports originating from his conduct. It is true, that except with the general good order of his section of the room and his devotion to reading, I had little chance to do more than look at him as at other scholars, witness his movements in the street, and observe his rather taciturn and sequestered way. He seemed to have a habit of loneliness or abstraction; but he was early a reader, and I might say an observer from the beginning to the end of his life. These qualities, it is not to be supposed, were so prominent as to induce special notice at that period of life; yet, as his teacher seemed to bestow particular attention to his pupil, his maturer wisdom may have found in his scholar a temperament of peculiar indications, and thus tolerated the impulses of a youth who gave promise of character. Among the incidents of young IRVING's life, we know him to have been remarkable for his pedestrian excursions, at times alone; sometimes accompanied with his intimate friends, BRUNVOORT, PAULDING, and BLAUVELT, an unfledged

poet : his rambles at Weehawken, his tours to the Passaic ; his walks through the Stuyvesant line of cherry-trees, (which it may be remarked passed directly through the grounds on which this edifice in which we are now convened stands,) all betray that love of nature which he has so luxuriantly unfolded in his captivating writings.

'Did not the lateness of the evening forbid, I would dwell somewhat upon that remarkable faculty which IRVING possessed of rejoicing in the luxuries and beauties of nature ; his love of animals, his delights in surveying the garden and the farm-yard, his zeal to behold the anomalies of the vegetable world, his gratification in comprehending the labors of the naturalist, and point out how the defects of the schools of that day were overcome by his reading and his minute observation. He has more than once dwelt with me upon the odd characters he has encountered in the streets of our city in those days, and none seems to have made a stronger impression on him than the once famous HOFFMEISTER, popularly known as BILLY the Fiddler. I do not recollect whether this musical genius and singularly constructed man finds a place in any of IRVING's writings.

'You all, gentlemen, have dwelt upon the genialhum or of IRVING ; his kindly nature was ever apparent. That his mind was fructified by a close study of the older dramatists, I think a safe inference. That fountain of knowledge yields a living spring to all who delineate human character, and who has excelled him in that branch of intricate illustration ? He had a marvellous tendency to the curious. IRVING, had he walked through a lunatic asylum, would seem to have been qualified to write a treatise on insanity ; had he been bred to physic, could his sensibilities have endured such servitude, he might have become famous for his descriptive powers in diagnostic pathology. There was a trait of singular and peculiar excellence in Mr. IRVING. His courteous and benignant intercourse with others, whether in the humbler or the higher walks of life, was of so captivating a character as never to create a rebellious feeling, but ever awaken emotions of friendship. Unobtrusive with his vast merits, he won esteem from all beholders. He possessed a quick discernment in the analysis of character. Of all mortals he was freest of envy, and merit of every order he was ready to recognize. A literary man, *par excellence*, he could admire the arts and look upon mechanical skill and the artisan with the feelings of the most accomplished in scientific pursuits ; he knew that intellect presided in mechanics as well as in the Homeric song. Posterity, to whom he may most safely be confided, will forget neither the man nor his writings : these unfold the treasures of a commanding genius laden with the excellencies of an unparalleled diction, while of the author himself we may emphatically affirm that his literary products are a faithful transcript of his peculiar mind. He enjoys a glorious triumph ; he need not plead in extenuation of a line that he has penned. Let us console ourselves at his loss that he was native, and 'to the manor born,' that his life was immaculate and without reproach, and that in death he triumphed over its terrors. Let it be our pride that the patriarch of American literature is indissolubly connected, in his mighty fame, with the Father of his Country.

'The lateness of the hour forbids a longer trespass on your indulgence.'

FROM MR. WILLIS' 'IDLEWILD' LETTER.

'DURING the ten minutes before Mr. IRVING came in, (for he was out upon his morning drive when we arrived,) his nieces very kindly gratified our interest in the 'workshop of genius' by taking us into the library — the little curtain-windowed sanctuary where his mind had found both its labor and its repose, though, by the open newspapers scattered carelessly over the large writing-table in the centre, and the inviting readiness of the well-cushioned lounge in the recess, it now serves more the purpose of the repose more needed. It was a labyrinth of books ; as it was a labyrinth of tender associations, in which, as the eye roved over its consecrated nooks and corners, the fancy, in all reverence, rambled lovingly ! The tear at the heart kissed the threshold as we left it.

'I was looking admiringly, once more, at JARVIS's record of him at the Sketch-Book period

of his life, (the portrait with the fur collar, which all who have seen it will so well remember,) when Mr. IRVING came in from his drive. We had heard so much, recently, of his illness, that I was surprised to see with how lively and firm a step he entered — removing the slouched hat (a comfortable departure from the old-school covering, which I had never expected to see on so proper a head!) with as easy elegance as ever, sitting down with his gray shawl left carelessly over his shoulders, and entering upon kind inquiries and exchange of courtesies with no hindrance of debility that I could see. He is thinner somewhat, in both form and features — owing to the asthma, which interferes somewhat with his repose when lying down — but the genial expression of his countenance is unchanged, and his eye as kindly and bright. As to sprightliness of attention and reply, I could see little difference from the WASHINGTON IRVING of other days. The reports of his illness must have been exaggerated, I thought.

‘Conversation falling upon exercise, Mr. IRVING remarked that he daily took his drive in the carriage — less from any desire to go abroad than from finding, since he had given up habits of labor, that time hung heavy on his hands. If he walks out, it is only in the grounds. We spoke of horseback-riding, and he gave us a most amusing account of his two last experiences in that way — a favorite horse called ‘Gentleman Dick’ having thrown him over his head into a laurel bush, which kindly broke his fall; and another very handsome nag, given him by his brother, having proved to be opinionative as to choice of road — particularly at a certain bridge, which it was very necessary to pass in every ride, but which the horse could not by any reasonable persuasion be got over. With the sending of this horse-dogmatist to town, to be sold to meaner service for his obstinacy, had ended the experiments in the saddle.

‘The honored invalid complaining a little of hoarseness in his voice, I mentioned to him an alleviative I had lately chanced upon myself for a similar trouble — asking accidentally for some help to my hoarseness in an apothecary’s shop, and getting a lozenge with a most mysterious name, which I had since found an invariable throat deepener for three notes in the gamut. I contrived to call to memory the *Oswatamystic* inscription on the box, (‘Brown’s Pectoral Trochees,’) and I was amused with the affectionate playfulness with which Mr. IRVING called on one of his nieces, (explaining, aside, ‘this is my doctor,’) to remember the name of the medicine. This same charming household physician, I observed, followed him to the door, as he came out afterward to see us off, and guarded him against the cool air by tenderly drawing the shawl about his neck and placing his hat upon his head — caressing affections which he evidently submitted to as a habit, the gentle troop who are thus his constant ministers being like a portion of his own personal existence.

‘Attributable, perhaps, to a rallying of his animal spirits with cessation from work, I could not but wonder at the effortless play of ‘DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER’ humor, which ran through all his conversation. WASHINGTON IRVING, in his best days, I am very sure, was never more socially ‘agreeable’ than with us for that brief visit. One little circumstance was mentioned in the course of this pleasant gossip. There was some passing discussion of the wearing of beards — his friend, Mr. KENNEDY, having made that alteration in his physiognomy since they had met — and Mr. IRVING closed a playful comment or two upon the habit by saying that he could scarce afford the luxury himself, involving, as it would do, the loss of the most effectual quietus of his nerves. To get up and shave, when tired of lying awake, sure of going to sleep immediately after, had long been a habit of his. There was an amusing exchange of sorrows, also, between him and Mr. KENNEDY as to persecution by autograph-hunters; though the ex-Secretary gave rather the strongest instance, mentioning an unknown man who had written to him when at the head of the Navy Department, requesting, as one of his constituents, to be furnished with autographs of all the Presidents, of himself and the rest of the Cabinet, and of any other distinguished men with whom he might be in correspondence!’

FROM THEODORE TILTON'S 'HALF-HOUR AT SUNNYSIDE.'

'Mr. IRVING is not so old-looking as one would expect who knew his age. I fancied him as in the winter of life; I found him only in its Indian summer. He came down stairs, and walked through the hall into the back-parlor, with a firm and lively step that might well have made one doubt whether he had truly attained his seventy-seventh year! He was suffering from asthma, and was muffled against the damp air with a Scotch shawl, wrapped like a great loose scarf around his neck; but as he took his seat in the old arm-chair, and, despite his hoarseness and troubled chest, began an unexpectedly vivacious conversation, he made me almost forget that I was the guest of an old man long past his 'three-score years and ten.'

'But what should one talk about who had only half an hour with WASHINGTON IRVING? I ventured the question:

'Now that you have laid aside your pen, which of your books do you look back upon with most pleasure?'

'He immediately replied: 'I scarcely look with full satisfaction upon any; for they do not seem what they might have been; I often wish that I could have twenty years more, to take them down from the shelf, one by one, and write them over.'

'He spoke of his daily habits of writing, before he had made the resolution to write no more. His usual hours for literary work were from morning to noon. But, although he had generally found his mind most vigorous in the early part of the day, he had always been subject to moods and caprices, and could never tell, when he took the pen, how many hours would pass before he would lay it down.

'But,' said he, 'these capricious periods of the heat and glow of composition, have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found, in any thing outside of the four walls of my study, any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing-desk with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind awake.'

'His literary employments, he remarked, had always been more like entertainments than tasks.

'Some writers,' said he, 'appear to have been independent of moods. Sir WALTER SCOTT, for instance, had great power of writing, and could work almost at any time; so could CRABBE — but with this difference: SCOTT always, and CRABBE seldom, wrote well. I remember,' said he, 'taking breakfast one morning with ROGERS, MOORE, and CRABBE; the conversation turned on BYRON's poetic moods; CRABBE said that, however it might be with Lord BYRON, as for himself, he could write as well at one time as at another. But,' said IRVING, with a twinkle of humor at recalling the incident, 'CRABBE has written a great deal that nobody can read!'

'He mentioned, that while living in Paris, he went a long period without being able to write. 'I sat down repeatedly,' said he, 'with pen and ink, but could invent nothing worth putting on paper. At length I told my friend TOM MOORE, who dropped in one morning, that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would hold it, and would work it out as long as it would last, until I had wrung my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast, and continued, without noticing how the time was passing, until MOORE came in again at four in the afternoon — when I had completely covered the table with freshly-written sheets. I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks.'

'I asked which of his books was the result of this frenzy: he replied, 'Bracebridge Hall.'

'None of your works,' I remarked, 'are more charming than the Biography of GOLD-SMITH.'

'Yet that was written,' said he, 'even more rapidly than the other.' He then added: 'When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write an hour or two, to relieve my mind; and now that I write no more, I am sometimes compelled to get up in the same way to read.'

'Sometimes, also, as the last Idlewild letter mentions, he gets up to shave.

“When I was in Spain,” he remarked, “searching the old chronicles, and engaged on the *Life of COLUMBUS*, I often wrote fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four.”

“He said that whenever he had forced his mind unwillingly to work, the product was worthless; and he invariably threw it away and began again; ‘for,’ as he observed, ‘an essay or chapter that has been *hammered out*, is seldom good for any thing. An author’s right time to work is when his mind is aglow: when his imagination is kindled — these are the precious moments; let him wait until they come, but when they have come, let him make the most of them.’

“I referred to his last and greatest work, the ‘*Life of WASHINGTON*,’ and asked if he felt on finishing it, any such sensation as GIBSON is said to have experienced over the last sheet of the ‘*Decline and Fall*.’ He replied that the whole work had engrossed his mind to such a degree, that, before he was aware, he had written himself into feebleness of health; that he feared, in the midst of his labor, that it would break him down before he could end it; that when at last the final pages were written, he gave the manuscript to his nephew to be conducted through the press, and threw himself back upon his red-cushioned lounge with an indescribable feeling of relief! He added that the great fatigue of mind, throughout the whole task, had resulted from the care and pains required in the construction and arrangement of materials, and not in the mere literary composition of the successive chapters.

“On the parlor wall hung the engraving of FAIRB’s picture of ‘SCOTT and his Contemporaries;’ I alluded to it as presenting a group of his former friends.

“‘Yes,’ said he, ‘I know every man of them but three; and now they are all gone!’

“‘Are the portraits good?’ I inquired.

“‘SCOTT’s head,’ he replied, ‘is well drawn, though the expression lacks something of SCOTT’s force; CAMPBELL’s is tolerable; LOCKHART’s is the worst. LOCKHART,’ said he, ‘was a man of very delicate organization, but he had a more manly look than in the picture.’

“‘You should write one more book,’ I hinted.

“‘What is that?’

“‘Your reminiscences of those literary friends.’

“‘Ah!’ he exclaimed, ‘it is too late now! I shall never take the pen again; I have so entirely given up writing, that even my best friends’ letters lie unanswered. I must have rest. No more books now!’

“He referred to the visit the week before, from Mr. WILLIS, whose letter he had just been reading in the *Home Journal*.

“‘I am most glad,’ said he, ‘that Mr. WILLIS remembered my nieces; they are my housekeepers and nurses; they take such good care of me, that really I am the most fortunate old bachelor in the world! Yes,’ he repeated, with a merry emphasis, ‘the most fortunate old bachelor in all the world!’

“It was delightful to witness the animation of his manner, and the heartiness of his gratitude, as he continued to relate how they supplied all his wants — gave him his medicine at the right time, without troubling him to look at the clock for himself; called him down to breakfast; cloaked and shawled him for his morning ride; brought him his hat for his fine weather walks; and in every possible way, humored him in every possible whim.

“‘I call them sometimes my nieces,’ he said, ‘but oftener my daughters!’

“As I rose to go, he brought from a corner of the room a photograph of a little girl, exhibiting it with great enthusiasm. It was a gift from a little child who had come to see him every day during his sickness. The picture was accompanied with a note printed in large letters with a lead pencil, by the little correspondent, who said she was too young to write. He spoke with great vivacity of his childish visitor. ‘Children,’ said the old man, ‘are great pets; I am very fond of the little creatures.’”

H O M E INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW-YORK, OFFICE, 112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL, \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, over \$300,000

**THIS COMPANY INSURES AGAINST LOSS AND DAMAGE BY
FIRE, ON FAVORABLE TERMS.**

LOSSES EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PROMPTLY PAID.

DIRECTORS:

Charles J. Martin,
A. F. Willmarth,
William G. Lambers,
George O. Collins,
Danford N. Barney,
Lucius Hopkins,
Thomas Messenger,
William H. Mellen,
Charles B. Hatch,
R. Watson Bull,
Hester Morgan,

Levi P. Stone,
James Humphrey,
George Pearce,
Ward A. Work,
James Low,
Isaac H. Frothingham,
Charles A. Bulkley,
Cephas H. Norton,
George D. Morgan,
Theodore McNamee,
Richard Bigelow,

Oliver B. Wood,
Alfred S. Barnes,
George Bliss,
Eos Lockwood,
John G. Nelson,
Lyman Cooke,
Levi P. Morton,
Curtis Noble,
John B. Hutchinson,
Charles P. Baldwin,
Amos T. Dwight,

Henry A. Hurlbut,
Jesse Hoyt,
William Sturgis, Jr.,
John R. Ford,
Sidney Mason,
George T. Stedman, Conn.,
Cyrus Yale, Jr.,
William R. Fosdick,
F. H. Cossitt,
David I. Boyd, Albany,
S. B. Cauldwell & L. Roberts

J. MILTON SMITH, Secretary.

CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-President.

DEFIANCE SALAMANDER SAFES.

ROBERT M. PATRICK,

SOLE MANUFACTURER IN THE UNITED STATES OF THE ABOVE CELEBRATED SAFES, AND

**Patent Powder-Proof Impenetrable Defiance
Locks and Cross-Bars,**

ALSO,

**Fire and Burglar-Proof Sideboard or Parlor Safes,
FOR SILVER PLATE, &c.**

THE BEST SAFES AND LOCKS COMBINED, IN THE WORLD. THESE SAFES HAVE TAKEN THE

FIRST PREMIUM MEDALS IN EVERY EXHIBITION

held in the United States during the past three years. SAFES of all sizes, suitable for Merchants,
Banks, Jewelry, Record Offices, Steamboats, etc.; Fire and Thief-Proof Bank Vault
Doors on hand, for sale, and made to order, at the

Depot, No. 63 Murray St., cor. College Place, New-York,

Formerly 193 Pearl Street.

Manufactory, Nos. 60, 62, 64, and 66 Cannon Street, N. Y

THE HOME JOURNAL FOR 1860.

MORRIS & WILLIS, EDITORS.

A NEW YEAR OF THIS POPULAR FAMILY NEWSPAPER will be commenced on the *first day of January next*, printed on fine paper and clear type.

With the January number will begin the publication of a new and beautiful ORIGINAL WORK OF FACT AND FICTION, written expressly for THE HOME JOURNAL, entitled

JENNY PROUDFOOT: a Romance of American History.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

The romantic events on which this beautiful story is founded occurred in the troubled times of 1782, immediately before the close of the Revolutionary War, and the recognition of American Independence—a time when strange events brought out strong character, and mighty trials a corresponding heroism. The most romantic imagination never invented fiction more exciting than the historical passages of these times, (strange to say, until now unappreciated by the novelist.) Manly heroism and womanly devotion are wrought to the highest degree, through a chain of events not less exciting than strange—not less strange than true. This charming story will be succeeded by

A BRILLIANT VENETIAN TALE,

BY OCTAVE FEUILLET,

the celebrated author of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," the success and circulation of which, both in the New and Old World, have been unprecedented, and given him a place amongst the first of living novelists. The tale is one of surpassing interest, replete with incidents, and highly descriptive of Italian life, morals, and manners. Its translation from the French by Mrs. MARIAN M. PULLAN, (expressly for THE HOME JOURNAL,) herself a talented and gifted authoress, eminently qualified for the task by education, and by her residence in the country of the author, will sufficiently guarantee the purity of the style in which it will be rendered, and that nothing of the force and merit of the original will be lost in its translation.

SPECIALITIES.

All the former peculiar features of the paper, which have given it a world-wide reputation, will be continued, while several new ones will give an infinite variety to its ever-diversified pages.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, besides his usual constant labors upon the several departments of the paper, will make it the work on which to broder first many

SKETCHES, SONGS, BALLADS, ETC.,

suggested by the history and events of the passing time. N. P. WILLIS will give a continuous series of

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE HOUR,

embodied in his journal of the prominent persons and leading productions in the

FASHIONABLE, ARTISTIC, AND INTELLECTUAL WORLD,

He will also give more of his picturings of home-life and rural family sympathies and interests, out-door and in, and a few more

MEMORANDA FOR INVALIDS,

which his experience, correspondence with invalids, and practiced observation on this subject, enable him to write.

BARRY GRAY will supply a NEW SERIES of amusing sketches, drawn from real life, under the title of

MY FRIENDS AND I,

in which sundry well-known literary men and artists will figure.

As heretofore, no labor nor expense will be spared to maintain the high reputation of THE HOME JOURNAL, which is every where, both at home and abroad, acknowledged to be the most refined and elegant Repository of Literature and the Arts on this side of the sea, and the **NEST AND CHEAPEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.**

As no more copies of the NEW VOLUME will be printed than are ordered, those who desire to begin with the commencement of the year will be able to do so by forwarding their subscriptions at once.

TERMS.

For one copy, \$2; for three copies, \$5; or one copy for three years, \$5; for a club of seven copies, \$10; for a club of fifteen copies, \$20; and that rate for a larger club—always in advance.

Address

MORRIS & WILLIS,

Editors and Proprietors,

107 FULTON STREET, NEW-YORK.

Read the Proposal at the foot of this.

THE NEW-YORK OBSERVER:

THE LARGEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD;

NATIONAL, CONSERVATIVE, AND RELIGIOUS;

BELONGING TO NO PARTY IN POLITICS, AND TO NO SECT IN RELIGION.

Edited by a corps of Clergymen and Laymen of large experience, having the most eminent writers of the day among its regular contributors, and a Foreign Correspondence unrivalled. It is the most complete FAMILY NEWS-PAPER that can be made; published on a large DOUBLE sheet, so that it may be separated, making

TWO DISTINCT PAPERS,

each perfect in itself. No other newspaper is made upon this plan.

The secular sheet contains a full report of all the News of the Day; a vast amount of Miscellaneous Reading: Poetry and Prose; an AGRICULTURAL page, conducted by a practical and educated agriculturist; a COMMERCIAL page edited by a gentleman distinguished for his acquaintance with the financial world—giving the latest Reports of the Money, Produce, and Cattle Markets, Bank Stocks, etc.; a MISCELLANEOUS department, embracing Scientific, Literary, and Artistic matter, with Tales, Anecdotes, Biography, Travels, Questions and Answers for the instruction and amusement of the family and social circle.

The religious paper is filled with the choicest original and selected matter in every department of Christian Literature, making a delightful Sabbath companion, and furnishing a volume of interesting and instructive reading every week. The best and most accomplished Clergymen, Presidents and Professors in our Colleges and Seminaries, constantly contribute to its pages. One of its chief features of attraction is a summary of intelligence from

ALL RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS,

a feature peculiar to the OBSERVER, and highly valued by Christians who wish to know what is doing in other communions than their own.

The grand object of the NEW-YORK OBSERVER is to promote "peace on earth and good-will among men." For this end it seeks to advance all those principles which make the Union of the States more firm and permanent. It cultivates harmony and good feeling among all denominations of Christians, and is a fearless defender of the rights of all men, under the Constitution of the United States and Word of God.

In its editorial discussion, its foreign and domestic correspondence, the vigor and beauty of its original contributions, and the attractions of its several departments in science, literature, art, agriculture, and commerce, the NEW-YORK OBSERVER is determined not to be surpassed by any newspaper.

Resisting radicalism in Church and State; promoting revivals of pure religion and every wholesome moral reform, on Scriptural and rational principles; discarding and opposing all schisms, humbugs, fanaticism, and every scheme of infidelity, socialism, and vice—the NEW-YORK OBSERVER designs to be a safeguard of virtue, law, and order—a champion of truth and righteousness in the earth.

It is the cheapest newspaper of its class that is published. Both the secular and religious papers are sent for TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, in advance. Two families uniting in taking it—as many do—will each get a complete newspaper for ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

PROPOSALS FOR SOLICITING SUBSCRIBERS.

To any one who will obtain new subscribers for us, we will pay the following liberal commissions:

For Five new Subscribers, paying in advance,	50 cents each.
For more than Five, and less than Ten,	75 " "
For Ten, or more,	\$1 "

We will send a copy of our Bible-Atlas, with colored Maps, on paper of large size and best quality, to each new subscriber, on receipt of his name and payment for one year.

If you can not give personal attention to this work, will you show this advertisement to some clergyman or layman who will take an interest in it, to whom we will give the commissions mentioned above?

We will send specimen numbers without charge.

Your early attention is solicited to this subject, and we shall be happy to hear from you immediately, as we desire to offer the paper at once to every family in the United States.

SIDNEY E. MORSE, JR., & CO.,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,

No. 37 PARK ROW, New-York.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS :

From the Press of

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

A New Dictionary of Quotations,

From the Greek, Latin, and Modern Languages. Translated into English, and occasionally accompanied with Illustrations—Historical, Poetical, and Anecdotal. By the Author of "Live and Learn," "The Newspaper and General Reader's Pocket-Companion," etc. With an extensive Index, referring to every important word. One Volume, crown 8vo, muslin, bevelled boards, \$1.50.

"On the score of utility, it may be classed among the most excellent and convenient not only to the general reader, but to the scholar who, in active life, has suffered his classics to rust. The 'New Dictionary' will find a place in the hands of every reader of current literature. It is altogether worthy of the beautiful typographical dress which the publishers have given it."—*North American*.

"An exquisitely got-up volume, daintily printed on tinted paper, the handsome pages of which are as useful and entertaining as elegant. They contain a perfect mine of that information which, packed, *pemican*-like, into proverbs, phrases, and words, is said to constitute the wisdom of nations."—*Century*.

"Every reading and writing man will be delighted with this really elegant volume. * * * The labor and the learning necessary to prepare such a work must have been enormous. * * * He (the author) ought to be better known, for his book is invaluable."—*Evening Bulletin*.

A NEW AND BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia, in connection with A. & C. BLACK, of Edinburgh, have in course of publication a new issue of the Author's favorite edition of the *Waverley Novels*, in 48 Volumes, cap 8vo, printed on a beautiful long primer type, and illustrated with over 1500 Wood-Cuts and Steel Engravings. \$1.25 per Volume.

Volumes 1 to 8, inclusive, are now ready, and the succeeding ones will be issued in rapid succession.

KENNEDY'S WORKS.

A NEW UNIFORM EDITION, COMPRISING

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON. One Volume,.....	\$1 25
ROB OF THE BOWL. One Volume,.....	1 25
SWALLOW BARN. One Volume,.....	1 25
LIFE OF WILLIAM WIRT. Two Volumes in One,.....	1 50

THE GLORY OF THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL;

OR, THE HEBREW'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY CITY.

Presenting a picture of Judaism in the century which preceded the advent of our Saviour. By FREDERICK STRAUSS.

One Volume, 12mo, \$1.25.

"We are glad to see a new and handsome American edition of a very remarkable book. It gives a singularly vivid picture of life among the Jews before the Christian era."—*Evening Bulletin*.

WORKS OF THE MISSES WARNER.

WIDE, WIDE WORLD. One Volume, 12mo,.....	\$1 25
QUEECHY. Two Volumes in One, 12mo,.....	1 25
DOLLARS AND CENTS. One Volume, 12mo,.....	1 25

SAY AND SEAL.

By the Author of "Wide, Wide World," and "Dollars and Cents." Will be published in January. Two Vols., 12mo.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.

By ROBERT DALE OWEN, formerly Member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples. One Volume, 12mo, \$1.25. Will be published January 1, 1860.

An important Addition to our Standard Literature.

THE STANDARD FRENCH CLASSICS.

NEW AMERICAN EDITIONS.

(UNIFORM WITH DERBY & JACKSON'S STANDARD FRENCH CLASSICS.)

EDITED BY O. W. WIGHT, A.M.,

Translator of M. Cousin's Philosophy, and Editor of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophical Works.

There having long been felt among book-buyers and scholars generally the need of library editions—convenient in size and reasonable in price—of the greatest and best FRENCH AUTHORS, the undersigned have undertaken to supply this desideratum, by the publication, in uniform style of print, paper, and binding, translations of the works of those celebrated French writers who have become classic in the History of Literature. Fifteen Volumes are now ready, as follows:

The Complete Works of Montaigne. Comprising his Essays, Journey to Italy, and Letters; with Notes from all the Commentators; Biographical and Bibliographical Notices, etc. By W. HAZLITT. A new and carefully revised edition, by O. W. WIGHT, A.M. Four Volumes.

Fenelon's Adventures of Telemachus. Translated by Dr. Hawkesworth. With a Life of Fenelon, by Lamartine. An Essay on his genius and character, by Villemain, etc., etc. Edited by O. W. WIGHT, A.M. One Volume.

Pascal's Provincial Letters. One Volume. It contains a very eloquent Life of Pascal; a fine Essay on his genius as a writer and moralist, by Villemain; a copious Historical Introduction, giving an account of the Port Royal Controversy, out of which the letters sprang; a Bibliographical Notice of all books treating of Pascal's Life and Writings, and the Letters in the Translation of Rev. Mr. Mc Clele.

The Thoughts, Letters, and Opuscules of Blaise Pascal. Translated by O. W. WIGHT, A.M.; with Introductory Notices, and Notes from all Commentators. One Volume.

This is the only complete translation of the Thoughts, embracing the excellences of the recent French editions of Fougère, Havet, Louandre, and Astié. It also contains lengthy Introductory Essays by Louandre, Henry Rogers, and Victor Cousin.

"There is, perhaps, no period in the history of our faith where the life and labors of Pascal—his premature genius and his brilliant talents—his piety and benevolence—his sorrows and his sufferings—his humility and his meekness—could be appealed to with more effect than that in which our lot is cast."—*North British Review*.

Voltaire's Life of Charles XII., King of Sweden. One Volume. Besides a carefully-revised translation of the Charles XII., this volume contains Lord Brougham's Life of Voltaire, the defects of which have been supplied by copious Editorial Notes; a Narrative of Voltaire's relation to Frederick the Great, by Macaulay; an estimate of Voltaire's genius and character, by Carlyle, etc., etc.

Voltaire's La Henriade. With the Battle of Fontenoy, Dissertations on Man, Law of Nature, Destruction of Lisbon, Temple of Taste, and Temple of Friendship. From the French of M. DE VOLTAIRE. With Notes from all the Commentators. Edited by O. W. WIGHT, A.M. One Volume, 12mo.

This is a carefully-revised and carefully-edited translation of Voltaire's well-known Epic, and of his best Poems.

"Voltaire's poetic works exhibit brilliant imagery, picturesque description, point and epigram, boundless fertility of fancy, variety of striking and vigorous satire, all clothed in verse as natural as Swift, and far more varied, as well as harmonious."—LORD BROUGHAM.

Germany. By Madame the Baroness de Stael-Holstein. With Notes and Appendices by O. W. WIGHT, A.M. Two Volumes.

Corinne; or, Italy. By Madame de Stael. Translated by Isabel Hill. With metrical versions of the Odes, by L. E. LANDOR. One Volume.

THE MARTYRS. By M. De Chateaubriand. A revised Translation. Edited by O. W. WIGHT, A.M. One Volume.

This is the first time a complete and unexpurgated edition of Chateaubriand's great novel has ever appeared in English.

"I find, at every instant, fresh, simple, grand beauties of form—certain pages that belong to the greatest master of this century, that none of us, formed in his school, could ever write, doing our best."—GEORGE SAND.

La Fontaine's Fables. Illustrated by J. J. Grandville. Translated from the French, by Elmer Wright, Jr. Edited by O. W. WIGHT, A.M. Two Volumes.

"There is something in La Fontaine that transports us back to the innocent thoughts of childhood; and when he introduces himself amongst the characters of his scene, we seem to read the unpremeditated effusions of a heart absolutely without guile, breaking out in those occasional touches of tenderness which, seemingly without design, but never without effect, are scattered through his pages."—*Quarterly Review*.

Price, per Volume, bound in cloth,	\$1 25
" " " sheep, library style,	1 50
" " " half calf, gilt, or antique,	2 25

The complete set of Fifteen Volumes, put up in a neat case, in half calf or antique, \$33.75.

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,

119 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.

**GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED**



**FAMILY
SEWING MACHINES.**

**FEW STYLES AT REDUCED PRICES,
EXTRA CHARGE OF \$5 FOR MEMBERS.**

695 Broadway, - - New York.
18 Summer Street, - - Boston.
730 Chestnut Street, - Philadelphia.
181 Baltimore St., - Baltimore.
68 West Fourth Street, - Cincinnati.

*Agencies in all the principal Cities and Towns
in the United States.*

These Machines sew from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no re-winding of thread; they Hem, Fell, Gather and Stitch in a superior style, finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the hand-needle, as is required by other Machines.

TESTIMONIALS.

"Having had one of Grover & Baker's Machines in my family for nearly a year and a half, I take pleasure in commending it as every way reliable for the purpose for which it is designed—*Family Sewing.*"—*Mrs. Joshua Leavitt, wife of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent.*

"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Machine, which has been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing by simply changing the spools of thread."—*Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor of N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

"After trying several different good machines, I preferred yours, on account of its simplicity, and the perfect ease with which it is managed, as well as the strength and durability of the seam. After long experience, I feel competent to speak in this manner, and to confidently recommend it for every variety of family sewing."—*Mrs. E. B. Spooner, wife of the Editor of Brooklyn Star.*

"I have used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, from Cambric to Broadcloth. Garments have been worn out without the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."—*Mrs. A. B. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New York.*

"For several months we have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and have come to the conclusion that every lady who desires her sewing beautifully and quickly done, would be most fortunate in possessing one of these reliable and indefatigable 'Iron needle-women,' whose combined qualities of beauty, strength and simplicity, are invaluable."—*J. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Editor of the Home Journal.*

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than satisfied my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—*J. H. Hammond, Senator of South Carolina.*

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—*J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.*

"I use my Machine upon coats, dress-making, and fine line stitching, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hand-sewing, or any other machine I have ever seen."—*Lucy B. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.*



Singer's Sewing-Machines.

PRICES REDUCED TO \$50, \$75, \$110, and \$125.

THE plain reason why Singer's Sewing-Machines have always sold readily at a higher average price than any other, is that they are better, more durable, more reliable, capable of doing a much greater variety of work, and earning more money. Long-continued popularity is proof of sterling merit. In the purchase of what are called cheap Sewing-Machines, thousands have been deceived and disappointed, but with Singer's Machines there is never any failure or mistake.

SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE,

the price of which is only \$50, is a light and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family. It has secured a great reputation during the few months since it was first offered to the public.

SINGER'S TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE-MACHINE,

to be sold at \$75, is a Machine entirely new in its arrangement; it is very beautiful, moves rapidly and very easily, and, for family use and light manufacturing purposes, is the very best and cheapest Machine ever offered to the public. These Machines are being increased in number as rapidly as possible, and yet the demand for them cannot be fully supplied.

SINGER'S No. 1 STANDARD SHUTTLE-MACHINE,

formerly sold at \$125, but now reduced to \$110, is too well known all over the world to need any description. Every sort of work, coarse or fine, can be done with it.

SINGER'S No. 2 STANDARD SHUTTLE-MACHINE.

This is the favorite manufacturing Machine every where. The size of the Machine gives ample space for almost every description of work, which, together with its admirable working qualities, gives it a decided advantage. Price, with table complete, \$125.

Since the great reduction in the price of these Standard Machines, on the 1st of October, 1868, the sale of them has increased fourfold.

All of Singer's Machines make the interlocked stitch with two threads, which is the best stitch known. Every person desiring to procure full and reliable information about Sewing-Machines, their sizes, prices, working capacities, and the best methods of purchasing, can obtain it by sending for a copy of *I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette*, which is a useful pictorial paper, entirely devoted to the subject. *It will be supplied gratis.*

I. M. SINGER & CO., 455 Broadway, New-York.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

A compound remedy in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alternative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alternative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERUPTIONS AND ERUPTIVE DISEASES, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TUMORS, SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, SYPHILIS AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, MERCURIAL DISEASE, DROPSY, NEURALGIA OR TIC DOLOUREUX, DEBILITY, DYSPESIA AND INDIGESTION, ERYSIPELAS, ROSE OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alternative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health and live longer for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this pabulum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or any thing else.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. And we think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be taken according to directions on the bottle.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,

LOWELL, MASS.

Price, \$1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for \$5.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues wherever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetters, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price, 25 cents per Box; Five Boxes for \$1.00.

Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of these remedies, but our space here will not permit the insertion of them. The agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full description of the above complaints, and the treatment that should be followed for their cure.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S, and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

All our remedies are for sale by all Druggists and dealers every where.

NEW VOLUME!---JANUARY, 1860!!
IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CLUBS.

THIS IS THE PROPER TIME TO SUBSCRIBE AND MAKE UP CLUBS.

Ladies' American Magazine.

TERMS—1 copy one year, \$2; 2 copies one year, \$3; 8 copies for a club, with one additional copy, \$10.

This is the cheapest and best magazine in America, and combines all the literary features of the principal monthlies, while as regards pictorial embellishment it far exceeds any other periodical now published. Every number contains a beautiful steel engraving and colored steel fashions, engraved in the best style of the art expressly for this magazine from actual articles of costume. Engravings, with full and plain descriptions, will be given every month of the most serviceable and attractive costumes for ladies and children; also handsome patterns for crochet and needlework. The most popular writers of the day are among its constant contributors. Specimens furnished to all who wish to subscribe or make up clubs. All postmasters constituted agents, but any person may get up a club.

HENRY WHITE, Publisher,

37 Park Row, New York.

LIGHT & BRADBURY'S,

PIANO FORTE

MANUFACTURERS,

421 Broome Street, New York.

Excelsior is our motto. To produce the **VERY BEST**
PIANO FORTE our aim and determination.



Every real improvement we adopt. Nothing good that experience, labor, or money will procure do we reject. Fullness, richness, sonoroussness, make up the quality of our tone; elasticity and delicacy our touch; and in every climate our instruments stand in tune. Our pianos are in nearly all the schools in New York, and in academies all over the country. In the families of divines, men of letters and musical professors, there probably are more of our instruments than of any other maker. They never have failed to secure the first premiums at Fairs, and the unqualified approbation of the profession.

All who are in want of a good Piano Forte will do well to try our instruments.

A liberal discount to the trade and to clergymen.

WHOLESOME BREAD.

**JAMES
 PYLE'S
 DIETETIC
 Saleratus.**

**JAMES
 PYLE'S
 DIETETIC
 Saleratus.**

**JAMES
 PYLE'S
 DIETETIC
 Saleratus.**

HOUSEKEEPERS! ALWAYS BUY THE BEST!

This **SALERATUS** should be found in the culinary departments of every house in this land. Its unquestionable purity, and excellence in producing **GOOD BREAD**, must bring it into general use. The wide-spread reputation it has already gained is the result of real merit, and shows the ability of the American People to discriminate in favor of a wholesome article.

There are thousands of sufferers from dyspepsia, decayed teeth, and other derangements of the system, brought on by the use of common CAUSTIC SALERATUS. It is a sad spectacle, too, to look upon the "puny-faced child" of the present day, without constitution, and with its teeth all eaten out, and think of the cause being impurities of food.

How much longer, good MOTHERS, is this state of things to last? Ask for

JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS,

which is **FREE FROM EVERY IMPURITY**, and as harmless to the stomach as flour itself.

If you want nice Biscuit, Cake, etc., you can find nothing to equal it. Tell your Grocer you want no other. No doubt he will tell you it is no better than any other, in order to get rid of his old stock, or something on which he can realize larger profit; but persevere until you get it, and **JUDGE FOR YOURSELF**.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

The readiness of unscrupulous rivals to imitate our labels, signifies much in our favor. The genuine is done up in pounds, halves, and quarters, with the name of "**JAMES PYLE**" on each.

Depot, 345 Washington Street,
 Corner of Franklin.

NEW YORK.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

FOR
EVERY
LIBRARY.

WASHINGTON
IRVING'S
Writings.
31 Vols.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S
Writings.

8 Vols.

Priced Lists furnished on application to
G. P. PUTNAM, No. 115 Nassau Street.

I.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S NEW WORK.

(Completing the Series.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A Sketch-Book of Life, Scenery, and Men. By BAYARD TAYLOR. With two fine engravings, 500 pages. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25. For particulars, "See Small Bills."
Also, New Editions of

BAYARD TAYLOR'S TRAVELS, COMPLETE.

In 8 vols., 12mo, in boxes, \$10; in sheep, \$12; in half-calf, extra, \$18.

II.

A New Edition, in 12mo, of SALMAGUNDI. By IRVING, PAULDINE, Etc. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

III.

Prof. Greene's New Work, BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES: COOPER, CRAWFORD, IRVING, COLB, Etc. 12mo. Cloth. 75 cents.

IV.

A New Edition of ART MANUFACTURES. By Geo. C. MASON. With 100 engravings. 12mo. \$2.

V.

New "Sunny-side" editions of THE SKETCH-BOOK, KNICKERBOCKER, BRANCH-BRIDGE HALL. Each, in fine cloth, \$1.25; gilt extra, \$1.75; calf extra, \$2.75; morocco extra, \$3. Newly stereotyped, and printed on fine tinted paper, with steel vignettes.

Also, New Editions of IRVING'S WHOLE WORKS. See Catalogue.

G. P. PUTNAM, 115 Nassau Street, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1776.

A. BININGER & CO..

IMPORTERS OF FINE

Brandies, Wines, Liquors, Segars,

TEAS, AND GROCERIES,

Nos. 92 & 94 LIBERTY ST.,

NEW-YORK.

ABRAHAM B. CLARK,

ABRAHAM BININGER,

The only and Sole Successors of ABRAHAM BININGER, Sr., who commenced this business in 1776 and which has been handed successively to son and grandsons, down to the present day.

Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!
BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!

ELEGANT! ELEGANT! ELEGANT!
ELEGANT! ELEGANT! ELEGANT!
ELEGANT! ELEGANT! ELEGANT!

THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!
THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!
THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!

A NEW DISCOVERY!
A NEW DISCOVERY!
A NEW DISCOVERY!

SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!

For Beautifying, Puffing, Curling,
For Beautifying, Puffing, Curling,
For Beautifying, Puffing, Curling,

Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,
Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,
Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,

Laying and Setting the Hair.
Laying and Setting the Hair.
Laying and Setting the Hair.

Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,

And at same time a stiffness.
And at same time a stiffness.
And at same time a stiffness.

As you dress the Hair so it remains.
As you dress the Hair so it remains.
As you dress the Hair so it remains.

Try it and then judge.
Try it and then judge.
Try it and then judge.

It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.
It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.
It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.

A perfect Gem! A perfect Gem!
A perfect Gem! A perfect Gem!
A perfect Gem! A perfect Gem!

For Ladies' and Children's use.
For Ladies' and Children's use.
For Ladies' and Children's use.

For the Beauty, Fashion and Respectability.
For the Beauty, Fashion and Respectability.
For the Beauty, Fashion and Respectability.

The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet.
The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet.
The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet.

It's a first-class article.
It's a first-class article.
It's a first-class article.

Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!
Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!
Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!

It should be in every family.
It should be in every family.
It should be in every family.

It's the best preparation
It's the best preparation
It's the best preparation

For the Hair—for the Hair
For the Hair—for the Hair

In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.

Address, MRS. ISABEL SCIPLE. Depot, No. 33 Ann Street, near the Astor House, N. Y. Price, 50 cents per box; sent by Express. For sale at 614 Broadway.

"Mary, what have you on your hair?"

"Why, what makes you ask me that, Laura?"

"Well, because your hair looks so glossy and silky, and lies so smooth and nice on your head. Why, it's really beautiful! I never saw you with your hair so handsomely arranged; what a soft, delicate, and gentle appearance it has. Who dressed it?"

"I did, myself, Laura."

"What did you put on it?—you might as well out with it, and not keep me in such painful suspense; I'll find out any way, and you might as well tell me first as last, for I am quite sure there must be something new out. I have seen many fashionable ladies, mingled with them at Newport, Saratoga, Niagara Falls, and every other first-class place—seen the honored bride at the Diamond Wedding, arrayed like a queen, and with all the splendor that wealth could bestow—have made tours through Europe—have seen the beauty and fashion of the Old World—seen Queens and Emperors, etc., etc., but never was so fascinated with a head of hair as yours. Why, it's exquisite in the extreme! Come, Mary, do tell me—what is it?"

"Well, Laura, I'll tell you, it's a perfect Gem for Ladies, and so nice for children. Come here, daughter, let this lady see how nice your hair sets; call your brother, dear." "Georgy, come; mother wants you, to show this lady how beautiful your hair is fixed." "There, Laura, don't they look sweet! Look how that top-knot sets! I dressed my hair with it the other evening to go to a ball; I danced nearly all night, and in the morning my hair was just as smooth as when I went on the floor. The secret of this thing, Laura, is, as you dress or fix your hair, so it remains. It keeps the hair in position."

"Well, Mary, I knew there must be something out, for I know you had tried every thing."

"Yes, Laura, and the beauty of this is, it's a first-class article for the first-class times we live in."

"Where is it to be had—do the druggists keep it? Come, Mary, do tell me what it is."

"Well, Laura, if the druggists and fancy dealers don't have it, they will be behind the age, for I tell you it's the *me plus ultra* of the times."

"Stop, Mary, stop; for pity's sake stop, and tell me what it is."

"Well, Laura, I'll tell you; it's Mrs. Sciple's Celebrated Soft French Tallow."

"Where can I procure a box, Mary?"

"You can get it at the depot, 33 Ann Street, 616 Broadway, and, in a short time, in every drug and fancy house in the known world."

[To be continued.]

The New-York Tribune.

PREPARE FOR THE GREAT POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1860!

Inducements to Clubs!

Now is the Time to Subscribe!

THE TRIBUNE, now more than eighteen years old, and having over a quarter of a million of subscribers, or constant purchasers, diffused through every State and Territory of our Union, will continue in essence what it has been, the earnest champion of Liberty, Progress, and of whatever will conduce to our national growth in Virtue, Industry, Knowledge, and Prosperity.

The New-York Daily Tribune

is printed on a large imperial sheet, and published every morning and evening, (Sundays excepted.) It contains Editorials on the topics of the times, employing a large corps of the best newspaper writers of the day; Domestic and Foreign Correspondence; Proceedings of Congress; Reports of Lectures; City News; Cattle, Horse, and Produce Markets; Reviews of Books; Literary Intelligence; Papers on Mechanics and the Arts, Cookery, etc., etc.

We strive to make THE TRIBUNE a newspaper to meet the wants of the public—its Telegraphic news alone costing over \$15,000 per annum.

TERMS—we prepaying U. S. Postage.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE is mailed to subscribers at \$7 per annum, in advance; \$3 for six months.

The New-York Semi-Weekly Tribune

is published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, and contains all the Editorials of the Daily, with the Cattle, Horse, and General Markets, reliably reported expressly for THE TRIBUNE; Notices of New Inventions; Foreign and Domestic Correspondence; Articles on Cookery; and during the sessions of Congress it contains a summary of Congressional doings, with the more important speeches. We shall, as heretofore, make THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE a Literary, as well as a Political newspaper, and we are determined that it shall remain in the front rank of family papers.

TERMS—we prepaying U. S. Postage.

One copy, one year,	\$3.00
Two copies, one year,	5.50
Five copies, one year,	13.00
Ten copies, one year, to one address,	25.00

Any person sending us a club of twenty, or over, will be entitled to an extra copy. For a club of forty, we will send THE DAILY TRIBUNE one year.

The New-York Weekly Tribune,

A large eight-page paper for the country, is published every SATURDAY, and contains Editorials on the important topics of the times; the News of the Week; interesting Correspondence from all parts of the world; the New-York Cattle, Horse, and Produce Markets; interesting and reliable Political, Mechanical, and Agricultural Articles; Papers on Cookery, etc., etc.

We shall, during this year, as hitherto, constantly labor to improve the quality of the instructive entertainment afforded by THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE, which we intend shall continue to be the best Family Weekly Newspaper published in the world. We consider the Cattle Market Reports alone richly worth to cattle-raisers a year's subscription price.

TERMS—we prepaying U. S. Postage.

One copy, one year,	\$2.00
Three copies, one year,	5.00
Five copies, one year,	8.00
Ten copies, one year,	13.00
Twenty copies, one year, to one address,	25.00
Twenty copies, one year, to address of each subscriber,	29.00

Any person sending us a club of twenty, or more, will be entitled to an extra copy. For a club of forty, we will send THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE; and for a club of one hundred, THE DAILY TRIBUNE will be sent gratis.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. Terms always cash in advance. All letters to be addressed to

HORACE GREELEY & CO.,

Tribune Buildings, Nassau St., New-York.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S

S E R M O N S ,

REVISED BY THE AUTHOR, WILL APPEAR IN THE

THE INDEPENDENT

EVERY WEEK.

This announcement alone should be a sufficient inducement to thousands to send their subscriptions.

The conductors of *this* paper aim to make it the most influential and useful religious newspaper published in this country. To this end they employ an array of Editors, Special Contributors, Regular Correspondents, Miscellaneous Essayists, Commercial Reporters, and other writers, each of whom contributes a valuable and indispensable part of every weekly number.

In addition to this, arrangements are now in progress by which *THE INDEPENDENT* for the coming year will be made still more interesting and attractive.

A wider range of good reading will be introduced, and the paper will be printed throughout with new type.

It is intended that any one of the following departments of the paper, namely, the Sermons of

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

the Contributions of the

REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER,

the Poems of

JOHN G. WHITTIER,

the Commercial Articles and Market Reports, Editorial Articles, or the Family Reading, shall be worth more than the entire subscription price for one year.

We are happy to announce that our subscription list is increasing more rapidly than ever before; and as a special inducement to our readers we will say, that for every *two new subscribers* sent us with \$5, we will credit the party sending the same with one year's subscription.

The friends of *THE INDEPENDENT* in all sections of the country will favor the cause in which we are engaged by using their influence to extend our circulation. Terms, \$2 a year, in advance. Address,

JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, PUBLISHER,

No. 5 Beekman Street, New-York.

HARRISON'S PATENT KITCHENER, OR EUROPEAN RANGE



Whether the "Kitchener" be the greatest or the very best cooking apparatus in the market. It does not matter—Baking, Boiling, and, etc.—and, with great economy of fuel, and in very simple, ready, and useful, will not longer than our other Ranges, and to a great saving in fuel. Also from 2 feet 6 inches to 20 feet long, and prices from \$25.00.

Send for a catalogue.

Manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail, and put up, in city and country, by

BRAMBALL, HEDGE & CO.,

442 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

722

Knickerbocker.



NEW-YORK
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

NEW-YORK:

JOHN A. MANTON & J. J. JAMES PUBLISHERS,
CORN HILL, NEW-YORK.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 10, 1879, at New-York, N.Y.,
under Post Office No. 222, Post Office at New-York, N.Y.,
for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1879, authorized on July 16, 1880.

Accepted for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1879, authorized on July 16, 1880.

Printed and Published by
JOHN A. MANTON & J. J. JAMES

NEW-YORK.

1864, June 21. 5 p. 52

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Vol. LV.

FEBRUARY, 1860.

No. 2.



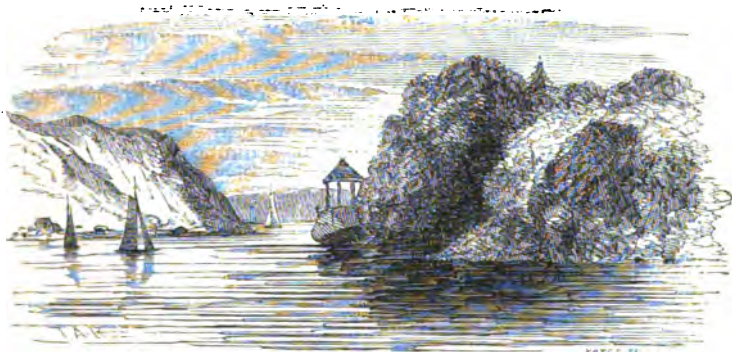
THE RIVER FROM SLEEPY HOLLOW.

THE village of Tarrytown lies in quiet beauty upon the verdant slopes which sweep down from the Greenburg hills to the edge of the Tappan Sea. The roofs and chimneys of the ancient hamlet are seen amidst the spars and sails of the busy river-craft far along the shore : while above, on terrace after terrace, upon the right hand and upon the left, are the cosy cottages and the stately chateaux which the more recent romantic occupation of the region has so magically conjured up. Not one of the many pictures of the Hudson falls more strikingly or more gratefully upon the eye of the traveller, as he gazes wonderingly from the deck of his passing steamer, and at no time is he more likely to consult his guide-book, or to question his neighbors. And nothing more reasonable, for the story involved is well worth his seeking and his having. Tarrytown is a famous little place, in topographical beauty, in historic record, in poetic reminiscences, and in social delight. Its chronicles go back more than two centuries, being contemporary with those of New-Amsterdam itself, for scarcely had the valorous Dutchmen of that day lighted their pipes on the then desert island of Manhattan before they began to explore the contiguous beauties. It is not likely that the attractions of the present site of Tarrytown would have escaped their intelligent notice, even without the hint they got from the Indian hamlet which already occupied it.

The first purchase hereabouts by the European adventurers was in 1680, very soon after which settlements were commenced ; though up to the period of the revolution but little advance was made ; for we are told that as late as 1776, the village consisted of only twelve houses. When peace and prosperity returned to the land, the settle-



TARRYTOWN—SOUTH FROM IRVING PARK.



KINGSLAND'S POINT, TARRYTOWN.

ment began to increase and wax fat, and not the less so with the help of the active enterprise of the recruits who poured in, all unbidden, from the neighboring New-England colonies—the dreaded ‘*losel Yankees*’ of the time. ‘*Tarwe town*,’ the name by which the Dutch at first called the hamlet, in memento, it is supposed, of the abundance of its wheat culture, fell, in process of time, into the present nomenclature of Tarrytown, through the agency, says Mr. Irving, of the worthy housewives of the neighborhood, who had good reason to know the village only as the place at which their forgetful husbands were prone to tarry over-much on market and holidays.

Keeping pace with the steady growth of the river-settlements, Tarrytown gradually expanded from the hamlet of revolutionary days into the populous and thriving village of these later times, and within the very few years past, since the generous outpouring upon the river-shores of the wealth and elegance of the great metropolis below, it has become one of the most sumptuous of all the present beautiful villa neighborhoods.

Tarrytown was the centre of much stirring adventure during the period of the national struggle for independence. We have already spoken of that memorable incident, the capture of the British spy, André, which occurred in what was then the vicinity, but is now the heart of the village. A populous and elegant street now passes the spot where Paulding and his companions lay hidden, and a bold obelisk points it out to the passing traveller. At the time of the action, the scene was overshadowed by a stately whitewood tree, which by a singular coincidence was destroyed by lightning on the very day that the news of Arnold’s death came to Tarrytown. The remains of this monumental tree were long preserved, but at this day not a trace of it is left. It was worthy of high regard in its own right, being a

veritable monarch of the woods, with a grand girth of twenty-six feet, and with a crown of corresponding state; but especially was it cherished and revered for the histories which were told by its swaying limbs and its rustling leaves. 'Major André's tree,' as it was called, is graphically described in the 'Sketch Book' of Irving, and pleasantly associated with the immortal history of Ichabod Crane and Sleepy Hollow.

In a little volume of 'Letters about the Hudson,' by the late Freeman Hunt, published more than twenty years ago, there is a story which may be agreeably rehearsed in connection with the arrest of André, and as a curious prelude to that history. The scene is laid above Tarrytown, near that part of Haverstraw Bay which is known by the name of the 'Mother's Lap.' Thereabouts, in the autumn of 1780, two young men, named Sherwood and Peterson, while lounging along with their muskets, chanced to descry the approach of an English gun-boat, with twenty-four men laying upon their oars. Not supposing the red coats to have any lawful object in thus seeking the shore, the two lads secreted themselves behind a huge rock near the margin of the river, and after a careful reconnoitering of the enemy, unceremoniously saluted them by the simultaneous discharge of their pieces. Two of the crew were killed, whereupon the rest, being all unprepared for such a reception, made a hasty retreat toward the British sloop-of-war Vulture, from which it seemed they had come. While the assailants were watching the sloop in anticipation of a renewal of the attempt to land, and were turning over the whole matter in their minds, wondering what mischief it might portend, they saw a man cautiously draw near to that part of the river-shore toward which the boat's course had been directed. A shade of disappointment seemed to cloud his features for a moment, when, observing the proximity of the two loungers, he cast a look of indifference around him, and retracing his steps for a few rods, moved on in another direction. This stranger was none other than Major André, who was at this moment on his



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH, SLEEPY HOLLOW.



THE 'OLD MILL,' SLEEPY HOLLOW.

way to the British quarters in New-York, fully possessed of all the papers and advices necessary to the consummation of Arnold's treason. But for the misadventure of the gun-boat he would have safely reached the decks of the 'Vulture' instead of pressing his course toward the city, as he did, by land; and in that event, how marvellously changed the history might have been!

A pleasant passage in the revolutionary records of Tarrytown is the story of the successful surprise by the Americans of a large corps of British refugees, gathered at the tavern of Elizabeth Van Tassel. The enemy were amusing their evening hours with cards, when Major Hunt and his volunteers rushed into the apartment, the Major exclaiming, as he brandished a huge club with which he was armed, over the table: 'Gentlemen, clubs are trumps!'

The luckless card-players were avenged by other and counter incidents in the strife, as in the capture by Colonel Emmerick of the Continental Guard, which was quartered in Requa's house, when four of the patriots were killed and the remaining dozen were taken prisoners. And again, in the spring of 1782, when a party of refugees, commanded by Lieut. Akerly, captured three American militia men, named Yerks, Van Wart, and Strong, the latter being hanged on the spot.

On the nineteenth of October, 1778, eleven hundred British troops

landed at Tarrytown, from batteaux in which they had embarked the evening before at Peekskill. These forces for a while occupied the surrounding heights.

At another time, the British vessels, which made their way up the river, were vigorously cannonaded from the neighborhood of Tarrytown. The country, lying as it did mid-way between the opposing armies, and occupied as it was now by one side and now by the other, the scales of war went up and down with sudden and surprising reversions, giving the laurel alternately to each.

Remains of military works are yet to be seen in the village and its vicinage, as in the old cemetery of Sleepy Hollow above and upon the hill slope below, upon which the Indian village of Alipconck, or the Place of Elms, which existed at the period of the first European purchase, is supposed to have stood.

Side by side with the historic page of our village, comes its legendary chronicles, so vivid and clinging so closely to the scenes around which they are spun, that it is hard to say which seem to us the more real, the actual or the imaginary events. For the poetic and romantic associations of the Hudson we are chiefly indebted to the fruitful and fanciful pen of the late Washington Irving. This most illustrious and most beloved of our authors, was born upon the beautiful river, and he ever looked upon its waters and upon its shores, upon every swelling wave, every rock and mountain, headland and island, with that eye of gentle affection, through which they appeared to his fancy in their sweetest and most joyous aspects. In this spirit it was that he delighted to read their histories and to tell their fortunes. In all the long course of the river we find every where the impress of his genius and love; in the tender tale clinging to this spot, the weird legend wound about that, and the droll jest which will forever be recalled by another. While he thus worshipped his dear native river, from the mountains to the sea, it was to that portion of it of which we are now writing, the generous waters and shores of the Tappan Sea, that his heart most



THE BRIDGE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.



'CARL'S MILL' IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.

yearned. Here, in the neighborhood of Tarrytown, was it that he passed much of his boyhood and youth, and here it was that he at length, in ripe years and in the zenith of his world-wide fame established his domestic altar, and still here is it that he at last sleeps, in the grave of his own choice, amid the scenes he so delighted to embellish.

'Sunnyside,' the home of Irving, described in our preceding chapter, stands near the river, some two miles below the landing and the railway station at Tarrytown. It will ever be, as it long has been, a revered Mecca to the literary and to the art pilgrim by virtue of its double association with both the life and the works of the departed author. In this romantic cottage Mr. Irving dwelt, with intervals of absence, during the last twenty-five years of his life, and wrote some of his happiest books, among them that crowning glory of his literary career, the 'Life of Washington.' To the graces of his genius we owe the real and the unreal 'Sunnyside,' the one as it actually stands in material form, and the other as it is known to the world away in the rich garb of romance in which his felicitous imagination clothed it. But much as we may be tempted to linger in the whispering shades of Sunnyside, it is still beyond that we must turn for the scenes of Mr. Irving's happiest imaginings; onward toward the upper extremity of our village, where our feet may enter the classic glens of Sleepy

Hollow. So perfect is the art with which these scenes are decked, that away from them the whole seems to us only a beautiful ideality, and the very name of 'Sleepy Hollow' but a poetic thought; while, when actually in their midst, the places and conditions are so real that the myths assume substantial existence in our midst, and we grow to believe as firmly in Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman as in Major André and John Paulding themselves. The unfortunate soldier was captured under the whitewood tree, and on the self-same spot down went the heart of the lank pedagogue at the sound of the groans of the pursuing Hessian. Standing upon the spot and recalling both stories, it is difficult to determine which is the real and which the ideal.

Much of the romantic association with which the pen of Irving has beautified the vicinage of Tarrytown has grown out of the famous story which his fancy spun from the pre-conceived tradition that the region was haunted by the grim ghost of a Hessian trooper, 'whose head,' says the author, 'had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war.' That he was buried near the ancient church of Sleepy Hollow, and was wont, in dark and dismal nights, to mount his weird charger and gallop forth 'over bush and brake' in quest of his missing head; now and then compelling the frightened folk whom he encountered in his forays to mount behind him, when he would thunder onward until he approached the little bridge which crosses the brook near the churchyard which he inhabited, and would then turn into a skeleton, pitch his fellow-rider into the water, and 'spring over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder,' or vanish in a flash of fire! The little valley known as Sleepy Hollow—the scene of the legend—is represented as having been 'under the sway of some witching power, that had a spell over the minds of the good people,' predisposing them to trances and visions and to a ready credence in all species of marvellous tales and 'twilight superstitions.' In this sequestered and dreamy glen, and amidst these simple-minded folk, there 'tarried' whilome 'a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane,' whose office it was to preside in the little school-house and ditribute crumbs of wis-



BROOK SCENE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.



'ROCKWOOD'—SEAT OF EDWIN BARTLETT, ESQ.

dom to the rising generation. 'He was,' says the legend, again, 'a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country school-masters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs; hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves; feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small and flat at the top, with huge ears; large green, glassy eyes, and a long, snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.' The worthy Ichabod's professional occupation as a teacher of youth, and also as an instructor in psalmody, threw him into the society of the beautiful Katrina Van Tassel, the belle and heiress of the neighborhood, and he soon fell a victim the potency of her charms and the

dazzling picture of the plenty with which she was surrounded. As he pressed his suit, his more rustic rivals withdrew in despair ; all save one, 'a burly, roaring, roistering,' and hard-riding hero, who was admired and feared all the country round under the sobriquet of Brom Bones. Brom, all undismayed by the superior graces and accomplishments of the pedagogue, stuck to his colors undaunted, and bravely disputed the prize inch by inch. As the fair Katrina was too much of a coquette to decide the question for the opposing swains, Brom was determined that they should arrange the matter themselves. Failing in his efforts to persuade Ichabod to a decision by a trial of muscle, no resource was left to the jolly suitor but his mother wit. This by no means powerless weapon he for some time wielded, in various rude practical jokes, upon the perplexed psalmist, when they were both bidden to a grand merry-making, or quilting frolic, at the homestead of old Baltas Van Tassel, the father of the contested heiress. After a notable carouse and toward the mystic hours, the assembly dispersed, Ichabod taking his way — not a little crest-fallen from some cause or other — toward the stables, where he, having bestrode old Gunpowder, the steed which he had borrowed for the occasion, made all speed for his quarters in the Hollow. He mused as he rode upon the incidents of the night, and especially upon the ghostly tales which had been told, and more than all, upon the new and fearful versions of the legend of the headless Hessian. Reaching the great whitewood tree of André memory, he was startled by what seemed to his apprehensive ears a deadly groan ; and soon after prayers came to his bloodless lips as he found himself followed by the very apparition of his fears. On bounded old Gunpowder, no less terrified than his rider, in a mad pursuit, wonderfully described in the legend, until they at length approached the bridge, beyond which lay sanctuary for the pursued. At this critical moment the ghostly horseman rose like a colossus in his stirrups and hurled his head, which he had before carried on the pommel of his saddle, plump at the devoted Ichabod. 'It encountered his cranium,' says the story ; 'he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.' From that day forth the school-master was missing, but on the morning following the mid-night gallop, his steed was discovered quietly cropping the grass near the bridge, and hard by were gathered the remains of a huge shattered pumpkin.

We present this rapid abstract of the immortal legend, that our readers unfamiliar with it, if any such there should chance to be, may follow us intelligently over the scenes amid which it transpired. The Sleepy Hollow of the tale lies within a pleasant stroll, a mile or so, of Tarrytown. It is a quiet nook in the lap of the hills ; in its aspect, as suggestive now of repose and of sunny or shady dreams, as in the time

of the luckless Ichabod. A beautiful brook, known as the 'Pocantico,' and again as 'Mill River,' winds through the vale, and passing almost in the shadow of the old church of the legend, enters the Hudson at the upper end of the village. It is easy enough to the fancy as one rambles here, to re-people the solitudes with their traditionary inhabitants; to see again, in the person of some tall rustic, the gaunt form of the master; and in some one of the little huts, the school-house where he administered his doses of wisdom and birch, and in another the ancient abode of his host, the choleric Hans Van Ripper.

Far up in the glen, where the brook runs amid mossy rocks, is an old mill, the original of the quaint 'Carl's Mill,' where in learned colloquy with the occupant, a grave 'African sage,' the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker is supposed to have possessed himself of the 'surprising though true story,' as Mr. Irving calls his history of the 'Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow,' as well as of other astonishing reminiscences.

The ancient Dutch Church where Ichabod Crane led the choir, and



RESIDENCE OF MRS. A. G. PHELPS.

thought himself second in dignity only to the parson himself, and where the headless trunk of the unquiet Hessian was buried, stands, not in the little vale properly known as Sleepy Hollow, but nearer to the Hudson, and directly on the great road to Sing-Sing above, the original highway from New-York to Albany. It is a picturesque old edifice, apart from all the embellishments of history and romance. The walls are built of stone and of brick, imported for the purpose from Holland; and an antique belfry surmounts an old-fashioned hipped roof. Formerly the entrance was upon the side, but now it is from the gable-end, fronting the road. A Grecian portico, which was a 'modern improvement' for some years, has recently been taken away, and the old air of the building restored, much to its advantage. The church was erected in 1699 by Frederick Philipse and his wife, and a tablet set in the wall to the left of the entrance, intimates this fact. 'The interior of the edifice,' says Bolton, 'has undergone much repair and alteration, semi-gothic lights having supplanted the old-fashioned square-headed windows. The pulpit and *Heilig Avond-maal* (holy communion table) were, like the brick, originally imported from Holland, the former being a capacious affair, surmounted by a sounding-board. Like the church itself, the pulpit and canopy have not escaped the hand of innovation; but, thanks to a few generous spirits, the communion-table still remains, untouched, a venerable relic of a by-gone age. The bell of the church,' adds the writer just quoted, 'was cast in Holland, and presented by Frederick Philipse.' Upon the western end of the edifice is a curious vane, in the shape of a flag, upon which are inscribed the initials of the generous founder. The communion service, which he also presented, consists of two silver beakers, one of which bears his name and the other that of his wife. They are about seven inches high, and are richly engraved with antique figures and dainty tracery. Beside these valuable relics, the church possesses a baptismal bowl of solid silver, eight inches and a half in diameter, which is also inscribed with the name of the donor, 'Fredrych Felypse.' The old church has now fallen into disuse, except upon very special occasions.

This venerable edifice is greatly treasured by the Tarrytown folk, who delight to recount its history. Mr. Irving took especial comfort in gazing upon its dingy old walls, and the many allusions to it in his published sketches and in his correspondence, sparkle with the pleasantest characteristics both of his humor and his pathos. Long ago he selected his last resting-place within the quiet cemetery which it overshadows, and hither was he borne on the fifteenth of December last (1859) at the ripe age of seventy-six years. His honored grave will henceforth be the chiefest and dearest of all the associations which in the lapse of nearly two centuries have gathered about the classic spot.



CROTON POINT, FROM SING-SING.

Very near the church, and on the eastern edge of the pond into which the waters of the Pocantico are gathered after passing under the little bridge, is an ancient mill and the homestead in other days of the Philipse family, the lords of the manor. It is now sometimes, as formerly, called the Manor House, or Castle Philipse. Famous stories, no doubt, the time-hopored edifice might tell, of its rank and state in other days, when its masters ruled the land with feudal sway, and all did them reverence. Though staunch and massive now as ever, the once proud 'castle,' is sadly belittled by the elegant and sumptuous homes which have of late years grown up so thickly around it. It has indeed, as if conscious of its faded glories, modestly retired from public gaze; for in the thick leafage which surrounds it, we can see only where, and not what, it is. The 'Old Mill' occupies the centre of the picture as we look across the pond to the river and mountains beyond. It is a varied and most charming scene, and in the mellow hues and atmosphere of the afternoon, or in the mystic shades of evening, is well worth a pilgrimage to enjoy.

A thickly-wooded point, which makes out into the river at the mouth of the Pocantico, is named after the Hon. A. C. Kingsland, formerly Mayor of the City of New-York. His homestead stands near the extremity of the little cape, but so much within the shelter of trees, as to be almost invisible. 'Kingsland's Point' and the temple-crowned boulder, which rises from the water near the end, are pleasant features in the Hudson voyage, which will not fail to attract very gratified remark.

Some hundred acres or more of the hill and glen above the Pocantico and Sleepy Hollow have recently been set apart for an association of villa homes, under the style and title of 'Irving Park.' The topography of the beautiful tract is so happy as to present many sites of wonderful advantage, in the way of landscape beauty overlooking the

neighborhood—land and water, in every direction, far and near. The intention is, that one half of the domain shall be privately occupied; while the rest is held forever in reserve, for the general enjoyment; the whole embellished with trees, and lawns, walks, and all the many attractions of park culture.

The river lands from Tarrytown, onward to the village of Sing-Sing, a distance of some five miles, are all occupied, like those of the country below, as sites for romantic residences. Not far above the Sleepy Hollow church, lie the grounds of Gen. James Watson Webb, sloping down to the margin of the Hudson, near which his house is built; and yet beyond is the estate of Mrs. Anson G. Phelps, and the beautiful chateau of Rockwood, the seat, at present, of Edwin Bartlett, Esq., though we believe it has been recently purchased by Mr. Wm. H. Aspinwall of New-York.

Sing-Sing is the largest of the river villages below the Highlands. Its odd name 'is a corruption,' says Irving, with his wonted droll humor, 'of the old Indian name, O-sin-sing. Some have rendered it, O-sin-song, or O, sing-song, in token of its being a great market town, where any thing may be had for a mere song. Its present melodious alteration to Sing-Sing is said to have been in compliment to a Yankee singing-master, who taught the inhabitants the art of singing through the nose.' Others say the name is a variation of that of the Chinese Governor, Tsing Sing, and was brought over by a Dutch sailor who had traded with the Celestial Empire. It comes, however, from the aboriginal appellation of Ossen-ing, derived from Ossin, a stone, and ing, a place, or 'stone upon stone;' and well is the neighborhood named, for a more rugged spot of hill and ravine, and a wilder upheaving of rock and boulder one could hardly ask for within the streets of an orderly Christian town. The place, with such a varied topography, beguiling the tourist now into the wild shades of its own dark



THE FEMALE PRISON, SING-SING.



THE STATE PRISON, SING-SING.

ravines, and anon showing him all the wonders of the earth from some soaring height, is of course rich in natural beauty.

The great Croton Aqueduct, which commences its forty-mile journey to the metropolis not far beyond Sing-Sing, takes up its line of march through the village streets in great pomp and state, being borne over road and ravine on the shoulders of colossal stone bridges of immense size and strength. The great arches of these massive structures, stepping from hill to hill, like giants in a fairy tale, fall in admirably with the character of the landscape and wonderfully emphasize its bold and rugged features.

It was upon an eminence in this vicinity, called Zion Hill, that Matthias the Prophet dwelt at the period of his strange impositions, nearly a generation ago.

The village possesses several educational institutions of high renown the whole State over. Its specialty, however, and that which makes its name and fame abroad, is the celebrated prison which occupies so large an area of the river-shore below. It is an off-shoot of the first State Prison at Auburn, and was founded in the year 1824 as a drain for the excessive population of that establishment. One hundred of the Auburn convicts were brought to Sing-Sing two years later and set to work at quarrying the marble of the region and erecting the present imposing structures. The first portion of the work, a building containing eight hundred cells, was completed in 1829; and was subse-

quently enlarged, by the addition of another story, to the total extent of one thousand apartments. Besides this edifice, which covers four hundred and eighty feet of the river marge, and is five stories in height, there are others extending from the ends at right angles toward the water, giving the whole plan that of a huge quadrangle open on the west; the space within is also covered with the work-shops, in which are practised the various trades, which occupy the time and labor of the convicts. More recently another building has been erected on the high ground east of the main establishment for the exclusive accommodation of the female prisoners. The entire area of the prison lands is one hundred and thirty acres, which rise boldly from the river in rugged, rocky hill-sides; dotted all about, on the more commanding points, by the little wooden boxes, which shelter the various sentinels who watch the convicts below and the outsiders around. This prison is a striking object in the landscape, whether seen from the river or from the shore.



THE CROTON AQUEDUCT. SING-SING.

CIRCASSIA AND THE CIRCASSIANS.

You will have learned the fall of Schamyl and his cause on the Caspian side of the Caucasus. He has been conveyed to St. Petersburg, where he will probably be pensioned and made to feel the wealth and power of his old foe the Czar of all the Russias. The Circassians of the Black Sea side of the Caucasian chain still hold out against the Emperor, and have lately made a very forcible appeal to some of the European governments against the continued warfare carried on against them by Russia, and asking that, in the great Congress to be held on European affairs, the state of their country be also taken into consideration. If England was not, at this moment, rather shy of awakening a new hostile feeling in Russia, and thus jeopardizing her feeble *entente* with France, it is not unlikely that she would stretch out a protecting hand to the Circassians, so as to raise up a barrier for her Indian possessions. It is not, however, through the Caucasus that Russia may attack India in case of need, but by the way of the Caspian Sea through Persia, or along the Chinese frontier by Mero. Those Circassians (so to call them) on the southern frontier of the Russian possessions in Circassia, on the low grounds, having long since nominally submitted to the Czar, and proven themselves unruly subjects, have now been invited to make themselves scarce, and consequently have come down to this capital, where they present the most squalid appearance imaginable. The costume of the men is very picturesque, and their tall, yellow felt caps, surrounded with black or white sheepskin, though certainly an uncomfortable head-dress in summer, sets off well their tall figures: that of the women has nothing remarkable in it. It is composed of rather sallow-colored tchintze, pantaloons reaching low about the feet, a tight jacket, the head-dress simply a handkerchief interlaced among their hair, and the neck rather low. Some wear a corset, which makes them seem slender, and as most of them are tall, it adds much to their appearance. An occasional peep at this peculiar part of the Circassian costume can often be had as they silently follow their fathers, husbands, or brothers through the streets of Constantinople. They all, invariably, leave their faces bare. The men are decidedly handsome; and perhaps, bating their dirt and filthy dresses, the women would sustain the reputation of this far-famed, fair race of mankind.

Some three years ago an ill-advised expedition was got up here to aid the Black Sea Circassians against Russia, under the lead of Ismail Pacha, Ismail Bey, and Mehemed Bey, the latter a renegade Pole in the Turkish army. There is no doubt in some minds but that it was

fostered by the Turkish government, and especially by the present Capudan Pacha, who is the Hotspur of Constantinople, and of Circassian origin. It was composed mostly of renegade Poles and Hungarians, and had in view the collecting of the numerous Polish slaves now existing among the Circassians, deserters and prisoners of war from the Russian army of the Caucasus, supposed to amount to some ten thousand in number. It was also thought that many other Poles would desert from the Russians and join it. Among the amateurs who joined the expedition were two semi-naturalized Americans, named Romer and Wilks, both well known in Colonel Colt's far-famed arsenal of arms at Hartford. These state that 'Colt's revolvers' stand in high repute among the Circassians, who possess many of the much redoubted arms of our celebrated countryman, and that many a Russian has been laid low at the clack of a 'Colt.' All of the chiefs have purchased them in Constantinople, and Romer and Wilks acquired a high reputation among the mountaineers by their knowledge of arms in general, and these in particular.

They state that the Circassians have no towns or even villages; that they live in wretched huts made of the branches of trees, filled in with mud; that they have considerable flocks of cattle and sheep, but cultivate little ground. They even follow the chase but seldom, though their country is full of deer and wild hogs. They are Druids, though nominally Musselmans, and almost all have Arabic names, such as Omar, Mehemed Ali, etc., but in point of fact they are of any religion which may best suit their policy. They are not nomadic, that is, they do not wander about the country, because it being composed of many tribes, nearly all at war with each other, it would expose them to constant attack and to the loss of their wives and children, who would be held in bondage by their captors, or sent down to Constantinople for sale as slaves. They consider themselves extremely cunning, and believe that had they the learning of the Turks, the whole world could not match them. Education they, however, have none, and few can read or write. They are extremely jealous of all foreigners, and very selfish withal, so much so that they would not allow their Polish slaves to join the expedition designed for the freedom of their country. These slaves are stated as being in a most degraded and squalid condition, with scarce food for their subsistence. The mountains of the Caucasus contain many mines of silver, lead, and sulphur, also some iron. There is also plenty of saltpetre, so that, in their own rude way, they are able to make powder for their arms. Circassian rifles, pistols, and daggers are famous all over the East; but they are seldom made in Circassia; there are many gunsmiths engaged in their manufacture in the towns on the southern shore of the Black Sea, and even in Constantinople. They are, however, more

ornamental than useful in the hands of those accustomed to the use of more modern and improved arms. The principal disagreements attending a Circassian life, are the fever-and-ague, lice, and the itch. The latter is of the seven years' kind, and is seldom got rid of in a less period. Provisions are scarce, and bread, except Indian, difficult to procure. Coinage there is none, except a few Russian silver ones, called 'Moneta.'

Messrs. Romer and Wilks, during their residence in Circassia, made an ascent to the summit of the great peak of the Circassian range, called by the Russians the *Bladi Caucas*, and by the Circassians the *Nogay Kay*, and the *Shagudshé*. They travelled for two days up the river called the *Subash*, a mountain torrent rising in the peak, and running down to the Black Sea. It is one of the most frightful torrents imaginable, bursting over elevated precipices, with a roar heard from a great distance, and carrying with it, in the season of melting snows, boulders of many tons weight. Their ascent was long and tedious, but favored by a Circassian whom they had induced, by high offers of reward, to be their guide. After two days' painful march they reached a plateau many thousand feet high, from which the peak of the *Nogay Kay* rises, and where the Black Sea appears as a huge mirror in the distance. Here they spent a day in repose, the only occupants of the spot being a wild shepherd with a flock of sheep and goats, and where there is little or no vegetation other than small patches of grass and a few stunted fir trees. Rising early in the morning of the third day, they recommenced their toilsome journey, and after overcoming innumerable difficulties, more from the immense size of the rocks which covered the way, than the distance, they came to the seat of a mass of almost perpendicular rock which they supposed must be nearly two thousand feet high, perfectly inaccessible. Out of this the *Subash* has its rise, and the mouth of the huge cavern out of which it rushes could be distinctly seen far above their heads. They made several ineffectual attempts to reach it, greatly to the horror of their Circassian guide, whose mind was filled with traditional tales connected with this fabled scene of the punishment inflicted upon Prometheus by the monarch of the skies. Seldom has mortal foot pressed this elevated peak. The Russian officers stationed in Georgia have never dared to attempt it, on account of the vigilance of their mountain foes, the Circassians. The guide related to Messrs. Romer and Wilks a tradition that many years ago when the torrent path of the *Subash* was less frightful than it now is, and the rocks more accessible, a Circassian warrior who had ventured up the *Nogay Kay*, after much painful labor succeeded in reaching the cavern, and groped his way some distance along the side of the icy cold stream which gushes up from unknown depths, and rushes down the precipice with deafening roar. It required all the

courage and fortitude of the Circassian to penetrate the gloomy depths of the cavern. While filled with feelings easier imagined than described, he suddenly heard the voice of an undistinguishable being dwelling somewhere in the dreary, subterraneous abode. Approaching the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, he beheld the form of a man of ancient times, covered with chains, doubtless somewhat the 'worse for the wear,' bending low beneath their weight. The captive told the Circassian that he had been confined there for being made a human being, and could only be freed by the means of a sword which then hung upon the walls of the cavern; that to reach it, he must be provided with seven hooked sticks of Cornel wood; (in Turkish called *kiziljik*,) and begged him not to forsake him, for he had been many, many long years there without seeing a human being, or hearing the voice of any living creature. On the wall or side of the cavern, hung a sword of massive size, uninjured by the dampness of the spot, and of that mysterious shining blue color which is the result of the action of fire upon iron. It seemed so fresh, that, as the gusts of wind rushed through the cavern, the Circassian fancied it moved, either from anger at his presence, or from a desire to escape from the spell which held it against the rock where it hung. Overcome by the touching appeal of the sufferer, who was loaded down with the weight of his chains, the Circassian hastened to quit the cavern, and to procure the seven cornel branches necessary for his deliverance. With difficulty he regained the base of the crag, and proceeded to descend to the plateau below, eagerly engaged in search of the objects desired. No where, however, did the cornel tree present itself to his sight, and finally imagining that sticks, cut as directed, from any other tree would serve the same purpose, he climbed a beech tree and procured seven strong sticks, each with a hook at one end. Thus provided, he returned to the mountain peak, and after addressing a fervent prayer to the druidical deity presiding over the almost celestial place on which he stood, (for this elevated peak of the Caucasian range is nearly always lost amidst the clouds,) he made his way again into the recesses of the awe-inspiring cavern, where he soon found the object of his visit and his commiseration, by the moans with which he filled the vast space around him. Raising himself up by an effort almost superhuman, the captive eagerly grasped the seven sticks, and stretching high his arm, endeavored to pull the spell-bound sword from the wall where it hung. Each of the sticks however, broke short in the attempt, until the last one had snapped; and overcome by the exertion and his anxiety, the captive again fell back to the ground with a deep moan of despair, and a clashing of his chains which resounded fearfully throughout the cavern.

'Human being!' he loudly exclaimed, 'why hast thou sought to

deceive me? to give rise to hopes of freedom, chained for so many long centuries, but to be crushed when I thought my deliverance so certain? Faithless thou art, like all mortals; their infidelity lost them their immortality, and rendered them unworthy of existence amongst the faithful ones who surround their CREATOR. I have yet power to punish thy deception. Thou shalt never have but one child, and its offspring shall also be limited to but one. One shall thy lineage ever be to the end of time. Thy child, as well as all those of thy fellow-countrymen, shall war with each other, for the purpose of selling each other's children into bondage, until all shall finally become the slaves of a stranger.'

This legend of the Caucasus is the more remarkable, as the mountaineers certainly know nothing of the fabled history of Prometheus. Whether theirs is the true one, correcting that tale by the classic authors, or is but a tame version of the real history so unusually indited, the reader is left to judge for himself. In either case it may not be deemed unworthy of admittance to the pages of the KNICKER-BOCKER, where it may pass for fable or history, according to the wishes of those who, having promptly paid their subscriptions, are undoubtedly entitled to the right of making a choice to please themselves.

N E P E N T H E .

ON downy couch reclined CORINNE,
The belle of seasons three;
Reclined at ease in Luxury's lap,
In languid pose and free:
While orient lights outlined her form
Against a back-ground red;
Outlined her lovely bust and arms,
And pretty Grecian head.

And thus the live-long day she lounged
Youth's golden hours away;
Thus lounged in reveried discontent,
Ennued and sad alway.
To her the pageant of the world
A splendid Dulness seemed;
The life and pastimes of her sex
All tiresome 'bores' were deemed.

St. Louis, October 17.

She sought the secret of a life
From sages learned and wise;
But there was naught in all their lore
Which could repress her sighs.
When all at once CORINNE grew gay:
The pathway she had found
To joy and peace unknown before
In FASHION'S endless round.

The ken of Age with that of Youth,
Herein did not compare:
For 't was a youth of tender years,
Who drove away her care.
The young APOLLO blushing gave
The boon for which she strove:
One little word comprised it all—
That little word was LOVE.

A. R.

MY FIRST NIGHT IN LONDON.

IN the latter part of July, 1852, I landed at Liverpool, after a run of nine days from New-York. I took the eleven o'clock train for London, and arrived at the Euston Square station about seven in the evening. Having obtained a cab, I drove to Morley's Hotel at Charing Cross, a house then, as now, very generally patronized by Americans.

I had risen early, and had travelled nearly the whole day: I felt therefore somewhat fatigued, and by the time I had dined, the evening also being pretty well advanced, I resolved to spend the remainder of it at home. Having changed my boots for a pair of slippers, I seated myself in a large easy-chair with the intention of reading an hour or two, and then going to bed. In pursuance of this resolution I retired about ten o'clock to my room. I then found myself, however, by no means as sleepy as I had anticipated I should be by that time, and I knew too well how useless, under such circumstances, it would be to seek my couch immediately; for if once you begin to debate the question with yourself as to whether you be sleepy or not, the doubt alone suffices to keep you awake at least an additional hour. I therefore, notwithstanding my previous determination of passing the evening at home, resolved to go out for a short time.

I strolled into the Strand, and had walked about a quarter of a mile toward Temple Bar, when a curious piece of clock-work in a jeweller's window attracted my attention, and I stopped to look at it for a few moments. While thus occupied, a child, miserably clad, approached me and solicited alms. I took out of my pocket a handful of gold and silver, and selecting a small piece of the latter, gave it to her. Having done so, I was about to resume my position at the window, when a woman, dressed in black, who stood near, and who had hitherto appeared to be engaged in contemplating the same object which had interested me, suddenly turned round, and without preface, addressed me:

'If,' she said, 'you are disposed to relieve the necessities of the unfortunate, I know a case which should appeal to your sympathies even more powerfully than the one you have just ministered to.'

While she was speaking I looked at her attentively, and perceived before me a young woman apparently about two or three and twenty years of age, whose face might have been considered beautiful had it not been for its extreme pallor. She was clothed, as I have said before, in black, and her dress, though by no means rich either in material or form, was not exactly what could be termed shabby. Indeed

her whole appearance was that of a person very much above the condition of a mendicant. Her language, too, struck me at once as being that of an educated woman. Yet I could not look upon what she had said in any other light than as a direct appeal to my purse in her own behalf. Still, as it was just possible that I might be mistaken, I replied by asking her for whose distress she sought relief.

'My mother's,' she said simply, but with a pathos of tone which at once excited my sympathy, 'she now lies on a sick-bed, from which she may never rise, and I am without the means of ministering to her comfort, or even to her necessities. This day found us almost without bread; I waited until nightfall, and then came forth into the streets with the purpose of soliciting charity. I made one or two ineffectual attempts to speak to some of the passers-by, but my courage failed me, and I was about to return home as penniless as I left it, when seeing you bestow charity upon the child, a sudden impulse prompted me to address you. If,' she continued, 'you fear to be the dupe of an impostor, you have but to accompany me a short distance to be yourself the witness of the truth of my statement.'

I had intended, when she first spoke, to give her a few shillings, but as she proceeded, I perceived very clearly that hers was a case in which assistance, to be effectual, must very much exceed in amount the sum I had proposed offering her, and I was not unwilling to verify the truth of her story before drawing more seriously upon my purse. I signified, therefore, my readiness to accompany her as she had suggested.

Without another word she at once turned down a narrow street which led toward the Thames, and I followed her. As we walked along I noticed a large building which appeared to be some public edifice, and inquired of my conductress the name of it. She informed me, and added:

'You are not, I presume, familiar with this part of the city.'

'No,' I replied, 'neither with this nor any other part, for I but landed at Liverpool this morning, and this evening set foot in London for the first time.'

'But you have, doubtless, friends here by whom your arrival is anticipated?' she said, in a tone which manifested a degree of interest in the matter which struck me, even at the time, as being somewhat singular. However, I answered that no one, so far as I knew, expected me.

'Indeed,' was her only observation, and we again walked on in silence. We turned first up one street and then down another so rapidly, that I became bewildered and completely lost my way. We found ourselves, finally, in a *cul-de-sac* or blind alley, a species of

street, which though rare with us, is frequently met with in London and other European cities.

The street was a wretched one enough, and evidently inhabited by the very lowest class of people. My guide led the way to one of the houses at the farthest end of the alley, and knocked gently at the door; it was cautiously opened, after a short delay, by a slatternly-looking young woman, and my conductress, receiving from her a small flat candlestick, led the way up-stairs, requesting me to follow her.

For the last few minutes very serious doubts of the prudence of my conduct in thus intrusting myself to the guidance of a perfect stranger, in such a locality, had been passing through my mind, which were by no means dissipated by the appearance of the house I had entered. However, it was now too late to retreat, and after a momentary hesitation I ascended the stairs. When we reached the second floor, the young woman led the way into an apartment and requested me to be seated, while she prepared her mother, who she said occupied the chamber above, for the visit of a stranger. She then left me.

The room in which I found myself was in a miserably dilapidated condition. The paper which had once covered its walls hung in strips in various places; the plaster of the ceiling had fallen away here and there, and several panes of glass were wanting in the windows, their place being supplied by paper rudely pasted on the sash. The furniture was in keeping with the apartment; a ragged carpet, an old horse-hair sofa, a wooden table and three or four broken-backed, rickety-looking chairs completed the inventory. The whole, dimly illumined by the light of a solitary tallow candle, looked gloomy enough. I approached one of the windows, threw it open and endeavored, as well as the darkness would permit, to discover what aspect the neighborhood presented in that direction. The room was, as I had conjectured, in the rear of the house, and looked out upon a small court-yard, shut in on every side by the rear or side-walls of the adjacent buildings. But two windows were visible in any of them, and in neither was there a light or other indication of the rooms to which they belonged being occupied. I closed the window and returned to my seat by the table. The vague sense of uneasiness I had experienced when I first entered the house was rapidly becoming a very positive apprehension of some impending danger.

As nearly as I could judge I had been alone about a quarter of an hour, and I resolved that I would wait five minutes longer, and then, should no one come, endeavor to find my way down-stairs and into the street. I drew out my watch; it wanted twenty minutes to

eleven. I waited patiently the time I had proposed, and then prepared to leave the apartment. What was my dismay when, on turning the handle of the door, I discovered it to be locked on the outside.

In an instant the whole peril of my situation flashed upon me. My worst fears bade fair to be realized. How blindly had I fallen into the trap set for me, to which the gold, so carelessly displayed at the jeweller's window, had doubtless been the incentive. The story so pathetically told me, had been, of course, a tale invented most probably on the spur of the moment, to excite my compassion. It had succeeded well. It was clear I was to be robbed, perhaps murdered. Why not? I had myself, I recollected — and I cursed my fatuity as I did so — told the woman, whom I had accompanied to the house, that I was a perfect stranger to the city, and therefore, she would argue, not likely, should any evil befall me, to be missed for some days at least. I recalled, too, vividly, the momentary gleam of satisfaction which had lightened her features when I made the avowal.

My situation, I could not help thinking, now bore some resemblance to that of Mirabel in the 'Inconstant,' when at the house of Lamorce. With the play itself I was familiar, and indeed who that has ever seen Murdock's admirable delineation of the character can forget the almost painful fidelity to nature with which is portrayed the mingled apprehension, disgust and indignation of a brave man forced to submit to the most degrading indignities from a set of ruffians by whom he is hopelessly out-matched? The coincidence of our positions was by no means a pleasant reflection. Mirabel indeed escapes, but here the parallel bade fair to end, for while the woman who had entrapped me might very well stand for Lamorce, I could hope for no such miracle as an Oriana to rescue me.

What was to be done? Were there no means of forcing the lock? Yes! at the fire-place stood an old-fashioned brass fender, inside of which was a set of fire-irons. The poker — not the small piece of iron crooked at one end most generally in use in this country, but a straight bar of steel, about three feet in length — would enable me to break open the door without difficulty. I instantly seized it, and was about to use it for that purpose, when a moment's reflection made me pause. The noise I should not fail to make in breaking open the lock, could not but warn those who had secured it that I was conscious of my danger and endeavoring to escape. Once in the passage, a sudden blow might dash the light from my hand, and assailed in the dark on the narrow staircase, I should have but little chance to defend myself. Escape by the window was, as I had already seen, impracticable. I resolved therefore to await the event, whatever it might be, where I could at least see and confront the peril which threatened me. I was armed; I carried in the breast-pocket of my coat a brace of small

single-barrelled pistols, and it was not without satisfaction I recollected that I had but the very day before, fearing that the sea-air might have affected them, drawn the charges and carefully re-loaded them. I had, however, found but a solitary percussion-cap in the case, and had been obliged to replace, on one pistol, the old one. Of the efficiency of that weapon, therefore, I had considerable doubt; the other, I believed, might be depended upon. The poker, too, I thought, as I glanced at it, would enable me, if things came to the worst, to sell my life not cheaply. But, suppose myself opposed, not to a single assailant but to two, or perhaps even three men — men (and I knew that London, like every large European city, must number hundreds, if not thousands such) rendered desperate by habitual poverty, and, like the murderer in *Macbeth*,

‘So weary with disaster, tugged with fortune’

as to be ready at all times to

‘Set life on any chance to mend it, or be rid of it.’

Would they be likely to be deterred from their purpose by a pistol in the hands of a single man? No! they would argue, I could hit but one, and might, and very probably would, miss even him, if they made a simultaneous rush upon me. However, that remained to be seen.

I waited quietly some minutes; still no sound. So profound was the silence and so sharpened were my senses by anxiety, that I could hear the very ticking of the watch in my vest-pocket. I began to feel a feverish anxiety to know and brave the worst.

I am, and have always been, peculiarly sensitive to the depressing influence which an ill-lighted room exercises on the mind, even under the most favorable circumstances, and, in my present situation, I did not fail to be affected by the sombreness of the apartment, which increased as the wick of the solitary candle grew longer and longer. There were no snuffers, and I feared to attempt to improve the light by any other means, lest I should extinguish it. As I gazed at it, a new apprehension seized me. But a small piece of the candle remained unconsumed. In twenty minutes, therefore, or half-an hour, I should be left in total darkness. I turned pale at the thought. All men, alike the timid and the brave, have an instinctive dread of an *unseen* danger. Ajax, the very incarnation of physical courage, when a sudden darkness covers both the contending armies, concludes his prayer with

— ‘The light of heaven restore,
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more.’

And the vain-glorious coward Parolles expresses the same idea when, after he has fallen into the ambuscade and been blindfolded, he exclaims :

‘ Give me to live, or let me *look upon my death* ! ’

To remain where I was, in the dark, was out of the question. To endeavor to force my way down-stairs, an idea I had previously rejected, was now my only alternative. Still I would not, I thought, unnecessarily precipitate the catastrophe. I would wait, as patiently as might be, until as near as I could guess the light had but a few minutes to burn, and then, at all hazards, try to make my way out. I waited ten, fifteen minutes, and glanced at the light, and then was about to carry my resolution into effect when I heard a slow, heavy step ascending the stairs ; it stopped at the door ; there was a short pause, and then a key turned in the lock ; the door opened, and a man entered the room, followed by the woman who had conducted me to the house.

If I had entertained any doubts as to what the issue of the affair was to be, one glance at the powerful, sinister-looking ruffian before me would have dissipated them. He carried in his right hand a stout cudgel, or rather bludgeon, and on the whole, presented the appearance of being a pretty formidable antagonist. Still I felt a very considerable degree of satisfaction at the thought that, after all, I had but one man opposed to me. Why the woman had accompanied him I was at a loss to conjecture, but from subsequent events, I arrived at the conclusion that her presence was due to the fact that she proposed it should serve as a check to any unnecessary display of violence on the part of her companion ; though from her satisfaction, when she learned I was a stranger in England, it was evident that she had anticipated and was prepared to embrace the alternative of carrying matters to extremity should I by resistance render it necessary.

The man at once, as though any pretence at disguising his purpose were perfectly useless, said, ‘ Hand me over your watch and what money you have about you, and,’ he added, seeing I showed no disposition to comply with his request, but remained motionless by the fire-place, ‘ be quick about it or it will be the worse for you.’

As he spoke he advanced toward me with his arm upraised. At the same moment the woman, who had hitherto remained a passive spectator of the scene, threw herself between us, and exclaimed in a tone which thrilled me : ‘ Oh ! no blood, Tim. And you,’ she added, turning to me, ‘ give up, without resistance whatever he requires, and no harm shall befall you.’

As she spoke a sudden idea struck me. In one moment I was at her side, and grasping her arm with one hand, with the other I drew

a pistol from my breast and presented it within a few inches of her head.

'Advance one step and I fire,' I cried to her confederate, who, so rapid had been my movement, stood for a moment gazing at us with an expression of stupid bewilderment on his coarse features. Ruffian as he was, the wretch paused irresolute. Whatever might be the nature of the tie which bound him to the woman I held in my grasp, it was at least such as rendered him not indifferent to her safety, and the energy of my language and manner left him no reason to doubt that I would execute my threat if driven to it. 'Now mark me,' I continued, addressing myself to the woman, 'you will take that light in one hand, we will proceed together down-stairs, and when we reach the street-door I will release you. But remember, should you attempt to play me false, at the first sign of treachery on your part or that of your confederate, your life shall pay the forfeit! You,' I said to the man, 'will remain here; if you attempt to follow us, you know the consequences.'

Without further parley I advanced toward the door, still holding firmly the woman's right arm; in her left hand she bore the light, and in this position we passed from the room. As we did so, I noticed that her face, which excitement had momentarily suffused with a slight color, was again deadly pale. This gave cause for a new apprehension on my part. What if she should faint? In that case the light would fall from her nerveless hand, while at the same time I should lose the advantage which her fears at present afforded me. Fortunately, however, we reached the lower hall without my fears being realized, and as the street-door swung open, I addressed my companion for the last time.

'Your project,' I said, 'was not ill-conceived, but has failed somewhat in the execution; and you have given me a lesson in physiognomy which may be useful to me. Were it not that I owe you some slight consideration for your interposition when you thought my life menaced, I would deliver both you and your accomplice into the hands of justice, but as it is, I spare you.'

She made no reply, and in another moment I was in the street. I walked rapidly down the alley, and on arriving at the street with which it communicated, I was so fortunate as to meet a policeman, by whose direction I easily succeeded in regaining the Strand. In a few minutes more I was at my hotel. As I entered I heard a church clock strike twelve. Can it be possible, I thought, that I quitted this house only two hours ago; it seems as though whole days had elapsed since I last passed its portals. So true is the remark of Montaigne 'that we measure time often rather by events than by duration;

and the greater the number of incidents that occur in any period, the longer that period appears when we look back upon it.'

I retired to my chamber, but for some time sought repose in vain. When sleep did at last visit me, it was fitful and disturbed, and in my dreams I reenacted the scenes of the evening. I awoke in the morning, feverish and unrefreshed, and it was some days before I fully recovered from the effect on my nervous system of my first night in London.

A MEMORY OF THE LATE W. T. PORTER.

SUGGESTED BY A DAGUERRTYPE.

I.

A HEART where kindly words and deeds
The founts were still unsealing,
Whence flowed, unchecked through all their course,
The streams of generous feeling:
A kind, true heart, that with the joys
Could share the griefs of others;
And ne'er forsook the grand old faith
That all mankind are brothers.

II.

A soul in which the manlier traits
And gentler were so blended,
That none could say where these began,
Or where the others ended.
Alas! to fitly speak his worth
All words seem poor and common,
In whose large spirit nature fused
The tenderness of woman.

III.

Enough: his heart has ceased to beat;
His soul has passed the portal
Which shuts the other world from this,
And what remains is mortal.
But long as brave and gentle hearts
Are held in Memory's keeping,
Our fond and sorrowing thoughts will haunt
The grave where he is sleeping.

H U M B O L D T

AT A COURT PAGEANT IN BERLIN.

PRUSSIAN royalty was soon to hold high revel in the old Schloss at Berlin. A fair daughter of that warrior line, the princely House of Dessau, so famed in Prussian song and story, was about to marry a young nephew of the King. She is a descendant in a direct line of Carlyle's 'old gun-powder Dessau'—that invulnerable old warrior, who anticipated our American story by nearly a century, when, before the battle of Dresden, he strengthened his own resolution and that of his men by the following prayer: 'Graciously, O Heavenly FATHER! aid me this day; but if THOU shouldst not be so disposed, at least lend not THY aid to these scoundrels, the enemy, but passively await the issue.'

The long line of the *Unter den Linden*, from the Brandenburg Gate to the Lust Garten, had been alive that day with cuirassiers, hussars, and infantry, who, with slow and stately march, had conducted the long procession of state-carriages, glowing in all the gilded splendor of medieval times, to the sombre-looking palace. In the largest and most cumbrous of these state-carriages I had caught a glimpse of a fair young face, and been for a moment conscious of the glance of a pair of soft blue eyes, which made me involuntarily exclaim: 'What a lovely vision!' It was the young Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, the affianced of Prince Carl.

That night, in the old Schloss, so honored as the birth-place of the Great Frederick, and so feared as the haunted spot, where the apparition of 'The White Lady' comes to warn Prussian Royalty of the approach of that greatest monarch of them all, the grim king of terrors, there was a gathering of all the beauty and chivalry of Berlin. They had come to participate in the grand ceremonies that always accompany a royal wedding in Prussia, and to celebrate the union, with the ancient 'torch-dance,' and other curious customs that date back to those shadowy times when 'the House of Brandenburg' was a vassal of Poland.

A chamberlain's ticket was the 'open sesame' that gave me admittance to the long picture-gallery, through which the bridal procession was to pass on its way to the royal chapel. On my arrival I found it thronged with a crowd of well-dressed people of both sexes, mostly from the middle classes of Berlin, whose social position was not sufficiently elevated to give them entrance into the charmed circle of Prussian royalty. Formed in two lines, with a wide space between them, they were awaiting anxiously the arrival of the procession.

Learning from one of the chamberlains in waiting that it was not expected for more than an hour, I availed myself of the leisure afforded to take a stroll through some of the principal chambers of this gloomy old pile so renowned in Prussian history. Through the courtesy of the same official, I was first escorted to the White Hall, then ablaze with myriads of wax lights, which filled this magnificent chamber with softened radiance. There, in solemn state, stood the statues of the twelve Brandenburg electors, and the eight allegorical figures, representing the Prussian provinces. It was in this hall that the founder of the Prussian monarchy placed the crown upon his head on the eighteenth of January, 1701; and three days after, in a chamber not far removed, his renowned grandson, the Great Frederick, was born. On the day of the christening an American aloe was observed to blossom for the first time in forty years, and into this White Hall the beautiful plant was brought, which the court flatterers and poets asserted was typical of the splendor that Prussia one day was to attain, under the prince just given so opportunely to the nation. The flowery crown of the aloe remained in all its pristine beauty, while the plant itself was decaying. This, too, was allegorized as indicating the speedy dissolution of the reigning monarch, which in less than a year took place.

In fact, every where through the palace recollections of the interesting story of the boyhood and manhood of Frederick the Great came thronging upon me, and the privations and sufferings he was compelled to undergo on account of the brutality of his half-mad father. Here was the scene of many of the most shameful cruelties inflicted upon this Prince, which would have crushed the manhood out of the most of human kind, but which only appeared to strengthen and develop his.

Just as I was about entering the royal chapel, a loud and long-drawn trumpet peal gave notice of the approach of the procession to the picture-gallery, and I was just enabled to obtain an excellent position in the line, as the entrance-door of the gallery swung slowly open, and the head of the magnificent procession, chamberlains and pages of the court, in the richest and most picturesque costume, swept with measured stateliness into the hall. Immediately after came the members of the royal family of Prussia, with their train-bearers and lords in waiting, their gold sticks and their silver sticks, sweeping on with proud step through the long line of their liege subjects, who gazed upon each member of the royal family with delighted eyes. The fair young Princess of Anhalt-Dessau was in the midst, but appearing at a sad disadvantage with her high crown of circlet upon circlet of diamonds, surmounted with an emerald cross, which fairly made her stoop with its weight. Her face was pale and eyes

downcast, the lids of which had a swollen look, as if she had been weeping. Could she have had any forebodings of an unhappy future? For, if report told no false tale, that youth at her side, with gross sensual look, so soon to be her husband, in a few short months after the nuptials outraged all the noblest instincts of manhood, by brutally beating the woman he had vowed to love, honor, and cherish. Immediately after the royal family followed some of the official dignitaries of the kingdom, and a few representatives of the diplomatic corps, among them Prince Esterházy, wearing his picturesque Hungarian uniform, with a broad chain of gold in massive links across his breast and a diamond star of great size, worn as an order, the flash of which, as it reflected the myriad wax-lights above and around, fairly pained the eye with its brilliancy. For a considerable space it was nothing but a nodding of plumes, a rustling of rich stuffs, and a dazzle of diamonds and precious stones, as one after another of the *habitués* of the court circle passed on. But it was like some empty pageant at Vanity Fair. Presently there was an unusual stir among the crowd, and a low murmur pervaded the whole gallery. It was easily to be seen by the excitement and the earnest looks visible in the crowd that some very distinguished personage was approaching. I turned to my nearest neighbor to inquire, when he quickly replied: 'Do n't you observe Baron Humboldt is coming?' I saw at a glance what a remarkable hold the venerable philosopher had upon the popular mind. The flashing pageantry of the court they had gazed upon without much emotion. They felt it was a splendid but an empty show. Now the majesty of mind was approaching, and it needed no chamberlains or pages glittering in silver and gold to announce its coming; no blaze of diamonds for its ornament, for the serene light of intellect shone round about it. Dressed in a faded court suit, which looked as if it might have done service in the charming saloons of the beautiful Queen Louisa of the last *régime*, with head somewhat bowed and hands crossed behind him, the venerable philosopher moved thoughtfully on. There was a murmur of approbation, only restrained by the etiquette of the occasion from swelling into loud acclaim. Of this, however, he did not appear to take the least notice. The pageantry by which he was surrounded clearly had no charms for him, and he looked, as I have no doubt he felt, that he would have much preferred the solitude of his study to mingling in this dance of folly.

This was the first sight I had obtained of the man I most desired to see in all Prussia, and I gazed at him most earnestly therefore as long as he continued in sight. His court dress, as I have said before, was faded in the extreme, and he evidently had the student's contempt for its fopperies and fripperies. Round his neck he wore, suspended

by a plain black ribbon, the portrait of the reigning King, while the points of two or three orders were just visible, peeping from beneath the fold of the left collar of his coat. His manner was abstracted and his thoughts elsewhere than amid the splendid pomp and pageantry flashing around him. As he approached the centre of the line where I had taken up my position, he looked up for a moment, and then I was struck with his wonderful resemblance to the venerable Doctor Alexander, who has 'left a name to live' among the churches. There was the same dove-like expression out of his eyes, the same quiet repose about the lines of the mouth, and that calm serenity about the high pale brow, that all remember who ever looked upon the sweet face of the Patriarch of the Presbyterian Church. Considering his great age, at that time nearly eighty-six, his step was remarkably firm, and with the exception of the stoop habitual to the student, his carriage was indicative of great strength of system. The friend and counsellor of the last King of Prussia, and in high favor with the reigning monarch, there was nothing within the range of royal benefits that Humboldt could not have had for the asking. But, with the true pride of the devotee of science, he put away from him honors and emoluments, anxious to enrich Prussia and the world with the contributions of science, and asking nothing in return. Residing in a plain edifice in a retired part of the city, surrounded by his books, he worked on to the last, and death found him, we believe, with pen in hand, finishing that greatest of his works, '*Cosmos*.' His worldly goods were not great, and, with the exception of his library, he owned no property of any great value. His library he left to his faithful servant-man, from whom it was recently purchased by Lord Bloomfield, the English Minister at Berlin, for a sum not much exceeding forty thousand thalers.

I left the old Schloss about ten o'clock, and passed out of the gate toward the Lust Garten, between those celebrated bronze horses, that are certainly the best imitation I have ever seen of those on the Monte Cavallo at Rome. As I looked up at the ancient pile, lights were glancing from numerous windows, and I could hear the faint notes of the music opening the first dance in the Hall of Knights. The next morning the prostrate form of one of the guards was found upon the threshold of a chamber in the palace, and when restored to consciousness, persisted in the story that he had seen a vision of the White Lady about midnight in one of the rooms of the palace. All Berlin believed the tale, and from the palace to the humblest cottage there was an anxious feeling as to what the future had in store. A few months afterward the Emperor of Russia died, and as he was related by marriage to the Royal House of Brandenburg, the coming of the apparition the quidnuncs conceived was legitimately accounted for.

A WINTER HYMN.

No blossoms wild and fair,
From the cold sods are peeping;
Violets with blue-veined eye-lids,
'Neath the brown turf are sleeping:
No brier-roses shower
Their wealth in vale or glen,
No cowslips, Spring's gay heralds,
Peer forth from mossy fen.

Silence is in the forest,
And silence in the vale,
Save when my rustling footsteps
Startle the timid quail;
Save when the air reëchoes
The crow's discordant jar,
Or through the mountain passes
Rolls on the rumbling car:

Or a brook its fetters sunders,
And madly goes its way,
Dashing, in tameless frolic,
Its curling wreaths of spray:
My languid spirit wakens,
I seek His sheltering arms,
Who gives each varying season
Its own peculiar charms.

The merry-darting squirrel
Leaps on the leafless tree;
His bright round eye is watching
My movements anxiously;
Like some coquettish maiden,
He flies from spray to spray,
Then turns to note his triumph,
With cool yet shy delay.

The ice-clad boughs are glistening
On the margin of the stream,
As in torch-lighted caverns
The sparry crystals gleam;
Garlands of partridge-berries
Are on the brown sod lying,
And fairy trees of snow-white moss
With sea-born coral vying.

Fair in their sculptured outline,
Stand the shorn forest kings,
While at their feet no lichen,
With crimson beaker, springs:
Deep gladness thrills my spirit,
Forth swells the impassioned prayer
To Him who makes each season
His own peculiar care.

LIFE AMONG THE KAFFIRS:

OR SKETCHES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA,

BY JOHN ROSE.

WHILE travelling in the Zooloo country, which joins that of the Bechuannas to the southward on the south-east coast of Africa, our party consisting of three, Archbell, Anderson and myself, we received a call from an old Bechuanna chief, one of the most intelligent men of his tribe, then on a visit to the Zooloo king Panda. The old chief regarded us with much curiosity, asked us many questions about the white nations beyond the big waters, and after spending a couple of hours with us, and having exacted a promise from us that we would on the morrow accompany him to his Umzi (village) and partake of the hospitalities of his Kraal, (hut,) he took his leave apparently greatly delighted with his visit.

Having heard much of the friendly and hospitable character, singular habits and modes of life of the Bechuannas, and our curiosity having been moreover excited at Moffat's description of the tree-villages in that country, which we were desirous to see for ourselves, it was of course with no little pleasure that we accepted the escort of the chief and his followers.

After five days' journeying through one of the most beautiful, fertile, and healthy regions of the earth, in truth 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' we reached the borders of the Bechuanna country. Though the pen of a James would fail to convey any idea of the magnificence of the scenery which greeted the eye during the first few days of our travels, yet we had observed comparatively no indications of the splendor that was to meet our gaze when we reached the mountain top which overlooked the valley of the tree-villages. We were seized with involuntary amazement when the scene burst upon our enraptured gaze. Spread out before us in the form of an amphitheatre, and covering an area of about nine square miles, lay a beautiful fertile valley, covered with luxuriant vegetation, rejoicing in an eternal verdure, where wild and luscious fruits hung invitingly at every step, ripening beneath a sky of more than Italian splendor. In the midst of this delightful scene, and occupying a grand and romantic solitude, stood a gigantic tree, supporting amid its rich, green foliage what appeared at first to be a number of bee-hives, but which, upon nearer inspection, we ascertained to be the huts or domiciles of the inhabitants. The tree bore upon its wide-spreading branches

eleven bee-hive-shaped habitations, from nine to eleven feet in diameter. The rich, green pasturage, sparkling rivulets, and neatly cultivated plots of land in the vicinity of the tree made it indeed a charming sight, while in the surrounding distance the frowning chain of mountains fringed with mamosa trees, formed a most striking background to the picture.

The Bechuannas roost thus in the trees for protection against the lions and tigers which abound in that part of the country, and are very destructive to human life. One tree forms a village; slender twigs fastened in a circle, (to a platform of bamboo extending from branch to branch,) and united at the centre, form the skeleton of the hut, the space between the twigs being filled up with reeds, and the whole thatched over with bulrushes. The huts are supported by forked sticks or poles, the ascent being made by means of notches cut in the supporting poles. The younger branches of the families generally reside in the top story.

A sudden flight from the ground to these airy habitations upon the alarm of tigers, forms one of the most comical scenes that can be imagined. While sojourning among the Bechuannas, we had an opportunity of witnessing one of these routs. The inhabitants of the tree were scattered in all directions, variously engaged, the men in field sports, the women in agricultural and domestic duties, and several groups distributed beneath the shade of the tree in various picturesque attitudes, and enjoying themselves in alternate snuffing and smoking. All at once the well-known cry of 'Tigers!' rang through the forest and startled the whole community. The brave among the men flew to their arms, and 'helter-skelter,' one over the other, men women and urchins, yelling, screeching and squalling in a perfect Babel of hideous outcry, kicking over milk-pans and water-baskets, the whole crowd swarmed to the tree; the women caught up the children, each man picked up his *nearest* wife under one arm, while with the other, assisted, cat-like, by his toes, he climbed with spouse and progeny into the perch, while beneath the tiger-hunt progressed. The yelling of the men below, mingling with the tigers' cries, and the turmoil from the tree, gave a very lively idea of the music of Pandemonium.

The little that is known or read, concerning a great portion of Southern Africa and its inhabitants, is just sufficient to render the remainder extremely doubtful; and these sketches (which are the result of my own personal experience and observations) will convey a clearer idea of the country, the state of society, the form of government, the manners, customs, and general mode of life, of the people of this interesting region.

. Upon the southern limits of the African continent is situated that

immense tract of country known as Kaffraria, and its northern frontier which trenches on the wilderness, is inhabited by the most formidable of all the Kaffir races, the Zooloos.

The country of the Zooloos, or Amazooloo, as it is called, stretches from the twenty-seventh to the thirtieth parallel of south latitude, occupying on the African continent a position similar in respect of latitude to that of Rio Grande on the continent of America, on the very verge of the unexplored deserts, and more than twelve hundred miles north-east of the Cape of Good Hope. The Zooloos are a warlike, nomadic people, who it is thought have conquered and extirpated the former inhabitants of the country they now possess. They are a fine, handsome race, bold, fearless, and commanding in appearance, superior in stature and beauty to all the other African races; in shape they are tall, robust, and athletic; good-humored, frank and pleasing in manner, and with a dignity of carriage, and an openness of eye indicative to the beholder of dauntless courage and perfect independence.

While travelling among these people, I was much prepossessed in their favor. They have none of the morose churlishness of manner which characterizes some native tribes; on the contrary, they are cheerful, sprightly, and susceptible of kindness, and not backward in showing gratitude. They evince much acuteness and penetration, are quick in acquiring knowledge, shrewd in making a bargain, and generally true to their word.

The capital of Amazooloo, the residence of the king, owns to the very musical name of Unkungunhlovo. As we approached the city, nothing could exceed the surpassing grandeur of the scene. The sun was rapidly diving into the abyss of heaven, and seemed for a few moments to pause in mockery upon the summit of a gigantic berg, while the whole landscape was flooded with the warm coloring and tints of a southern sky, and in the distance we beheld the Indian Ocean, with its vast expanse of merry waves, lending an additional charm to the scene.

As we looked upon the Zooloo capital from among the mamosa trees on the distant hills, it wore more the appearance of a race-course than a city. It is perfectly circular, and the huts of the inhabitants are built around it like a gigantic ring, three miles in circumference, the area serving for a parade-ground; a wooden fence or stockade surrounded it at a considerable distance from the huts, and forms its only fortification.

Upon our arrival in the city, our party were invited by one of the principal chiefs to partake of the evening meal at his kraal, where we were very hospitably received by his wives and friends. When we

joined them, a large earthen pot, filled with buffalo meat and the flesh of the hippopotamus, was swung *à la Gipsy* over a large fire in the middle of the assembly, who were grouped in a circle around it, contemplating its beauties; and when the Kaffirs were sufficiently warmed, and the buffalo, etc., well boiled, the most venerable person of the swarm made a rush at the contents with an enormous spoon, which takes up a pint at each dip; a dozen spoonfuls is nothing to a hungry Zooloo; the rest of the company followed suit, and continued eating until they were *filled up* or *blown out*, and they manifested much surprise at *our* short-comings in the devouring line. When the meal was over they commenced singing in head-splitting style, with an accompaniment of whistling and clapping of hands, in laudation of the reigning monarch, themselves, and their country.

The ingoodor or smoking machine was then handed round; it is made of a piece of reed inserted in the horn of an ox, and used for smoking the leaves of the wild hemp; the smoke is drawn into the lungs through the wide aperture of the horn, which almost covers the face. When the individual is perfectly filled with smoke, he hands the apparatus to his neighbor to enjoy the same luxury. A native beer, called *sopoku*, was also served round; the beer is brewed from India or guinie corn, and fermented with milk, and so thick that it forms both victuals and drink. It is not intoxicating when taken moderately, but this objection is provided for by taking it in large quantities, a gallon or two at a time; and the Zooloos being somewhat modest, as the ancient Romans used to bind their heads with the leaves of the ivy, believing that that plant dispelled the fumes of the vine, so the Zooloos cover their foreheads with top-knots of birds' feathers, to conceal, if they cannot dispel, the effects of the *sopoku*, their pride as warriors teaching them to avoid the appearance of being overcome by liquor in the presence of their women.

The easy, social disposition of the Zooloos makes singing and dancing a great feature of their lives. The songs are most of the king's own composition. Before opening the concert they seat themselves in a circle; then, when the song begins, they jerk themselves to-and-fro and up-and-down, the movement gradually increasing in quickness as the song progresses; every singer becomes excited, and jolting his body in the most grotesque manner, puffing all the time with a noise like that of a locomotive coming into a station, and every now and then giving vent to his ecstatic feelings, in a shrill whistle, reminding one still more of a steam-engine.

There is usually very good rhyme in their music. Nor are their ideas devoid of a certain rude poetry, as the following translation of one of their songs will show:

'Zooloo has returned from war,
From breaking his enemies' spear,
And the skulls of his foe are broken ;
The land behind us is red with blood,
Red as the heavens when the sun is dying.
The voice of the battle was great at noon,
For the warriors were many and strong ;
But at eve it was still, very still,
For the foes that shouted were dead, every one ;
And Zooloo stood on the mountain,
On the ground his valor had won,
And he gazed down on the valley,
On the rivers of blood ;
And the spear of Zooloo pointed to them,
And he cried : We have done it
For the glory of our country and king,
We have gained great spoils from mighty warriors,
And our kraals shall be filled with cattle ;
Milk shall flow through our land,
Our women shall grow fat with the spoils of the foe ;
They shall caress us when we come from
The breaking of bones,
And their kiss shall be sweet to our lip ;
They shall be proud and happy,
For they are the women of Zooloo,
Who is very mighty,
And high above all other nations of the world.'

During the course of such songs, and under the excitement which it occasions, a quarrel frequently occurs. The disputants spring up immediately and settle the difficulty with their club-sticks or knob-kerries, something in the same fashion as the quarter-staff play practised in England a few centuries ago. Having settled the dispute, they rejoin their friends as if nothing had happened.

These songs, with dances, are almost their sole amusements. The dances are frequently upon a scale of great splendor. Sometimes four thousand or five thousand persons assemble ; the king on such occasions always being present, and very ambitious to acquit himself well in the national amusements. They dance in a circle, the women being placed in the middle of the ring ; each dancer has his movement, and the harder he stamps and the higher he jumps the cleverer he believes his dancing to be. I have occasionally met persons in more civilized society, who apparently hold the same opinion. At one of these great dances I had the pleasure of being introduced to about one hundred of the king's wives, among whom were five poetesses, whose songs were exclusively sung on the occasion. It is at these merry-makings that matrimonial engagements often take their origin. If a man becomes enamored at the dance, he presents the lady with a

calabash of snuff or a few strings of beads, which are highly prized by them; should these prove successful, the next step is to present himself at the girl's kraal and demand her in marriage. He is then invited to enter the kraal and partake of its hospitalities, and is confidentially enjoined by the father to use his best effort to please the young girl and win her to his desires, so as to avoid compulsion, which would be resorted to in case of her refusal of the young man's offers. The elder branches of the family usually retire on such occasions, and leave the young people to enjoy themselves as they best can. Dancing and singing, aided by more material feasting, is immediately 'in order,' and gone into with great gusto. The young suitor exerts himself to the utmost to render himself pleasing, not by remarks upon the weather, but by exciting admiration for his vocalization and agility; he sings several songs descriptive of his passion. Should he succeed equally with the parent and daughter, they appoint a day for the meeting of the friends of both parties, to decide upon the merits of the girl and her value. On that day the bridegroom, together with his friends, seats himself at the door of his kraal and waits the arrival of the bride, who comes escorted with the people of the tribe. She is tastefully attired, her hair being decorated with feathers in imitation of a crown, and her skin well oiled and polished for the occasion; she wears a skin petticoat, reaching from the waist to the knees, called an *issekaka*; the rest of her body is left naked, except for a profusion of beads, of which many rows are suspended round her neck. The overture is as often made by the women as the men. The bride's father usually sends a cow with her as a present. When she arrives in the presence of her future husband, she and her attendants perform a dance, accompanied with as large an amount of noise as they can conveniently get up for the occasion. It is the aim of the lady on this occasion to appear as agile as possible in the presence of the bridegroom's friends, and that which she may lack in grace she makes up in expertness. The ballet being finished and all present being satisfied with the lady's performance, her friends proceed to settle the important question of how much she is worth, the average price of a young miss being from six to ten cows. Beauty is estimated by bulk, the fattest woman is the most valuable; and she must be a Helen or a Venus whose worth is considered equal to twelve cows. The girl is valued perhaps at six; her lover offers three; the offer is rejected. Very much chattering and haranguing on both sides take place, but at length the bargain is struck at the price originally demanded, and the bridegroom is made a happy man by the gain of a wife and the loss of six cows.

Then an ox is slaughtered and a feast takes place, at which astounding feats in the devouring line are accomplished. Twenty hungry Zooloos will devour a bullock in four hours, and leave, except the

bones, 'not a wrack behind.' Then comes the Issigaziso, or washing with beads for joy, which is done to signify the washing away of all past sorrows, and is also a symbolical hint of the necessity of cleanliness in the household, a striking characteristic of the Zooloos, and indeed among all savages.

The new wife remains the pet of the kraal about as long as her husband remembers the six cows she cost him; as soon, however, as he ceases to brood over the expense of his lady-love, her influence begins to wane, and he casts his eyes about him to find another investment of a similar nature.

I N M E M O R I A M.

Up in the steeple tipped with gold
The dreary mid-night bells have tolled;
And the spectre-like clouds go flitting by,
While the echoes dying say, as they die,
'T is gone, 't is gone.'

'T is gone, 't is gone,' the thoughtless shout,
'The new year's in — the old year's out;'
But ah! there are many who say, with a sigh,
With the bended head and with tearful eye,
'T is gone! 't is gone!'

'T is gone,' the pale moon saileth by,
So far from earth, so near the sky;
And the steeple's shadow moves o'er the sod
Where the chiseled marble saith, 'Gone to God!'
Gone, oh! gone!

Gone, oh! gone: and the bells that tolled
Up in the steeple tipped with gold,
Woke a broken heart from a troubled sleep,
To fold thin hands, and to whisper and weep,
'T is gone, 't is gone!'

Gone, O God! and old Sexton Time,
Who rang just now the dead year's chime,
Wrote its name on our hearts with iron hand,
With a vanished one's in the silent land —
Gone, oh! gone.

Gone, and our hearts are buried there
With that dead year, while to his heir
The cypress we bring, not the holly bough,
For a loved one *then* but an angel *now*
With the old year gone!

BEHIND THE SCENES.

FROM the time when that veteran actor, Mr. Thespia, was in the habit of travelling with his ox-cart on the Attic circuit, down to the present days of gilded and decorated 'dramatic temples,' the theatre, and especially that part which is concealed from the spectators, has been a subject of interest and curiosity to the uninitiated. There is something so mysterious about the trap-doors, the working of the scenery, the red fire, and above all, in the way in which common men and women become kings, or queens, or spirits, or indeed any thing but common men and women, that it is no wonder so many people should be seized with a desire to go behind the scenes.

It is like being let into a secret, to be able to see how the water-wheel is turned by a man with the aid of a crank, how the waves of a particularly stormy sea are made by sundry sheets shaken at the ends, how the thunder is only the banging of an old piece of iron, and the rain only the rattling of dried peas in a box. The audience see and hear only the effects, you see the causes: now to see the causes of things, and to know more than one's neighbors, is just what pleases every body.

But however this may be, Mr. Samuel Coot, in walking down with Mr. Charles Snipe to their 'store,' or more properly, to their employers' store, expressed a wish that he could go on the stage and see how things were done.

'Very easy thing,' says Snipe — Snipe is an old bird, and is up to a thing or two — 'the Italian opera is here. Go on as a *super*.'

'That would be jolly,' says Coot, 'but how am I to get on?'

'I'll fix it for you,' says Snipe, 'and perhaps I'll go with you. It's an infernal bore, to be sure, after the first time, but then I have n't been on for a year, and besides, it's a very cheap way of hearing the opera. Only bring a dollar with you, that's all.'

As Snipe did the thing to accommodate Coot, of course it was no more than right that Coot should pay the bill.

But Coot was in ecstasies. All that day he could think of nothing but the opera. His ledger became in his imagination a stage, while the sum total of a column became a line of supernumeraries, with a big figure nine for a captain. He said, 'Yes, my lord,' to the senior partner, and was on the point of telling him that 'his carriage waited,' but remembered in time that it was only an express-wagon at the door. He bought a libretto of the opera, 'Robert le Diable,' and read it while dining at his eating-house, indulging himself also with frequent peeps into it all the afternoon, to the considerable detriment of his accuracy as an accountant.

The longest day, however, must have an end, and this day, although very lengthy in Coot's estimation, was certainly not an exception. The friends were at the stage-door an hour before the commencement of the performance, and after Snipe had held a short but mysterious colloquy with the door-keeper, they were admitted. Every thing within was dark and gloomy.

'Follow me,' said Snipe, 'and mind you do n't stumble over any thing.'

So Coot followed him along past some piles of scenery and then down the stage, which was thrown open even to the dead wall at the back.

'Look about you,' said his guide, 'and see the size of the thing. They have n't begun to 'set' it yet.'

Coot had but a faint idea of 'setting the stage,' on which he was standing, and which sloped away down to the green curtain, through which the faint glimmer of the lights in the house could be seen, but he looked about him and then up the tangled net-work of ropes and pulleys so far above his head, and began to feel himself growing uncommonly small.

'Come on,' said the dauntless Snipe, and immediately commenced a descent down what appeared to be the cellar-stairs. Arrived underneath the stage, a short walk past the machinery for working the trap-doors, brought them to a low room, well-lighted, and redolent with stale gas and the fumes of burnt cork. A large, rough, wooden table in the centre, with another table, or shelf, which ran all round, against the wall, both covered with garments of all shapes and sizes, left only a narrow space between, which was filled by fourteen or fifteen men, in all the different stages, from the grub to the full-blown butterfly, that is to say, from very ordinary-looking individuals, in still more ordinary-looking clothes, to gay, rosy-cheeked, moustached young lords. Some were struggling into not over-clean woollen tights, some putting on slashed doublets, which were always either too large or too small for them, while others were be-roungeing and be-corking their countenances, with a most lavish hand.

These young scions of nobility did not cease these preparations, although they looked rather askance at the new-comers. Coot had time to observe all these things, while Snipe was having a short conversation with the captain of the supers and the dresser. Finally, two bundles of clothes were selected and the friends essayed to put them on. Now, Coot is by no means an Apollo Belvidere, in his proportions. In fact, Nature, although perhaps not sparing in her materials, has been a little careless in her manner of putting them together. It is as if the frolicsome dame, in rolling him out, had rolled him too much, and on standing him up and finding how tall he

was, had struck him a powerful blow on the head, with the intention of making him shorter, which blow, instead of producing the desired effect, had unfortunately only driven his neck down into his shoulders and caused his legs to differ somewhat from the perpendicular. An intelligent tailor, with a judicious use of cotton, has considerably improved on the original, but when deprived of his handiwork, it may be supposed that Coot's appearance is, to say the least, not imposing, especially if you add a pair of spectacles, placed astride an uncommonly large nose.

Now, imagine Coot in tights which fitted no better than those of Shakespeare's 'lean and slippered pantaloon,' struggling at an old green velvet doublet, which was something like a little boy's frock, only larger, and which he was trying to put on in the same way as if it had been his coat.

'Turn it about!' said the dresser, who discovered his difficulty; 'it buttons behind.'

And so he helped him on with his doublet, pinned around his neck a great white linen collar, stuck a velvet cap very much over one eye, and got him a pair of russet boots, several sizes too large, which slipped off at the heel at every step.

'Now then,' says the dresser, 'to make you look gay!'

He accordingly drags him across the room, to where there is a looking-glass and a box of red powder, something like very fine brick-dust, into which he dips a dirty bit of cotton cloth and proceeds to daub over the cheeks of his unfortunate victim. Afterward, he sticks a wedge of cork in the gas-light, and with the hot and grimy end draws most artistically a large pair of moustaches. Then he takes out of a draw, what he calls a pair of whiskers, but which is only a string, with a little horse-hair stuck in the middle. This he ties on, with the string passing over the head, sticks on his cap again, and behold, there is our hero all equipped, as good a lord as the best of them!

'Look in the glass,' says the dresser, 'your own mother would n't know you.'

His own mother! Why, he cannot recognize himself! That singular-looking individual, with the blushing cheeks, smutty upper-lip, and a row of hairs around his chin, answer to the name of Coot? There is nothing about him natural, except his spectacles.

'But the moustache,' he ventures to ask, 'won't the audience see it's nothing but cork?'

The dresser grins.

'Stuff!' says a lord behind him, whose voice somehow sounds strangely familiar, 'stuff! Not one in a hundred will notice you at all, and if they do, they can't tell cork from hair, so far off.'

Coot turns around and recognizes his friend, who is attired much in the same manner, only in purple, and who proceeds to redden and blacken his face, like the others.

'Will yes be afther fixin' this top button?' says a lord, evidently belonging to the Irish nobility. 'The devil take it! I can't make it stay anyhow.'

Coot attended to the wishes of the noble peer, and as Snipe was by this time ready, they proceeded up-stairs together.

'This is n't the chorus?' whispered Coot on the way up.

'I should rather think not,' was the reply, 'they have rooms up-stairs, and wear better dresses. They have nothing to do with the supers.'

'Supers, do you call them?' said Coot, 'why the fellows in the gallery always call them 'supes.''

'What if they do?' said Snipe. 'Come, cork up, and do n't show your ignorance.'

Coot said no more, but contented himself with looking about him.

The stage had been set and lighted up while they were dressing. The scene was the camp of the Sicilians, near Palermo, with tents scattered about, and toward the front two gilded tables, with goblets, dice, etc., were placed. The theatre people were beginning to bestir themselves. Some of the chorus, in the dress of knights, were wandering about, and now and then bursting out into the fragment of an air, the stage-manager and the carpenters were bustling here and there, and the orchestra in front of the curtain were giving sundry preliminary squeaks. Every thing betokened that the opera was about to commence.

Coot looked at things with a curious eye. The scenery was painted so coarsely, that he hardly noticed that it represented any thing in particular. Between the wings, or side-scenes, and the walls, there was only a narrow passage, half-choked up with scenery. Toward the curtain, however, the space was clear, and there on one side of the stage, most of the supers were collected. The other, or prompter's side, was appropriated to the Italians. Coot, who by this time had got separated from his friend, wandered over there, and got sent back just about the time the orchestra was finishing the overture. Suddenly the captain of the supers, a big man in a suit of yellow and gold, who in regard to the size of his lower extremities somewhat resembled that rollicking Irishman,

'The brawny calves of whose wicked legs
Were more than half a yard across,'

made a rush at his flock of lordlings and sent them all on the stage at one of the upper entrances, where they stood in those peculiarly

graceful positions which men are apt to assume who do n't quite know what to do with their hands and feet.

The front of the stage was left clear. Then there were two tables, where Robert with the unpleasant cognomen was to stake and lose his whole fortune on the dice, at the instigation of the diabolical basso. Here officiated two young ladies of the *corps de ballet*. Behind these were the chorus, who, clothed in suits of armor, represented knights and warriors, and behind them were the supernumeraries, who represented nobody, but like manager Crummles' celebrated pump and tub, were only put on to fill up.

'All ready,' calls out some one, and after a small bell has tinkled twice, the great curtain rises majestically but noiselessly, and Coot for the first time faces an audience. He sees tier rise above tier, but can hardly tell whether the house is full until he gets a little used to the glare of the foot-lights, and even then cannot distinguish countenances. He soon feels at home, however, and ventures to move about a little, and to talk in whispers to Snipe.

But the action, or rather music of the opera proceeds, and the time soon comes for all the second-rate people to go off and leave the principals to finish the act by themselves, which they do, very much to their own satisfaction at least. At the fall of the act-drop every thing is in confusion. The stage is filled with all sorts of people, in all sorts of dresses, from Robert, in glittering chain-armor, to the carpenter with his green jacket. One of these latter gentry, possibly through accident, but very likely out of mischief, ran into Coot with a big piece of scenery. Our hero darted a fierce glance at the offender through his spectacles, and muttered to Snipe that 'if the fellow did it again, he should tell him that he had better not!' which terrible threat he fortunately had no occasion to fulfil.

The curtain was raised for the second act, after a short delay, and Coot amused himself by leaning against the wings and listening to the singing, which for a good part of the time the basso had pretty much all to himself, and made use of the opportunity, to emit tones from as near the pit of his stomach as any human basso ever has done or ever will do. Finally, having exhausted himself with this kind of chant, he finished the scene by darting into a mysterious cave, from which, at appropriate intervals, flashes of fire—the work of an old carpenter with a torch and some resinous powder—had been issuing. Again chaos reigned behind the curtain. The bustle was even greater, since the next scene, representing the ruined abbey, required more than common preparation. Besides, the crowd was augmented by the *corps de ballet*, in all the glory of muslin and crinoline, quite destroying the peace of mind of our friend Coot, who attempted to enter into conversation with some of them, and got himself snubbed,

since they only laughed at him, and turned their backs. Two of these young ladies got each into a sort of sarcophagus, which stood on end for the purpose, and were afterward lowered back on the stage by wires and left there, ready to be drawn up again when they were wanted. Then some censers, which hung from a row of arches at the back, were lighted, and after various other preparations, every thing was ready.

Up rises the curtain, and Bertram enters with Robert, whom he has brought to be tempted. While they are having a musical dialogue, will-o'-the-wisps appear at each of the wings, consisting, Coot observes, of little sponges filled with lighted spirits, attached to the end of long wires, which are waved about by men behind the scenes. Presently Bertram determines to call to his aid the spirits of the abbess and the nuns, who are supposed to lie buried beneath the ruins of the convent, and who, in their time, must have been, for religious people, a good deal given to pleasure. So after an appropriate invocation, the sarcophagi are tipped up on end and the nuns and the abbess rush out from the wings on each side, and have a little dance together. Then the abbess has a little dance all alone, at the end of which she stands on one toe, points the other toward the flies, and offers Robert a golden goblet. Of course the young knight cannot refuse it, after all the trouble she has been at, and he accordingly drink her very good health, upon which the abbess has another little dance all alone, and in the end leads him to the tree, and with a good deal of difficulty induces him to pluck the magic branch. Then some devils, who are only supers with ugly masks, red bodies, and long tails, rush in and seize the nuns, who fall down in various pretty attitudes of terror, the red fire is lighted, and the act ends with a tableau and a good deal of smoke.

All this passed off finely, in spite of a little disturbance behind the scenes, which was soon quelled, and which was caused by one of the devils having facetiously stuck the end of his tail in another devil's eye, at which the injured demon was justly indignant.

The fourth act followed, introducing for the first time the ladies of the chorus, to whom nature had been unusually sparing of her gifts, and who stood up in stiff-backed dresses as straight as if it were impossible to sing and move at the same time. The knights and lords were placed behind an arched doorway, covered by curtains, which were drawn aside at the proper time by carpenters. The second time they were displayed to the audience in this manner, the chorus leaned their heads on each other's shoulders and counterfeited sleep. Coot, using their postures, but mistaking the signification of them, notwithstanding a funny man next to him snored loudly, put on as mournful a face as he could command at such short notice, and was much shocked when,

on referring to the libretto the next morning he found that they were all supposed to be in deep slumber through the influence of the magic branch. The curtains were drawn together again after a minute, however, and Coot felt his arm seized by Snipe.

'Come down quick,' said the latter, 'and get the first wash. We are not wanted in the last act.'

So the two hurried down-stairs to the dressing-room, took a hasty wash, when their turn came, in a large white basin, found a tolerably dry place on a big coarse towel, and were soon attired *in propria persona*. They waited around the wings until the end of the opera, more from a desire of seeing it finished than of hearing the music, which, with the interruptions behind them, was not too distinct. Coot could not resist the temptation of leaning forward once in a while in sight of the audience, in hopes that some of his friends would see him, and imagine that he had the *entrée* of the stage. No one who knew him, however, happened to be in the right part of the house, and the only result of his manœuvre was a remonstrance from the stage-manager.

The last act of 'Robert' is a short one, and the green curtain soon descended, the lights were extinguished, and the theatre was, in an astonishingly short space of time, left in gloomy solitude.

Half-an-hour afterward, two young men were finishing their fancy roasts and ales in the corner box of a certain well-known saloon.

'Well, Coot,' says one, 'on the whole, what do you think of going on as a super?'

'Why,' was the reply, 'it will do very well for once, but — but —' here Coot hesitated as he thoughtfully prodded a bivalve with his two-pronged fork and turned him over for inspection — 'but *it's not such good fun as eating oysters!*'

I N F E L I C I T U S .

SHED not a tear for MAGGIE,
Dead, with despair, let her rest;
Alike with the cold sod cover
Her shame and the babe on her breast!

Plant but one lily above her,
Type of a sweet grace lost;
Then in your pity remember
A love which all else engrossed.

But when, in the mart of the city,
You pass him who alighted her trust,
Oh! pray that the lightnings of Heaven
May shrivel him into the dust.

R. A. OAKES.

THE PARSON.

BY GEORGE H. CLARK.

WHEN I was young and kind of noisy,
 And wore my first gray home-spun jacket,
 And fought stout battles with the boys,
 And filled my father's house with racket,
 Our well-beloved Parson died,
 And left behind him scores of weepers;
 Stout pillars of the church, long tried,
 As well as lesser props — and sleepers.

He was a patriarch, wise and gray,
 One of the old-time Christian scholars;
 Who cheered Affliction's weary way,
 And gave th' oppressed advice — and dollars.
 The matrons' love for him, at last,
 Sublimed almost to veneration,
 For he'd baptized one half the past
 And all the present generation.

Outside the church, the good man held
 A comprehensive supervision,
 And village quidnuncs were compelled
 To bow before his calm decision:
 Though party strife might rage and swell,
 Or skeptics raise some knotty question,
 There rose no storm he could not quell,
 No doubt too grave for his digestion.

I do remember well the scene,
 When, all the congregation seated,
 He closed the book with reverent mien,
 And twice the pregnant text repeated:
 And then, as influenced from above,
 His heart with holy themes expatiating,
 Appealed to Faith and Christian Love,
 As well as human understanding.

His look, his tones, his earnest ways,
 Form one of memory's cherished treasures
 As is in strong but instant justice
 Impaired hope or untried assurance.

The velvet cap he always wore,
Whene'er he thumped the pulpit cushion,
Loomed like a beacon from the shore
To warn us sinners from perdition.

The best of men a cross must bear —
So providence or fate contrives it ;
Of private griefs he had his share,
And some that were not quite so private.
He might conceal the smouldering fire
Of mental or domestic trial,
But troubles with the wrangling choir
Were patent as their own bass-viol.

Of course, there was among his charge
One busy, meddling, ancient maiden,
Who, like a fire-ship, roamed at large,
With furtive store of scandal laden.
She scattered brands of discord free,
She slandered and annoyed the parson,
Till all agreed she ought to be
Indicted for constructive arson.

On Wednesday night he always made
To us a quiet pastoral visit :
So when the bell his touch betrayed,
My mother never asked, ' Who is it ?'
But wheeling out the easy-chair,
With its inviting arms of leather,
She laid his pipe, with thoughtful care,
And steel tobacco-box together.

Those genial times were mellow ripe,
When folk were not inclined to bicker,
If ministers enjoyed a pipe,
And sipped a social glass of liquor :
So while his cheerful features glowed,
And smoke-wreaths circled to the ceiling,
His talk in streams of wisdom flowed,
Like waters from a fount of feeling.

We loved the man, revered him too —
As who did not that ever knew him ?
His piety and kindness drew,
With cords of love, all classes to him.
His praise by men need not be lipped
To make our sorrowing hearts beat faster,
For memory holds a secret crypt
Wherein is shrined the sainted PASTOR.

A DAY IN THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

BY FRANÇOIS COPCUTT.

SHE lay in her coffin there so beautiful, so calm, so holy, that it seemed as if she were uttering a silent prayer to her FATHER in heaven, and would open her eyes at its close. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the LORD, for they rest from their labors,' said the grave man who was speaking in subdued tones to the mourners, and no one could look upon that fair form, from which the spiritual essence had gone on its measureless journey toward the mercy-seat, without faith that she at least had found faith. She had uttered no complaint during her few months' illness, and when her coming doom was gently announced by him who had ministered to her spiritual welfare from her childhood, she only said, 'It is well,' and when the parting came, she pressed her mother's hand, moved her lips slightly as her little brother's face was held for a moment near her own, and in utter weariness of life, turned her head on her pillow, died, and made no sign, but there was the impress of a holy one left upon her face, as her spirit returned to God who gave it.

'O most merciful and ever-blessed REDEEMER,' said the minister, as he too looked toward the heavens, and as the mourners bent their heads reverently, a little boy of some four or five summers came into the room, and looking wistfully around, approached the satin and flower-decked couch where his sister was so calmly sleeping. Reaching with both his little hands to the side of the coffin, he drew himself up so that he could see his sister's face, and in an earnest but almost inaudible voice whispered: 'Mary! Mary!' But Mary was too far off to hear him, too preoccupied in her new home to answer. He sank quietly to the floor, then taking up a flower which had fallen with him from the coffin, he rose, drew himself up again with a convulsive effort, held by one hand as he dropped the flower on her lips, and again whispered, 'Mary!' but the same eloquent answer was returned. Loosening his hold, he stood for a few moments trembling at the side of the coffin; the prayer for the dead and the dying went on; again he drew himself up, but this time uttered no sound, only reached out a little hand and touched her cold face; in that touch he seemed to receive a revelation of death, for uttering a shrill, sharp scream, he fell to the floor senseless. Taking him up, we carried him from the crowd of mourners, some of whom having seen what occurred, were weeping; others who had not, were frightened at what seemed for a moment a voice from the coffin itself.

In a chamber, alone and apart, sat the fair girl's mother, her hair all too soon mixed with white; snow in the summer months, it had fallen upon her head as she watched by the death-bed of her child. We placed the little boy in her arms, and, as she pressed him to her heart she pointed to an open and crushed letter lying on the floor at her side. Her face was haggard, there were no tears in her eyes, and she rocked to-and-fro with the movement with which despair sometimes tries to cheat the moment of some part of its bitterness. 'Read! read! it came from the Dead-Letter Office, contained a trinket, and therefore was saved, the others are all destroyed: it has killed her.'

I took up the crushed letter, smoothed it out and read. Affection warm as the sun which draws the cactus-flower to life, sentiments noble, holy, warm, such as love draws from a good man, but alas! misdirected, as all the others probably were. In that week's bill of mortality the fair girl made one of the fifty-nine cases of consumption, but she died of a *dead-letter*. And he came back in all the fulness of life, in the fulness of a manhood which love had made noble, and found for his embracing — a new-made grave.

WHEN we were a youngster, and apotheosised by the first laying on of jacket and pants, when imagination was beginning to quarry blocks of fancy granite to build castles with, and life was uncovering her lens to give us a peep here and there into her wondrous panorama, we were sojourning at a neighboring town with a family whose head was post-master of the place. We soon had the range of the post-office in consequence, and became a pet with the clerks, not to say a small butt, too, for them to sharpen their wits upon. One day one of the most solemn-looking of the set, but one who could hardly open his mouth to speak without making the others laugh, for which I thought them very wicked, was closing and locking a bag whose sides were distended to the utmost with crammed-in material of some kind; a fat, rotund aldermanic post-bag. We asked:

'What is that?'

'Dead letters,' said the solemn clerk lugubriously.

'*Dead* letters! How came they to die?'

'Some from neglect, some because they could n't find their way home, some died because the girls refused them.'

Refused! I had heard our people talk about a man's being sick, because he was refused, and here were letters killed by it.

'Are they very dead?'

'Yes, dead as a 'subject' after he's 'biled' and his bones hung together with wires.'

I did not understand that, nor why the clerks should laugh so.

'Where are they going?'

'To Washington.'

'To be buried?'

'Yes, they have a big grave-yard there, and the President reads the funeral service over the poor things.'

For years afterward it was a vivid picture in our imagination, the crowd, the grave, and the President as large again as other men, a sort of demi-god, reading the funeral service over the dead, while curious head-stones dotted the ground, setting forth the causes why the poor letters were lying there. As we grew up, and these absurd notions faded, they left in their place a strong curiosity to see this noted foolscap Golgotha, and now when our fair young friend had yielded up her life, and had been tragically dead-lettered into eternity, we determined, on our first visit to Washington, to explore this mysterious place, if we could obtain any friend at court to guide us through the shades.

'WAITER, take away this Chateaux Margaux of '1828,' ('figures' evidently do 'lie' sometimes,) and bring a julep. Tell James to make it, and that it is for us.'

Ah! a master-piece of bar-room art, gratifying as the first kiss of her thou lovest most, or a sudden rise in stocks when one is a heavy holder. Cold as the bergs which overlook the 'open sea,' where the north pole bids defiance to the nations' daring; sparkling as the eyes which open to the sunlight of the bridal morning. Oldest of antique nectars, dating thy mysterious birth far away in the hidden past, where facts become mythic, and great men are transformed into gods or demi-gods, hail!

'Not known ten years ago!' some tyros assert. Why, America was in swaddling-clothes, nay, unknown, long centuries after it was a joy forever. Not known ten years ago? To us its antique flavor adds an aroma to its aroma and gilds refined gold. Why, Circe, a pet maid of honor to Mrs. Neptune, a daughter of the Sun and Miss Perse, is known to have used it long before many of our antiquities were dreamed of or created. Hear Milton make his hero eloquent:

'AND first behold this cordial julep here,
Which flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits and balm and fragrant syrups mixed;
Not that Nepanthes (sherry cobbler, probably)

Which the wife of PHANES

In Egypt gave to JOVE-born HELENA
Is of such power to stir up joy as this—
To life so friendly, and so cool to thirst.'

Bravo ! the poet brings it as freshly and clearly before the mind's eye as the waiter does before our physical ones, and the mercury in that thermometer twenty feet away shrinks down, down toward its lair at the bare sight of the pyramid of ice where the delicious liquid whence it arises is sparkingly reflected, like rubies and brilliants in the sunlight.

Milton does not actually mention 'mint,' but he does balm, a species of it ; besides, what he meant, is clear to the meanest capacity, for we all know that a julep is not a julep without mint. Not ten years old ? Look at its head, frosty with the snows of untold centuries.

This is the last day of a five weeks' sojourn in Washington, and it has been a day in the Dead-Letter Office, the *entrée* obtained, all our efforts crowned with success, and the spoils, in the shape of selected letters scattered about the table, where that glorious julep stands to welcome them once more to light and life. How strange and weird they look, these odd anachronisms, dead before their time, but born again. And now, dear reader, while we are at peace with gods and men, while the milk of human kindness is circulating in our soul, and the spirit of this mint-perfumed nectar is snatching for us a few moments from earth and its sorrows, we will lay the Dead-Letter Office before you as far as words can do it, and then from this mass of letters, this cream of our day's work, we will re-select and lay before you *la crème de la crème*.

The *entrée* to the Dead-Letter Office, like kissing, goes by favor, and it has cost us much trouble and many refusals before we could obtain it. We do not mean the mere permission to look into the rooms, and at the clerk-undertakers who are preparing the letters for burial ; that any one can obtain for the asking ; but the 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' make such a permission a mockery. What ! In one's hunger look at a choice dinner while the attendants are throwing it to the dogs ? Enter the holy of holies, unable to receive its spiritual influences ? Look at the 'open sea,' and never reach the pole ? No ! The *entrée* we wanted was the uncontrolled, unlimited, unchecked range of the office for a whole day, with full permission to read, copy, extract, or carry off any of the letter-corpses to which we took a fancy, and that permission we obtained.

The day broke gloriously, as if it had been made for good spirits, and was lingering here a few hours on its way to their spheres. The flowers laughed in the sunlight, and grass-blades sprung up from every cranny between the stones, to welcome their great sun-father, when at an early hour, under the auspices of Mr. Auditor Pratt, we wended our way toward the beautiful white marble palace post-office.

Having entered, we turned to the left along the corridor, which extends some two or three hundred feet through the entire length of

the building; passing on to the last door, it opened and closed behind us, and we were in the sanctuary of the dead, a letter Golgotha, though not merely a 'place of skulls,' for they (the letters) being dead, yet speak.

We bowed solemnly to the clerks as the Auditor introduced us, and when he retired, sat down, lost in a reverie over the sad scene; for what a vast record of buried hopes, lost friends, broken friendships, and neglected love lay scattered about that cemetery. While dreaming thus, one of the clerks began whistling merrily; in an instant the spell was broken, and we went business-like to our task of dissecting some thousands of 'subjects.'

The Dead-Letter department of the General Post-Office at Washington is one of much importance; there all the letters and packages which are misdirected, refused, or miscarried, are sent, after being advertised for a certain time in the place to which they are addressed; and strange as it may seem, several millions annually fail to reach their destination. These are received at stated times from the various branches all over the Union, and are placed on the long tables of the office, where numerous clerks are exclusively employed in opening them; if they contain nothing, they are thrown down unread, packed in large paper bags, and every three months taken to the common and burned by cart-loads.

Should the letters contain money or other valuables, they are laid on a side-table, and a recording clerk arranges them alphabetically in the boxes prepared for that purpose, and writes to the writer of the letter, stating that it has been received. If no answer is returned, after three years the contents, if money, is placed in the treasury, still subject to the owner's order, if he brings the requisite proofs. Every article received is kept and labelled, and in this way they collect gloves, rings, garters, books, locks of hair, pictures, likenesses, law-papers, and so on, and in money some thousands of dollars weekly. Title-deeds and other valuable papers supposed to be lost, are often recovered there.

We entered on our task with maw omniverous, devouring all things as they came, protests and protestations, deeds and misdeeds, bills and — cooings, proposals for marrying and proposals for building, hands for sale and 'hands wanted,' notes to pay and notes to answer, on, on, on, we read each document as it came, from the piety which unlocks the heavens, to the sinning which fits us for Hades; from the legerdemain of the heart to the legerdemain of the counting-house. But this of course could not last; as the day advanced we gradually became more fastidious, more alive to outward signs of inward and spiritual graces; guessed the contents of a letter by reading a line; threw away all which had a taint of print; laid aside, half-read, those

that were eloquent or odd, and when the hour came for closing the office, from a huge mass which we had glanced at or read, we had selected a package of several hundreds, and here they are before us, lenses through which we will give a few glimpses of the panorama of life, guides who will take us for a moment behind the scenes, so that in looking at others' follies or woes we may for a time forget that we too are players.

CHAPTER II.

It will be as well, perhaps, to preface our second chapter with the remark that all the names of both persons and places have been carefully erased, and even the initials are fictitious, so that the owner or writer of course will be the only one able to locate his own, and thus lead, perhaps, to the healing of breaches and misunderstandings, should they or any of them once more reach the surprised eyes of those who created them. With us, the only question of course is, have they literary merit enough to make them worth printing, or are they odd enough to amuse?

The first we offer seems to have been sent as an accompaniment to a parcel of flowers. It has two post-marks; evidently the person to whom it was addressed had left, and it had been forwarded to the wrong address. It has neither date nor signature, and is unique in its kind.

'FATHER and mother have been quarreling so long that it seems as if there would never be another spring-time in our house, and home is chilly, cold, sad, although it has an infinite sky for a dome, and the cloud-frescoed horizon for walls. Our poor mother's heart is congealed, and her face is of snowy paleness, or covered with rain-tears on account of his indifference, and he looks down upon us from his proud eminence, and holds out his hands full of sparkling beams, but there is no warmth in them, so we have left our chilly home, our mother's cold bosom, and our father's freezing smile, to ask shelter of you for the few hours we have to live. We have nothing to offer you for your love but a little perfume: will you love us? Place us at your side, fair lady, or let us nestle in your bosom, it will not be for long. He who gave us our moment's beauty will soon take it to HIMSELF again, but HE will love you better for having loved us.'

The next, as we take them somewhat at random, runs thus:

'MY DEAR F——: I send with this 'The Caxtons,' and 'My Novel.' Do you remember my promise to do so, made as we were groping our way down in the everlasting and dense darkness of the Mammoth Cave, where, as we burned our blue-lights in the pits, domes, ruins, chasms, and arches, we seemed to be daring the

fiends in their native home, while our merry laughter frightened them off to the black reaches of the distant cavern? For how could doomed spirits, steeped in despair, listen to the laughter of such happy mortals, and not shrink away? at least I saw none of their red eyes peering out from the dark places, nor their faces grinning defiance at us, did you?

'Our black guide was a jewel, but you lost one of the good things he said by remaining behind at 'Coram's Dome.' Alfred took us, scrambling and climbing, on to a place he called Vulcan's Forge, thence with the usual hazard of our necks, to a heap of rubbish, the debris of fallen stalactites.

'This,' said he, 'is the ashes from Vulcan's forge.'

'Alfred,' I asked quietly, 'do you ever find any of the bolts here?'

'No, Sir, they 're all gone to thunder!'

'The ready answer, half-classic and half-Bowery, set us laughing merrily.

'Do you remember the evening I left the cave? 'Angels and ministers of grace!' What a night! On horse-back, too, and such a road! About two miles from the cave the blackness of darkness overtook me, and the rain came down in sheets, as if the windows of heaven were opened. I could see neither trees, fences, nor road, and as to seeing the guide, that was out of the question; I could only hear the clattering of his horse's hoofs on the rocks. Leaning back in the saddle, I held the reins tightly in my hand, gave the horse his head, struck him with the whip, and away we went on a gallop. Literally I could not see the horse I was riding. On we went through the black space, through darkness that could almost be felt, and came up to my eyes so densely that it seemed as if I could put up my hand and push it away like a physical substance. Now dashing through water, now stumbling over rocks, we at last finished the nine miles, and reached Bells in a decidedly damp state, changed my clothes, took the ninth seat in the passing stage, and talked abolition until day-break, there, in the heart of Kentucky, to eight unknown passengers. No harm came of the ducking or the abolition.

'How is merry, light-hearted, pretty Miss R——? It was very funny, when *crawling* through 'Bunyan's Way,' to see her lie down exhausted, and call for volunteers to *roll* her through. By the way, if Bunyan had had that trip to take with his burden on, he would never have reached the Celestial City.

'You have a niche in that part of my memory, where the more sylph-like and graceful beings I have met, most do congregate.

'Fare thee well, ———.'

This letter reminds us of an incident at the Mammoth Cave, in

which a bride and groom suddenly became as chilled and cold as the most profound misogamist could desire. A bride of some seven days' standing, with her husband and five friends, two ladies and three gentlemen, put oil in their lamps, and descended to the cave for a day's frolic and exploration. Three miles from the entrance they came to the river, and seating themselves in a scow, began singing and awakening the echoes, while the guide 'sculled' along over the still waters, where the blind fish, too much like ourselves, were swimming about, heedless of the light above. They approached the end of the rock-arched river, where the huge cave opens again like a mammoth railroad tunnel, and the debris of fallen rocks made it look as if a grand 'smash-up' had taken place there. By the side of the beach a little rock juts out. The elastic, light-hearted, happy bride springs to the side of the scow to jump first ashore. Two gentlemen, without sense to balance their gallantry, follow to help her, and the three stepping on the side at once, over went the boat, bride, guide, oil, lamps and suite; attendant fair friends—and foul friend, to say nothing of fare and fowl for their subterranean lunch; a scream, a plunge, a momentary struggle for life, and there they all stood, waist-deep in water, madly clinging together, and the shrieking, screaming, crying, weeping, wailing, screeching made a chorus of woe, which would be a fortune for Verdi, could he transfer it to his 'lines' in more 'pleasant places.' Few people can imagine how exceedingly black the darkness is down there, six hundred feet in a perpendicular line below the sunlight, and beyond the reach of the thunder echoes, and our gay bridal party did not dare to stir one step, but clung together, and screamed loud enough almost to make the rocks fall on them. Indeed they could not tell where to move, and a step might send them into the unfathomable deeps together. A guide left behind at the hotel, not liking his leisure, followed them into the cave about an hour after they started, in hope probably of some pickings by the way-side. He hurried on, reached the river, took another scow, and about ten minutes after their 'plunge-bath' the light of his coming lamp, joyful as the first-born's smile to its youthful mother, as the free air to the long-imprisoned, shone upon them, and they were taken on board, without reaching the other side of that Jordan. They went on their winding way, songless and silent, but very thankful and *very* wet.

The next we fish up has a piscatory flavor, and seems to have been a Dutchman's handiwork:

'DEAR SIR You will pleas send me 9 shads for my window 2 feet 9 inch wide 6 feet long like I seen at your store by steamboat traveller for New heaven
Your Servant, D——.'

'*Nine shad for New Heaven*' is good.

The next is as delicately traced on its colored note-paper, as if the writer's pen had been made from the quill of a humming-bird's wing :

'*MOX AMI* : The firewood which you hope may have such a magical effect upon my phreno—— developments arrived safely. I could almost cry shame while thanking you. Rosewood firewood! I am poor in thanks. If I were an authoress, all my lovers' hearthstones should glow with such flames. The smoke of its burning is even now ascending to heaven, but — but ——

'The '*Ingleaside*' looks desolate to-night; even the sparkling, dancing, perfumed flame cannot take it away: for from our circle so narrowed has gone out *one* whom it tries us *sorely* to spare. One who has lived under this same old roof-tree with us during his whole life, and sat with us beside this same hearthstone, which his labors and cheerfulness have helped to keep bright. Our smiles have been mutually awakened by the same merry jest, our hearts have thrilled with the same hopes, and our tears have fallen over the same sorrow. We have been *one*, as the chords of a harp are one when touched by the hand of a skilful player; we know not whether this or that wire has been struck, we only *feel* the harmonious or discordant whole; and now with our prayers and blessings ascending for and resting on him, he has gone.

'Partings to me are any thing but a '*sweet sorrow*,' though there is one pleasant thought connected with occasional separation from those we love; it calls forth so many kind thoughts and tender words; such a multitude of affectionate remembrances, all bringing their own hoarded treasures and casting them into the common stock, each enriching and enriched by the act, and most of all he or she the absent one; and up-springing from this there follows an oblivion of past unpleasantness, a warmer appreciation of good qualities, and more enduring friendship.

'Thoughts burdened with a lifetime of feeling came crowding up for utterance, as C —— and S —— and I gazed into each other's eyes and drew our chairs the nearer, that one had gone out from our midst. The artist is trying to paint a portrait of my sister. I have stood beside him while he worked, making suggestions, hoping, longing, almost breathless, as his brush touched the canvas, but notwithstanding all, the soul is not there, the eyes look strangely upon me, filling my heart with a peculiarly absorbing grief, a revival of the agony I felt when I knew she had left us, aggravated by the thought that I can never possess (as I had hoped) a pictured semblance that should cheat death of some portion of his conquest. Well, I sometimes feel that ours will not be a long separation; a few short years at

farthest, and we shall no longer see 'as through a glass darkly.' I seem to tread less lingeringly on earth since it has taken the loved form of my sister to its keeping, and my thoughts are often in heaven now that it has become the home of her pure spirit. Where your treasure is, there will be your heart also, is the language of HIM who tasted unshrinkingly woe's bitterest cup, and I am daily learning this anew in my life-experience. It is easier for me to think of the blessed inhabitants of Paradise now that I have a sister among their number. Relationship with the angels! there is something mysteriously beautiful in the tie. Heaven cannot be far from us after all.

'Pardon me for writing so gloomily. I am very lonely to-night, and all the saddening circumstances of my bereavement seem gathering around me like a rushing presence. Spirits, restless and gloomy, if not malign, seem to fill the space, and I must try and exorcise them or they will overpower me.

'I saw the christening of an infant on Sunday last, which interested not a little. The mother was a poor Irish woman, the only Protestant one in this vicinity, and because of her rejection of Catholicism, is wholly neglected by her own country people, while her husband, a devoted worshipper of Bacchus, seems to have quite forgotten his vow to love and protect her.

'To have the ceremony performed, she had come some distance, carrying her baby in her arms. The little baby looked sweetly pure and lovely dressed in spotless white, and there was a stateliness and solemnity in the manner and attitude of the mother, which far surpassed much of the assumed dignity of the higher ranks of society. I have attended christening where all that art and taste could devise or suggest to make the scene impressive, had been called into requisition, where the feeble frame of the child presented for the holy rite, was loaded with the very 'pumps and vanities' the parents had come to renounce, but I have never witnessed aught so touching in its meek simplicity as this baptismal scene.

'The common appearance of the mother, in contrast with the unsullied, tender loveliness of the babe; the happy unconsciousness of its expressionless little features, so strangely at variance with the earnestness of hers, as she held it forward to receive the sacred emblem, would of themselves have made a picture. In her eagerness she seemed to snatch a blessing from heaven for the little one. She had doubtless learned, poor woman, that 'life is real,' her journeyings had evidently not been through sunny landscapes; she knew the tiny feet of the being she so cherished must tread a thorny and a weary pathway, and she seemed to ask not so much that its spirit might be kept from loving the seductive pleasures of time too well, but that the reward of an eternal Paradise might be granted it.

‘The incident, trivial in itself, was to me full of interest. There is a chord in my heart which will never cease to vibrate thrillingly, painfully at every such manifestation of faith and devotion to humble life. Thrillingly, because there is something gloriously beautiful in faith thus displayed. Painfully, for above and beyond all I seem to hear the voice of our blessed SAVIOUR saying: ‘Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.’

‘The flame burns low upon the hearth-stone; the clock strikes midnight and summons me to rest, and so good-night.’

There are words which cut sharper than any two-edged sword, and the following would have been of them probably, had they fulfilled their destiny instead of dying before their time.

‘YOUR present position, M —, of comparative independence, will enable me to write what for some time past I have wished to say, yet what I should not utter even now, if you were in the same dependent position. It is, that our acquaintance is at an end. Your own conscience answers why, and I have too much experience of your sex, you too little duplicity, for me to be ignorant of what that answer is.

‘With your life before we met, be it written or unwritten, I have nothing to do, but with the present I have, and the step you have taken during the past month, in your career toward no land of promise I fear, must of course end our friendship in all its phases.

‘You are the first being who has stooped to deceive me so, and curiously enough too, the one of all others who made the deepest protestations of eternal attachment. If I had placed much faith in them, I might now feel annoyed or angry; I feel neither, and look with curious wonder at this new leaf in my experience of the book of life.

‘But why, if you suspected (knew) this, you may say, place me near your friends? Because I knew of the gold there is among so much dross; the spiritual nature there is among so much sensual; and I hope you may yet break your passion-chains, or at least keep those facts which would damn you behind the scenes.

‘Wild and ungovernable as your passion is, drawing down will, reason, soul in its train, yet I know that there is something of the angel there, and for the rest I am one of the last who have the right to cast a stone at you. This episode in our existence, eventful and sad as it has been for the most part, has terminated, and nothing remains but to say farewell.

G —.

Our next, taken at hazard, is from among the ecstasies. The old story, love, love, ever new and never ending.

‘DEAR N —: I am happy to hear that you were well enough to leave your room for a few hours on Friday, and I most sincerely hope

your exertion did not injure you. I need not tell you that your silence, I might call it neglect, has stung me bitterly, especially now I know that others are thought of. But why should I be surprised? The novelty of my devotion is past, the trouble I have occasioned you in your invalid state is doubtless irksome. I will not reproach you, that would be unjust, but I do regret most heartily that I was not wise enough to know that this would be. I have placed you above the general race of men, have looked at and thought of you not as one human being thinks of another, but as a something so infinitely superior, placed by heaven in my way, that to nearly idolize you was not wrong. But now without provocation you leave me in ignorance as to your health, or leave me to hear from others, which is still worse, and when I am with you evidently portray dissatisfaction. God bless you! May she who supplants me in your affections love you but half as well as I have done, and you may be satisfied, for you will then possess more than man ordinarily receives from woman. I am as ever,

Your fondly attached M——.

Poor child, may she 'grow strong.' To 'suffer,' is evidently her lot. But what changed scenes and circumstances if all these mis-
sives could have gone on their way, and without losing it.

The author of the following would not probably be very graciously received by the quilting sisters, could they see it:

'MY DEAR T——: There is to be a quilting at P——'s on Saturday. I am requested to invite you: be there.

'Pray (prey) on sisters!' The carcass is there, let the eagles gather together.

Yours in Christianity, L——.

Our next is as warm as a June sun in Italy. How tantalizing these glances! This letter looms up like a little island in the ocean, the apex of a submerged mountain — of sentiment and passion:

'To be' of course, as you always were, and as to forgiving, my dear child! what have I to forgive? If you held a capital hand, threw away your best cards without taking a trick, and lost the game, it is your own forgiveness you want, not mine. But there is one point in your sweet, pretty letter — that — that — What had the thoughts 'Satan himself must have prompted on the night of the concert,' to do with the matter? And again, how could you be taught to believe that 'the only feeling I had for you was ten times worse than hate?' What teaching could have any effect after that confidence of mine? After you knew the secret which is so largely the key of what some people think my strange and mysterious character? Why, lady-bird, after embraces, the memory of which must still linger on your lips,

after resting your head on my breast and listening to that tale of early love, when the crimson of your cheeks was visible between the fingers which were clasped over your face to hide the fever which was glowing there, as your eager ears drank in the words: after all that, could you have any 'teaching' about me? No! We were thenceforward on an equal footing, not only morally, as all men and women are, but in responsibility also. What my intentions were, can hardly be discussed, for I had none. The sails were up, and a delightful breeze was blowing, but I had left the helm, and hardly glanced ahead to see if the boat was making toward a bank of flowers or a whirlpool.

'What the possibilities of our position were, unchecked and untrammelled as it was, is for our several judgments to decide. For my part, I *did* think it possible that some new memories,

'Which, tasted once, last always and disdain
Time's iron pressure,'

might have been created in you here, to color with their fire-light the foliage of your life-tree, but the *RULER* of your destiny willed it otherwise, or *you* willed it otherwise, and — it is well that it is well — all the bitterness I felt about our separation had gone before May, and at that early day I had determined not to see you again, if things remained as they were.

'We are on the top-round of the ladder of physical existence; each year all that gives life to passion and coloring to sentiment will in both of us be, if not fading, at best stationary. Perhaps, when long years have gone by, when little ones are clinging around you to call you blessed, and I am feeling more bitterly than I can now the loneliness of the pathway that I have marked out for myself, perhaps we may meet again, and after looking the surprise which we shall feel at the change which had come over the spirit of our physical existence, talk frankly of our fitful fever-dream, and not probably before.

'When your heart is over-full, and wants a channel wherein to flow, write to me. When the sad hours come, as they will at any age, rid yourself of some part of their bitterness with my sympathy; and when the garden of life looks arid and blank, if you will let me know it, I will try and plant a few flower-seeds there, which may perhaps grow up into things of beauty, and if so, 'be a joy forever.'

'B —.'

We doubt if that ended so, but alas! the infinite chaos of the Dead-Letter Office gave us no farther echo, and we pass on.

We clip the following paragraph from eight pages of similar white-robed charity:

'MY DEAR L — : G — has examined it, and it is not cotton, but real English thread lace — I told you so. Where does she get it? Her father is too poor to give it to her. I suppose it will be thread-lace shawls next, or even camel's hair. I watched behind the old elm for three hours yesterday, and saw them come home in the twilight, and his arm was about her waist, and when they reached the gate *she* kissed HIM! What do you think of that? I know he's bad enough: I found that out when he used to pay me so much attention. S — says, perhaps they're engaged. Engaged! He marry that simpleton! I *do* wish you would come this week, instead of next, and see for yourself.'

Ah! my dear young lady, cultivate the humanities more and spleen less, or the mile-stones on the road to your father's mansion will never be hung with garlands, even if you do not altogether lose the way; and as to the 'dry-goods,' comfort yourself, all English 'thread-lace' is made from cotton, if that be any consolation, and by the way, camel's-hair shawls are made of goat's hair, black 'thread-lace shawls' from silk. The material in these things is of little moment, it is the laboring fingers of the sons and daughters of toil which give them their value, and you, doubt it not, would be surer of walking in robes not woven nor made with hands, were you to join the corps instead of employing your time in seeking or creating scandal.

The next has two postage-stamps, city and country, evidently sent after some one who had left his city residence. We commend its point and beauty to our writers generally. The 'mahogany man' is probably one amongst the upper ten of block-head-dom:

'DEAR C — : Come at ten and bury the mahogany man afterwards. God bless you. R —.'

The next is written in a very small, delicate, lady's hand, seemingly the beginning of a correspondence stopped at the very fountain-head by this mis-carriage:

'I HAVE spent the Sabbath, dear stranger, in reading the book you so kindly sent me, and hardly know how to express my delight on reading the accompanying note.

'I have thrown many kindly feelings, many earnest, warm affections forth upon the world, and have shed bitter tears over the coldness that has been returned to me. But I know there are seeds which remain long years in the bosom of earth before they spring up and produce things of life and beauty. So hope does not forsake me; and in

these days of patient 'waiting for the light,' such words as yours — good books — my sister's tenderness — are God's best blessings to
'S——.'

And blessed let us hope that fair spirit is, even with her beautiful note unanswered — unreceived.

Here is one from a lady fair, the *dénouement* of a three-volume novel in a line :

'DEAR P —— : If you drop in here at 2 P.M. on Saturday, the 20th, you can see me married. Very truly,
W——.'

The next is an avalanche of sentiment and passion, in which the heart's poetry bubbles up, as from a well of Heidsieck :

'NOBLE, GENEROUS-HEARTED DARLING : I cannot allow a longer time to elapse without in some way expressing my deep, earnest, heartfelt gratitude for the kind sympathy and assistance you have rendered me in my late trials. Oh ! how coldly do words tell the inmost feelings of my heart. Yesterday morning I went out with M ——, and being very tired on my return, lay down to sleep, when Somnus came and led me back to the happy days I spent with you. Again I visited C ——, and felt the nervous tremor of your dear supporting arm. I gazed once more upon the yawning chasm and the giddy whirl of waters, looked down into the impenetrable depths of the black, cold, watery grave ; and when my woman's timid nature made me shrink and shudder lest by one false step I should be hurled into eternity, I looked at you, and in the eloquence of your fond eyes I felt secure from every pending ill, and then, unheard by all below, I murmured a fervent prayer to HIM who knows our every thought, to grant (if such be His almighty will) that love so all-absorbing and intense as mine, might yet awaken in your bosom some feelings like my own. It was but a short echo of what had really been. No human soul could have guessed the maddened ecstasy with which I traced those glorious wonders of an Almighty hand. Pure as an infant's were the emotions which led me up through nature unto nature's God. And have my prayers been answered ? Have I found in you that earthly guide and counsellor which my weak and erring nature so much needed ? Have I prayed and prayed aright ? Yes, I feel, I know I have. My love for you is sanctioned by a wise, unerring BEING, and to you alone shall my fond heart be given. By every tie of nature and of love, I am yours. And now, dearest, let me tell you, that deeply as I lament the loss of that confidence which was previously placed in me by those from whom I am now estranged, I can never wish to retract one word or action which has placed me thus. All outward opposition draws me nearer to you : and with regard to others,

'MAN may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never.'

And you, most fondly loved one, do you regret the past? or does the assurance of my undying love, being the result of our late joys and sorrows, in any way repay you for the annoyances to which you have been subjected? Does not one fibre of your generous heart and nature thrill like my whole system at the remembrance that

'THERE are moments of life which we never forget,
They heighten and brighten as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the glow of the loveliest day.'

I must now leave you, once more assuring you how infinitely the happiness you have afforded me surpasses the misery caused by the cold-hearted world. God bless you, dearest — and believe me ever

'Your own to eternity,

o —.'

Whom the gods love die young, seems to hold good with letters too, as well as the writers of them.

Again we draw at random from our Golgotha as follows:

'SHALL I say in offering a few flowers simply, 'To R —, with the compliments of W —?' It is all that is necessary; still, perhaps it would be hardly doing justice to Miss R —'s apparently frank, open-hearted nature, or to myself, so I will add my thanks, not for the *pleasure* her acting has afforded me, but for some little inkling of a new revelation of life, and also ask her if it is forgetfulness or indifference which has kept her from 'advising me of her earliest leisure.' I confess that I had built some pleasant little air-castles, founded on my possible acquaintance with her, but they are vanishing, crumbling to their original quarries, and the builder imagination has laid aside his tools and gone on his way, so that now I have to address even a few flowers to the actress, not as I would prefer to the woman. When I saw her last performance a wish came into my head, or heart, or soul, or wherever the temple is in which wishes do their worshipping — may I repeat it? That when this mimic scene in which she is acting becomes real, and Death rolls up into the proscenium above the stars the mysterious curtain from before eternity, and discloses to her view those scenes where the orchestra is sphere-melodies and the stars sing together for joy; where angels cover the stage, and where the background is the silent eternities, may the sorrow and sadness of her little life be found to have so purified her soul, that the ALMIGHTY DIRECTOR will give her an everlasting engagement near His throne?

'W —.'

The next is a glimpse seemingly into a romance where the principals did not meet. Its sentiment and pathos deserve a better fate than a burning on the Common at Washington, and we hope its rescue from that may be the means of bringing it to the head and heart it was written for, and should interest and sway :

‘As this is the last time a word will pass between us, will you do me the favor, perhaps the justice, to read a few matter-of-fact lines ? Then the spirit shall vanish into air again — your phantom friend die and make no sign.

‘You have probably thought that it was a strange interest which I took in one whom I had never seen : I will explain. Long, long ago, when visiting E —, she was one day looking over her letter-drawers, I observed a large package of letters, and asked from whom did you receive those ? She answered, from yourself. I asked permission to read them, and received it. Taking them with me, I laid them aside for the moment, and one morning brought them out with a feeling akin to annoyance at having brought upon myself the task of reading a series of lady’s letters, written, too, by a stranger, or, least by one of whom I had only heard.

‘I opened the first — the next, and read, read, read, on to the last. Surprised, then spell-bound by their depth of graceful thought and sentiment, their infinite longings, their pervading tone of uncomplaining sadness, sweet and melancholy as those of an *Æolian* harp, and though written in the confidence and abandon of the tenderest friendship containing no sentence that I would not be proud to have a loved sister utter.

‘The gardener imagination at once took the plant which had borne such beautiful flowers, and transplanted it into the most hallowed nook of what there is of garden in my being, and he tended, watered, and watched over it, studied each petal and fibre, added a leaf here, or a branch there, until he had made it a perfect unity. And the plant grew and grew, and as it grew it changed, like the statue of the ancient sculptor, into a new life, and became one of the *Penates*, while its image was niched in the wall of my soul, and I felt that the soul which had lain in darkness was being filled with things of life, truth, and beauty. Then those notes passed between us, and the last one (previous to — well, I will not recall it) said, ‘I cannot, dear S —, bring my mind to say farewell, you shall hear from me in various ways, through friends, and by the stories which I will send you from my pen, in which you will see more of my spirit.’ This was the last I heard from you, directly or indirectly.

‘Days, weeks, months passed away, still the oracle was dumb in anger or indifference, the *Penate* silent ; Hope had reared a fair fabric, but its foundation rested on a rainbow, and vanished with the

light. And as silence and the months went by, the meteor of hope burst, the sun sank below the horizon, and the sweet dream passed away with the hour, while its memory lingered about the dreamer through the long wakefulness of years. For, to me you have always been a being sanctified and set apart from all others; an image in my mind created by your own words and my imagination, uncolored even by other influences.

'At last Mr. A — went to your far-away home, and I took the opportunity of sending to you a gentle reminder of my existence, with some hope of discovering if I had been in any way the cause of any part of the torture you suffered, or if your silence simply meant I must think of you no more: the rest you know. The note came back and lies before me, and with perception sharpened by surprise, I have read and re-read it, but find no word that a 'serf might not have said to an empress.'

'In all this I think that the first shadow of a selfish thought never crossed my soul; and when there was a possibility of seeing you here, I half-feared it, lest the spell which you had so unconsciously woven about me should be broken. Indeed I had hardly formed in my mind a picture of the outward and visible form of one who had showed such a depth of inward and spiritual grace.

'If it may be done, write me; but if you wish me to tear the household god from its niche, the flower from its nook in the garden of memory, you have but to send back the same cold, silent answer as before, and my actions hereafter shall prove that the silence is indeed more eloquent than words. Earnestly and sincerely

Your friend, s — .

That letter deserves a better fate. We hope it may yet reach the eye for which it was written, and make two one who seem to have been formed for each other.

'A day in the Dead-Letter Office clearly proves many things, and among them that there is much truth, as well as pure affection and passionate love yet in this 'cold, false world.'

We throw over hook again and bring up the following:

'I LOOK at the sky sometimes, fair queen, and there are the same sparkling lights shining from the jeweled floor of heaven upon your environment, the same eyes in the infinite space which looked down a little while ago; but how different the scene they gaze upon. And when the night comes on and the spirits of the 'air' have taken all the clouds for drapery to some far-away 'castle,' the star which guided me so often in the devious roads about your house, talks to me. It tells me that the sopranos, contraltos, and bassos of the troupe

that 'got up' such sweet little operas in your forests every morning, with the heavens for a dome to their 'house,' and the leaves for curtains to their boxes, have sung their last cavatina, duet, solo, and chorus; finished their engagement and gone. It tells me that the wild-flowers and leaves have faded from the haunts which were full with dense foliage, where the fairies and wood-nymphs peeped out in the dark mid-night, and played their cunning pranks in the fancies of those who passed by. They, too, have gone from their desolate homes, which the cold winds have stricken, and where they now sigh and moan amid the desolation which they have made. Yet still our fair one lingers, still preferring all that solemn sadness to the music of our omnibuses, fire-bells, and hand-organs. May it please your majesty to come where your subjects are, and lend each friend 'that sticketh closer than a brother' the light of your countenance?

'One of your subjects has sent you a book to-day, which has interested him, and he hopes it will amuse you on your way. Come! come! come! It will be well done when it is done; it were well that it were done quickly. And so he bids you farewell until he sees you again, and goes his way to balance, to buy, to sell, to whirl on toward his beautiful grass-covered home in Greenwood.

'P——.'

How one's fancy peoples the spot whence these letters came, as well as that to which they should have gone, had not their half-birth, so to speak, sent them on their lonely way unheeded and unknown.

'I *AM* not web-footed; I can't swim; I've never saved Rome; I do n't hiss at every body indiscriminately; ergo, I'm *not* 'a goose.' In future you'll remember this, and avoid provoking me with the inapplicable title.

'Mr. W—— is here, and in search of—what do you think?—a wife! My! what a place to come to for such a chattel! He has the first essential for making a good matrimonial bargain though; money in this practical world of ours, 'whose sun is Mammon and whose soil is care,' what surer earnest of success could he possibly have, what better 'open sesame' to true and loving hearts? Somehow, I do not follow the multitude in a readiness to fall down and worship golden calves.

'Not that I depreciate wealth. For the good it has power to do, I respect it. For the vice it pampers, the sin it strives to cover, and the stupidity it is accounted sufficient to gild, I detest and despise it. To me a pictured deformity gains nothing by being in a jewelled frame, and innate ugliness becomes enhanced by the setting. I do not say this with any feeling of envious detraction, because Fortune, who is blind—this accounts for it, you see—has not poured into my coffers

of her golden treasures; but where am I wandering? All this because folks whisper in my ear, when I object to making a fuss over imbeciles, 'He is rich;' as if that were a salvo.

'You assume too much when you take it for granted that I keep 'all that is counterfeit about me in my *porte-monnaie*.' I should have encouraged the opinion, if I had not seen the irony peeping through; and so I'll tell you — what you may not readily believe — that I have sham smiles to welcome you with, sham sighs when you go, and hollow words of commendation to use when you are absent and maligned. Do n't fancy from that last remark that you have hosts of enemies; quite the contrary, believe me, for though detraction is rife in this our day, yet the world loveth its own.

'Did I really say your lips never uttered silly things? It was with the ejaculatory 'HEAVEN forgive me' then, for my conscience must have felt the falsity of the assertion, and of your aptness at writing them, behold me ever ready to testify.

'Do you know I have resolved a thousand times during the past few months to disown you entirely and forever; ay, even with the recollection of your value as an acquaintance, rising colossal-like before me; but, as my 'bumps' told you long ago, I had not the firmness. And so, if Hades, as the Almanac (?) tells us, is paved with broken resolves, remember me gratefully when you drive tandem through its tortuous turnings, for I have McAdamized at least one mile on your account.

'What do I think of G — ?' Why, he will do for a *man*, of whom my Bible tells me 'there are NONE good.' But as to romance, the morning after his wedding, as he was going down-town, a friend met him and said: 'Good morning, G — ; I wish you much joy.' 'For what?' said G —. He had forgotten he was married.

'Yours as you deserve,

B —.'

This reminds us of an incident. A young gentleman had the misfortune to fall in love, and the disease increased to a matrimonial crisis, which crisis occurred one evening in the midst of his five hundred dear friends, and he took wine with several of them, perhaps more. At the witching hour of night the bride retired, and soon after he followed, with an indistinct idea that 'a straight line is not the line of beauty.' Opening a door, he took three galvanic steps forward and fell on a sofa. From a dream that imps were dancing polkas in his brain, he was awakened by the sun-light, and found himself in a sitting-room; no one was there, and he was lying upon a sofa dressed. Some moments elapsed before he became conscious of his relative position, of his 'peculiarly perplexing predicament.' Pledges of affection he may have longed for, or had; he may have pledged his

word or his watch to a friend or a Jew; all pledges, in short, were within the possibility of his owning, giving, or taking, except a temperance pledge. From that night on, the poetry had vanished from the wine-cup. Dry or sweet, old, flavored, or fruity, no temptation could raise it to his lips; henceforward he was a 'sober' married man, and drank no more.

Here is a crow-quill document, pretty and *spirituelle*. We must confess, that after wading through the dead-letter masses for an hour or two, we rather took to notes and letters of this outward seeming. The large-hand letters were business, business, business, to such a wearying extent, and when not so, men seem little inclined to really put themselves into letters, that the feminine epistles took precedence to a certain extent, and the result proved, what is so often said and sung, that this sort of literature is peculiarly the field of our fair friends:

'DEAR —: While lounging a few evenings since, watching the dying embers of a once bright fire, indulging in one of those moods half-reverie, half-reflection, your letter was handed to me.

'I paused awhile over the unfamiliar chirography, wondering of whose spirit this little missive might be the medium, till finding conjecture could give no clue, I broke the seal.

'If I could have freighted an echo with the merry ha! ha! which I awarded the unique query in your letter, it would have given you some idea of the way in which it impressed me.

'You were quite right in supposing me ignorant of physiology. I am ready to acknowledge myself sublimely ignorant of its laws. And now you wish to know of my health, if I suffer, and how, ahem! — a pretty confessional I am putting my life to — will you, like a good priest, grant me absolution?

'You'll find me a poor subject for professional skill (medical, I mean) since I am happily free from all the varied 'ills that flesh is heir to,' except head-ache — oh! I had forgotten, the heart-ache. Hydropathy is an unfailing cure for this, I know; I have often tried its efficacy in the form of a good shower of tears; but the prescription, though affording magical relief for the last-mentioned ill, sadly aggravates the former, till verily I am something at a loss to know how to dispose of my head and my heart.

'And so you are recipient of the scintillations of five distinct brains, appertaining, in the words of Wilkins Micawber, to five characteristic individuals belonging to our favored circle! My stars! you ought to be a happy man! You will soon have a dead-letter office all to yourself. Now, if you were only editor of some first-class Jersey newspaper, how invaluable these communications would be! It grieves me

to think that so much of good cannot be disseminated, so much of real available worth be like that 'buried talent.'

'When life is 'a burden' I may write you. Thank you, Sir! I am grateful for the permission, though I do not think I shall trouble you much, if these are to be the terms.

'Life a burden!' with so much of the early Eden still left us, so many traces of Paradise yet lingering, marred to be sure, bearing hosts of thorns, and perchance few roses, but these all the more beautiful because of their fewness. 'Life a burden?' even momentary I cannot imagine it, unless it be to the aged Christian, who, longing to hear the words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' feels every breath that he inhales a barrier to heaven.

'While I am writing, two little birds have flown against the window. There, they have gone. One chirped as if to tell me he would come again when flowers bloom. Poor little birds, I wonder why they are lingering here, instead of seeking the far-off sunny South. Can it be possible that in this age of progression, they have read the papers, and dread the fever which is ravaging there! If so, and you are frozen this winter, dear pretty songsters, you will find, like many another, 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'

'The snow has been falling here nearly all day, slowly and gently, as if it left its sky-home regretfully. A sad lot has the snow-flake though the herald of winter's gayest pleasure, and I should really pity it, did I not know that there are hosts of sunbeams, whose special mission 't is to win their fallen purity again to heaven:

'Farewell,

o —.

'DEAR A —: I have not longed for your letters as they that watch for the morning, but I have each evening, for a week past, looked at the little letter-niche on my return home, and with disappointment to find it empty; but it has come at last, been read, and placed in my side-pocket, where it will wear out its little life within hearing of the ticking of that time-piece, which the ALMIGHTY wound up and set going many years ago, and which in His own good time He will stop, take its curious mechanism to pieces again, and transfer its main-spring to uses which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

'My chamber is a sort of Santa Claus Hall. There is a little alderman on the table, bowing and smacking his lips, as if he enjoyed the concealed bonbons in his rotund body. There is a little tea-set for the chubby fingers of a child-pet, to furnish refreshment for her doll; also, little tables, fans, etc., to say nothing of tokens for children of a larger growth, all waiting for the advent of the new year. And there between the toys my fancy sees such smiling faces peep out, and gentle

voices whisper, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Then, in the corner are some trifles selected and bought for my Killen-sister, waiting also for the coming of the year to pay their homage and see the light of the countenance of their new mistress. Will she accept them? Will they cheer her on her way? will they make her look less sadly at the mile-stone she is just passing in her life-journey? With them go my wishes that the new year may be to her heart but a day of feasting and joy; that *all* years may be so, until finally she opens her eyes quietly, gently, without pain, and awakens from her life-dream — in heaven.

'Mrs. Childs says she can have no idea of heaven without loving and giving; the first, in this world, is a luxury I have ceased even hoping for; but the last cannot be taken away from me, unless my friend send back the trifles that I express to-day, which she will not, will she? although they do come from

ALMOST A STRANGER.'

'Hark from the tombs a doleful sound' — read and weep :

'DEAR M — : I have selected a very desirable, pleasant spot in Cedar Grove Cemetery, and if you will be brisk about dying, so as to bring the thing about before some other young man intervenes and has a right to insist that you shall be in *his* lot, I should be most happy to have you rest your dear bones beneath the honeysuckles and roses which are to encircle the evergreens of 'No. 4, sec. 5,' the figures which in all probability indicate the final resting-place of

'Yours,

G — —.'

This letter reminds us of a scene in Broadway. Time, four o'clock ; *pave* crowded, short and tall, 'grave and gay, lovely and unlovely ; hardly a square foot of space not filled with the shreds and patches of our common humanity, as it flowed to right and left, up and down our avenue of palace-shops, when at a brisk trot two horses came gayly along, drawing a strong, empty *hearse*, on the top of which sat a drunken Irishman. Pat leaned and rolled from side to side, every moment seemingly on the point of falling off, and only showing his drunkenness more absurdly from his efforts to steady himself and keep upright. The jeers of the boys, and the looks of the passing throng, evidently crossed his *amour propre*, when, making a grand effort to maintain his equipoise, and evidently mistaking or forgetting his vocation, he drew in his chin, an idiotic smile lighted up his face, and as he held up his finger and beckoned to the passers-by, he cried : 'Ride down? ride down? ride down?' Some of the passing crowd laughed, some jeered, some stopped to look, but the most, with a shudder, passed on their way. He probably reached the South Ferry without a fare.

Here is another oasis, amid the desert of dead-letters from which we glean :

‘DEAR M — : How our hours fly away into the past eternity, and take us on to the mysterious one to which we are hastening. It seems but yesterday, and yet it is fourteen days since I pressed your fair hand under the mid-night sky and said farewell, there where the bright evening star was looking on from the dark heavens like a sleepless eye—a mild, calm, holy eye, of boundless intelligence. How often it guided me about your neighborhood, and to and from M — during the few happy weeks which I spent in the vicinity ; and now its gentle and everlasting light, each time I look up to the floor of heaven, takes my thoughts back to your home, where indeed the promise was held good that where two or three are gathered together, they shall be blessed.

‘With this I send you a book, that is, a series of oblong bits of paper full of typical marks, and inclosed in a cover ; the outward form of a book, if it have the inward and spiritual grace of one I cannot say. I bought it on the recommendation of a lady, who has worshipped silly and wicked gods enough to people ‘Vanity Fair,’ and fill all the niches in Pandemonium, that is, Madam Fame. Oh! for a potent, intellectual sieve, or spiritual thrashing-machine, to save one’s hours and keep the soul from shrinking at the hills of chaff he must wade through to obtain a few ‘wheaten grits.’ I send you also some flowers, which can hardly be unacceptable, now that Nature has put off all her gay drapery—her fruit-jewels, her flower-robes, and retired for the night.

‘‘You paint! Oh! it is useless denying it; your cheeks, with a certain angle of the light shining on them, show a metallic, glassy surface, proving the fact with mathematical certainty. I can see it farther off than I can tell the color of your eyes, and others also notice and talk of it—besides, it is very unbecoming,’ I said to a pretty woman at the opera the other night.

‘After that exhibition of indomitable will, of reckless daring, of gigantic temerity, to say nothing of the consequences, I require repose—time to calm my nerves and prepare for action; therefore excuse me if for the present I decline telling you ‘your faults.’

‘No! no! you must not expect my praise for having ‘resolved to read the book,’ or twenty like it. Wade neck-deep in physiological literature, and of the best, that will not take you out of the Herd of the Sensuous, no more than going to church and resolving to listen to a sermon will take you to where the wicked cease from troubling. I read it many years ago, and others tried to act then too, but my affinity with the herd is not yet wholly destroyed. To reach physical,

moral, or spiritual excellence of holiness, requires courage, perseverance, self-denial enough, and only he who seeks one or all with his whole soul, can tell how much. But he sees, also, at every step that the way of the transgressor is still harder, that appetite and 'preference' are enemies only secured in power to the evil one himself. Any attempt to lead a life sufficiently ideal to be in harmony with nature and her laws, will soon give the leader another proof that, Jordan is — not to be navigated before a fire in an easy-chair.

'And now good-by. May your life be like the snow which surrounds you, pure, bright, and sparkling in the sun-light, and hiding under its calm, fair surface an untold wealth of fruit and flowers, of sentiment and thought, until it is taken up again quietly, unconsciously, and without pain to its native heaven.'

And so we close. Where the letters give an inkling of joys which are past, they are sorrowful to the soul; how much more so where suffering has given them birth; yet, next to dying the death of a good man, we should prefer that of a dead-letter. The post-man knocks at the door under the designated number. 'A letter for — Jones, Esq.' 'Do n't live here,' answers the Irish 'stick-in-waiting.' A pencil-mark is placed on the epistle, and without even the scratch of a bare bodkin, it is *dead*, in due time to be forwarded to its tomb at Washington, there to be dissected and burned, where its ashes will lie until that day when all thoughts shall be revealed. It has gone to its long home, it has been launched into another world, amid flame and smoke, without a pang, without a regret for all the hopes or sorrows, joys or griefs which gave it birth, or a single thought on the part of the loved, hated, or doomed Mr. Jones, from its not having lived to fulfil its destiny.

They have a profound interest, these dead-letters! They bring with them mystery, melancholy, and a brooding sadness; and we have to thank them for many a dreamy reverie, as well as for incidents ludicrous and sorrowful. Their deaths, like others, often end friendship and love, and affection grows cold from fancied neglect. Who has lived many years in this sin-marred paradise and not known the importance which may attach to a dead-letter? Anna S——, a dark-eyed sylph, now in heaven let us hope if there be one for the suicide, loved and was loved again. Her lover, in search of those smiles of fortune which would enable him to wed, went to the South. He wrote to her with love's own eloquence, but the letters miscarried, and reports reached her of his Southern gayety. Stung to the soul by his apparent neglect, she married another, and too late learned the madness of the act. Poor girl! she breathed chloroform and death together, and followed her letters to the tomb.

And now the originals of these gleanings must go back to their tombs from which we have snatched their spirits for the few years' immortality of print. We part with them regretfully, and would fain hand them over to those who have waited in vain for their coming, and watched as 'they that watch for the morning,' until 'hope deferred made the heart sick' and faint, and the faith which was its best support, grow weak and doubting. But what we sympathize with is as a drop in the ocean. Day by day, this letter-maelstrom sucks in its hecatombs of victims, sad emblem of our own blundering, mistaken or neglected lives, but we have a hope which they can neither claim nor share, that we shall be taken from our dead-letter office, printed in nonpareil type in the book of life, and placed in the library of heaven for communion with the angels near the throne of the ALMIGHTY.

STANZAS : TO ANNA.

BY THOMAS WARD.

I.

WHEN some pet bird escapes the cage,
And wings once more the heavenly plain,
We grieve, yet soon our pangs assuage,
To know 't is with its mates again.

II.

So, ANNA, since the will divine
To all thy dear ones gives thee free,
We'll pay our peace to purchase thine,
Since robbing us enriches thee.

III.

To know our loss thy gain became,
Would soothe even parting's bitter doom :
The heart, unselfish, braves the flame,
Whose rays the loved one's path illumina.

IV.

Farewell ! — they claim thee now, and we
With struggling smiles and tears obey :
Flee to their longing bosoms, flee !
We weep, yet would not bid thee stay.

THE PLOUGH AND THE PEN.

WE love to associate the Plough and the Pen as representing two of the noblest callings that have ever been followed by mankind, agriculture and literature. The plough and the pen seem to be inseparable. As we look down the long vista of the classic ages, we see them side by side; and as we glance over the enlightened portions of mankind at the present day, we see them still the same. Wherever we go, together we find or miss them. The untutored savage prefers his venison to the choicest fruits of agriculture; and the unlettered nomadic tribes of Asia care naught for all else beside their flocks and herds. The plough and the pen are at once the prophecy and fulfilment of the prosperity and civilization of a people. Long may they continue to culture this favored land of ours.

Literature, in its broad sense, includes whatever relates to the propagation of thought. We often hear it stated, and truly stated, that the object of education is not so much to crowd the memory with particular facts as to educe, draw out, the latent powers of the mind and make them active. Following out this idea, literature may be divided into two classes, the literature of fact and the literature of power. The former class embraces such books as treat of mathematics, law, and medicine; the latter, those works of philosophy, history, and poetry, that give a higher tone to character, and furnish us with motives to become better men and women. The literature of fact reveals; the literature of power inspires. Thought propagates thought. The thoughts expressed on the printed page are repeated in kindred thoughts of our own. The full, round thought of the writer becomes a central sun, around which circle a constellation of thoughts of the reader. The literature of fact is wheat stored away in the granary; the literature of power is seed thrown broadcast, and wherever sown, yielding harvests great or small in proportion to the care and culture of the reapers. Many a poet has caught his inspiration from the pages of Shakspeare; many a philosopher his spirit of inquiry from the works of Bacon. Take up Carlyle or Emerson, and the suggestions of thought crowd almost every line. It is a trite and true saying that the greatest powers of nature are the stillest in their movements. This is especially true of whatever moves the mind. We can form no adequate conception of the immense motive power of literature every day working in our midst, at our firesides. Silently and unseen, our thoughts, our sentiments, our characters, are moulded by what we read. Remove from our age and country literature as a power giving form and culture to character, and we should relapse into

condition of barbarism. We doubt whether Washington, Jackson, and Taylor, as warriors, did more in building up and sustaining American institutions than those intellectual giants known the world over for their state papers, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Webster.

Literature has its pleasures. There is one kind of pleasure in penning our own thoughts, and another in reading the thoughts of others. Those only who are fully initiated can enjoy the former pleasure. The youth who for the first time sits down to blot a bit of paper with a few common-place thoughts would give a sorry tale of the pleasures of literary life. He must persevere in spite of a few head-aches and heart-aches; he must think long and earnestly; he must scribble here and blot out there; he must watch early and late, before he can even enter the vestibule of that temple where Homer and Dante and Milton feasted upon the ambrosia of their own great thoughts. And yet we all know somewhat of the pleasures of the author, for we all, at times, have enjoyed self-communings and musings. We all now and then have spent an hour in converse with ourselves. And pleasant hours too, they were. The pleasures arising from our memories and hopes and fancies are akin to the pleasures of the author as he writes out his thoughts and feelings. There are times when we all are dreamers. But the master writer is more than dreamer; he is creator. How intense must have been those thrillings of pleasure that ran through the frame of blind old Milton, as the gorgeous scenes of 'Paradise Lost,' at imagination's bidding opened to his enraptured vision!

Again, there is that other and closely allied pleasure in poring over pages rich with the thoughts and fancies of others and of other days. That pleasure is now open to the common mass of minds. The school-boy knows what it is, when on a spring afternoon, with his Robinson Crusoe under his arm, he steals away to the sunny side of the house or barn, and reads on and on, and turns over leaf after leaf, till the shades of night close thick about him. The poetic amateur knows what it is, when with the works of Scott or Byron or Longfellow in his hand, out in the green field beside the clear running stream, under the branching elm, with the sweet notes of birds above him, and the incense of flowers borne upon every breeze, he reads those lyrics or lengthier poems which will ever be the pride of the English language. Yes! And the man of maturer years and riper judgment knows what it is, as he takes up some physical or metaphysical treatise, and dives deep into the mysteries of the world of nature about him, or attempts to explore the still more hidden laws of the mind. There he does not look for the rich vein of imagination and 'the ornate style and rounded period.' The bare facts are enough, for every one of them is a pearl of priceless value. Thus from early boyhood to mature old age, the flowers and prints of literature are

strewn thick along the path of life, and emit sweet odors to cheer the pilgrim on, as he journeys o'er the hills and through the vales of time. Sir John Herschel says: 'Give a man a taste for reading and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless indeed you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.'

And now, having considered the dignity of the pen, its power, and subjective and objective pleasures, let us, in conclusion, inquire how we should use the pen, or, in other words, in what manner we can form a correct style of writing.

A would-be orator, who thinks he must fill his subject brimful of fire and fancy, says, that in the writings of Burke alone can be found the true essence of a model style. He accordingly imitates the faulty qualities of Burke, the excesses of uncurbed passion and imagination, without the ability of following out the deep train of philosophic thought that made Burke what he was, and preserved him from reeling off the high precipice of sublimity (close to whose edge he was constantly treading) into the deep gulf of bombast. Another person, a votary of the muses, imagines that he can gain the summit of Parnassus only by a melodious flow of numbers, where the 'liquids all glide pat in.' This one chooses Pope for his model, and spends his inspired moments in tuning his ear, and not his soul, to heavenly melody. The result is, he writes excellent jingling nonsense, but has none of the sterling worth and rich fancy of Pope. A third person, young and inexperienced, tries his abilities for navigating safely upon the broad ocean of letters by dabbling in essays and reviews. He too must have his model, and he too solves for the world the hard problem who the lucky one is that possesses the secret of a model style. At length he declares that it is Macaulay or Whipple, or some other one whose disposition and train of thinking are congenial to his own. We thus perceive that in every department of literature where is found a model style in the writings, now of one and now of another, of its many votaries. And we also see that persons of different opinions and characters, and consequently of widely different styles of writing, are each brought forward by their admirers as most worthy of imitation.

Now we do not pretend to deny that Burke, Pope and others had each of them a style in some measure worthy of imitation; but we do say that not one of them had a model style for persons differently constituted. They may have used the most appropriate language that

could have been employed to express their own thoughts; doubtless they had studied much and well their own characters, dispositions, tastes and modes of thinking, and with prime reference to these, formed what we call style. And in the same manner, every one can do, should do, must do, who expects ever to acquire any well-grounded reputation as a writer.

Why is it that we always look for beauty, truth, and nature to the old writers that created our early English literature, and breathed into it a living spirit — to Chaucer, Spenser, and Hooker? Why? Because the light that shone forth from their productions, was no borrowed light. They looked not abroad, but within themselves for a model style. No imitators were they, but true to themselves. And the ages after have been and will be also true to them. In fact, imitators seldom succeed as writers, and if ever they do, it is in spite of their imitation, and by reason of some inherent qualities of their own, which can never be acquired by study, but must be originally implanted in the man. And then, whenever they examine the style of an author, they are too superficial. They only notice that which strikes them at first as being the peculiar forte of the author. For example, take the style of our own lamented Washington Irving. No one can read a single page of his writings and not be charmed with his easy flow of language and beauty of expression and poetic sentiments. Without looking further, his many imitators think that they understand the secret of his mastery, and straightway glide down the gentle windings of smoothly-flowing sentences whose meaning is lost in the liquid music of language. Or take the style of the historian of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' When his imitators undertake to steal his thunder, they find out too late that Gibbon has something else, without which all their literary efforts prove a mere rumbling of words. They can readily imitate his thunder, but never his lightning. Gibbon has something beside mere outside show, something that underlies and supports and binds together his magnificent temple of historic learning. His imitators overlooking, or rather not looking deep enough to perceive this all-sustaining, all-important something, shoot up their gaudy edifices to the skies, and then 'over-load with cumbrous ornaments their littleness.' But the winds and storms of time are sure to come and sweep away their boastful pretensions to immortality. No one can become master of the style of Gibbon until he understands this half-concealed something. And he cannot fully comprehend this until he enters into the very spirit of his thoughts, feelings, and inspiration — until he becomes Gibbon himself in mind, soul, and body.

Let us away then with the vague idea of a model style, and servilely imitate no one. And yet, we should examine as many authors as we

can, the more the better. But while we do this, we should first and last look within ourselves and measure the capacities of our minds, and brood over our thoughts and weigh them well. If our thoughts are light and airy, they should pass away on a 'flippant tongue.' If they are massive, ponderous thoughts, they should roll along in language that bespeaks force and energy. If they are buoyed up with fancy, they should have beauty of expression. If they are seething with volcanic passion, they should stream forth in lava words. In fine, our language should breathe the same spirit that our thoughts do. We shall thus have, to say the least, or rather the most, a natural style; and nature, here as elsewhere, is strength. Facts, fancies, and feelings are what we wish to bring out in prominent view. Thought rides a king triumphant through the world, and language is simply the chariot. In view of this, we should make it our chief object to employ such language as will best express our thoughts. This is the one, the only way in which we can form, in the full meaning of the term, a model style.

T H E M O U N T A I N S .

Sitting here in this silent room,
Blinded with weeping, and sick and strange,
I see it, whitening out of the gloom,
A chill and sorrowful mountain-range.

Never o'er summit, or peak, or slope,
Aught of gladness or pleasure thrills:
Never a glimmer of joy or hope
Blesses or brightens these desolate hills.

All the winds which over them blow
Are sighs too bitter to brook control,
And all the dew-drops or rain they know
Are hot tears wrung from a stricken soul.

First is the pallid, silent face,
Turned forever away from tears,
Then two pale hands, which will keep their place,
Folded from labor through all the years.

Then the knees, which will never bow,
Never bend or obey again,
And then the motionless feet, which now
Are done with walking in sun and rain.

These are the mountains; and over all
Sinks and settles the winding-sheet,
Following sharply each rise and fall
From the cliff-like brow to the pointed feet.

These are the mountains which through the gloom
Rising whitely and cold I see;
Sloping down to the silent tomb—
The mournful Hills of Mortality.

THE RESCUE OF GUENEVERE.

I.

FROM the hushed and solemn city, stately,
Royal Camelot!
Beneath proud castle towers, and by
Peasant's lowly cot,
By the river's winding banks, and
Through the verdant plain,
Came slowly, slowly onward the
Hushed and solemn train.

II.

Gallant knights in sable armor, gazing
Earthward, led the van;
Slow the step, and stern the brow, and
Sad the heart of every man.
Every shield was wreathed with cypress,
Every sword was foul with rust,
Every lance was pointed downward,
Every banner trailed in dust.

III.

Robed in sombre funeral vestment, came
Fair, frail GUENEVERE, the Queen —
Fairer than the loveliest ladies mortal
Eyes have ever seen.
Fairer than the Fairy VIVIANE, mistress
Of wise MERLIN's heart;
Fairer than the famed MORGANA, versed
In MERLIN's magic art;

IV.

Fairer than ISONDE LA BELLE, joy and
Bane of TRISTRAM's life;
Fairer than the Lady GUIMIER, brave
Sir CRADOCK's peerless wife;
Fairer than the rose of Eden, fairer
Than the lily's flower:
Frail — ah! frailer than the blossoms,
Which fall withered every hour.

V.

All around her, sorrowing ladies with
Loud wallings rent the air;
By her side her ghostly father
Whispered penitence and prayer.

'Plead with *JESUS*, O my daughter! that
Thy sin may be forgiven;
He will take thee, if thou trust *HIM*,
Through this fiery gate to Heaven.'

VI.

Lo, before them gleams the fagot!
Blanched is every manly face,
Loudly pray the wailing women: 'Lend
Her now, dear *LORD*, *THY* grace!'
And *GUENEVERE*, doomed and guilty,
Queen *GUENEVERE*, frail and fair,
Sick with terror, faint and weeping,
Droops her head in dumb despair.

VII.

Hark! a tumult! Arméd knights dash
Headlong through the ranks,
Like the rush of foaming torrent, when
The flood o'erleaps its banks.
Foremost rides in helm and hauberk,
Leading on the bold attack,
The fair queen's dauntless champion, brave
Sir *LAUNCELOT DU LAC*.

VIII.

Ah! woe, that ever English earth, should
Drink up English blood!
Scarce fifty mail-clad men are left,
Where twice two hundred stood!
Like the grain before the reaper, in the
Contest fierce and hot,
Went down King *ARTHUR*'s chivalry,
Beneath the sword of *LAUNCELOT*.

IX.

Then to his castle Joyeuse Garde, with
Pomp and proud array,
Sir *LAUNCELOT* and *GUENEVERE*, in triumph
Led the way.
And back to royal *CAMELOT*, King
ARTHUR's vanquished men,
With their dead and dying comrades,
In silence rode again.

X.

All that day the good King *ARTHUR*
Spent in solemn prayer and fast;
(Gloomy day of grief and horror, how
Lingeringly it passed!)
Who shall break his weary vigil,
With the tidings of the fight?
Who dare tell of *LAUNCELOT*'s victory, and
The false queen's shameless flight?

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE: with the Story of IRIS. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Author of 'The Autocrat at the Breakfast-Table.' In one Volume: pp. 403. BOSTON: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

'AN author's first completely successful book,' says a modern French author, 'must prove to him at least a flattering friend; and it should be his especial province to see, that it may not even become his enemy.' Our readers well know that from the very commencement of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,' in the 'Atlantic Monthly,' up to its conclusion in that Magazine, this series of brilliant papers had no more fervent admirers than ourselves: insomuch, indeed, that when we found that the 'Autocrat' was changed to the 'Professor,' but was still to sit at the same table, with kindred elements of inspiration, or objects of observation and comment, before him; we could not but fear that the 'cream of the cream' had been vouchsafed to us, and that both the author and his readers might be disappointed in the lacteal 'quotient.' We think the verdict of the general public will be, as it certainly is ours, that the present volume is much surpassed by the 'Autocrat;' and yet, if it stood alone, not subject to comparison, it would be accounted, as in many portions it undeniably is, a brilliant work; distinguished by acute observation and *individualization* of character; the most trenchant 'Damascus-blade' satire; with occasional passages of pathos and humor, which cannot but command admiration. Yet, after all, the frequent colloquial, and soliloquial interruptions and interpolations affect us not as they did aforetime. We agree with an able contemporary, that although the 'Professor' is hardly equal to the 'Autocrat,' it is still a book 'most notable for its pictures of daily life; its dissection of character by a masterly turn of the scalpel; and its laying bare of hidden traits and carefully-masked motives; hardly less so, too, for its portraiture, by instantaneous process, of New-England types of men, women, and children.' Our copy is full of mark-slips, but we can find space for none of the passages which they indicate. The execution of 'The Professor' is uniform with that of 'The Autocrat,' which, it will be remembered, was an exceedingly beautiful book. However, *all* of MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS' publications are well printed: indeed we regard them as foremost among the most tasteful publishers of the United States.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA : Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA.
Volume Eight. FUGGER to HAYNAU. New-York : D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1859.

FACTS are perhaps the rarest things in the world. From the time when even-handed justice took her flight from pagan lands to the skies, there have been very few exact truths among men. The reason deals with a chameleon-like universe, and would be utterly mystified if it were not made dogmatic by passions and interests. All history is the conflict of partial, one-sided truths, and the Greeks and barbarians, Europe and Asia, France and England, the North and the South, all find each other acting on wrong principles, and manifesting grotesque and unaccountable perversities of character. The discussions are embodied and perpetuated in literature, which is getting to be such a prevailing popular nuisance that an anti-new-book society may soon be expected, provided there are any philanthropists left. It was an hypothesis of NEWTON that if the body of the earth were so compressed that absolutely no pores should be left in it, it would be reduced to the bulk of a cubic inch. Literature, doubtless, upon the same hypothesis, would be reduced in about the same proportion. As an antidote to the sensational, namby-pamby books, the feeble and careless imitations and reproductions, to which a bad popular taste has given an unprecedented currency in this country, we are happy to refer again to the 'New American Cyclopædia,' a repertory of plain facts.

Most of the articles seem to be written on the principle of stating a thousand facts in a thousand lines, and the prevalent style may be described as a highly felicitous dock-tailed style. When this sort of writing is carried through a long article on a great subject by a competent person, the effect is something surprising, and shows the merit there may be in Cyclopædias. Such an article in a previous volume was that on Buddhism, which is worth more to an intelligent inquirer than any whole book on the subject in the English language. Every sentence presents either a cohort of new items, or a wide, all-embracing synthesis. In some of the more important articles, as those on Athens and DANTE in former volumes, brevity does not prove incompatible with a high degree of literary excellence. In the eighth volume we have found no article so eminently marked as those, by literary treatment, none which stand so high as literary and intellectual performances, or which promise, like them, to be standard essays. The section of the alphabet which it traverses does not seem to have very strong literary propensities, its favorite topics being rather such as gas, glass, gold, goose, gorilla, gravity, guano, gunpowder, gyroscope, geography, geology, and geometry. The article on Geometry, which is defined as 'the science which treats of order and proportion in space,' is especially elaborate and valuable. GÖTTE, HAWTHORNE, HALLAM, and HALLECK are the finest literary biographies. Music is treated with especial favor, five or six pages apiece being allowed to GLUCK, HANDEL, and HAYDN. Theologians will not be the only persons interested in the articles on the Gallican Church, the Greek Church, the excellent sketch of German Theology, and the biographies of GALILEO and Madame GUYON. GIOTTO is the most prominent representative of artists, GALLATIN and

ALEXANDER HAMILTON of statesmen, HAVELOCK of warriors, and KASPAR HAUSER of eccentrics. The sketch of German Literature is marked by geniality and an occasional brilliancy of expression, notwithstanding the almost innumerable names of authors and books which it chronicles. The article on Furniture, which is worth about as little as any in the volume, has at least the universal merit of being crowded with items. It is, however, written in rather precarious and boyish English, and in a spirit of enthusiasm for the elegancies and extravagances of the subject such as might be expected from a keeper of an old curiosity shop or from a sentimental 'ole clo'es' dealer. The long article on Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON and his philosophy is very complete and able, but will be read with entire satisfaction only by such metaphysicians as are Scotch, and not German, in their habits of thought.

A valuable feature of this cyclopædia is the numerous references at the close of the principal articles to the best books and sources of information on the subjects.

SELF-HELP: WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHARACTER AND CONDUCT. By SAMUEL SMILES. In one Volume: pp. 856. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have seen this work described as equal to the 'Life of GEORGE STEPHENSON,' by the same author. We do not agree in this judgment, although 'Self-Help' is an excellent work, both in its numerous and various lessons and illustrations; but we regard the 'Life of STEPHENSON' as one of the best biographies of its kind we ever read, and in the illustrious example of its subject, one of the most useful. The idea of 'Self-Help' was suggested by a series of lectures delivered by the author to a class of young men who had formed an association for mutual improvement in London. Its illustrations are from all classes, and almost all professions, trades, and arts. Read the sketch of JENNER, the immortal discoverer of *Vaccine*, and ponder the opprobrium and persecution through which he was compelled to struggle, to reach his final triumph. The chapter on '*Workers in Art*,' together with many other divisions of the work, will afford examples of persistent industry, which have not hitherto been familiar to the public.

HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION. Intended as a Manual for Teachers and Students. By PHILOBIELIUS: with an Introduction by HENRY BARNARD, LL.D. New-York: A. S. BARNES AND BUELL. 1860.

THIS is a concise compendium, aiming to give only the main points of its great subject. This purpose it accomplishes with skill and thoroughness, presenting an outline of the practices and systems of education from the flood to the present time. The English reader will hardly find elsewhere so summary and satisfactory an account of mediæval studies and of the modern systems of SPENER, FRANCKE, BASEDORF, and PESTALOZZI. There is also an interesting sketch of the schools of the Jesuits in the seventeenth century.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL NARRATIVE-HISTORY OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER TEN.*—The writer of the admirable and very comprehensive paper upon '*James Fenimore Cooper and his Writings*,' which appeared in the '*North-American Review*' for the October quarter, and from which we quoted in our last number, speaking of the great novelist's *outward* characteristics, frankly admits that there existed against him 'a certain prejudice, which not only made him a stranger to many estimable admirers of his early writings, but greatly interfered with the legitimate success of his later works. The consequence was, that hundreds who never saw him, and many who knew him only casually, were repelled as by a cold and aggressive nature. He took no pains to win the suffrages of his countrymen abroad, and many of them resented this exercise of private judgment,' etc. But the reviewer proceeds to show, that an estimate formed of COOPER, through a prejudice such as this, did him the greatest injustice: for he *proved* himself 'courageous, honorable, unpretending, and unaffected:' abroad, he 'instinctively discovered, and generously aided, struggling native genius;' he won honor by his arduous efforts for the Greeks and Poles, and by his courageous self-devotion during a memorable pestilence.

We have mentioned these things, in opening the present number of our '*Narrative*,' that we might frankly admit the former existence, in our own mind, of the too common prejudice alluded to by the reviewer. The very free-spoken gentleman, (we venture to say,) who informed our critic that Mr. COOPER was 'one of the most disagreeable of men' was not the only 'commentator' upon his character who had conveyed to us a similar impression; at the same time without affording us the means of knowing whether the impression were well or ill-founded. We ascertained our mistake, however, not long afterward.

We were sitting one afternoon at the business-desk of the KNICKERBOCKER, (then published by CLARK AND EDSON, from the spacious publishing-house of

* It was our purpose (interrupted, as will have been seen, by a most melancholy duty) to have referred somewhat farther in our last number, to the numerous subsequent communications from the pen of the Rev. F. W. SHELTON to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, which may be said to have steadily increased in excellence and in popularity, up to the present time. It may suffice, however, now to say, that so *comparatively* recent were the '*Up-River Letters*,' those vivid transcripts from nature, and truthful records of human feeling, and the '*Green-Mountain Sketches*,' that numbers among our present readers would have regarded any comments upon, or quotations from, them as unnecessary and adscititious.

WILEY AND LONG, at number 161 Broadway,) writing a note to a correspondent, when Mr. WILEY, senior of the firm, came back to our corner and said :

'Mr. C —, would you not like to be made acquainted with Mr. FENIMORE COOPER? He is in the forward part of the store, and if you desire to know him. I will take you up and introduce you.'

We had noticed Mr. COOPER at the retail counter, looking over his own latest work, then just from the press of his publishers in Philadelphia, as we entered the store; for we knew him well by sight, having often encountered his erect, manly, almost defiant form, in Broadway. But, owing to the influence of the prejudice we have mentioned, we declined, with thanks, the honor of an introduction, assigning to our friend, Mr. WILEY, our preconceived impression of the great American author as the 'moving why' of our non-acceptance of his courteous and kindly offer.

Mr. WILEY passed forward to the front of the store; and after engaging for a while in conversation with Mr. COOPER, who was reading at the time, if we remember rightly, and commenting upon, certain passages from the new work of his, which he held in his hand, he returned to us and said :

'Mr. C —, Mr. COOPER says he should like you to be made known of him; and that he has some matters connected with the KNICKERBOCKER, concerning which he might perhaps suggest something to you.'

'Certainly; with the greatest pleasure,' was of course our natural reply.

Mr. COOPER received us in a frank, unaffected manner; and after a few passages of introductory conversation, he said :

'Mr. C —, have you read LOCKHART's Life and Diary of WALTER SCOTT?'

'Not entirely,' we replied; 'we are engaged even now, in the perusal of the latter portion of the work.'

Mr. COOPER went on to remark that the 'Life' was replete with errors, and that it was disfigured, moreover, by far more serious faults: and he concluded by asking :

'Will you permit me, Mr. C —, 'to *ride in a coach-and-six* through that production, in your pages?'

'Certainly,' we made answer: 'stipulating only, for the honor due to our pages, Mr. COOPER, that the article shall not be anonymous, but bear your eminent name as the author.'

'That is precisely what I had proposed to myself to do,' replied Mr. COOPER: 'I wish the article to be known and to be *felt* as mine.'

Some farther conversation ensued touching some of the *topics* which would be prominently touched upon in the proposed review: and in a day or two afterward Mr. COOPER left the metropolis for his home at Cooperstown, whence in a few days he transmitted to us the desiderated 'paper.' It was written in the form of an extended review, and inadvertently not signed by Mr. COOPER, as had been his avowed original intention: and it occupied almost the entire space devoted to our 'Literary Notices' for the month. Mr. COOPER's name, as the writer, was however given in the 'EDITOR'S TABLE' of the same number of the Magazine which contained the article. As this was the first communication of Mr. COOPER to the KNICKERBOCKER, and as it excited much attention and

animadversion in public journals on both sides of the Atlantic, some twenty years ago, we shall be justified (if not commended) by thousands among our present readers, who may never have heard of the matter before, in presenting a synopsis of the 'case,' and some of the arguments thereupon.

Mr. COOPER begins by stating that when he heard that to LOCKHART had been assigned the task of writing the life of Sir WALTER SCOTT, he felt that a very important work had been committed to a very improper person: and he proceeds to denounce it, for various reasons, as 'mystified and insincere,' 'false in principles, and dangerous to the young;' averring that it exposed motives of action on the part of the renowned Novelist that were 'never admitted by the upright, and never avowed by the sensitive;' in short, that he 'claimed for his illustrious father-in-law a character for worth and probity, which was utterly irreconcilable with his own stated facts;' that he called upon his readers to 'venerate a name that, in a moral sense, owed its extraordinary exaltation to some of the most barefaced violations of the laws of rectitude that ever distinguished the charlatanism of literature.' His subject was not entitled to the venerable axiom '*Nil, nisi bene de mortuis*;' since he had commanded that his personal history should be published, and had designated his biographer; had transmitted him materials for his work; materials, too, which reflected injuriously, and in many instances unjustly, upon third persons, who had a perfect right to show their want of value; especially in his 'Diary,' wherein he had 'commented freely and loosely upon others, and yet from which he had sworn never to erase a line that had once been written in it:' and the 'Diary' itself showed that he looked forward to its future publication.

Mr. COOPER now goes on to show, by quotations from his letters, that Sir WALTER SCOTT practised 'the deception of giving letters of introduction, with private marks to apprise the correspondent that he was not to heed the words of the communication.' Now if these marks, Mr. COOPER argues, 'did *not* contradict the words of the letter, they were clearly unnecessary: if they *did* contradict the words of the letter, they became a deliberate falsehood, and a falsehood that was so much the worse, since it was connected with treachery, cloaked in the garb of friendship. If Sir WALTER SCOTT could advise his brother to give false letters of introduction to himself, to avoid the risk of showing a little bootless civility, who can doubt that he resorted to the same expedient in more important matters?' Whereupon the trenchant and wounded critic proposes 'to show how completely the vein of insincerity ran through Scott's entire moral system:' beginning with his letter to GIFFORD, upon the subject of establishing the London '*Quarterly Review*,' which is described as 'Scott, from the commencement to the end; being full of talents, worldly prudence, management, false-principles, insincerity, mystification, and moral fraud!' Mr. COOPER goes on to aver, that this letter of Scott revealed a deep-laid scheme of deception to be practised upon the public in establishing the Review, and exposed 'the wily and unjustifiable manner in which the real ends were to be obtained, in gradually gaining the confidence of the world by concealing the true object, until in possession of the public ear by a course of upright reviewing, the periodical

might turn its batteries immediately on those it was designed to injure: 'an 'open and express declaration of political principles' was to be avoided, 'until the respect of the public, by impartial disquisition, had been gained.' 'It strikes us very much,' continues Mr. COOPER, in his 'unminced' language, 'as if two well-dressed fellows should go out into the world with an understanding that they would be on their good behavior until they got into a set where gold snuff-boxes might reward their light-fingered dexterity!' It is farther charged, that while Sir WALTER SCOTT, as a rank Tory, was servilely submissive, in public, to the great, he was in private their frequent traducer; and passages from his letters are given, intended to prove that he denounced the 'coach-driving nobility of Britain,' and spoke unhesitatingly of the royal family as 'neither quiet nor decent,' neither 'correct nor moral,' in their deportment: and as to the Review, that after all, 'SCOTT deceived GIFFORD, as he had advised GIFFORD to deceive the public;' the real reason of his agency in establishing the work being mainly personal; an acknowledged act of private revenge against the publisher and the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' CONSTABLE and Lord JEFFREY; and that in following out his plans he did that with his pen which 'was only worthy of a Grub-street hack.'

Mr. COOPER goes on still farther to illustrate what he considers Sir WALTER SCOTT's 'insincerity,' by charging, that in two letters, written within a week of each other, the first to Lord MELVILLE, the second to the Duke of BUCCLEUCH, he had declared to each noble patron, that *each* had been the 'architect of his (SCOTT's) little fortune.' Again: he is accused of reviewing himself in what might be called his own periodical, in an article in his own hand-writing, wherein his works were warmly commended, and from which their sale was largely increased. 'When one reads a review,' argued Mr. COOPER, 'secretly written by the writer himself, he becomes the subject of a deception. A review, on its face, professes to be, as far as it goes, an impartial judgment, made up by an impartial judge. If authors were known to review their own works, few would take the trouble to read their strictures, and those who did, would regard their comments with very different eyes from what is usually done.'

'A principal failing of SCOTT's character, a profound and besetting deference for hereditary rank and power,' is next severely commented upon. This would be creditable, were the 'rank and power' coupled with goodness and worth: but SCOTT's subserviency, it was contended, was a 'cold, calculating, worldly expediency;' 'a disposition to advance his own fortunes;' in fact, a 'regular, old-fashioned *Scotticism*.' This, it is alleged, is abundantly manifest in the 'whining and pitiful letter' written by SCOTT to Sir WILLIAM KNIGHTON, the agent and 'pimp' of the PRINCE of Wales, soliciting honors and preferment for his son, after he himself had been knighted, and deserted the PRINCESS for the PRINCE. All these things Mr. COOPER says he dwelt upon, because he regretted to see a disposition in this country, as well as abroad, 'to view *principles* through their connection with the conduct of great men, instead of viewing *great men* through their acts and principles.' Mr. COOPER also adverts briefly, but with marked severity, to Sir WALTER's treatment of a brother, DANIEL SCOTT; who, having on one occasion shown a want of courage, SCOTT dropped

entirely; 'carrying his resentment to the grave—for he refused even to attend his funeral.'

We pass by entirely Mr. COOPER's idea of the manner in which Sir WALTER SCOTT's efforts to pay off his debts should be examined and adjudicated by the world: simply presenting the closing argument of this branch of his letter: 'in Scott's circumstances, with Abbotsford in jeopardy, it is not extraordinary that he should attempt to pay his debts; it would have been extraordinary had he *not* attempted it:' and 'Sir WALTER SCOTT devoting himself to hopeless toil from a sentiment of probity, and Sir WALTER SCOTT working to pay off a mortgage on his property, present very different pictures to the world:' the more especially as the profits of his pen were enormous; he having, as a single example, received fifty thousand dollars for his *Life of NAPOLEON*.

To the '*Diary*' itself Mr. COOPER devoted but limited space in his '*Exposé*.' As a literary composition, it had 'rare beauties,' and egregious faults,' while its morals were still more exceptionable. From this '*Diary*,' COOPER accuses SCOTT of deserting the death-bed of his wife, and repairing to Edinburgh, without an excuse for the act which even his son-in-law could bring forward; evincing a lack of that 'goodness of heart,' and those noble 'domestic qualities,' which had been dwelt upon so lovingly by his biographer. And now let us see what COOPER thought of SCOTT as a writer:

'The greatest peculiarity of SCOTT, as a writer, was *tact* in throwing a high degree of grace around all he did. He has been surpassed in invention, in power, and in vividness of description; in nice delineations of character even, though rarely; but he has never been equalled in this faculty. In many cases in which he has failed in his conceptions, he has redeemed himself by the graceful manner in which he has presented his fallacies. He had a just estimate of men, *more especially in their vices and weaknesses*; and thus we find, that while most of his loftier characters are the heroes of tradition, his representatives of vice are inventions, that betray an *intimate knowledge of the corrupt workings of the human heart*. The faculty we have mentioned, not only pervaded the writings of SCOTT, but it strikes us that it pervaded the entire character of the man. It was, in truth, the art of seemliness, of *vraisemblance* in delineation, of appearances in practice; and its effect, in the latter case, was to render that pleasing to the senses, which was in truth obnoxious to the censures of the right-minded and just. Even the very letters that we have quoted in this article, possess this charm of manner, and some of them will require more than one reading, to enable the ordinary observer to detect all their innate want of principle.

'To the peculiarity named, however, SCOTT added high powers of the imagination, though they were subordinate rather than inventive, requiring to be quickened by associations, and depending as much on memory as on any other faculty of the mind. Thrown purely on his own naked resources, unaided by legend and traditions, and reading, and the poetical habits of a poetical country, SCOTT would have had many superiors; and thus it is that we find him more disposed to embellish than to create. The fitness of his particular excellence for his particular style of writing, has induced many to give him credit for more general powers than he possessed; but SCOTT was probably conscious that his *forte* lay in this indirect copying. Whatever he could see, or read of, he could portray with an ability that baffled competition; and although he necessarily often misconceived his originals, he threw so much

seeming reality around his pictures, that even those who ought to have known better, were frequently puzzled to distinguish between the true and the false. This faculty of creating a *vraisemblance*, is next to that of a high invention, in a novelist; and as it was sustained in SCOTT by the additional, or perhaps it were better to say the subsidiary, powers of the humorous, the dramatic, the pathetic, and the eloquent, the united qualities put him at once at the head of his class.'

In speaking of the personal character of SCOTT, MR. COOPER assumed that the idea of setting him up as a '*model character*' was '*abundantly absurd*.' He possessed, and 'possessed only in common with other men,' a due degree of courage, liberality, and philanthropy; nothing more: 'he possessed neither quality in any unusual degree.' Had he not been the great writer he was, 'he would have passed among the mass of his fellow-creatures as remarkable in neither respect on these several points.' Touching his personal character, regarded from Mr. COOPER's 'stand-point,' a single paragraph will best illustrate our critic's estimate of his literally 'great theme:'

'SCOTT was a man of a century, as respects talents; one of the mass, as regards motives and principles. He had a keen relish for the humorous, and, placed beyond the necessity, imaginary or real, of artifice, he would most probably have been a hearty, convivial, and winning companion. The disposition to conviviality, indeed, was strong within him, and probably, under the influence of Scottish habits, it contributed to the breaking up of his constitution. Following early the bias he had taken toward advancement, however, nature was soon supplanted by factitious expedients, and it was only on occasions, or when among his youthful associates, that he showed himself in the true colors of his originally hearty character. Circumstances soon made him an actor, (he tells us even the precise time, where he alludes to his introduction into the society of his superiors,) and possessing a native aptitude to seemliness, he succeeded in making his acting pass for nature, with those who had not the opportunities for comparison, or who were deficient in observation. His ambition led him to aspire to a place among the cold, artificial aristocracy of England; and, jealous of his own original position, he never acquired their ease, while he did assume a large portion of their marble-like mannerism. Still, the impulses of the natural man would sometimes break down these restraints, and glimpses of his conscious superiority were had through the veil of convention. But, on the whole, he was an actor in general society, to a degree even exceeding the arbitrary laws of the world. Without this acquired desire to assimilate himself to a caste, SCOTT might have been of simple manners; but with this disposition, his simplicity of deportment was elaborately feigned, though, like all he chose to embellish, so well feigned as to induce most observers to believe it true. We question if it would be easy to find another man who, in mixed society, so rarely expressed his true sentiments, or betrayed his real emotions. It is unnecessary to say, that there could be no simplicity of character in all this.'

The foregoing is as clear and close a synopsis of the main features of Mr. COOPER's 'coach-and-six' trip through LOCKHART'S 'Life of SCOTT,' in the KNICKERBOCKER as it is in our power to prepare, from the extended *matériel* advanced to our hand. Appearing at a time when the admiration of SCOTT's great genius was more general and profound than at any previous period, it is not to be wondered at, that the article, when copied and commented upon, at home and abroad, created a marked sensation. Who expected to hear that Sir WALTER

SCOTT was a man who 'feigned that which he did not feel, said that which he did not think, and, through compulsion, did that which he did not desire?' 'Who wished to consider him as 'a self-reviewer;' 'an habitual mystifier in matters touching his own interests;' 'a relentless discarder of a brother, yet a flatterer of profligate kings, dissolute princes, and vapid nobles, and an humble follower of wealth and power?'

Well do we remember calling one evening by appointment at Mr. COOPER's hotel in town, with the proof-sheet of the article we have been considering, that he might revise it for the press. He was in excellent spirits; and as he read, he would frequently interrupt himself by comments upon certain passages, while we sipped together a glass of sherry. SCOTT had spoken in his 'Diary' of COOPER's having called upon him at Paris one morning, and of his having 'exhibited the manners, or rather *want* of manners, peculiar to his countrymen.' COOPER 'fired up' at this: launched out against the manners of SCOTT and his wife: said the latter was the daughter of a French fencing-master, with 'manners according;' that she was 'over-fond of the juice of the grape,' etc. etc. As Mr. COOPER said all these things afterward, under his own signature, it is certainly not amiss that we should repeat them here, as collateral evidence of the *quo animo* of his trenchant paper. His fine bent head, under the light of tall sperm candles, that night, and the sparkle of his expressive grey eyes, as he read and commented in our presence upon passages in the proof-sheet of his article, are as palpably before our 'mind's eye' at this moment as if we had seen them but an hour ago.

This article was elaborately replied to, as we shall briefly show hereafter: and we think that even our 'North-American' reviewer will admit that a 'devotion to principle' was not the only 'moving *why*' of Mr. COOPER's savage onslaught upon the great 'Northern Wizard.'

THE OLD 'OLIVER ELLSWORTH' AND 'SARATOGA' STEAMER. — We noticed some weeks ago, in one of our morning journals, an account of the '*Destruction of the Oldest Steam-boat Known*,' by being cut through with ice in the bay opposite New-Hamburg on the Hudson. This was the old '*Oliver Ellsworth*' steamer, built in this city in 1825, by a frequent correspondent to our early numbers, the late W. C. REDFIELD, to run to Hartford, (Conn.) In 1837 she was transferred to the Hudson River, where she ran for a long time as a passenger-boat. About 1848 she changed hands, when she was re-built, lengthened, and her name changed to Saratoga. From that date up to the time of the disaster, she has been employed in towing river craft between Troy and New-York. A good old *water mark* of steam-boat navigation: but what *we* happen to think of in this connection, is the fact of her having collapsed a flue off New-Haven, scalding several persons, and killing three or four, soon after commencing her trips to Hartford. A horse-express was sent at once from New-Haven to Hartford, and the rider rode into the latter city, his hair streaming in the wind, and his steed white with foam, crying at the top of his voice: '*The Oliver Ellsworth has b'iled her bu'ster!*' — *the Oliver Ellsworth has b'iled her bu'ster!*'

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING: NUMBER TWO.—On the morning of the last day which Mr. IRVING passed upon earth, we chanced by a hair's breadth to miss the punctual morning train to town, on our west-shore 'Northern Rail-road of New-Jersey.' Our business at the publication-office being urgent, we walked down to the end of the long Erie Rail-road Pier, and took the sail ferry-boat for Irvington, across the swelling flood that rolled between, designing to avail of the Hudson River cars for the metropolis. The wind was a smacking breeze from the north-west; the air clear and very cold. Half-way over, the 'Zee' 'wrought and was tempestuous;' insomuch, that when we arrived at the opposite shore, it was found impossible to land; and we had the mortification to see the earlier train pause for a moment at the dépôt and then sweep on townward, while our skipper was still buffeting the waves. The next train was due two hours afterward; and it occurred to us, that if we *could* land, we would run up for a few moments to Sunnyside, and pay our hasty respects to its illustrious occupant; having seen it announced, by recent visitors, that the state of his health, previously unfavorable, had been materially improved. But after two or three more vain attempts to land, we put about and made for the pier which we had so recently left. We had not seen Mr. IRVING for some months; the last occasion on which we had met him, having been one morning in the summer, as he was getting out of a Hudson River Rail-road car, at the junction of Hudson and Chambers-street, at which time we walked up to Broadway together. Having recently seen it mentioned in one of the daily journals that he was suffering from severe indisposition at Sunnyside, we expressed our surprise at finding him looking so well, or at least in such apparent good health. He replied, in a voice the huskiness of which indicated his complaint, that 'but for the asthma, which had of late greatly troubled him, and would n't permit him to sleep at night, he should be altogether an uncomplaining man.' His bearing was erect, and his step firm; and there was a healthful flush upon his face, which was most gratifying to see.

We parted at the corner of Chambers-street and Broadway, with a request on his part, that we would soon 'cross over the river and pay him a visit some pleasant day:' and this was the last time we ever saw WASHINGTON IRVING, until we saw him in his coffin at Sunnyside.

We mention this apparently trivial circumstance, for the purpose of adding, that it is the last look *in life* which we retain in our memories, and not the features of *the dead*. Mr. IRVING's aspect, as he lay clad for the grave, must not be supposed by the many present at his funeral who had never seen him while living, to represent his true lineaments. The hair was gathered too closely around the temples and the symmetrical, noble brow; and the mouth, in him a most mobile and ever-varying feature, had almost lost, by a compression of the lips, its natural expression.

As we were crossing the river to attend the funeral, we fell into conversation with our next-village neighbor, the eminent and venerable HUGH MAXWELL, so long and so honorably known in our city. He had known Mr. IRVING long and well: and he spoke especially of the retiring modesty which he had found always

to characterize him; 'an element always,' he added, 'of true genius and real worth.' The last time he had seen him, was at the opening of the 'New-York Historical Society's new and imposing edifice. Not desiring to enter the Hall with the crowd of eminent persons who were filling it to repletion, he stepped into an adjoining ante-room, where he found Mr. IRVING, quietly awaiting the time when he too could enter unnoticed, and participate in the intellectual enjoyments of the evening, without remark, and without observation. This, with an hundred kindred instances already cited by his friends, shows the true spirit of the man.

Another nearer neighbor, above us on 'the Hill,' who knew Mr. IRVING intimately abroad, at the period when commercial reverses on this side of the Atlantic had made bankrupt the house in which he was at the time a partner, has kindly reduced to paper, at our suggestion, the substance of a conversation which he held with us in the cars, the morning after Mr. IRVING's funeral:

'THE incident in the life of the late Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, to which I referred in a recent conversation with you, and which you desire me more fully to state in writing, forcibly reminds me of scenes and memories long past; and especially of the early intercourse and acquaintanceship which occasioned him ever afterward, when I met him, to salute me in a particular manner as his friend.

'You are aware that prior to 1817, Mr. IRVING was engaged in commercial affairs with his brother-in-law, Mr. VAN WART, of Birmingham; and that the house was in that year, like many others, subjected to the ruinous effects of one of those extended revulsions of trade, which were more frequent and more disastrous then than in recent times. In the winter of 1817-18, being at Liverpool at the crisis of those calamities, I passed a considerable period in daily intercourse with Mr. IRVING. Meeting him one morning after the receipt of letters from New-York, I observed a smile on his countenance, and congratulated him on the receipt of what I presumed to be good news concerning his affairs. 'Yes,' said he, 'I am relieved: I feel that I have got down to *hard pan*. The last debts on which I relied have proved bad: and in that respect, I have no more ill news to receive.'

'Mr. IRVING was now greatly at a loss as to what course of life he should pursue. He was already well known in his native city as a writer; and there were then at Liverpool several gentlemen of his personal acquaintance, who felt a deep interest in him, and regarded his writings as justly entitling him to admiration and confidence. To bring him into the society of those who could appreciate his gifts, it was proposed that he should meet a select company of literary gentlemen at the then principal public Library Rooms in Liverpool; with a special view to his being made acquainted with the leader of that class, the celebrated WILLIAM ROSCOE. Mr. ROSCOE was consulted, and readily acceded to the arrangement. He was then at the height of his fame as author of the '*Life of Lorenzo de Medicis*,' and of the '*Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*' comprising a history of Italian literature and arts, and of the revival of letters in Europe. Unbeknown to Mr. IRVING, several pieces of his composition had been placed in Mr. Roscoe's hands, that he might read them previous to the interview: and, among the rest, an article, supposed to be his, '*On the Aborigines of America*,' published, if I remember rightly, in the '*Port Folio*.' Mr. Roscoe read the several pieces, and was delighted with them. But, probably owing to the novelty of the subject, his attention was especially attracted to that relating to the Indians. At the interview referred to, on Mr. IRVING being introduced, Mr. Roscoe immediately said that he already had the satisfaction of knowing him by his writ-

ings; alluded to and eulogized several of his compositions; and concluded by saying that he was particularly delighted with the article on the North-American Indians; some beautiful passages from which he remembered and repeated. Mr. IRVING, in his amiable and quiet way, replied, that he fully agreed with him in his estimate of that admirable article, which was written by his very intimate friend, Mr. HENRY BRAYVOOR of New-York, and was he thought one of the best that he had published. Mr. ROSCOE was so struck by this reply, so pleased with the candor, the high-minded integrity and justice implied in it, and so won by the simplicity, delicacy, and frankness of Mr. IRVING's manner, that he at once conceived a high esteem and earnest friendship for him. He warmly recommended and encouraged him to pursue a literary career, and assured him that he would gladly exert whatever influence he had with the public, to make known and promote the circulation of what he should thereafter publish. It was this incident chiefly, as I suppose, that determined Mr. IRVING's course. He soon after commenced the publication of his 'Sketch Book,' which justly merited and received the effective support of Mr. ROSCOE's zeal and influence.

R. LOAN.'

It is proper to mention that the obliging writer of the foregoing was not only an acquaintance and friend of Mr. ROSCOE's while abroad, but upon his return he was, we believe, a correspondent of his, and of other eminent men of letters, statesmen, and philanthropists of Britain, among whom was the celebrated WILBERFORCE. In this connection also, we would advise the reader of the foregoing reminiscence to refresh his memory of one of the earliest opening papers of 'The Sketch-Book,' that upon '*The Liverpool Athenæum*' and '*Roscoe*.' The gratitude for kindness, as rare as it was delicate, which warmed Mr. IRVING's heart, is as apparent in his writings as it must have been at the time in his face.

And speaking of 'The Sketch-Book:' we may mention here a circumstance connected with the story of '*Mountjoy*,' which afterward appeared among the '*Crayon Papers*' in the KNICKERBOCKER. One evening three or four eminent friends, among them the great artists WASHINGTON ALLSTON and LESLIE, happened to meet at Mr. IRVING's lodgings in London; and as he was about at that time to submit to a prominent London publisher the manuscript of 'The Sketch-Book,' he proposed to read two or three of the papers for the entertainment of his friends. They eagerly seconded the idea: and as he successively gave them the 'Legend of Sleepy-Hollow,' 'The Widow and her Son,' etc., they expressed their fervent delight, and begged him to 'go on by all means:' they 'could willingly sit up all night with such entertainment,' and the like. 'I then,' said Mr. IRVING, 'took up '*Mountjoy*,' and had read several pages, when happening to look up, I thought I saw signs of flagging interest in the countenance of ALLSTON. I presently closed the manuscript, with a remark to the effect that 'if they were not tired of listening, I confessed to some fatigue in reading so long.' This incident decided me: I did not finish the sketch, but laid it in my trunk, and never even glanced at it again for seventeen years!

What modest deference this, to a dear friend's inferred opinion only! The neat, uninterlined and uneraser manuscript, uniform with that of all the other articles which appeared at the time in the 'Sketch-Book,' was as fresh as yesterday, when it was placed in our hands for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER. And we will

here state it as our conviction, without assigning our reasons for the belief, that there was not one among all the other 'Crayon Papers,' which Mr. IRVING regarded with more individual affection than this exquisitely-delicate and admirable sketch.

We have mentioned the old VAN TASSEL house, before it became the picturesque cottage-mansion of Sunnyside, with all its tasteful changes and 'betterments.' A friend and correspondent, Hon. ABIEL S. THURSTON, of Elmira, in our State, in a recent letter to the EDITOR, states a circumstance which brought him, very many years ago, into business communications with the original proprietor of '*Wolfert's Roost*,' JACOB VAN TASSEL. Being an eminent lawyer, at the time, in New-York, he had many cases in which his legal services were required to establish the claims of revolutionary patriots, for 'labor done and performed' in the 'Good old Cause,' in the times which tried men's souls. Among these applicants for a pension, was JACOB VAN TASSEL, at the time proprietor of 'the Roost.' The 'record,' upon which his application was based, and upon which his pension was *immediately* obtained, was in his own hand-writing; and it was such a rare, quaint document, that long after the 'CRAYON' sketch appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, describing 'Wolfert's Roost,' Mr. THURSTON sent, with a brief note, the *original* 'pension-certificate' voucher to Mr. IRVING, from whom he received the subjoined reply:

'MY DEAR SIR:

Sunnyside, Dec. 11th, 1855.

'Accept my thanks for the curious document concerning JACOB VAN TASSEL, which you have had the kindness to send me. I shall carefully lay them up in the archives of my little mansion; which, as you suppose, is built on the identical site, and I may add, partly with the materials, of the 'stone house' once the castle of the redoubtable JACOB. I regret to say I have not the '*Goose-Gun*' which once formed its artillery, and which, if tradition speaks true, could carry a ball across the Tappan Sea. (Not in *our* time, thank the Fates! A 'line-shot' would have finished *our* business!—EDITOR.) I saw it once in the possession of old Mr. HENRY BREVOORT, of the Bowery, who promised I should have it at his death: but he is dead, and the '*Goose-Gun*' has gone into other hands.

'I must have seen old Mr. VAN TASSEL about the time you became acquainted with him. I had a long conversation with him at his abode in Greenwich-street, New-York, in which I gathered some of the particulars I have since recorded. He was a type of the beligerent yeomanry of Westchester County, who figured in the border feuds of Skinner and Cowboy in the time of the Revolution, and kept watch along the shores of the Tappan Sea.

'Very respectfully,

'Your obliged and humble servant,

'ABIEL S. THURSTON, Esq.

WASHINGTON IRVING.'

The first time we had the pleasure to visit Sunnyside, we strolled out, after an hour's chat with its honored proprietor, to 'fetch a walk' about the beautiful grounds. Wandering along by the brook-side, we came to a rustic seat between three verdant pillars, rising from a branching elm—a perfect plume at the top. Upon the trunk of this tree we carved our baptismal initial, *L*. It was some five

ings; alluded to and eulogized several of his compositions; and concluded by saying that he was particularly delighted with the article on the North-American Indian, some beautiful passages from which he remembered and repeated. Mr. IRVING, in his amiable and quiet way, replied, that he fully agreed with him in his estimate of that admirable article, which was written by his very intimate friend, Mr. HENRY BREVOORT of New-York, and was he thought one of the best that he had published. Mr. Roscoe was so struck by this reply, so pleased with the candor, the high-minded integrity and justice implied in it, and so won by the simplicity, delicacy and frankness of Mr. IRVING's manner, that he at once conceived a high esteem and earnest friendship for him. He warmly recommended and encouraged him to pursue a literary career, and assured him that he would gladly exert whatever influence he had with the public, to make known and promote the circulation of what he should thereafter publish. It was this incident chiefly, as I suppose, that determined Mr. IRVING's course. He soon after commenced the publication of his 'Sketch Book' which justly merited and received the effective support of Mr. Roscoe's zeal and influence.

E. LORR.

It is proper to mention that the obliging writer of the foregoing was not only a acquaintance and friend of Mr. Roscoe's while abroad, but upon his return he was, we believe, a correspondent of his, and of other eminent men of letters, statesmen and philanthropists of Britain, among whom was the celebrated WILBERFORCE. In this connection also, we would advise the reader of the foregoing reminiscence to refresh his memory of one of the earliest opening papers of 'The Sketch-Book,' that upon 'The Liverpool Athenæum' and 'Roscoe.' The gratitude for kindness, as rare as it was delicate, which warmed Mr. IRVING's heart, is as apparent in his writings as it must have been at the time in his face.

And speaking of 'The Sketch-Book:' we may mention here a circumstance connected with the story of 'Mountjoy,' which afterward appeared among the 'Crayon Papers' in the KNICKERBOCKER. One evening three or four eminent friends, among them the great artists WASHINGTON ALLSTON and LESLIE, happened to meet at Mr. IRVING's lodgings in London; and as he was about at that time to submit to a prominent London publisher the manuscript of 'The Sketch-Book,' he proposed to read two or three of the papers for the entertainment of his friends. They eagerly seconded the idea: and as he successively gave them the 'Legend of Sleepy-Hollow,' 'The Widow and her Son,' etc., they expressed their fervent delight, and begged him to 'go on by all means:' they 'could willingly sit up all night with such entertainment,' and the like. 'I then,' said Mr. IRVING, 'took up 'Mountjoy,' and had read several pages, when happening to look up, I thought I saw signs of flagging interest in the countenance of ALLSTON. I presently closed the manuscript, with a remark to the effect that 'if they were not tired of listening, I confessed to some fatigue in reading so long.' This incident decided me: I did not finish the sketch, but laid it in my trunk, and never even glanced at it again for seventeen years!

What modest deference this, to a dear friend's inferiority, is shown in the uninterlined and uncorrected manuscript, which appeared at the time in 'Sketch' it was placed in our hands.

seen; in fact, a very
 ho it was, and had
 nbered that it was
 ough,' although he
 place of surprise.
 om distinguished
 sayings; some of

ll be fully shared
ening Journal.
 friend, the ever-
 his illustrious
 ll, with a glow
 untiring exer-
 literary tastes

e manuscripts
 is admirably
 w-York soci-
 the details of
 ester-minds of
 the ferocious
 ublication in
 ean authors,
 ecame tamed
 figure from
 nsure till it
 read with

is nephew :
 orite niece,
 oppier mo-
 was trans-
 relations ;
 partly sad,
 ' which he
 ng ' around,
 request for

an infirmity,
 e said to us
 His hear-
 We were
 al trials to
 ASHINGTON :

years afterward, after a most pleasant night's sleep in the bed-room over the south porch at Sunnyside —

Let us pause here for a moment. Mr. IRVING, with two candles, preceded us, and as we were about entering the room, he said :

'Now here are some three hundred volumes, all in Spanish, (choicest Castilian,) which my brother PETER collected for me from the libraries of Madrid, and a few from Burgos. You can *read them all to-night!* — and it is very seldom that you will get another such a chance. You will not be interrupted, unless perhaps about twelve o'clock, when this particular room may be visited by the ghost of a young lady who died here of love and green apples, when the 'Roost' was owned and occupied by old JACOB VAN TASSEL. You need n't *look* for her, however : for sometimes she does n't make her appearance at all. I have n't seen her *myself* more than a half-dozen times, altogether!'

We looked over the title-pages of many of the dim and not over-corpulent Spanish-bound tomes, and thought of the faithful brother whose brief record we had seen so many times on Sundays amidst the summer grass on the west side of the little Episcopal church at 'DOBBS, his ferry : ' blew out our candles : slipped between the sweet-smelling linen sheets ; and dropped away into 'serene unremembrance and utter silence.'

The birds awoke us at early dawn : we dressed, descended, and 'titupped' noiselessly across the small yellow-and-chocolate colored Holland tiles of the porch, and were presently alongside our branching elm, by the steep bank, deepening, with the 'big blade' of a pocket-knife, the 'L' which we had carved upon its rind so long before. (We pointed it out to our excellent friend D —, and Bro. SPARROW-GRASS the other day : but it is high up on the tree now, and the deep cut seems healing by 'second intention.') While cutting away, a hoarse, unnatural voice exclaimed :

'*What are you doing in my g-r-o-u-n-d-s!*'

It scared us almost out of the 'crotch' in which we were sitting! If Mr. IRVING had flourished a grievous 'crab-tree cudgel,' instead of a small lithe stick, we might have seen in reserve for us the 'experience' of CHRISTIAN and HOPEFUL, when Giant DESPAIR surprised them early one morning on '*his grounds.*' 'Association' in thought, merely recalls this perhaps too trifling incident to our mind. But while that tree lives, and that 'L' remains, *we* at least shall not forget it.

Whoever has had the good fortune to pass an hour or two, on different occasions in the library at Sunnyside, can scarcely have failed to remark, among the 'ornaments' of the mantel-piece, a *striking* representation of SAMUEL ROGERS, the Banker-Poet of England. It is a small *statuette*, after the French model which was frequently to be met with in Broadway, some six or eight years ago, of which GARBEILLE, then in New-York, furnished many most striking specimens, some of them presenting the well-known lineaments and *not* 'inexpressible' figures of four or five of our most prominent 'fashionable' fellow-citizens. When we first saw this *statuette* of ROGERS standing upon the mantel-piece, we could not help inquiring of Mr. IRVING who it was an 'image' of, and whether he exposed it as an 'ornament,' or an object of curiosity? It was the most un-

attractive specimen of the 'human face divine' we had ever seen; in fact, a very *miracle* of ugliness, at first sight: but when you knew who it was, and had scanned the features a little more closely; when you remembered that it was the refined and tasteful poet, with 'warm heart and feelings young,' although he was seventy years old when it was taken; veneration took the place of surprise.

MR. IRVING gave us memoranda of many things heard from distinguished guests at Mr. ROGERS' table, with not a few of ROGERS' own sayings; some of which we shall present in an ensuing number.

WE have read, with exceeding pleasure, which in due time will be fully shared by the public, the subjoined announcement in the *Albany Evening Journal*. MR. PIERRE M. IRVING was the constant companion, the faithful friend, the ever-assiduous agent and coöperator in all the literary transactions of his illustrious relative. Many a time have we heard WASHINGTON IRVING dwell, with a glow of gratitude mantling in his face, upon the disinterestedness, the untiring exertion, and ever-ready kindness, of this his favorite nephew. His literary tastes are pure, and he holds the pen of an accomplished writer:

'A MEMOIR of MR. IRVING may in due time be expected. His entire manuscripts and correspondence were left in the hands of PIERRE M. IRVING, who is admirably adapted to the task. Such a memoir will afford early sketches of New-York society, and the first attempts of American literature; it will bring out the details of MR. IRVING's life when abroad, and his social intercourse with the master-minds of Europe: and it may explain the magic of that power which subdued the ferocious criticism of London and Edinburgh. At the time of MR. IRVING's first publication in England, the reviewer's den was as surrounded with the bones of American authors, as Doubting Castle was with those of the pilgrims; but old ESOT became tamed by the Western ORPHEUS, and relaxing his teeth, explained himself by a figure from 'Comus': 'The genius of MR. IRVING has smoothed the raven down of *Censure* till it smiled.' Such a volume the public will look for with eagerness, and read with delight.'

WE have spoken above of the affection of WASHINGTON IRVING for his nephew: but this was so general, that it needs no special indication. When a favorite niece, Miss P —, was transplanted to Paris, where, 'a happy wife, and happier mother now,' she still resides; and when, subsequently, another niece was transferred to the beautiful shores of green Cayuga, to sustain the same relations; the changes sadly broke in upon his peace: and there was something partly sad, partly whimsical, in his description to us one day, of the 'suspicions' which he entertained, when he first saw the self-reliant young fellows 'snooping' around, and by exposing themselves to observation, preparing him for the request for 'permission to address his niece,' which was sure to follow!

His love for his elder brother seemed to us almost holy. We think an infirmity, that of deafness, added to this endearment. 'You need not try,' he said to us one day, in the little parlor, 'to make brother E — hear any more. His hearing has gone forever: even an instrument is now of no use to him. We were walking out day before yesterday: when, after several unsuccessful trials to make him hear, he dropped his trumpet and said: 'It's all over, WASHINGTON:

I shall hear no more!' He walked sadly along for a moment: then looked up, and around upon the pleasant landscape: 'but I thank God,' said he, 'I can see! — *I can see!*' The tears swelled to my eyes,' said Mr. IRVING, 'to see his face beaming with gratitude, that still a precious sense had been left him.'

Eminence of station affected WASHINGTON IRVING's manner and bearing not one whit. Superior to it, he rose above, and honored it. OUR COUNTRY was honored, not he, when he was sent as our Ambassador to Spain, as we remember remarking at the time: and observe, by the testimony of numerous Americans, EVERETT, BANCROFT, TICKNOR, GEORGE SUMNER, and others, how much he was *himself*, as well as an American minister, while he was abroad, accomplishing, to the fullest satisfaction, his high office. But then he was the same man years before at Madrid: as Mr. LONGFELLOW has borne abundant witness, in the few remarks which he made upon introducing a series of resolutions before the Massachusetts Historical Society. After eloquently adverting to the ineffaceable impression made upon his young mind by the 'Sketch-Book,' Mr. LONGFELLOW said:

'MANY years afterward, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. IRVING in Spain, and found the Author, whom I had loved, repeated in the Man. The same playful humor; the same touches of sentiment; the same poetic atmosphere; and what I admired still more, the entire absence of all literary jealousy, of all that mean avarice of fame, which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one's self:

'AND rustling hears in every breeze,
The laurels of MILTIADES.'

'At this time Mr. IRVING was at Madrid, engaged upon his 'Life of COLUMBUS;' and if the work itself did not bear ample testimony to his zealous and conscientious labor, I could do so from personal observation. He seemed to be always at work. 'Sit down,' he would say; 'I will talk with you in a moment; but I must first finish this sentence.'

'One summer morning, passing his house at the early hour of six, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterward, he said: Yes, I am always at my work as early as six.' Since then I have often remembered that sunny morning and that open window; so suggestive of his sunny temperament and his open heart, and equally so of his patient and persistent toil: and have recalled those striking words of DANTE:

'SEATED upon down,
Or in his bed, man cometh not to fame,
Withouten which, whose his life consumes,
Such vestige of himself on earth shall leave
As smoke in air and in the water foam.'

These tributes are from IRVING's countrymen: but there lies before us a mutilated letter from Miss 'L. E. L.,' (LONDON,) to the late W. G. C., (Number 22 Hans Place, Sloane Street, London, without date,) wherein she speaks of the delight she had enjoyed a night or two before in meeting with her correspondent's countryman, WASHINGTON IRVING. Such was the universal tribute abroad.

We have said that it is impossible for any one to convey the *manner* of Mr. IRVING in adverting to an amusing incident, or reciting a brief humorous story. *He* could do it — but 'there *an end*.' One summer evening we were much admiring several articles of curiosity or *vertu* which were sprinkled about the centre-table of the north parlor: a rosary and crucifix, in wood, carved by a monk, and

brought from the Alhambra, a very beautiful thing, being among the number. While we were admiring this, Mr. IRVING took out from under some papers what looked to us to be nothing less, and nothing *more*, than a handsome carved ivory folder.

'This is one of my rarest curiosities, Mr. C——: what do you suppose that instrument is?'

'It looks like a paper-folder,' we said, 'and a very handsome one.'

'Ah! that's the way in which the most wonderful curiosities are underrated: that, Sir, is *the Dagger that Macbeth thought he saw!* It was presented to me in Scotland by one of his direct descendants!'

As regards the religious life of WASHINGTON IRVING, it is now well established, and was before known to many, that during the later years of his life, he took a devoted, active interest in all which pertains to the Christian life. From his friend and pastor, Rev. Dr. CREIGHTON, the venerable Rector of CHRIST Church at Tarrytown, (whom, on the day of the funeral, we saw at Sunnyside, tearfully regarding the lifeless lineaments of his lamented friend, whose last obsequies he was soon so feelingly and touchingly to perform,) from Dr. CREIGHTON, we gather all this, and even more. Speaking, in a discourse delivered at CHRIST Church the Sunday after Mr. IRVING's funeral, from the sentence in St. PAUL's history, 'Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more,' Dr. CREIGHTON remarked:

'I HAVE often been asked if our deceased friend was a believer in the cardinal doctrines of our holy Christian faith, and I have declared then, as I now declare, that he was. This opinion was founded, not alone on his ordinary language in conversation; not only in his uninterrupted observance of the days and ceremonies connected with the Christian institution — and I have never heard a syllable otherwise from him — but upon a voluntary declaration, for which there was no occasion, except 'that out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.' One Sabbath morning he approached me and asked why we could not have the *Gloria in Excelsis* sung every Sunday. I replied that I had no objection, and that there was nothing whatever to prevent it, and at the same time inquired of him: 'Do you like it?' 'Like it! like it!' said he; 'above all things. Why, it contains the sum and substance of our faith; and I never hear it without feeling better, and without my heart being lifted up.' Now, whoever will take the trouble to look at this sublime confession of faith will see that it is nothing but an adoration of CHRIST JESUS our SAVIOUR; the 'LAMB of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' Therefore, when we consider the unobtrusiveness of the character of the deceased, we can only believe that when he thus spake, the view which he expressed was one of the forms of 'sound words once delivered to the saints.'

Dr. CREIGHTON continues to say, that he was not only 'sound in the faith:' he was not only 'a hearer, but a *doer* of the Word:' 'He was not only regular and punctual in his attendance at the church, her communion seasons, etc., but his heart was in the services: it was plain to see and to feel that the hinges of his *spirit* bent down, whenever he kneeled and uttered the voice of prayer.' Charity with him seemed not so much a duty as an *instinct*: 'Every measure for the

amelioration of the condition of the poor and afflicted was sure to meet his approbation. The relief of the poor and needy; the improvement of schools, of chapels, and of churches; was always of the deepest interest, and *especially* interesting to him. His advice and his experience were always readily given whenever required, and his contributions from his purse were always of the most liberal kind. Of the extent of his private charities no man shall know until the day when the SAVIOUR shall declare: 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these little ones, ye did it unto Me.' I have been more than twice the recipient of double the sum asked for, when the occasion was one that recommended itself. In fact, he was one of the few on whom positive dependence could be placed for a favorable answer whenever the application was of a meritorious character.'

WE close this perhaps already too prolonged article with four or five characteristic letters, with reasons assigned for their publication in the few words which precede them. Does not the following, coming now as it were from IRVING's grave, speak *more* than 'volumes' of the goodness of the heart now lying so cold and still beneath the winter-snows?

'MY DEAR MR. CLARK:

Sunnyside, Oct. 6th, 1851.

'I am sorry to say that it is not in my power to act upon your suggestions, being incompetent at present to do justice to such a theme. In the course of a long ride last week through Sleepy Hollow and parts adjacent, my horse came down with me and gave me a fall that sent me home in some such bruised and battered plight as the hero of La Mancha after one of his forays. The same evening I had an attack of intermittent fever, which has hung about me ever since. Between the fall and the fever I am at present good for nothing. I am anxious to know what the COOPER Committee, of which I believe you are one, is doing and when the general meeting is to take place. It ought not to be deferred much longer.

'Whatever tribute to his memory may be determined upon, I trust it will be met by the public with the spirit which animated them in the days of his ripe renown. It has been suggested by some, that of late years he has done much to awaken the hostility of the press; but I trust there is too much magnanimity in the gentlemen of the press to carry their resentment against such a man beyond the grave.' With the nation his name will remain a treasured property. His works form an invaluable part of our literature, and from the nature of their subjects are in some measure identified with our political and social history. His 'Leather-Stocking Tales' and his 'Tales of the Sea,' those eminent inventions of his genius, have opened regions of romance which he has made his own. Whoever ventures into them hereafter will be accused of treading in his foot-prints. While an author is living, he is apt to be judged by his last works, and those written by COOPER in recent years have been somewhat cavilled at. When an author is dead, he is judged by his best works, and those of COOPER excited enthusiasm at home and applause throughout the world. When his countrymen would do honor to his memory, let them think of these works.

Yours truly,

'WASHINGTON IRVING.'

WE present the following, *not* because it mentions the naming of a little bantling of ours, ('Pippins and Cheese,' 'Wine and Walnuts,' had been proposed by

our friend PUTNAM,) but for the purpose of asking attention to the characteristic 'Postscript:'

'MY DEAR CLARK:

Sunnyside, April 10th, 1852.

'Perhaps the following title for your work may pass muster among 'Wine and Walnuts,' 'Pippins and Cheese,' and other such after-dinner notions:

Knick-Knacks

FROM AN EDITOR'S TABLE.

BY L. GAYLORD CLARK.

It is probable something much better may suggest itself to you, or be suggested by some friend: in which case have no hesitation in discarding the above.

'Yours truly,

'WASHINGTON IRVING.'

'P. S.: Young D. WILLARD F——, whom you have so kindly noticed in your last, has been passing the winter at the University of Upsala, attending lectures, etc. His intelligence, assiduity in pursuit of knowledge under all kinds of difficulties, and his surprising acquirements for his years, have gained him great favor among the professors and other learned men. He goes to Denmark in May, and embarks at Copenhagen for Iceland, where he intends to pass the summer. His immediate object is to make himself well acquainted with the languages, literature, history, and traditions of the northern nations, their sagas, etc.; and he is in a fair way of accomplishing it.

'I cannot but contrast the conduct of this poor youth, bravely struggling forward to intellectual eminence, in defiance of poverty and privation, with that of the host of young Americans, spendthrift sons of wealthy fathers, who are wasting time and opportunity, degrading themselves and disgracing their country, amid the enervating and licentious pleasures of Paris. Which of these may be considered a real specimen of '*Young America*?'"

This young man, an 'Onondaga boy,' through great privation had early secured to himself an excellent education; yet his aspirations for farther acquisitions had grown into an honorable enthusiasm. He walked on foot from New-York to Sunnyside, to see Mr. IRVING, who persuaded him to stay two or three days. A week or so after this, happening to be at the Cottage, Mr. IRVING mentioned his visit, and the great pleasure which it afforded him. The 'extent and accessibility of general knowledge with him was wonderful in one so young.' He made his own way abroad, greatly aided, we have no doubt, by the advice and letters of Mr. IRVING; and when there, managed by his own exertions to reach the northern region whence his letter was written, and where he prosecuted his studies with such success.

We omit the date to the subjoined note, and the names mentioned in it. It will suffice to say, that it was written more than twenty years ago, and that the principal subject of it was at the time giving performances upon the boards of one of our theatres as a ventriloquist. It may not be amiss to add, that the introductory letter referred to was never received. The whole note is most characteristic:

Greenburgh, Dec. 31st, 1839.

'MY DEAR SIR: Your letter dated Monday 15th, with the accompanying ms., did not reach me until last evening, (Saturday.) I have supplied the hiatus in 'Pelayo,'

and will send it to town by a gentleman who goes to-morrow (Monday) afternoon, and who will put it in the post-office.

'The other article for the January number, entitled 'The Bermudas: a Shaksperian research,' must be at the lodgings of my nephew PIERRE, as I left it with his wife just as I was departing from town. It was wrapped up in a parcel with a shirt that was to be sent to the laundress. I hope the ms. may not have gone there too, or I shall be literally 'in the suda.'

'As to Mr. ———, I have heard from one or two other quarters of his surprise and chagrin at my not having noticed a letter of introduction which he says he brought to me from Mr. ———. The simple fact is, I have never received such a letter. It may be sleeping in some out-of-the-way post-office in Westchester county, as is frequently the case of letters addressed to me. The only post-office at which I inquire is that at Tarrytown, and God knows I receive five times as many through that as I care for, or can attend to.

'I have never known any thing of the plan of Mr. ——— until I received the copy you sent me. If you should be in communication with him, let him know these facts; as I would not be on ill terms with a person of his universal acquaintance, wonderful ubiquity, and windy vocation.

'Yours, very truly,

'WASHINGTON IRVING.'

We hope the publication of the annexed note may have *one* good effect: we trust it may remind those thoughtless persons who pour their requests for autographs upon eminent authors, whose hours of leisure are precious, 'golden hours' to themselves, and whose hours of labor are even more so to present as well as future generations, of the extent of the evil which their annoyance creates. When this note was written, Mr. IRVING was daily engaged upon his 'Life of WASHINGTON,' which he lived only just long enough to complete. Think of such a writer, thus engaged, bored to extinction every day by requests for 'his name,' in letters which half-filled his little post-office bag! Nor was this all: as this passage from a letter received the day before the one which ensues, will bear witness: 'I send you a ms. received from a person with whom I am unacquainted. Look over it, and enable me to send him a reply, whether favorable or otherwise. My time is frittered away by correspondence of this kind; and I must beg you to excuse me for making you participate in the bore.'

'MY DEAR Mr. CLARK:

Sunnyside, June 14th, 1855.

'I thank you for the likeness of WASHINGTON which you have had the kindness to send me. I ought to have acknowledged the receipt of it sooner, but I am hurried just now in preparing a volume for the press; in looking for a pair of horses; and in endeavoring to cope with five dozen 'regular correspondents,' beside a *cloud of applicants for autographs, those pestilent mosquitoes of literature.*

'I shall be happy to see you and Mr. L—— any day that you may feel inclined to make me a visit. My dining-hour is three o'clock, if you will take your chance for family fare. If you send me word beforehand, I will not promise you a better dinner; but that I will be home to eat it with you. With kind remembrance to Mrs. CLARK from 'self and 'daughters,'

'Yours, very truly,

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

WASHINGTON IRVING.'

'Self and daughters' in the above, has allusion to a correspondent of the

'*Herald*' newspaper, who had seen his nieces at Sunnyside, and mistook them for his children: not unnaturally, perhaps; for they 'loved him as if he were their father;' and nothing that the most watchful, affectionate child could do for a parent did they omit to do for him, to the very moment of his death. The likeness of WASHINGTON, referred to, was a fine photographic copy of SHARPLESS' picture, for which WASHINGTON himself sat — a dignified, natural profile portrait, and in expression much like HOUDON's bust of the GENERAL.

Perhaps the publication of the 'notelet' with which we bring the present article to a close, may prompt the correspondent who sent the 'tome' to us to forward to Mr. IRVING, to give us its title. (Was it 'J. W. B.,' now in Washington?) It was carefully enveloped, and as carefully directed: and as we could not accept, owing to a previous engagement in town, Mr. IRVING's cordial invitation, the 'rummage' was not 'gone into:.'

'MY DEAR CLARK:

Sunnyside, Sept. 18th, 1864.

'BAYARD TAYLOR dines with me on Wednesday: come over and join us, and we will have a rummage for that 'little, thin, very witty and amusing Spanish duodecimo tome with a brown leather cover,' of which you speak; though I doubt whether there can be such a very peculiar tome in existence.

'Yours very truly,

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

'P. S.: If we find this curious work, had we not better send it to BARNUM's Museum?'

LETTER FROM THE LATE HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON.—In looking recently among our unfiled but well-preserved and cherished letters from personal friend-correspondents of the KNICKERBOCKER, 'if haply we might find' a letter from Judge CHARLTON, of Georgia, 'recapitulating,' as he said, the delight with which he treasured his visit with us to 'Sunnyside,' we chanced upon the following characteristic note, 'dropped' to us from 'Rowland Springs Cass County, Georgia,' toward the last of September, 1846: accompanying a spirited poem on 'LANNES,' sent for our pages:

'I HAD thought, my dear Sir, that I was done with verse for the rest of my life, but the holiday of a few weeks in this mountain region, where the wild Indian so lately roamed, has brought back some faint memories of my romantic days, and I have endeavored to 'woo the coy muse.' She has become so cold, however, from my long neglect of her, that I could coax but little out of her; but I thought that it was due to your long-continued kindness, to send you the little I *did* coax, that you might see that I still hold you in remembrance, and that 'my poverty' of time and rhyme, and not 'my will' has consented to my long silence. I suspect that you will think that I have murdered poor LANNES more effectually than the Austrian cannon did; and that I am making you an accessory after the fact to this posthumous killing: but you can spare some glory from the KNICKERBOCKER.

'You gentlemen of the North can scarcely believe that we have in Georgia so many fine things as are grouped in this region; but it is true, nevertheless, that we have here, within the compass of a few miles, mines of gold, iron, lead, coal; to say

nothing about the diamonds that lie scattered around, and the beautiful scenery spread broad-cast over the land. But I have lingered out my few days of holiday:

‘And have looked on hill and plain,
That I ne’er shall see again!’

for I am on my way back to the dust and toil of week-day, work-day life, and to my allotted task of helping to drag the so-called Car of Justice. And so farewell poetry, mountain stream, and woodland nymphs; and come on, ye ill-shapen, strife-begetting demons of the Law! But while you roam through the garden-walks of Literature, cast some passing thoughts on the poor pilgrim, who is struggling with weary steps, over the desert ways of strife. Be thou NAPOLEON still, but forget not LANNES!’

Lamented CHARLTON! — a true Poet, a true Man, a true Friend, an upright Judge, a good Citizen — a ‘TRUE AMERICAN.’

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We regret to see the announcement of the death, at San-Francisco, Cal., of ‘Dow, Jr.’ of whose *‘Short Patent Sermons,’* continued in *‘The Golden Era,’* we have so recently made mention in these pages. We are sorry to see it stated, that he died under circumstances of great destitution. We never saw him, save on one occasion, and then only for a moment, during his prolonged residence in our city, while he was contributing his ‘Sermons’ to the *‘Sunday Mercury:’* but the quaintness and originality of both his ‘matter’ and his ‘manner’ as a ‘sermonizer,’ always found in us a hearty admirer; and we took not only early but frequent occasion, to bring his literary peculiarities before our readers. A first and second series of his ‘Discourses’ were published in this city; the first of which was flatteringly dedicated to us, as a return for having ‘made the humble preacher famous, as well abroad as at home.’ Poor PAGE! — we grieve to hear of the ‘low estate,’ into which he had fallen in the ‘City by the Sea,’ on the shore of the great Pacific! That his odd conceits, and quaint expression of them, continued unabated, take this single passage from the last of his discourses which we have encountered; based upon a text of a verse by Dr. WATTS. He is disagreeing with ‘Brother PAUL’ as to the fact, that a man ‘puts away childish things’ when he ceases to be a child:

‘BROTHER PAUL gives us to understand that when a youth emerges from his chrysalis state into the full bloom of manhood, he ‘puts away all childish things.’ Here we respectfully disagree. In my humble opinion, the youth only lays aside one childish thing in exchange for another. What are two-thirds of the worldly objects which men seek, but mere toys, to gratify their vanity, pride or ambition? A trump of fame is but a penny-trumpet of louder blast and stronger constitution: the patriotic drum that arouses martial enthusiasm, is but an improved specimen of the tiny paste-board affair tunked upon perseveringly between Christmas and New-Year’s: and cannon, muskets, rifles, pistols, and all the dire implements of war — what are they but fruit grown and matured from the germs of childhood? I make a bold assertion, my friends, when I say that nearly all who volunteer to take up arms in support of a contested cause, are not actuated so much by the love of plun-

der as by the excitement, glory and sport of the thing; albeit that sport be indulged in at the very jaws of death. So the child fires his pop-gun, draws his wooden sword, and squeaks his consumptive trumpet, governed by the same impulse, and inspired by similar emotions. Let be said what will be said about maturity putting away all childish things, I have seen white-haired old men who would fain bend the knee and shoot marbles upon the very spot of earth ready to receive them, were it not for the 'rheumatiz,' and the fear that their crutches might be stolen during the pastime.'

There was always a latent vein of strong common-sense running through Dow, Jr.'s lucubrations, which added not a little to their popularity. They were thoroughly original and AMERICAN. - - - 'The Tribune' of to-day (a 'Happy New-Year' to you, readers, one and all!) has this capital illustration of fine-art appreciation: 'Two very splendidly attired ladies recently made a condescending visit to the studio of one of our distinguished landscapists, and asked the privilege of looking at his pictures. The artist was but too happy to comply with their request, and placed before them a brilliant sunset which he had just finished. His visitors were lavish of those charming epithets which ladies bestow so liberally upon the objects of their admiration. 'Oh! is n't it lovely! How sweet! How natural!' etc. And then, after gazing at the glowing canvas for a few minutes in rapt silence, the lady who had been loudest in expressing her admiration, said, with a *naïveté* which must have penetrated to the very core of the painter's heart: 'Pray, Mr. G —, is it a moonlight?' The artist meekly replied that it was intended for a 'sunset.' 'Oh! indeed!' replied the lady. 'Pray, Mr. G —, which do you think the most difficult to do, pictures in oils or in worsted?' 'Really,' replied the astonished painter, 'I am unable to say, for I have never done any thing in worsted.' 'Ah!' said the lady, 'I find it so difficult in working little dogs to put in the eyes!' This reminds us of an anecdote which the lamented HENRY INMAN used to relate. He was sitting in his studio, then in Murray-street, near Broadway, one morning, when a jaunty-looking young man and woman entered, and 'wanted to see the picture he had painted of S'PHIAH G —, in B — street.' It was unfinished, but was readily shown to them by the always obliging artist. 'Oh! an't that good! — an't that good! — particularly the comb! That's S'PHIAH's comb for all the world! I should ha' known it any wheres!' The appreciative young lady's companion admitted that it was good; and added, flatteringly to the artist: 'After all, paintin' is a reg'lar trade, is n't it?' He told his companion, however, that 'the best way to look at a picture, if you wanted to 'throw it off,' is so.' and he stooped down and looked up at it through his legs! Some body had probably told him that distance was sometimes given to a landscape by that process! Difference of costume rendered his improved lens unavailable to his companion. - - - Two correspondents, from widely distant regions, north and south, send us the subjoined '*Sayings of Little Children*.' Both are capital. 'The apparent truthfulness and originality which are manifest in your papers scattered over the Editor's Table, regarding the perplexing questions and the unique reasonings of the 'Little Folk,' mark a very distinct contrast to the *manufactured* stuff that so often meets the eye in many other journals: and should you deem the following worthy of a place among your se-

lections, you may rely on its genuineness. HARRY, a 'six-year-old,' a manly little fellow, and remarkable for his candor and his faith in prayer, was told by his Aunt SALLY, that if the snow ceased falling in the afternoon he should take a sleigh-ride with her. The snow continued, accompanied, as the day advanced, with a strong wind, greatly to HARRY's annoyance, as he feared being deprived by it of his promised pleasure. At about two o'clock, Aunt SALLY had occasion to enter the quiet parlor, when to her amazement she beheld HARRY (who had not heard her approach) on his little knees in the beautiful attitude of prayer, and overheard him saying: 'Please, good God, stop it snowing, *just for a little while*, so I can go out riding with Auntie.' Aunt SALLY withdrew without being noticed by him; and presently he entered her room, with his furs and cap, and requested AUNTIE to get ready, for 'he had asked God to stop it snowing,' *and it would stop in a minute.* It *did* 'stop in a few minutes,' and HARRY had his coveted sleigh-ride.' That is the *first* little boy: now for the *second*: 'My dear KNICKERBOCKER, how is it that in our great State they never can settle the question as to the use of the BIBLE in the public schools? Our boy of five (whom you would like if you only knew him) is very fond of hearing the BIBLE read, and his thoughts dwell much on the subjects therein; as witness the following question which he broached at the dinner-table to-day: 'Ma, do the King's chamberlains empty the slops?'' - - - SINCE the time that 'JOHN PHOENIX' sent us the pictorial GEORGE WASHINGTON, (made by adding a green body, in most uncouth dress, to the green full 'front-view' face of the GENERAL, which constitutes the California postage-stamp,) we doubt if a funnier thing of the kind has been seen, than that which is recorded in the following paragraph:

'On Monday evening 'certain lewd fellows of the baser sort,' who had evidently been imbibing too freely, found themselves near Union Square about ten o'clock. The full moon shining brightly, displayed the statue of the Father of his Country sitting grandly and sedately on his bronze charger, as ever, still pointing to the Church of the Pilgrims, with that significant gesture which seems to indicate that it is only by carrying out the doctrines of true liberty there preached, that the work commenced by him can be finally completed. But the sight of WASHINGTON failed to inspire these graceless revellers with proper emotions of patriotic reverence. On the contrary, they only saw in it an opportunity for a very disreputable trick. Robbing one of their number of his hat and shawl, a couple of the fellows climbed the pedestal by the aid of a ladder found within the inclosure, and sacrilegiously enwrapped the august shoulders with the shawl, and placed the large felt hat upon the stately head. It is a wonder that the statue did not, like its prototype in DON GIOVANNI, frown such a frown, and shake its head in so awful a manner, as to cause the sobered desecrators to lose their hold and fall headlong to the earth. But it appears that no such ghostly manifestation was made, for the fellows descended safely and fled, leaving the image of GEORGE WASHINGTON attired in such guise as he never wore when alive. For some reason, the metamorphose escaped the Argus-eyed policeman in that precinct, and for an hour the passers-by were amazed at the unwonted sight. But at last, either a watchman removed the hat and shawl, or their anxious owner slunk back to recover his garments from the shrine where his companions had placed them. At any rate, the statue was denuded, and looked as cold and metallic as ever, in the clear, icy moon-shine of the mid-night hour.'

Apropos of our California caricature of the *Pater Patria*: we sent it at the time across the river to Mr. IRVING, who in a note to us expressed himself exceedingly amused at its grotesqueness. 'SQUIBOS' had turned up the grave corners of WASHINGTON's mouth, giving to that feature the most ridiculous smirk, while the body was very short, and the dress terminated over the top of a pair of clumsy English top-boots! - - - How very forcible are these characteristic lines from the German of HEINE! Even while we are copying them, thinking the while of the sad cause of WASHINGTON IRVING's departure, a telegraphic paragraph in the '*Tribune*' of to-day arrests the eye, announcing the instantaneous death, in the street, by disease of the heart, of the venerable and venerated Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia:

'Lay thy hand on this heart of mine, little dear:
How it knocks in its little chamber!—hear!
A carpenter dwells there, and cruel is he;
He's busily making a coffin for me.

'He hammers and knocks by day and by night,
And long has he put my slumbers to flight:
O Master Carpenter! hasten and cease,
That I may be quiet, and sleep in peace!'

You must read this four or five times. - - - The United States Commissioner of Patents is 'faulty.' His formula for monthly returns from post-masters throughout the Union, upon the following subjects, has almost set our esteemed and witful contemporary, the New-York '*Picayune*,' crazy. 'How it can be expected that there will hereafter be any regularity in the mails, burdened with replies to such queries,' passes that journal's comprehension: 'The blanks for these meteorological reports are to be filled with the latitude, longitude, altitude, and divers other 'tudes, indicating the amount of cloudiness, direction and force of the winds, rain, frosts or snow; time, quantity, depth; thunder-storms, time, motion, direction and effects—the distance of lightning, whether crooked, forked, or straight. Aurora borealis; time, distance, formation, arch, beams, coronna, and divers other runners; such as shooting-stars, solar, lunar halos; parhelia, paraselenes, and all other lenes, except the one on our property. 'Double this by three,' and subtract the 'balance' for earthquakes,' etc. Now these are important inquiries; yet not greatly more so than the following: but we hope to hear them *all* clearly and categorically answered: 'If three men, one of them a colored man, and the other a female, set out simultaneously, which 'll get there first? Required also, from these premises, the time of starting, starting-point, destination, and the 'Natural Number' belonging to the other: 'Two men, unable to travel, set out on a journey at different times, in company with a third in the same condition. For three hours the first two kept ahead of each other, when, a violent snow-storm arising, all three lost their way. What's required?' 'If a hard knot be tied in a cat's tail, which way, how long, and with what success, will she run after it? Also, who *tied* the knot?' - - - SAY to 'L. G. C.,' (writes 'R. H.,' from Belleville, Illinois, to our publisher, Mr. GRAY,) 'that the beautiful lines copied in his EDITOR'S TABLE, under the title of '*A Little While*,' concerning the authorship of which he makes inquiry, were published some months since in the '*Journal of Commerce*' daily newspaper,

wherein they were credited to the heart and the pen of 'Rev. Dr. BONAR.' It is somewhat singular that I should have had a call, only a few days ago, for a copy of the same touching stanzas, from a 'friend far away' in 'old Massachusetts.' The editor of '*The Beauty of Holiness*,' a meritorious religious journal of our metropolis, with three or four other friendly correspondents, has kindly conveyed to us the same information. At the same time, a friend writes us from Louisville, Kentucky, that the lines are to be found in 'Mrs. Winslow's Life,' with the caption, '*Sweet Hope*,' and she sends us a 'correct transcript' of the stanzas, with the recurring last line but one changed according to the title. Surely it must have been a copy, and then must have been an alteration, in the volume referred to: for take the single omitted stanza furnished to us by our correspondent: how much more beautiful it is, than if simple 'hope' were substituted for '*Home!*' Beside, how very touching is the alliterative repetition of the word:

'Beyond the gathering and the strewing,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon:
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Loon, tarry not, but come!'

Two or three of the correspondents who have written us upon the subject of the lines, '*A Little While*,' send us also other poems from the same pen: of which two, '*The Seen and the Unseen*,' and '*The Rod*,' certainly serve to show that we have in Mr. BONAR a poet of no common merit. From the first-named, the longest, we select the subjoined stanzas:

'WHAT to that for which we're waiting,
Is this glittering, earthly toy?
Heavenly glory, holy splendor,
Sum of grandeur, sum of joy!
Not the gems that Time can tarnish,
Not the hues that dim and die;
Not the glow that cheats the lover,
Shaded with mortality.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

'Not the light that leaves us darker,
Not the gleams that come and go;
Not the mirth whose end is madness,
Not the joy whose fruit is woe:
Not the notes that die at sunset,
Not the fashion of a day,
But the everlasting beauty,
And the endless melody:
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!


'City of the pearl-bright portal,
City of the jasper wall,
City of the golden pavement,
Seat of endless festival;
City of JERUSALEM, Salem!
City of Eternity!
To thy bridal halls of gladness,
From this prison would I flee!
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

'Ah! with such strange spells around me
Fairest of what earth calls fair,
How I need thy fairer image
To undo the syren snare!
Lest the subtle serpent-tempter
Lure me with his radiant lie;
As if sin were sin no longer,
Life were no more vanity!
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

'Yes, I need thee, heavenly city,
My low spirit to upbear;
Yes, I need thee; earth's enchantments
So beguile me with their glare.
Let me see thee, then these fetters
Break asunder: I am free!
Then this pomp no longer chains me,
Faith has won the victory.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

'Soon, where earthly beauty blinds not,
Nor excess of brilliance palls,
Salem, City of the Holy,
We shall be within thy walls!
There beside yon crystal river,
There, beneath Life's wondrous tree,
There with naught to cloud or sever,
Ever with the LAMB to be!
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

This is very beautiful. - - - 'Behind the Scenes,' in the present number will remind the reader of a remark made by JOHN SANDERSON, in one of his 'Letters from London' to the Editor, that 'few things are so *irrepressible* in the minds of most young people, and not unfrequently in the minds of those of 'larger growth,' as the desire to 'go behind the scenes,' and see how those wonderful effects are produced, which so enchant the great audience in front.' But when once seen, the illusion is very quickly dispelled, as our correspondent has graphically shown. You take a glass of porter with RICHARD the Third in his dressing-room, just after he has 'died all over the stage' in his last 'battle of Bosworth field,' and see the paint and perspiration running in streams from his face; or you shake hands with DESDEMONA, before she is half over being smothered to death with a pillow; and you will never desire to do the like again. As to going upon the stage as 'supernumeraries,' the ambition was common among our young bloods at the old PARK THEATRE more than twenty years ago. Moreover, they do the same thing in so staid a city as Boston; a young resident of which town, to whom we have just been reading 'Behind the Scenes,' says that it is a common thing for young fellows of good family, and students from Cambridge, to 'go on' as supernumeraries, taking care of course to thoroughly disguise themselves with false whiskers and rouge. Noble ambition! - - - How it must have stirred the blood of a true English sportsman to read in the Paris correspondence of the *London Times*, this account of the *Sports of the Field of the Emperor of the French at Compiègne*: 'The imperial revels are but stiff, almost lugubrious affairs. The court *fêtes* and court hospitalities are reduced to an affair of grim formality; gentlemen and ladies are invited out in sets to stay a week; each set has the same routine of stiff etiquette to go through; an etiquette as far removed from fun as a funeral is from a frolic; each one has to dress a certain number of times daily, eat a certain number of solemn dinners at the palace, attend a certain number of evening *soirées*, and are treated each to one grand hunt in the forest, on which occasion a melancholy deer is led out solemnly in front of the party by a groom, who *lets him go with a kick, and a kindly hint to take care of himself, which he generally does!* The whole set return to town together on a train furnished by his Majesty; and this seems to be the only piece of fun in the trip.' 'Tantivy! hark forward!' - - - 'Who Are We?' was the subject of a lecture delivered in a crowded hall at the foot of Cedar-Hill, this evening, by JAMES T. BRADY, Esq., the eminent advocate and counsellor of New-York. It was an elaborate and very forcible discussion of what constitutes '*Anglo-Saxonism*,' which was emphatically shown to be at present 'no where,' and where in times past it *had* been, (as such, strictly considered) it was not over-creditable to humanity, in either its character or its deeds. Mr. BRADY's language and elocution were in unexceptionable good taste. He is, as every body knows, a most self-possessed, graceful speaker; and the applause of his audience was hearty and general, to the very close of his lecture. It had no partisan or sectarian bias, and contained not a thought at which any hearer could possibly take offence. The proceeds (for the Church) were unexpectedly large. - - - As *apropos* to a violent far-western revival or camp-meeting scene, described some eighteen

months ago by a correspondent in these pages, a friend at the time, in a private note to the Editor, mentioned the following. We omit the intensives: 'GEORGE P —, than whom there does not live a better or nobler man and friend, speaking of these irregular, ill-conducted, and ill-sustained 'revivals,' and wild, inexcusable, *orgie-lous* camp-meetings, said to me, when the first were all 'the rage' among us lately: 'I advise you, if you are any ways skeery, to be careful how you look in on 'em. I wish I may be shot if I did n't get into one once by accident; and the first I knew, I begun to shiver, and get into a cold sweat; my knees sort o' caved, and my eyes begun to give out; and I do believe if they had n't *adjourned on me*, I should ha' *gone under*! I had an uncle once in Maryland, who was a fox-hunter — used to hunt Sundays. Once, while out after a fox, he 'accidentally' got into a sort o' camp-meeting; and Sir, they *closed on him*! — got him in the straw; laid him out as cold as a wagon-tire: never afterward came out of it a sound man: and if you'll believe me, he *died good* after it. So you see that with me it is a sort of hereditary family tendency!' - - - 'Casell's Illustrated Family Bible,' judging from large portions of it which we have seen, is a work as rare in value as it is exceedingly cheap in price. No pictorial BIBLE that we have seen, will for a moment compare with it, in the authenticity, number, size, and artistic excellence of its engravings: while the type, large and clear, and the paper, firm and white, upon which it is printed, leave nothing in its execution to be desired. How such a work can be published at *fifteen cents a number*, we confess passes our comprehension. - - -  Read G. Q. COLTON's advertisement of PEALE's 'Court of Death.'

New Music.

THE chief appliance necessary for the enjoyment of new music now-a-days is a good piano. It may be found, but not nearly so easily as a poor imitation. A bad piano is a prolonged torment, a good one a perennial delight. There are several makers in New-York from whom a bad piano would be a rarity; but we would specially call the attention of our readers to HAZELTON BROTHERS, 99 Prince-street, New-York, because we have had our latest experience of a good instrument from them. All we have seen of their manufacture have been distinguished by a clear, mellow tone, full and soft, an even touch and a *reliable* action. In every way they were excellent. If any friend of ours intends buying a piano, by all means let him visit HAZELTON BROTHERS before purchasing. But to our announcements.

FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued *Ettie's Lancers*, by HELMSMULLER. *Will you list to me, Willie!* by WALDO ALLEN, a rather pretty love-song. *The Sleighting Glee*, by T. J. COOK. *The Vocal Beauties of Les Vepres Siciliennes*, containing seven arias from that opera. *Souvenirs Styriens*, impromptu pour piano, par J. ASCHER, like most impromptus has been carefully composed; it needs a careful interpreter. *Jack Frost Galop*, by GEORGE W. WARREN. *Germania*, a set of brilliant Waltzes arranged from LABITZKY for two pianos, eight hands, by J. A. FOWLER. For concert or school exhibition purposes this will be useful; it seems to be easy, but the full understanding of an eight-hand score has not been vouchsafed to us.

WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued *Little Ettie's Favorites*, twelve beautiful melodies for piano, by JAMES BELLAK. Little-finger pieces, with fingering marked throughout. *O yes, Thou'rt Remembered*, ballad by FOLEY HALL. *Friendship*, a ballad by J. R. THOMAS. *The Withered Rose*, song by J. R. THOMAS. *Loving Hearts at Home*, by J. R. THOMAS, a most beautiful ballad. The composer is well known as a finished vocalist as well as composer: we have heard him sing this song exquisitely.

H O M E INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW-YORK, OFFICE, 112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL, \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, over \$300,000

**THIS COMPANY INSURES AGAINST LOSS AND DAMAGE BY
FIRE, ON FAVORABLE TERMS.**

LOSSES EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PROMPTLY PAID.

DIRECTORS:

Charles J. Martin,
A. F. Willmarth,
William G. Lambert,
George O. Collins,
Danford N. Barney,
Lucius Hopkins,
Thomas Messenger,
William H. Mellen,
Charles B. Hatch,
R. Watson Bull,
Homer Morgan,

Levi P. Stone,
James Humphrey,
George Pearce,
Ward A. Work,
James Low,
Isaac H. Frothingham,
Charles A. Bulkley,
Cephas H. Norton,
George D. Morgan,
Theodore McNamee,
Richard Bigelow,

Oliver E. Wood,
Alfred S. Barnes,
George Elias,
Roe Lockwood,
John G. Nelson,
Lyman Cooke,
Levi P. Morton,
Curtis Noble,
John B. Hutchinson,
Charles P. Baldwin,
Amos T. Dwight,

Henry A. Harbut,
Jesse Hoyt,
William Sturgis, Jr.,
John R. Ford,
Sidney Mason,
George T. Stedman, Cinn.
Cyrus Yale, Jr.,
William R. Fosdick,
F. H. Comitt,
David I. Boyd, Albany.
S. B. Cauldwell & L. Ruhe

J. MILTON SMITH, Secretary.

CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-President

DEFIANCE SALAMANDER SAFES.

ROBERT M. PATRICK,

SOLE MANUFACTURER IN THE UNITED STATES OF THE ABOVE CELEBRATED SAFES, AND

**Patent Powder-Proof Impenetrable Defiance
Locks and Cross-Bars,**

ALSO,

**Fire and Burglar-Proof Sideboard or Parlor Safes,
FOR SILVER PLATE, &c.**

**THE BEST SAFES AND LOCKS COMBINED, IN THE WORLD. THESE SAFES HAVE TAKEN THE
FIRST PREMIUM MEDALS IN EVERY EXHIBITION**

held in the United States during the past three years. SAFES of all sizes, suitable for Merchants,
Banks, Jewelry, Record Offices, Steamboats, &c.; Fire and Thief-Proof Bank Vault
Doors on hand, for sale, and made to order, at the

Depot, No. 63 Murray St., cor. College Place, New-York.

Formerly 192 Pearl Street.

Manufactory, Nos. 60, 62, 64, and 66 Cannon Street, N. Y

STANDARD BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY CARLTON & PORTER,
Agents of the Methodist Book Concern, 200 Mulberry-street, N. Y.

Clarke's Commentary.

6 vols. Imperial 8vo. Price, sheep..... \$16 00

The learned author spent forty years on this work. "The literary world in general, and Biblical students in particular, are greatly indebted to Dr. Clarke for the light he has thrown on many very difficult passages."—T. HARTWELL HORN. "This invaluable Commentary ought to be in the possession of every minister and student of theology."—N. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Benson's Commentary.

5 vols. Imperial 8vo. Price, sheep..... \$13 00

"An elaborate and useful Commentary on the sacred Scriptures."—T. H. HORN. "Justly characterized by solid learning, soundness of theological opinion, and an edifying attention to experimental and practical religion."—DR. BUNTING.

Coles's Concordance.

24mo. Price..... \$1 00

The very best Concordance now extant. An improvement on all the older works, more copious and more correct.—LADIES' REPOSITORY.

Horne's Introduction. (Abridged.)

12mo., pp. 403. Price..... \$0 80

It gives the substance of the four octavo volumes of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE SCRIPTURES.

Smith's Sacred Annals.

PATRIARCHAL AGE. 8vo., pp. 522. Price..... \$2 00

"A monument of patience, industry, and research."—BIBLICAL REVIEW. "A volume which it would be difficult to surpass in interest and value."—EVANGELICAL CHRISTENDOM. "The author is a layman who, by his profound literary research, has raised himself to an equality with the best scholars of the age."—CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

THE HEBREW PEOPLE. 8vo., pp. 616. Price..... \$2 00

This work has received the highest commendation from the literary world. It is full of rare information.

GENTILE NATIONS. 8vo., pp. 663. Price..... \$2 00

"This work, replete with sound erudition, most judiciously chosen and clearly set forth, merits the perusal of every one desirous of acquiring fundamental information."—EVENING BULLETIN.

Harmony of the Divine Dispensations. (Just out.)

By G. SMITH, F.A.S., Author of "Patriarchal Age," etc. 8vo., pp. 319. Price..... \$1 50

Townley's Biblical Literature.

2 vols. 8vo., pp. 1206. Price, sheep..... \$3 00

"A more comprehensive view of the progress of Biblical translations and of the literary and ecclesiastical history of the Holy Scriptures than is to be found in any other work."—(LONDON) ECCLÉSIO REVIEW. "Dr. Townley's illustrations are essential to every good library."—CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary.

8vo., pp. 1007. Price..... \$2 75

A work of great merit and large sale.

Theodicy;

Or, a Vindication of the Divine Glory as manifested in the Constitution and Government of the Moral World. By ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia.

8vo., pp. 368. Price..... \$1 50

No clergyman should fail to read every word of it. And let him overthrow it who can.

Liberal discount to clergymen. Special arrangements made with the trade. Catalogues sent gratis to order

METROPOLITAN Fire Insurance Company.

CASH CAPITAL, \$300,000.

OFFICE, 108 BROADWAY, COR. OF PINE ST., NEW-YORK.

DIRECTORS.

James Lorimer Graham,
Joseph B. Varnum,
Leonard Appleby,
Frederick H. Wolcott,
William K. Strong,
Moses Taylor,
James O. Sheldon,
John C. Henderson,

Daniel Parish,
Gustavus A. Conover,
Martin Bates, Jr.,
Charles L. Vose,
Warren Delano, Jr.,
Henry V. Butler,
Bowes R. Mollvaine,
Gilbert L. Beeckman,

Joseph B. Varnum, Jr.,
Dudley B. Fuller,
Watson E. Case,
Lorrain Freeman,
Edward Macomber,
James Lorimer Graham, Jr.,
Samuel D. Bradford, Jr.,
Charles E. Appleby.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, PRESIDENT.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, SECRETARY.

ROBERT C. RATHBONE, ASSISTANT SECRETARY.

ESTABLISHED 1776.

A. BININGER & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF FINE

Brandies, Wines, Lignors, Segars,

TEAS, AND GROCERIES,

Nos. 92 & 94 LIBERTY ST.,

NEW-YORK.

ABRAHAM B. CLARK,

ABRAHAM BININGER,

The only and *Sole Successors* of ABRAHAM BININGER, Sr., who commenced this business in 1776 and which has been handed successively to son and grandsons, down to the present day.

A VALUABLE WORK!

—
JUST PUBLISHED!!
—

AN ENTIRELY NEW WORK, CALLED

THE AMERICAN CHRISTIAN RECORD,

To which we respectfully invite attention. It will be an authentic and complete book of reference on all current religious topics, and all religious events of the year, and will contain

A Classified and Statistical Record of Religious and Moral Associations in the United States and Europe;

The History, Confession of Faith, and present Statistics of each of the Religious Denominations of the United States and Europe;

Statistics of Moral, Benevolent, and Educational Institutions in the U. S.;

A Classified List, and the Post-Office Address of Clergymen of all Denominations in the United States;

List of leading Contributors and Testators to Religious and Benevolent enterprises;

Record of Deaths in the Ministry for the Year;

Notable Helps for Understanding the Scriptures;

Religions of Asia and Africa;

Religious and Moral Teachers of Mankind;

Sacred Books of all Nations;

Missionary Societies;

Bible Societies of the United States and Europe;

Religious Periodicals of the United States and Europe;

Eminent Christians who have Died during the year;

Beliefs of all Nations;

List of generous Contributors to Christian Enterprises during the year, etc., etc., etc.

The above is given more to convey an idea of the general character of the work, than as an index to its voluminous contents, which will embrace every thing of interest to intelligent religious minds.

We believe a general record like this, to which every one might turn for authentic information on all topics of current religious interest, has long been wanted, and would be found of great convenience, not only to clergymen and other church officers, but to all interested in the moral and religious movements of the age. It has been the aim of the publishers to supply this want, and in THE AMERICAN CHRISTIAN RECORD to present a work which would enable all Christians familiarly to understand one another's faith, efforts and strength, in which each should be able to read the past and present story of his particular denomination, and compare it with that of others; and in which all might perceive, at a glance, first, the efforts of individual institutions, and then the result of their united operations throughout the entire world.

In conclusion, we venture to say that so vast an amount of varied information on religious subjects, has never before been brought within the compass of a single volume.

Large 12mo, in clear brevier type, on good paper, and neatly bound in muslin. Price, \$1.25.

* * * Copies mailed, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.25.

AGENTS WANTED in all parts of the country.

W. R. C. CLARK & MEEKER, Publishers,

NO. 49 WALKER STREET, NEW-YORK.

Editors giving the above an insertion, and forwarding a copy of their paper, marked, will receive a copy of the work by mail, prepaid.

THE COURT OF DEATH!



The subscriber is now issuing 100,000 splendid Colored Engravings of Rembrandt Peale's celebrated Original Painting of the COURT OF DEATH, at the unprecedentedly low price of only One Dollar each. Size, twenty-three by thirty-one inches.

The lowest regular price for engravings of the size and quality of this is \$5; and in answer to the question, "How can they be sold for One Dollar?" the Subscriber would state that instead of issuing 5000 copies at \$5, he issues 100,000 copies at \$1. The main expense of such a work is not in the paper and printing, but in getting up the plates. If 5000 only are sold, \$5 is but a fair price. But if 100,000 are sold at \$1, the aggregate profits are larger than on the 5000.

The Original Painting, of which the Engravings are a *Fac-simile Copy*, was painted by Rembrandt Peale, in the city of Baltimore, in 1820, and has been the study and admiration of tens of thousands of our citizens. It has long been valued at

25,000 DOLLARS.

Death is personified as a King or Monarch, and there is not a skeleton or any thing repulsive in the picture.

There are TWENTY-THREE FULL-SIZED FIGURES in the engraving, and arranged into five groups, presenting living representations of DEATH, WAR, SENSUAL PLEASURE, INTemperance, and the TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIAN FAITH OVER THE TERRORS OF DEATH.

It is a work to delight the eye and improve the heart. It can be studied and understood by a child, while its sublime conception affords scope to the strongest imagination.

It has been the subject of special discourses by Rev. Dr. Sprague, Rev. Dr. Welsh, Rev. Dr. Bacon, Rev. Dr. Cleveland, Rev. Dr. Wayland, and others.

A more impressive, instructive, or beautiful PARLOR ORNAMENT could not be purchased.

The subscriber was advised to have the drapery of the figures brilliant and showy, to gratify the taste of the "country people," but he determined to imitate exactly the rich mellow tints of the original painting in this respect. The wisdom of this decision is verified, not only by the artists in this city, but by the venerable Rembrandt Peale himself, as will be seen by the following unqualified certificate:

"PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 16, 1859.

"I have seen the Chromo-Lithographic Engraving of my Painting of the Court of Death, recently executed for Dr. G. Q. Colton, (the present proprietor,) by Sarony, Major & Knapp, of New-York, and can certify that IT IS AN ACCURATE AND ADMIRABLE COPY OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

"REMBRANDT PEALE."

Each subscriber is entitled to a *Numbered Certificate of Proprietorship* in the Original Painting. The painting to be at the disposal of the subscribers soon as the 100,000 Engravings are sold.

By inclosing ONE DOLLAR and four letter-stamps, (to pay postage,) the Engraving will be forwarded, post-paid, rolled in a strong case. Those sending \$5 shall receive a sixth copy gratis, post-paid.

AGENTS.—Gentlemen or Ladies can make money rapidly by taking subscriptions for this beautiful work. One dollar and six stamps from Agents, for one copy and a letter of Agency, stating special terms.

An active agent can not make less than from two hundred to three hundred dollars per year in the business, above expenses. A description will be sent with each picture.

The subscriber refers to the following gentlemen: The venerable REMBRANDT PEALE, Philadelphia; Hon. MILLARD FILLMORE, Buffalo; A. M. HOLBROOK, Esq., Proprietor New Orleans *Picayune*; Rev. M. B. PALMER, D. D., New Orleans; Rev. S. I. PRIME, D. D., Editor New-York *Observer*; Rev. ASA D. SMITH, D. D., New-York; Rev. GORHAM D. ABBOTT, (Spingler Institute,) New-York; Hon. ERASTUS BROOKS, New-York; Hon. HENRY J. RAYMOND, New-York.

To avoid mistake, the Name, Town, County and State should be plainly written.

P. O. box 3391.

Address G. Q. COLTON, No. 37 Park Row, New-York.

Sewing Machines.



BARTHOLOP'S Sewing Machines,

434 Broadway, cor. Howard St.

NEW YORK.

PRICES.

Family Size	-	-	-	-	-	\$50 and \$75
Manufacturing Size	-	-	-	-	-	\$105 and \$110

NOTICE.

As no house is completely furnished without a sewing machine, it is important to select that kind which does the neatest work, by the use of the simplest machinery, combining simplicity and durability in its construction. All are asked to examine the Bartholp Machine, to ascertain,

- 1st. If it does not form the most perfect lock stitch known.
- 2d. If it is not more simple, and yet as durable, as other machines.

Our Manufacturing Machine has no Equal.

BARTHOLOP MANUFACTURING CO.,

No. 434 Broadway, cor. Howard street, New York.

WHOLESOME BREAD.

JAMES
PYLE'S
DIETETIC
Saleratus.

JAMES
PYLE'S
DIETETIC
Saleratus.

JAMES
PYLE'S
DIETETIC
Saleratus.

HOUSEKEEPERS! ALWAYS BUY THE BEST!

This SALERATUS should be found in the culinary departments of every house in this land. Its unquestionable purity, and excellence in producing GOOD BREAD, must bring it into general use. The wide-spread reputation it has already gained is the result of real merit, and shows the ability of the American People to discriminate in favor of a wholesome article.

There are thousands of sufferers from dyspepsia, decayed teeth, and other derangements of the system, brought on by the use of COMMON CAUSTIC SALERATUS. It is a sad spectacle, too, to look upon the "puny-faced child" of the present day without constitution, and with its teeth all eaten out, and think of the cause being impurities of food.

How much longer, GOOD MOTHERS, is this state of things to last? Ask for

JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS,

which is FREE FROM EVERY IMPURITY, and as harmless to the stomach as flour itself.

If you want nice Biscuit, Cake, etc., you can find nothing to equal it. Tell your Grocer you want no other. No doubt he will tell you it is no better than any other, in order to get rid of his old stock, or something on which he can realize larger profit; but persevere until you get it, and JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

The readiness of unscrupulous rivals to imitate our labels, signifies much in our favor. The genuine is done up in pounds, halves, and quarters, with the name of "JAMES PYLE" on each.

Depot, 345 Washington Street,
Corner of Franklin.

NEW YORK.

 SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. 

Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!
BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!

ELEGANT! ELEGANT! ELEGANT!
ELEGANT! ELEGANT! ELEGANT!
ELEGANT! ELEGANT! ELEGANT!

THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!
THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!
THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!

A NEW DISCOVERY!
A NEW DISCOVERY!
A NEW DISCOVERY!

SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!

For Beautifying, Puffing, Curling,
For Beautifying, Puffing, Curling,
For Beautifying, Puffing, Curling,

Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,
Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,
Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,

Laying and Setting the Hair.
Laying and Setting the Hair.
Laying and Setting the Hair.

Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,

And at same time a stiffness.
And at same time a stiffness.
And at same time a stiffness.

As you dress the Hair so it remains.
As you dress the Hair so it remains.
As you dress the Hair so it remains.

Try it and then judge.
Try it and then judge.
Try it and then judge.

It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.
It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.
It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.

A perfect Gem! A perfect Gem!
A perfect Gem! A perfect Gem!
A perfect Gem! A perfect Gem!

For Ladies' and Children's use.
For Ladies' and Children's use.
For Ladies' and Children's use.

For the Beauty, Fashion and Respectability.
For the Beauty, Fashion and Respectability.
For the Beauty, Fashion and Respectability.

The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet.
The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet.
The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet.

It's a first-class article.
It's a first-class article.
It's a first-class article.

Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!
Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!
Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!

It should be in every family.
It should be in every family.
It should be in every family.

It's the best preparation
It's the best preparation
It's the best preparation

For the Hair—for the Hair
For the Hair—for the Hair

In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.

Address, MRS. ISABEL SCIPLE. Depot, No. 28 Ann Street, near the Astor House, N. Y. Price, 50 cents per box; sent by Express. For sale at 216 Broadway.

"Mary, what have you on your hair?"

"Why, what makes you ask me that, Laura?"

"Well, because your hair looks so glossy and silky, and lies so smooth and nice on your head. Why, it's really beautiful! I never saw you with your hair so handsomely arranged; what a soft, delicate, and gentle appearance it has. Who dressed it?"

"I did, myself, Laura."

"What did you put on it—you might as well out with it, and not keep me in such painful suspense; I'll find out any way, and you might as well tell me first as last, for I am quite sure there must be something new out. I have seen many fashionable ladies, mingled with them at Newport, Saratoga, Niagara Falls, and every other first-class place—seen the honored bride at the Diamond Wedding, arrayed like a queen, and with all the splendor that wealth could bestow—have made tours through Europe—have seen the beauty and fashion of the Old World—seen Queens and Emperresses, etc., etc., but never was so fascinated with a head of hair as yours. Why, it's exquisite in the extreme! Come, Mary, do tell me—what is it?"

"Well, Laura, I'll tell you, it's a perfect Gem for Ladies, and so nice for children. Come here, daughter, let this lady see how nice your hair sets; call your brother, dear." "Georgy, come; mother wants you, to show this lady how beautiful your hair is fixed." "There, Laura, don't they look sweet! Look how that top-knot sets! I dressed my hair with it the other evening to go to a ball; I danced nearly all night, and in the morning my hair was just as smooth as when I went on the floor. The secret of this thing, Laura, is, as you dress or fix your hair, so it remains. It keeps the hair in position."

"Well, Mary, I knew there must be something out, for I know you had tried every thing."

"Yes, Laura, and the beauty of this is, it's a first-class article for the first-class times we live in."

"Where is it to be had—the druggists keep it? Come, Mary, do tell me what it is."

"Well, Laura, if the druggists and fancy dealers don't have it, they will be behind the age, for I tell you it's the *no plus ultra* of the times."

"Stop, Mary, stop; for pity's sake stop, and tell me what it is."

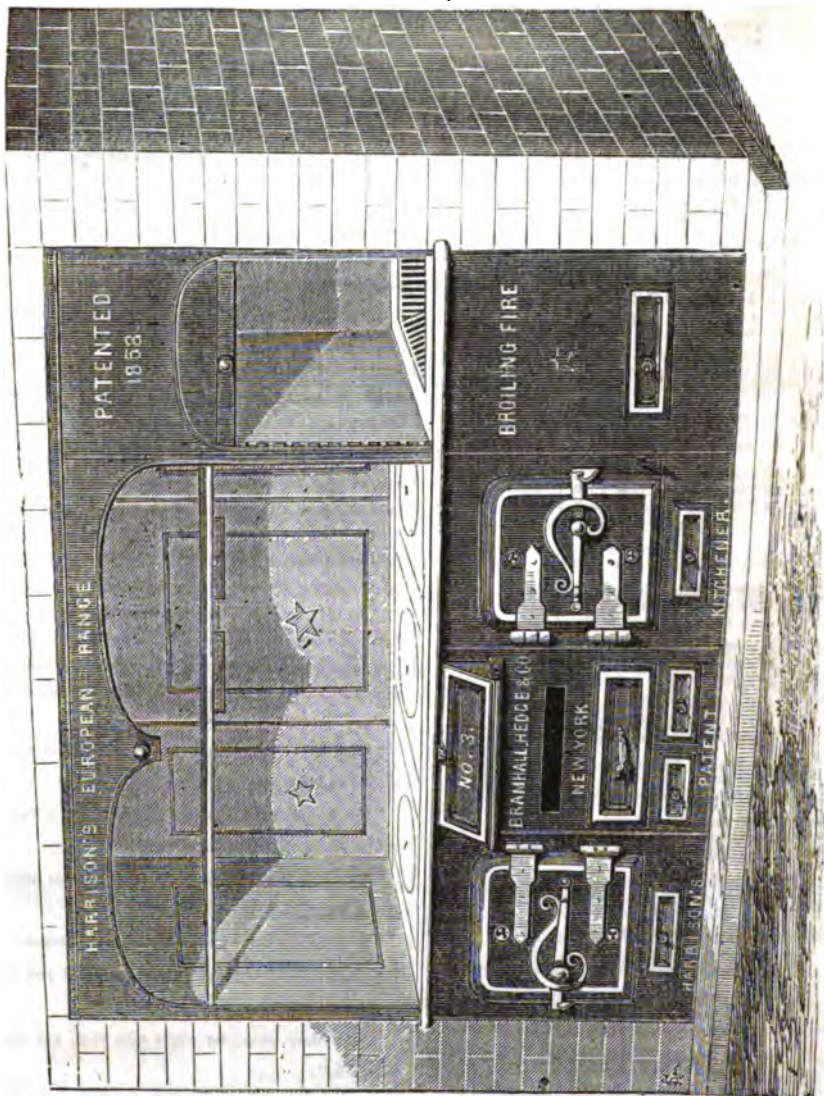
"Well, Laura, I'll tell you; it's Mrs. Sciple's Celebrated Soft French Tallow."

"Where can I procure a box, Mary?"

"You can get it at the depot, 28 Ann Street, 616 Broadway, and, in a short time, in every drug and fancy house in the known world."

[To be continued.]

HARRISON'S PATENT KITCHENER, OR EUROPEAN RANGE.



We offer this Range to the public as the very best Cooking apparatus in the market. It does all the work—Roasting, Baking, Broiling, etc., etc.—*well*, with great economy of fuel, and is very simple, heavy, and solid; will last longer than any other Range, and be a great saving in fuel.

Sizes from 3 feet 6 inches to 20 feet long, and prices from \$28, up.

Send for a circular.

Manufactured and for sale, wholesale and retail, and put up, in city and country, by

BRAMHALL, HEDGE & CO.,

442 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK

NEW BOOKS.

SHELDON & CO.,
115 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK,

PUBLISH THIS WEEK:

I.

A NEW BOOK BY SPURGEON.

SMOOTH STONES FROM ANCIENT BROOKS,

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Being a collection of sentences, illustrations, and quaint sayings from the works of that renowned Puritan, Thomas Brooks. 1 Vol. 16mo.
Price 60 Cents.

EXTRACT FROM PREFACE:

"Reader, thou hast here presented to thee, in a cheap and readable form, the choice sayings of one of the King's mighties. The great divine who wrote these precious sentences was of the race of the giants. He was head and shoulders above all the people, not in his stature, (like Saul,) but in mind, and soul, and grace. Treasure these gems, and adorn thyself with them, by putting them into the golden setting of holy practice, which is the end the writer always aimed at. Use these 'smooth stones' as David of old, and may the Lord direct them to the very forehead of thy sins, for this is the author's main design!"

II.

A NEW BOOK BY BALFERN.

LESSONS FROM JESUS.

By the Rev. W. P. Balfarn, author of "Glimpses of Jesus." 1 Vol.
16 mo. Price 75 Cents.

Extract of a notice of Mr. Balfarn's former work, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"A book whose theme is Jesus is ever welcome to a place in my library. For this reason I handled with pleasure the advent of this precious volume. I sat down to read it, and soon discovered its beauty; it was a feast of fat things, a season long to be remembered. I have read it again and again, and would desire to adore the Holy Spirit for that gracious unction which rested upon me in its perusal. * * * Would you have perfume?—here it is. How sweetly doth 'my Master' sound! 'My Master!' As ambergris leaves a rich scent, so do these words a sweet content; an Oriental fragrance—'My Master!' Would you have beauty?—here are glimpses of the 'Altogether Lovely.' Would you hear music?—listen to the harmony of the sweet verses in this book. In fine, would you learn the road to heaven?—God helping you, you may find it here. Believe me, gentle reader, your faithful friend,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

III.

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY; Or, The History of the Bonaparte Family.

BY THE BERKELEY MEN.

New edition brought down to the present time, illustrated with 23 authentic Portraits, including a new one of the Empress EUGENIE, after the celebrated painting by Winterhalter. 1 Vol. 8vo, cloth. Price \$2 50.

The History of this family must for all time possess an importance and an interest that do not belong to the record of any other dynasty or race that has ever held crowns, or bequeathed power among its possessions. Already the history of the Bonaparte family is a marvellous one, and none can predict the unwritten history that still belongs to it. In the book before us this history is brought down to the very latest period, in a work of over six hundred pages. It follows the fortunes of all the Bonapartes since the great one, and supplies a source of information that has been very much needed. Contemporaneous history is the most difficult of all to become versed in; and every book which assists in the difficult task should meet a welcome reception.—*Buffalo Express.*

The present is a favorable time for the appearance of this large, splendid and interesting work. The eyes of the world are fixed upon the Emperor of France, a Bonaparte who has displayed as remarkable qualities as have ever been found combined in one man. Here we have portraits and biographies of the members of this distinguished family, and the volume will be found to possess more than romantic interest. For it is the power of history, revealing in actual life greater wonders of genius, and more astonishing combinations of events and results, than the excited fancy of the novelist creates. Such a work is of permanent value, and will be read in the family circle year after year. It is very handsomely published.—*N. Y. Observer.*

OLSHAUSEN'S COMMENTARY.

Biblical Commentary on the New Testament,

By **DR. HERMANN OLSHAUSEN.**

CONTINUED AFTER HIS DEATH BY EBRARD & WIESINGER—CAREFULLY REVISED,
AFTER THE LAST GERMAN EDITION, BY

A. C. KENDRICK, D. D.,

GREEK PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.

SIX LARGE OCTAVO VOLUMES.

PRICE, IN FINE MUSLIN BINDING, . . .	\$12 00
“ LIBRARY SHEEP BINDING, . . .	13 50
“ HALF CALF BINDING, . . .	18 00

The Publishers are happy to announce that they have more than fulfilled their original plan of re-publishing, entire, the English translation of the noble Commentary of Olshausen. The work now offered to the public includes two Epistles never before published in English, and brings down the Commentary to the close of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The smaller general Epistles, with Revelations, will be added in a supplementary volume, when they are completed in Germany.

The great value of this Commentary is universally acknowledged among scholars. It was designed by its author not merely for critics, but for pastors and theological students. While it is profoundly learned, it is also deeply evangelical, and displays everywhere a hearty sympathy with the spirit of the sacred writings.

Theological professors and students, teachers and members of Bible classes, and all diligent students of the Scriptures, will find it a storehouse of instruction of inestimable utility.

We but utter the unanimous voice of the religious press when we pronounce it by far the best continuous Commentary on the Scriptures in the English language, and among the best in any language.

The Publishers have made a heavy investment in the enterprise, and offer it at a low price; more than one third less than the Edinburgh edition. The sale thus far has more than answered their anticipation, and they confidently expect that it will be speedily and generally adopted as

THE GREAT COMMENTARY OF THE AGE.

TESTIMONIALS.

From the **REV. A. M. CRAWFORD, D. D.,** *President of Mercer University, Fairfield, Ga.*

Olshausen's Commentary I regard as one of the most valuable contributions to Biblical knowledge that has appeared in modern times. While I differ from him in some important particulars, I have no hesitation in recommending his work to all who desire to be aided in investigating truth.

From the **REV. PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D.,** *Professor of the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa.*

Olshausen's Commentary on the New Testament, which is now offered to the American public in a better form and at a lower price than the German original, has taken its place, by the consent of European and American scholars, among the classical works on Exegesis, and commands itself to the attention of the Biblical students, especially for its original freshness, its theological depth, its spiritual unction, and the happy faculty of explaining Scripture by Scripture, and of tracing the individuality as well as the unity and harmony of the apostolic teaching.

From the HON. IRA HARRIS, LL.D., Judge of the Supreme Court.

ALBANY, August 25, 1858.

I take pleasure in expressing to you, and to Dr. Kendrick, my obligations for providing me with such a work as Olshausen's Commentary on the New Testament.

Having been for years engaged in the delightful employment of instructing a Bible Class, I had furnished myself with such helps as were within my reach, but since I have become acquainted with Olshausen, I have laid all these aside. In preparing to meet my class I use nothing but my Bible and Olshausen. I took up the work at first with some prejudice against it, for I am not an admirer of German Theology, but when I had gone far enough to discover the tone and spirit of the work, my prejudices vanished. Its Evangelical Spirit, combined with its freshness and originality, delight me. Every man who takes pleasure in studying the New Testament should possess himself of Olshausen.

From the REV. WILLIAM B. WILLIAMS, D. D., Pastor of Amity-Street Baptist Church.

NEW-YORK, 6th August, 1858.

The Commentaries of Olshausen are remarkable for their union of the results of critical learning with devout feeling, and an insight which takes up very effectively the train of thought in the apostle or evangelist. In this last respect he approaches Calvin. He does not resemble some of the Biblical critics of his own learned nation, who present all the slugs they have found upon, and the dead leaves and blighted fruit they have found in the garden of so-called Sacred Criticism, and gravely offer it as the ripe, healthful and perfect fruit of Holy Scripture. His comment is that of genius and piety, using erudition to know the mind of God. Called off by death, before finishing his work on the New Testament, his two continuators, Ebrard & Wiesinger, are men of like evangelical faith, reverent, practical, and learned. It is refreshing to see, as in the remarks of the last on that great battle ground of the Trinitarian and Unitarian controversies, Philipians II. 6 and 7, how the later scholarship of Germany is receding from the shallower and heretic views proclaimed by some of the preceding and rationalistic critics.

Professor Kendrick has bestowed skill and toil successfully on the American edition; and its result is a work, the diffusion of which, among the various Evangelical Churches of our country, may well be cause of devout thanksgiving.

From the REV. T. J. CONANT, D. D.

BIBLE REVISION ROOMS.

The work of Olshausen, which you are now publishing, I regard as an admirable combination of theological and philological elements, in a commentary designed for general use among Biblical students. Its leading object is the elucidation of things, not words, the removal of difficulties and obscurities in statements of facts, and in the connection and course of thought. At the same time, it is not neglectful (especially in its present form, as published by you) of the illustration of words and phrases, without being encumbered by what Germans appropriately call exegetical ballast. The true object of a Commentary is everywhere made prominent.

The usefulness of the work has been much lessened in England and in this country, by the obscurities and inaccuracies of a very defective translation. These faults the American editor has taken pains to correct, in the volumes which he has prepared for publication. He has also enriched them with the valuable editions made to the fourth German edition by Dr. Ebrard, and has made important corrections on points of doctrine especially in his own notes.

Dr. Kendrick has done a great service for Biblical students, in his judicious and skilful preparation of this American edition, in its present greatly improved form. I heartily commend the work to my former pupils, and to all with whom my opinion may have weight, as the best New Testament Commentary.

From Professor HENRY B. SMITH, D. D., of the Union Theological Seminary.

NEW-YORK, August 5, 1858.

The Commentary of Olshausen on the New Testament, I regard as one of the very best, not only for theological students and ministers, but also for all who wish to have a critical knowledge of the Scriptures. It deals with the thought rather than with the mere words of the writers, though it likewise takes a high rank in sacred philology. It is thoroughly candid and spiritual in the best sense. The value of your excellent edition is greatly increased by the careful emendations and notes of Dr. Kendrick. When completed, no single work on the New Testament will better deserve the widest circulation.

From PRESIDENT SEARS, of Brown University.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, August 9, 1858.

I regard the Commentary as the most valuable of those on the New Testament in the English language, happily combining the religious spirit of the English expositors with the critical learning of the German. The American editor has evidently performed his task well, as might be expected from his eminent qualifications.

SHELDON & COMPANY, NEW-YORK.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS, SIXTH SERIES.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR,

AND CONTAINING A STEEL PLATE ILLUSTRATION OF

SPURGEON'S NEW TABERNACLE.

1 vol. 12mo, uniform. Price \$1.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

THE STORY OF GOD'S MIGHTY ACTS.
THE OUTPOURING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.
THE SYMPATHY OF THE TWO WORLDS.
THE CONVERSION OF SAUL OF TARSUS.
DISTINGUISHING GRACE.
THE MISSION OF THE SON OF MAN.
AN EARNEST INVITATION.
HOW SAINTS MAY HELP THE DEVIL.
HIS NAME—THE MIGHTY GOD.
THE BELIEVER'S CHALLENGE.
A PSALM OF REMEMBRANCE.
THE NECESSITY OF THE SPIRIT'S WORK.
LITTLE SINS.
A VISION OF THE LATTER-DAY GLORIES.
COVENANT BLESSINGS.

THE DEW OF CHRIST'S YOUTH.
THE HIGH ROCK.
SPIRITUAL RELIGION.
THE SAVIOUR RESTING IN HIS LOVE.
SUFFERING WITHOUT THE CAMP.
GROWTH IN GRACE.
HYPOCRISY.
CHRIST PRECIOUS TO BELIEVERS.
THE MEER AND LOWLY ONE.
WEAK HANDS AND FEARLESS KNEES.
THE BLIND BEGGAR.
CHRIST'S MANIFESTATION TO MARY MAGDALENE.
THE SIGHT OF INIQUITY.
THE TABERNACLE OF THE MOST HIGH.

The Publishers have the pleasure of presenting to the American public a new and splendid volume of sermons by Mr. Spurgeon. This is a fitting occasion to say, that these sermons are published in this book precisely as they came to us from the hand of the author himself, with the revisions marked by his own pen, and without a passage or word being omitted or added. The discourses are marked by that glowing fervor, intense earnestness, strong conception, vigorous expression, and deep evangelical Gospel truth, that have made this preacher, in the dew of his youth, the most popular preacher in the world.

We trust confidently that this volume will not be found one whit behind any that has preceded it, and that it will rather exhibit the advancing stature of the preacher in his intellectual grasp, his varied learning, and deeper insight into human nature, as well as his increased spirituality and self-devotion.

THE TEARS OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

BY REV. WM. C. DUNCAN, D. D., AUTHOR OF "THE PULPIT GIFT-BOOK," ETC.

1 vol. 12mo. Price 75 cts.

THE PREMIUM TRACT, "The Terms of Communion in the Lord's Supper, Scripturally Delineated." By Prof. Harvey, of Madison University. Price 10 cts.

THE PREMIUM TRACT, A Picture by an Ancient Artist. By Prof. H. H. Tucker, of Mercer University, Penfield, Georgia. Price 6 cts.

THE PREMIUM TRACT, The Great Inquiry Answered, "Safe in Believing." By Rev. H. O. Fish, D. D. Price 6 cts.

THE THREE PREMIUM TRACTS, IN ONE VOLUME, LIMP CLOTH, PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE CHINA MISSION. Embracing a History of the various Missions of all Denominations among the Chinese, with Biographical Sketches of deceased Missionaries. By William Dean, D. D., twenty years a Missionary in China. 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.

FAMILY PRAYERS AND PRAYERS ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS; to which is added, a Family Commentary upon the Sermon on the Mount. By Henry Thornton, M. F. Edited by Bishop Eastburn. 1 vol. 12mo. cloth. Price 75 cts. The same, beveled boards, red edges, \$1.

THE WORDS OF JESUS and the FAITHFUL PROMISER. Complete in 1 vol. 18mo. red edges. 37 cts.

QUESTION BOOKS FOR BAPTIST SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

By REV. C. H. FISH, D. D., *Pastor First Baptist Church, Newark, N. J.*

ON THE EVIDENCES AND DOCTRINES OF CHRISTIANITY, for Adults and Bible Classes. Price 13 cts.

THE CHILD'S QUESTION BOOK, for Infant Classes. Price 6 cts.

SHELDON & CO'S SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY now numbers 55 volumes in uniform binding. This Library will be increased to 100 volumes.

THE SUNDAY LIBRARY FOR CHILDREN, 18 vols., illustrated and bound in red and blue muslin. Price for the set, \$6 75.

THE BIBLE CLASS LIBRARY. 6 vols., 16mo., by distinguished authors. Price \$4 25.

THE GELDART SERIES, by Mrs. Thomas Geldart. 5 vols., 16mo. Price \$2 50.

THE HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY. Consisting of choice biographies, by distinguished authors. 15 vols., 18mo. Price \$7 50.

JUST PUBLISHED, AN INTERESTING VOLUME

LIFE IN TUSCANY.

By MABEL SHARMAN CRAWFORD. 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.

Life in Tuscany will be found to be an interesting volume at the present time.

In an agreeable form is here presented such a sketch of Italian Life and its surroundings, as will interest all those who have watched the late contest in behalf of Italian Independence. As might be expected from a female writer, the domestic habits and burdens, the inner-life, as it were, of the Tuscan people, are more minutely attended to than would be given by the most practical historian, but the very minutiae of this affords a pleasing contrast to dry knowledge of a sterner sort. The book reads well.

SHELDON & COMPANY.

VALUABLE TEXT BOOKS FOR COLLEGES AND ACADEMIES.

THE ELEMENTS OF INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D.

1 VOL., 12MO. PRICE \$1 25.

This valuable work stands, without question, at the head of Text books in the line of Intellectual Philosophy. It is the work of a great mind which has had the largest experience in teaching, and combines the result of many years of the most laborious research. It has already been extensively introduced into our colleges and higher seminaries of learning.—No teacher or professional man should be without it.

The Elements of Moral Science.

BY J. L. DAGG, D. D., *late President of Mercer University, Georgia.*

AUTHOR OF "MANUAL OF THEOLOGY," "CHURCH ORDER," ETC., ETC.

1 Vol., 12mo. Price \$1.

Dr. Dagg's eminence as a teacher and writer will be a guarantee of the great value of this work as a Text book for Schools and Colleges, as well as for Ministers and the Family Circle.

AN OUTLINE OF THE NECESSARY LAWS OF THOUGHT:

A TREATISE ON PURE AND APPLIED LOGIC.

BY WILLIAM THOMSON, D. D.,

PROVOST OF THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD. 1 vol. 12mo., tinted paper. Price \$1.

This work is used as a text-book at Harvard, the N. Y. University, Rochester University, etc.

UNIVERSAL HISTORY,

ARRANGED TO ILLUSTRATE BEM'S CHART OF CHRONOLOGY.

BY ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

Complete in one volume, oblong quarto. Price \$1 25.—with blanks for reproduction.

A NEW METHOD OF LEARNING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

BY PROF. JEAN GUSTAVE KEETELS.

1 VOL., 12mo. PRICE \$1 25.

KEY TO THE NEW METHOD.

BY THE SAME. PRICE 40 CENTS.

A Collegiate Course in the French Language.

BY THE SAME. PRICE \$1.

These works have been adopted at the Packer and Polytechnic Institutes, in Brooklyn; the Spingier Institute, by Messrs. Clark & Fanning, Madame Chegary & Provost, and many others, in New-York; by Prof. Louis Agassiz, Harvard College, and others, in Boston; and by nearly all the principal Seminaries and Academies in Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

THE UNIVERSITY ALGEBRA.

BY JOHN F. STODDARD, A. M., AUTHOR OF A SERIES OF ARITHMETICS,

AND PROF. W. D. HENKLE.

1 Vol. 8vo. Sheep. \$1 50.

THE ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA.

BY THE SAME AUTHORS.

1 VOL. 8mo. SHEEP. 75 CENTS.

The University Algebra is the most extensive treatise on the subject ever published in America. The Elementary is new, and is being largely introduced.

Elements of Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene.

BY J. R. LOOMIS, LL. D., PRESIDENT OF LEWISBURGH UNIVERSITY.

1 Vol., 12mo. Colored Plates. Price 75 Cents.

A work of rare and acknowledged excellence.

SHELDON & CO'S Complete Catalogue sent on application.

Sample Copies of the above for examination sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of one-half the prices annexed. Address,

SHELDON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
115 Nassau Street, New-York.

NEANDER'S COMMENTARY.

The Scriptural expositions of Dr. Augustus Neander, translated from the German, by Mrs. H. C. Conant. In one octavo volume, uniform with Olahansen.

Price in cloth, \$1.75 ; in sheep, \$2.

Comprising the first Epistle of John, the Epistle of Paul to the Philippians, and Epistle of James.

Of these books the Rev. FRANCIS WAYLAND wrote :

"Neander was learned in philosophy, and in the history of the Church, beyond any man of his age, perhaps of any age. Take up now his Commentary on John's First Epistle—the best of his works of this character with which I am acquainted. The excellence of this exposition is not at all owing to his marvellous learning, but to the childlike and loving temper which places him in so delightful harmony of spirit with the beloved Apostle."

From the New-York Examiner.

This title, through some mistake, does not indicate all that belongs to this most valuable book ; for we find also in the volume Mrs. Conant's translation of Neander's First Epistle of John. The whole is a reprint, in a larger and united form, of these excellent translations by Mrs. Conant, which have before appeared in separate and smaller volumes. We are glad to have this evidence that these faithful and admirable versions of some of Neander's most practical works have come into such circulation, as to encourage the publishers to bring them out in this improved form. With our regret that the author's life was not spared for the consummation of his intended series of Commentaries of the Bible, is mingled a feeling of gratitude that he lived to make so excellent a beginning—to give to the Christian world such timely expositions of parts of the New Testament which he was so remarkably fitted to interpret. Never were learning and scholarship more worthily employed, under the sanctifying influence of earnest piety and a rich Christian experience, to minister to the instruction and edification of all—even the humblest, unlearned—Christian readers, by the exposition and application of the inspired Word. It was once our fortune to know Neander in the lecture-room, at a time when he had more hearers than any other Professor in the University—to watch him and study him day after day, and listen with admiration and delight as he unfolded with real enthusiasm from his affluent stores of learning, the history of the Christian Church ; but to us he seems nowhere so truly great and good as in these rich expositions of the Bible, where he seizes with such clear spiritual vision the vital truths of Christianity, and develops them in all their length and breadth for the edification of all Christian believers. Here he reaches a larger auditor than ever in his palmiest days in the lecture-room, and here, too, he may train up hosts of pupils in all the every day walks of the Christian life, to do good service in the Master's cause on earth. We shall be glad to know that these translations of Neander's Commentaries are coming to be yet more generally read and studied ; they will surely promote a profounder and more meditative study of God's Word, and make Christians stronger, and more firmly established in the great truths of their faith. We have read again Mrs. Conant's Introductions to the several translations, and have been impressed anew with their excellence—with their appreciation of the method and spirit of the original works, and with the warm and clear unfoldings they furnish of the fundamental views of Neander. We commend his volume most heartily to the regards of all our readers.

SHELDON & CO., Publishers,

115 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK.

FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.

BAPTIST BOOKS.

THE NEW-YORK BAPTIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

WILL PUBLISH DURING THE NEXT TWO MONTHS,

I. THE PREMIUM TRACT, "The Terms of Communion in the Lord's Supper, Scripturally delineated" by Prof. H. Harvey, of Madison University.

II. THE PREMIUM TRACT, "A Picture by an Ancient Artist," by Prof. H. H. Tucker, of Mercer University, Pensfeld, Geo.

III. THE PREMIUM TRACT, "How can I be saved?" by Rev. H. C. Fish, D. D.

IV. THE CHINA MISSION, including biographical sketches of about fifty missionaries who have died in the service of that Mission, by Rev. Wm. Dean, D. D., twenty years a missionary to China. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1.

V. FIFTY YEARS AMONG THE BAPTISTS, by Rev. David Benedict, D. D. 1 vol. 12mo.

VI. The long promised work delayed by the sickness of Dr. Williams, CHARITY AND THE GOSPEL. By Wm. E. Williams, D. D. 1 vol. 12mo.

VII. A new and Revised Edition, of "Neander's Planting and Training of the Christian Church," from the fourth and last German Edition, embracing the author's later corrections. Edited by J. G. Robinson, D. D., of Rochester Theological Seminary.

VIII. Several new volumes for our Sabbath School Library, by Baptist authors.

IX. Will publish in September next, a volume of Sermons by Richard Fuller, D.D., of Baltimore.

MOTHEE'S JOURNAL, Edited by Mrs. Hiscox, Monthly, \$1.

We still continue to act as agents for, and keep on hand all the publications of the AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, SOUTHERN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, SOUTHWESTERN BAPTIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, GOULD & LINCOLN, of Boston, their publications bearing our imprint as the exclusive New-York Publishers.

The above will also keep full supplies of our publications.

The above large list of Baptist publications, added to our own works by Baptist authors, enables us to furnish to pastors, churches, and Sunday schools, at reasonable rates, nearly every work desirable in the line of Baptist literature.

AMONG OUR RECENT BAPTIST PUBLICATIONS, ARE THE FOLLOWING:

SERMONS TO THE CHURCHES, by Dr. Wayland. 88 cents.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES OF THE BAPTISTS, by Dr. Wayland. \$1.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH DIRECTORY, by Dr. Hiscox. 60 cents.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH DIRECTORY, Cheap edition. 50 cents.

BENEDICT'S HISTORY OF THE BAPTISTS. \$3 50.

THE BAPTIST LIBRARY. \$3 50.

BAPTIST DENOMINATION, by Rev. D. C. Haynes. \$1.

HOMELIFE, by Rev. Wm. Hagne, D. D. \$1.

GRACE TRUMAN, by Mrs. S. B. Ford. \$1.

MANHOOD, by Rev. W. W. Everts, D. D. \$1.

LIFE PICTURES, by Dr. Turnbull. \$1.

SELECT DISCOURSES, translated by Dr. H. C. Fish. \$1.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN, by Rev. G. O. Baldwin, D. D. \$1.

BAPTISM AND COMMUNION, by Davidson. \$1.

THE BIBLE MANUAL, by Everts. \$1 50.

COMPENDIUM OF FAITH OF THE BAPTISTS. 5 cents.

CAMPBELLISM EXAMINED, by Dr. Jeter. \$1.

CHILDHOOD, by W. W. Everts, D. D. 75 cents.

FATHER CLARK, by Rev. J. M. Peck, D. D. 60 cents.

FLORAL HOME, by Miss H. E. Bishop. \$1.

ENGLISH BIBLE TRANSLATIONS, by Mrs. Conant. \$1 25.

OLSHAUSEN'S COMMENTARIES, edited by Dr. Kendrick. \$12.

NEANDER'S COMMENTARIES, translated by Mrs. Conant. \$1 75.

HACKETT'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE. \$1.

JUDSON MEMORIAL, by Dr. Dowling. 60 cents.

MEMOIR OF S. B. JUDSON, by Fanny Forrester. 60 cents.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MASON, by Dr. Mason. 60 cents.

LIFE IN ISRAEL, by Mrs. Richards. \$1.

LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL, by Rev. A. S. Patton. \$1.

LIFE AND TIMES OF CARY, MARSHMAN AND WARD. \$5.

PURE RELIGION, &c., by Dr. Cushman. 30 cents.

PASTOR'S HAND BOOK, by W. W. Everts. 50 cents.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ELEMENT, by J. D. Falton. \$1.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS, 5 vols.; each \$1.

SAINT AND HIS SAVIOUR, by Spurgeon. \$1.

SPURGEON'S GEMS. \$1.

SPURGEON'S LIFE, illustrated. 60 cents.

SCRIPTURE TEXT-BOOK AND TREASURY, by Everts. 75 cents.

THEODOSIA ERNEST, by Rev. J. E. Dayton, 3 vols., each \$1.

WISDOM, WIT AND WHIMS, by Bannard. 75 cents.

BAPTISTS THOROUGH REFORMERS, by Rev. J. Q. Adams. 25 cents.

MEMOIR OF REV. SPENCER H. CONE, D. D. \$1 25.

THE LIVING EPISTLE, by Rev. C. Tyree. 60 cents.

All of our publications will be found at the several Baptist depositories and bookstores throughout the United States and British possessions.

Catalogues with full descriptions always sent gratis on application. Address

SHELDON & COMPANY,

Bible House Building, 115 Nassau-Street, New-York.

Christian Review, Quarterly,

NEW SERIES.

The CHRISTIAN REVIEW, quarterly, will hereafter be published by the subscribers, and edited by Rev. Drs. ROBINSON and HORTON, of the Rochester Theological Seminary, aided by eminent contributors in all parts of the country.

It is the purpose of both editors and publishers to make the Review worthy of the denomination to which it belongs.

While it will defend, as occasion may require, the principles held by the great body of Baptists, it will discuss, in a comprehensive and catholic spirit, topics connected with Theology, History, Science, Sound Learning, and Christian Morality. Lighter themes will have a place in its discussions, so far as will be consistent with its essential character. The aim will be to meet the wants of the scholar and student, and at the same time to adapt the Review to the tastes and attainments of all intelligent readers.

But to effect this, its list of subscribers must be greatly enlarged. Shall we not have your co-operation in extending its circulation?

Each number of the Review will contain from 160 to 176 pages, well printed. It will be published on the first of January, April, July, and October.

For \$3 00 paid strictly in advance, the Review will be sent one year, postage pre-paid. Please send at once your name and Post-Office address.—Money remitted at the risk of the publishers.

Any minister sending the name of three subscribers with the money, shall receive a fourth copy gratis.

Respectfully yours,

SHELDON & CO., PUBLISHERS,

115 NASSAU-STREET,

NEW-YORK.

N. B.—Publishers who desire their Books reviewed should send them in early.

Advertisements will be inserted in the Review at the rate of Ten Dollars a page; or, Six Dollars for half page.

Advertisements should be forwarded to the Review as early as the 15th of the month next preceding the issue.

GLOVER & SAICHUN

EASY TO SEWING MACHINES

陳永祥, CYLON, A.F. 高麗山, HONG, S. YOUNG
KITA, YOUNG, S. 高麗山, HONG, S. YOUNG

495 Broadway, -	-	-	New York
18 Sunset Blvd., -	-	-	Houma
750 Chestnut Street, -	-	-	Philadelphia
101 Baltimore St., -	-	-	Baltimore
28 West Fourth Street, -	-	-	Cardinal

Deposited on all the papers with a water mark. Printed by the Government Printer, London.

These episodes, just like our episode, are performed from the same workshop and the rehearsal is almost the same. Still, Gubler and Shuler are experts in tailoring material for their live audience, without recourse to the kind of editing we're required by video editing.

TEXTIDONIAL

[illegible]

³¹ I would myself delighted with your drawing, *Martha*, which has been in my family for many months. I have always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family service, or purely domestic life, as you are shown. — Mrs. Elizabeth Arnold, wife of Dr. Dr. Arnold, sister of N. Y. through a friend.

²¹ "After trying several other not good editions, I purchased yours, on account of its simplicity; and the first time upon which it is printed, as well as the thorough and correctness of the work. After long examination I feel compelled to speak in this manner, and so necessarily recommend it for every variety of family usage."—Mrs. N. R. Johnson, wife of the Editor of *Boston Day*.

"I have used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, from Cambric to muslin. Garments have been worn out without the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."
—Mrs. A. H. WATSON, wife of Gen. Geo. Watson, New York.

[illegible]

"I like President [in saying] that the Government's behavior has been more than justified. After trying and searching others, I have known of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years, I have no fault to find with it. I am proud of my country."

¹¹ My wife and I had one of Greer & Greer's Family Sewing Machines for years, and I am convinced it was of the best labor-saving machines that has ever invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—J. G. Morris, *Quarterly of Science*.

"I'll not say Marjorie supererbia, dress making, and lace does stitching, and lace work is admirable—but better than the best hand sewing, or any other machine I have ever seen," Lucy D. Thompson, *New York Times*.



Singer's Sewing-Machines.

PRICES REDUCED TO \$59, \$75, \$119, and \$135.

Two main reasons why Singer Sewing Machines have always sold readily at a higher average price than any other, is that they are better, more durable, more reliable, capable of doing a much greater variety of work, and earning more money. Long-continued popularity is proof of lasting merit. In the purchase of what are called these Sewing Machines, thousands have been deceived and disappointed, but with Singer's Machines there is never any failure or mistake.

SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

the color of which is only #W, is a light and elegantly decorated Marbles, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family. It has no, or a great reputation during the five months since it was first offered to the public.

WINNER'S TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE-MACHINE.

As to the 2000, it is a Mexican guitar, new in its arrangement; it is very beautiful, never noisy and very easy, and for heavy use and light handling—big purpose, is the very best and cheapest Mexican ever offered to the public. These Mexican guitars increased in number as rapidly as possible, and yet the demand for them cannot be fully met.

WILMOT'S NO. 1 STANDARD SHUTTLE-MACHINES

There's only one detail, the requirement to "live" is too well known all over the world to need any description. Every part of the world, including the South, can be found with it.

BUSH'S NO. 1 STANDARD SHUTTLE-MACHINE

This is the favorite manufacturing location every where. The size of the Marlin gives ample space for almost every description of work, which, together with an admirable working position, gives it a decided advantage. Price, \$175. www.marlin.com © 2000

From the first mentioned to the point of most dramatic explosion, in the case of Istanbul, 1991, the role of Islam has become central.

ALL of Wagner's "American" friends in the intellectual circles who have been his friends since the last illness, were, every one of them, in the habit of visiting him in his room at the Hotel Marlborough, where, when he was well, he would receive his friends, and the best of friends of his family, and he would be a source of joy to all of them. He was a man of great energy, and he was a man of great power.

L. M. SINGER & CO., 450 Broadway, New-York

Knickerbocker Magazine.

LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK & JAMES O. NOYES, EDITORS.

IN order to increase the already large circulation of the **KNICKERBOCKER**, we publish this month a splendid line engraving of FAIRY'S picture of '*Merry-Making in the Olden Time*,' which we shall present exclusively to the \$3 subscribers to the Magazine for 1860, whether old or new, including twelve cents extra, in stamps, to prepay postage. The subject represents the pastimes of our ancestors, and is eminently of a genial, domestic character. The plate, engraved in England, at an expense of \$2000, is entirely new, measures 25 by 19½ inches in size, contains thirty-nine figures, and is, beyond comparison, the finest work of the kind ever offered as a premium in this country.

Both the Engraving (free of postage) and the **KNICKERBOCKER** for 1860 will be sent **GRATIS** to any one who will make up a club of five \$3 subscribers, (\$15.00.) Two copies of each, worth \$12, will be sent **gratis** for a club of eight subscribers, (\$25.) The January **KNICKERBOCKER** and a copy of '*Merry-Making in the Olden Time*,' free of postage, will be sent to any one desiring to act as agent for the **KNICKERBOCKER**, on the receipt of \$1.12, which amount may be deducted from his remittance for subscribers. We refer to the following description of the engraving, kindly furnished for our use by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, Esq:

'Almost in the centre of the picture and a little in the back-ground is a country dance on the green, with a hard-featured fiddler perched on a high seat, and another musician in a tie-wig standing by him, playing with all their might. On the right two bouncing girls are gaily pulling toward the dance a gray-haired man, who seems vainly to remonstrate that his 'dancing days are over,' while a waggish little chit pushes him forward from behind, greatly to the amusement of his spouse, who is still sitting at the tea-table, from which he has been dragged. On the left, under a magnificent spreading oak, sit the 'squire and his wife, whom a countryman with his hat off is respectfully inviting to take part in the dance. To the left of the 'squire is a young couple on the grass, to whom a gipsy with an infant on her shoulder is telling their fortune. Over the shoulders of this couple is seen a group engaged in quoit-playing, and back of the whole is a landscape of gentle slopes and copses.'

THE JANUARY **KNICKERBOCKER**, in addition to the usual amount of reading matter, by Hon. George Bancroft, Miss Prescott, H. T. Tuckerman, etc., contains a MEMORIAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING; a splendid steel-plate engraving, portrait of Mr. Irving; SUNNYSIDE, illustrated. Fac-simile of a three-paged autograph CHRISTMAS LETTER, by Mr. Irving, beautifully lithographed. Washington Irving as an Invalid; with several Original Letters; a BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, ANECDOTES, and REMINISCENCES, by Louis Gaylord Clark, Dr. James O. Noyes, Hon. George Bancroft, N. P. Willis, Theodore Tilton, and Dr. J. W. Francis. These, with similar papers, and illustrations of SLEEPY HOLLOW, by T. Addison Richards, in the present No., form a memorial of the beloved and illustrious author that every one must desire to possess and preserve.

Volumes of the **KNICKERBOCKER** for the present year, (55 and 56,) will contain the best sketches and poems that can be procured for the entertainment of our readers. STORIES AND PICTURES OF THE HUDSON, illustrating the River from the Ocean to its Source in the Adirondacs, will be completed during the year. Prof. O. W. Mitchell will begin a series of articles on POPULAR ASTRONOMY in an early number.

TERMS.—Twenty-five cents per number, or \$3 per annum, in advance; two copies, \$5; three copies, \$8. The postage on the Magazine (twenty-four cents per annum) to be paid in all cases at the office where it is received. With '*Merry-Making*,' see above.

AGENTS ARE WANTED in every part of the country, to canvass for the Magazine and Engraving. Terms unusually liberal.

All communications connected with the *Business Department* of the **KNICKERBOCKER** should be addressed to

JOHN A. GRAY, PUBLISHER,

16 and 18 Jacob Street, N. Y.

THE

Knickerbocker.



NEW-YORK
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

W. A. HENRY, PRINTER.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN A. HEAT, 15 & 17 NASSAU STREET,
Successor to William A. Henry.

Also, at the Office of the Publisher, 15 & 17 NASSAU STREET,
in connection with the Knickerbocker.

ADVERTISING: W. A. HENRY, 15 & 17 NASSAU STREET.

W. A. HENRY, PRINTER.

W. A. HENRY, PRINTER.

Porte Saint Martin, where a great, strapping fellow, with bovine lungs, invariably plays the part of the robber-hero.

These legendary cobwebs concerning the personal prowess of Cartouche, and the many anachronisms set down by his previous biographers, have all been swept away by M. Barthélemy Maurice, who labored hard for six months among the archives of the Paris libraries to sift out the true from the false in the numerous so-called 'Lives of Cartouche,' and brought away with him, as the result of that research, a very interesting and reliable history of the famous robber.

Cartouche must not alone be looked upon as a robber; unconsciously, he was more than that. He was the personification of a country and of an epoch. In those days, the corrupt upper grades of society had their horrible counterparts in the lower classes. Cartouche was the representative man among these democrats who would have imitated, if possible, the scandalous debauches of the nobility. The scaffold of the Count de Horn elbows and explains the scaffold of Cartouche. Your ordinary thief may exist at all times and in any country. Cartouche, as he really lived and reigned for four years, could only have been in Paris, and during the Regency.

It is a curious fact that this little cut-down man, illiterate to the last degree, being unable either to read or write, should command for four whole years, not in Paris only, but in all France, a regularly organized band of two thousand men, many of whom had received a more than ordinary education.

But if Cartouche never abode within the classic precincts of a college, he was, at all events, a pupil of high standing in another school, that of the gypsies. He was a capital hand at the sword, the stick, and the pistol; could twist his body or his face into whatever shape he pleased; danced on the rope, and threw somersets backward and forward, and could perform the feat called in France '*faire la roue*,' in America 'turn the cart-wheel.' We need not mention his talents at legerdemain; in his profession, that is an indispensability. If the stair-case did not look quite safe, he went up or down by the chimney with incredible rapidity. It was a matter of common occurrence with him to jump from the roof of one house to that of another, and the houses were not always contiguous, reader, but sometimes on opposite sides of the street.

Though small, thin, and puny in appearance, he was in reality of robust health. He could eat as much as any two men, and drink as much as four, without ever being intoxicated, as long as he was chief of the band, to say nothing of the immense amount of love-making he accomplished in his spare moments.

He so thoroughly eclipsed all other French robbers, that not one of their names has come down to us. Others there were, it is true, but

1864, June 21, 5, 5.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Vol. LV.

MARCH, 1860.

No. 3.

THE PRINCE OF PICKPOCKETS.

THE other day some body gravely informed the writer hereof that he had seen on exhibition at Barnum's Museum, in this city, the skull of General Washington when he (G. W.) was a boy!

This privileged person could not have been more surprised than was the writer recently on seeing the authentic portrait of Cartouche, photographed from a wax cast made of that famous robber's face two days before he was broken on the wheel.

We naturally expect a robber's face to express either positive fierceness or great determination. In Cartouche's physiognomy we discover neither.

Those of us who have in furtive moments of our boyhood perused the fascinating history of Mr. Jack Sheppard, have there learned that to be a great robber a man need not necessarily be a big one. Mr. Sheppard was by no means a large person, (on the stage he is always impersonated by a woman,) and M. Cartouche, we are told, stood less than five feet in his stockings. But then the square head, low brows, and cropped hair of the former personage gave him a look unmistakably thievish; whereas, Cartouche, in his portrait, appears more like an old essayist or divine than the king of French robbers. His brow is broad and lofty, and furrowed with thoughtful wrinkles, (he was executed at the age of twenty-eight!) His eyes are not especially brilliant; his nose is long and slanting downward; his lips are rather thick, and his mouth itself expresses no great degree of firmness. The skin is that of a little, dried-up, leathery man. The whole appearance of his face is meditative. His head is surmounted by a nondescript cap, like that in which the poet Cowper is generally represented, and from beneath it struggle a few thin, black hairs. The loose and flowing garment that is thrown over his shoulders sustains his resemblance to the character to which we first likened him.

In short, a more amiable assassin than the Cartouche of this picture we never looked upon. He is not at all like his traditional representative at the Opera Comique, or in the sanguinary melodrama of the

Porte Saint Martin, where a great, strapping fellow, with bovine lungs, invariably plays the part of the robber-hero.

These legendary cobwebs concerning the personal prowess of Cartouche, and the many anachronisms set down by his previous biographers, have all been swept away by M. Barthélemy Maurice, who labored hard for six months among the archives of the Paris libraries to sift out the true from the false in the numerous so-called 'Lives of Cartouche,' and brought away with him, as the result of that research, a very interesting and reliable history of the famous robber.

Cartouche must not alone be looked upon as a robber; unconsciously, he was more than that. He was the personification of a country and of an epoch. In those days, the corrupt upper grades of society had their horrible counterparts in the lower classes. Cartouche was the representative man among these democrats who would have imitated, if possible, the scandalous debauches of the nobility. The scaffold of the Count de Horn elbows and explains the scaffold of Cartouche. Your ordinary thief may exist at all times and in any country. Cartouche, as he really lived and reigned for four years, could only have been in Paris, and during the Regency.

It is a curious fact that this little cut-down man, illiterate to the last degree, being unable either to read or write, should command for four whole years, not in Paris only, but in all France, a regularly organized band of two thousand men, many of whom had received a more than ordinary education.

But if Cartouche never abode within the classic precincts of a college, he was, at all events, a pupil of high standing in another school, that of the gypsies. He was a capital hand at the sword, the stick, and the pistol; could twist his body or his face into whatever shape he pleased; danced on the rope, and threw somersets backward and forward, and could perform the feat called in France '*faire la roue*,' in America 'turn the cart-wheel.' We need not mention his talents at legerdemain; in his profession, that is an indispensability. If the stair-case did not look quite safe, he went up or down by the chimney with incredible rapidity. It was a matter of common occurrence with him to jump from the roof of one house to that of another, and the houses were not always contiguous, reader, but sometimes on opposite sides of the street.

Though small, thin, and puny in appearance, he was in reality of robust health. He could eat as much as any two men, and drink as much as four, without ever being intoxicated, as long as he was chief of the band, to say nothing of the immense amount of love-making he accomplished in his spare moments.

He so thoroughly eclipsed all other French robbers, that not one of their names has come down to us. Others there were, it is true, but

their celebrity is local or limited to a certain number of years. The name of Cartouche alone remains. It is now one hundred and thirty-eight years since this man was executed, and yet to the children and country-people in France his history seems as an occurrence of yesterday.

The renown of Cartouche has indeed reached us, but were it not for M. Maurice's book, we should know nothing of the deeds which have procured for him that honor. Not for want of books about the great robber would this be, but that none of these purported 'Lives' are reliable. They are more or less copied from each other, and may all be referred to one, the first, which appeared a few days after Cartouche's death, and gave at the time considerable trouble to the police. During the five following years, that is to say, as long as the trial of his accomplices lasted, people were continually being arrested for the offence of reading 'The Life of Cartouche;' among others, one Rousselot, a hawker, was taken in the great hall of the Palace of Justice. Although the Court had but just opened, he had already disposed of forty-two copies at ten sous each, while they only cost him three; not a bad trade, but attended with certain inconveniences. The police had discovered that this literary *chef d'œuvre*—in which there was a struggle for precedence between nonsense, bad grammar, and worse spelling—was more likely to create new thieves than to convert the old ones.

The book, however, is the greatest success ever known among the publishing fraternity. With the exception of the *Catechisme* and the *Paroissien*, never was a book so often reprinted, and in such formidable editions. It has certainly been more widely circulated than 'Paul and Virginia,' than the 'Fables' of La Fontaine, or the 'Poems' of Boileau. It would not be overstepping the mark to estimate that it has reached forty thousand editions from 1721 up to the present day. Then, too, it has been translated into every European language. 'The History of the Life and Trial of Cartouche,' is as sure to be found on the shelf of every rustic in France as his favorite almanac. Like the almanac, custom requires that it be printed on wretched paper, with the worn-out type known in France as *têtes de clous*, or nail-heads, and the one traditional wood-engraving portraying Cartouche in a three-cocked hat, with a pig-tail and a gushing shirt-frill, holding three watches in his left hand and a pistol in his right. An edition of either of these literary master-pieces on white paper, with steel engravings and new type, would be regarded with suspicion by the public, and probably turn out a bad speculation to the publisher.

Louis Dominique Cartouche was born in Paris, or, more correctly speaking, at the gates of Paris, in 1693. Cartouche was the eldest son of a poor cooper, who occupied a very small shop. He had two

brothers and one sister. The brothers' names were Louis, nicknamed Louison, and Francois; the sister's, Marie Antoinette. Louis was hanged on the thirtieth of July, 1722. Francois and his sister were imprisoned in the General House of Correction, and probably died there, if they were not shipped by the government to the colonies, as was the custom at that time. Louis Dominique, the greatest rascal of them all, came to an untimely end in November, 1721. So was the illustrious name of Cartouche blotted out forever.

Up the age of ten or twelve, young Cartouche ran the streets with the other boys, and showed no symptoms of the great genius for thieving that lay undeveloped within him. At last his father determined to put him to a trade, his own. But this did not coincide with the ideas of our future bandit; at the slightest pretext he deserted the work-shop and wandered off about the streets and in the suburbs of Paris. One day he went out for a frolic to the fair of Saint Laurent. Fearing the reception that awaited him in the paternal mansion, he resolved to pass the night in a hay-field. Here he stumbled upon a camp of gipsies, and partly through inclination, partly from pressing, joined their band.

This circumstance decided his after-career. He remained four or five years in this promising school, became an excellent acrobat, learned all sorts of feats, requiring skill and agility, and contracted the eccentric habit of regarding every thing as his own that he could lay his hands on.

At last the gipsies were compelled to emigrate precipitately, and Cartouche, who was lying sick in the hospital of a cutaneous disease, was left behind. They probably thought that their pupil would never recover, and indeed were not much out of the way in their calculations, for in those days, when a man once entered a Paris hospital, he seldom came out, except by way of the dissecting-room.

But such was not to be the destiny of our hero. He was discharged from the hospital almost entirely cured, but without money, help, or friends. One thing alone he had — an empty stomach. Not a very valuable piece of property in such circumstances. An aruncular providence was hovering over him, however; before he had quite starved to death he was picked up by a kind-hearted uncle and taken back to his father's house. The prodigal son was received with open arms. In honor of his unexpected return the fatted calf was killed, in the shape of a lusty goose, which was duly stuffed with chestnuts.

Cartouche went back to coopering, and led a life of comparative innocence for eighteen months. He was not only a good workman, but a very merry one. He told the most amusing stories, sang gypsy songs, did little tricks of dexterity and legerdemain, in short, became the pride of the family and the most agreeable fellow about the neighborhood.

This state of things might have gone on for some time, had not Cartouche become inspired with an unhappy passion for a pretty seamstress in the same street, who had a decided weakness for little presents. To satisfy the growing demands of the adored one, Cartouche made forced loans on his father's cash-box, but this not sufficing, turned to account the lessons of his gipsy professors, and drew largely upon the pockets of the passers-by. His dear papa, observing that the longer and more frequently he absented himself from the shop, the more finely he was dressed and the more plentifully he was supplied with cash, began to suspect that something was wrong. Being an honest man himself, and wishing to preserve the honor of the family, he obtained an 'order of the King,' otherwise called a *lettre da cachet*, for the admission of his son in the Convent of the Lazarists of the Faubourg Saint Denis. But Cartouche suspected the paternal intention, and making up his clothes into a small bundle, ran away from home, never again to return.

This was a decided step. Cartouche had crossed the Rubicon. He also crossed the Seine, took lodgings in a low tavern near the Cité, and earned his bread by the lightness of his fingers. In other words, he picked pockets for a living. Occupied by the cares and anxieties of his profession, he soon forgot the exigent seamstress.

Cartouche excelled in picking pockets. The slightness of his form and the delicacy of his hand, which was like a child's, were of the greatest possible assistance to him.

One evening that, in a crowd, he had just 'lifted' a magnificent silver snuff-box, an individual of lofty stature but unprepossessing countenance, walked up to him at the corner of the first street, with the stereotyped phrase: 'Your money or your life!'

'My money?' said Cartouche, whipping out his sword and placing himself *en garde* with the quickness and aplomb of a perfect master of fence, 'my money hangs at the tip of my sword.'

'There! there! not so fast! Put up your sword, I beg of you. I only wanted to try you. I see that you are as quick as you are brave. Give us your hand, and let us be friends.' And the tall stranger held out a hand that Cartouche appeared in no hurry to take, excess of confidence having never been one of his sins.

'Ah! very well! I see how it is,' continued the other; 'you mistrust me. I saw you at work, and on my honor, you are a promising fellow. May I never be hung but you will make your mark, young man! It is only fair that you should, in turn, see me at work and get some idea of my abilities. Let us go back to the crowd.'

Two minutes after, the robber returned, bringing with him a purse of fifty louis, which he had extracted from the pocket of the Superior of the Dominicans while begging a blessing. 'There,' said he, taking

Cartouche's arm, who made no objection this time, 'we have worked enough for to-day; come home with me and we'll divide this trifle; supper is waiting, and I am very regular at my meals.'

He conducted him to World's-End Street, Rue Bont-du-Monde which is now Rue Saint-Sauveur, took him through a dark alley, then up four flights of stairs, and finally ushered him into a room which might have been taken for a store-room, so completely was it crammed with diverse merchandise, for none of which had cash been paid any more than for the viands and potables on the table, *dapes inemptas*, where, waiting to do the honors, were seated two young beauties, both sisters, whose conversation was not less spicy than their eyes were bold.

At the dessert of this virtuous repast, Galichon, that was the name of Cartouche's host, proposed to the latter to take the place of his deceased partner, who had succumbed to a little temporary suspension, and marry the younger of the sisters on the spot. The elder was Galichon's own wife *pour le quart d'heure*, as he facetiously limited the conjugal relation. Cartouche agreed, and his nuptials with the younger and lovelier were soon consummated.

This partnership lasted six whole months, being only troubled by those little difficulties that will occur in the best regulated-families, but at the end of that time came to a premature end. Galichon was elected to the honor of serving his king in the galleys for the term of his natural life, and at the same time, accommodations gratis were proffered his wife and his sister-in-law at the Hôpital.

His second family thus dispersed, our hero cast about him for some less brutal and hazardous mode of life. He now turned his attention to card-playing, frequented the lowest gambling-houses, and was considered the luckiest player in Paris, until discovered to be the greatest cheat.

Thrown again upon his resources, for he could no longer obtain admission into even the vilest dens of Paris, he adopted the trade of recruiter for the army. On a certain day, when he had engaged to furnish five recruits to a certain sergeant, he could only get together four. The sergeant, instead of making a fuss about the matter, invited his ally to supper. The table was amply provided with solids and fluids. Our hero partook freely, too freely perhaps, for the next morning he woke up with his hands and feet tied, and was greeted with the far from cheering intelligence that he was himself a soldier. He would not deny that he had drunk the king's health over night; beside, he had ten crowns in his pocket, something which had not happened to him for a long time. The recruiter was recruited. He declared that the trick had been well done, and marched gayly to the wars in Flanders.

Cartouche might have made a very good soldier if the war had lasted longer. When peace was concluded, he returned to Paris, bringing with him the nucleus of that troop which was to prove so formidable that the French Government were to vainly spend sixty thousand francs a month for two years in order to capture its leader. As the band grew larger, Cartouche organized it and gave it rules which resemble to a certain degree those of the Carbonari. He himself was at first only known to twenty or so of his lieutenants, who gave him the name of *L'Enfant*, a name by which his mistresses and friends alluded to him after that of 'Cartouche,' revealed by, or rather wrung from some tortured wretch at the commencement of 1720, had become dangerously celebrated. There were different degrees of initiation into this troop, a pass-word changed daily, and places of meeting and safety provided in all parts of the city and suburbs. The troop numbered at least two thousand members. After Cartouche's arrest three hundred and sixty-six of these were tried; at the same time, more than a hundred and fifty officers and privates of the regiment of the Gardes Françaises alone, who did not feel very clear in their consciences, left Paris and hid themselves in other regiments, or voluntarily emigrated to the colonies.

The initiated were sworn to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, to prevent their chief from being arrested, or to rescue him if taken. The booty was divided according to rank or to the dangers that each one had run. But more extraordinary than all, Cartouche was recognized as the master, the king of all the robbers in Paris, and levied a tribute even upon those who did not belong to his band. When he met any of these latter at night, he took away half, sometimes all of of their booty. Paris belonged to him; no one had a right to rob the Parisians without his permission. He even pushed his precautionary measures so far as to acquaint his men with four surgeons attached to the troop in whose shops they could go to have a wound dressed after an affair with the police, and even find a bed if it were needed.

Tavern-keepers, spies, informers, receivers, and peddlers were counted as non-combatants. The business of these latter was to sell about the country things that had been stolen in Paris, and Cartouche often trusted them with six or eight thousand francs' worth of property in this way. A lock-smith, a gun-smith, and a melter-down of gold and silver were also attached to the troop. Lastly, though not leastly original, Cartouche had a beast of burden, for so we may surely call a stupid brute, one Simon l'Auvergnat, who for four years seems to have fulfilled no other functions than those of the base of a column. To explain: One of the principal resources of the gang was to enter apartments situated on the first story, by either taking advantage of an open window or cutting the glass with a diamond, introducing the

hand and springing the window-fastener. In either case, they whistled for Simon l'Auvergnat, who came swinging heavily along, bent his broad shoulders toward the wall, and presented what in leap-frog we call a 'back.' One, two, and sometimes three men climbed up, forming a human pyramid. Once thoroughly settled, Simon was as firm as a rock and so remained, not budging an inch, for any length of time required. These nocturnal visits came to be so common that the good Parisians were nearly frightened out of their lives; even the bravest slept with one eye open. Locksmiths were called into requisition to secure the windows with iron gratings. The Cartouchians did not retire from the business on that account; they merely changed their plans a little. As they could no longer get in at the window, they thrust in long poles armed with hooks, and began to fish about among the furniture, and even on the beds, for coats, vests, breeches, gowns, and petti—skirts. Sometimes even, when they tried to draw the bed-clothes toward them, they dug their hook into the flesh of the sleeper, who would utter the most agonizing cries, while those outside responded by shouts of diabolical laughter.

When at last Simon l'Auvergnat was brought to justice, he maintained with pig-headed obstinacy that he never had an idea that he was in league with a band of robbers; he imagined that he was engaged by a parcel of gay young blades, who paid him fifty sous per night for aiding them to see what was going on in other people's bedrooms. It is a question whether or not he was in earnest in what he said; we should hope so, in any case, so that the world may now 'definitively settle upon its stupidest man. Nevertheless, if he did not entirely convince his judges, he left some doubt on their minds, and while so many others were hanged or broken on the wheel, he escaped with nine years at the galleys.

While one division of the troop scaled the windows, another devoted itself to attacking belated pedestrians, whom they first stunned with a blow from a loaded cane, or a flail, on the back of the neck, and then rifled their pockets at leisure. Very rarely did their victims have time to call for help; when such a thing by accident happened, the robbers were not particularly alarmed. They knew by experience that the watchmen had sufficient regard for their own precious necks to walk off in a direction opposite to that in which their assistance was required.

Cartouche, personally, was extremely polite to those he robbed, and he forbade his men from killing or even wounding their victims needlessly. It was one of his maxims that the same man should not be robbed twice in one night, nor be too roughly treated, for fear the Parisians should stop coming out after dark.

Space fails us to recount the many audacities of the gang; how the

jewels of the Spanish Ambassador's wife were clean carried off one night from her bed-room ; how, at the introduction of cut-steel ornaments instead of gold, Cartouche stole the Regent's sword at the opera, broke it into fragments, and sent it to him next morning with a sarcastic note, reproaching him for his avarice ; how the Chief made himself the instructor of his band and set up a Thieves' Institute, where the pupils were taught to empty the pockets of a dressed mannikin internally hung with bells, without making one of them ring, (some arrived at such proficiency that they buttoned and unbuttoned the mannikin's coat, and entirely undressed him without the bells betraying it !) lastly, how for a time the band was fabulously rich in the shares of Law's Mississippi scheme, of which they relieved the shareholders' pockets. We must leave these details, with many others over which we would fain linger, to give place to the story of the supper to which Cartouche invited himself at the house of a lady high in rank.

It was in July, 1721 ; Madame la Maréchale de Boufflers had left her window open on account of the heat, and was busied making her night-toilet, when suddenly, before she had heard the slightest noise, she saw a young man, dressed in the height of fashion, step over her balcony and jump in at the window, for all the world like a clandestine lover at the Opera-Comique. At first the great lady was deceived by the appearance of her visitor.

'Monsieur, what is the meaning of this unwarrantable intrusion ? I do not know you.'

'A thousand pardons, Madame la Maréchale ; I am sure that you know me — by reputation at least. You see before you Louis Dominique Cartouche ; you will excuse me, will you not, from going any further into particulars ? And now attention, not a word, not a motion ! I have come alone, but your hotel is surrounded on all sides. However, fear nothing ; I have not come to your house with evil intentions. I only wish to be indebted to you for two favors, a good supper and the pleasure of sleeping in a good bed, a pleasure which has been long denied me. There, do n't be alarmed. You are a woman of sense ; grant this little request, and I give you my word of honor that I shall respect —' Seeing the lady's fears quieted, he added : 'It's agreed, is it not ? You are an angel ; beside, you see these,' and opening his coat, he showed her half-a-dozen English pistols ; 'do not oblige me to use them. I will conceal myself behind this curtain ; order some supper, and tell your femme de chambre to go and sleep wherever she sees fit. Her bed is in this cabinet ; I know your house better than the man who built it ; I promise to be quite contented with that little bed. As I have said before, I want a good night's rest above all things. Come, the sooner the better ; remember that I am waiting behind the curtain.'

The Maréchale rang the bell; the lackeys brought a handsome repast, and retired in some astonishment at their mistress's unwonted appetite. Mlle. Lustine did not appear surprised at all when she received permission to pass the night out. She was *affiliée*—enrolled in the gang—and went off to find at the corner of the street, her lover Belle-Humeur, one of the Garde Française, who was standing sentinel to his chief's safety.

The supper was of the gayest—so gay, indeed, that Madame la Maréchale at last took part in it, although, of course, but one glass and one knife and fork had been provided. And afterward? The afterward in this case is simply a matter of chronology. In the month of July, 1721, the widow of Louis Francois, Due de Boufflers, Peer and Maréchal of France, not less illustrious for the retreat of Malplaquet than for the defence of Lille, the clever and affable Maréchale had been for several years among the sixties!

The next morning Cartouche, who had found every thing good at the supper, except the wine, and wishing as much to show his connoisseurship as his gratitude, sent a hundred bottles of the first quality of champagne to the Maréchale. To be sure the wine did not cost him much; he had had it removed by his locksmith, Patapon, from the cellar of a rich financier, the father of the Paris Duverneys. The destination of the hundred bottles having been afterward revealed by the said Patapon while on the rack, the financier commenced a suit against the Maréchale for the cost of the wine. Madame de Boufflers defended the suit, pleading that she had fairly earned her wine. The judges agreed with her.

Cartouche did not limit the expression of his gratitude to this present of the champagne. Some little time afterward, when his men had stopped the Maréchale's carriage one evening in the street, he recognized her livery, and hastening to the carriage-door, said: 'Let Madame de Boufflers pass free now and always.' Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped upon her finger a magnificent diamond ring, which he had snatched a week before from that of Madame de Phalaris, who never saw it again. Madame la Maréchale, though she accepted these questionable presents, does not seem to have been very free with her money in return. When Cartouche was confined in the Conciergerie, and in great want, she went to see him but once, and left him only a couple of louis at parting.

The loves of Cartouche were not so numerous as might have been expected. The objects of his affection, however, never seemed to turn out well. Of the three we have to do with, two were hanged, and the third was publicly whipped and branded and sentenced to the Hôpital for life. The one whom he loved most and longest was a very beautiful and energetic woman, Marie Jeanne Roger, *alias* La Grande

Jeanneton, *alias* Jeanneton Venus, who was scarce twenty-five years old on the day of her execution. Her special functions were to unbuckle and carry off cloaks and portmanteaus from the backs of horses who were momentarily standing before the doors of a tavern, or of a wine-merchant. She was so devoted to her lover as to bear his numberless infidelities without complaint. He often returned to her, and always placed illimitable confidence in her. It would have been difficult to have better placed it. Jeanneton did not only love him, she worshipped him; he was her great man, her hero. She remained faithful to him, even beyond the grave, if we can consider that Cartouche ever had a grave. At the time of his confessions, she was brought to the Hotel de Ville. She pretended at first not to recognize him, and not even to know his name; then, when she saw that her feint was useless, she threw herself into his arms, burst into tears, and asked as a favor to die with him. Cartouche revealed as little as possible about her, kissed her tenderly several times, then begged them to take her away lest she should deprive him of his courage.

Eight months after, Jeanneton was put to the torture, but they could make her reveal nothing. She did not confess 'until she got good and ready,' as the vulgar phrase is, and then only to ease her conscience. Although her language was that of a woman without the least education, of a woman familiar with all kinds of vice from the age of sixteen, there was, nevertheless, not lacking a certain poetry about her. When, for example, she spoke of Cartouche and those of his companions who were executed before her, she constantly said: '*Those who are dead.*' One might fancy a feeling like that existing in the heart of a heroine of Vendée, or in one of the Puritan women of Walter Scott. On the twenty-fourth of July, 1722, Jeanneton was hanged.

In *Barbier's Journal*, under date of the twelfth of July, 1722, is the following entry: 'No body is talked about now in Paris but the people who are hanged and broken on the wheel; every day some one of Cartouche's gang is executed. Day before yesterday they disposed of Mademoiselle Néron (Marie Antoinette) his mistress. She is mentioned in the warrant as *one of the concubines of Louis Dominique Cartouche*. I suppose she should feel highly honored. She was hanged at one o'clock in the morning.' This is a very short funeral oration for one of the most enticing flower-girls of Paris, for a *pauvre diablesse* who had not reached her twenty-first year, when death overtook her in the Place de Grère, the tenth of July, 1722, after she had been duly put to the torture and borne it like a man, better even than some men.

As for Marie Le Roy, the third mistress of Cartouche at the time of his arrest, we know nothing more than we have stated two paragraphs back.

Cartouche loved danger for danger's sake ; he would have been disgusted at the prospect of dying peaceably in bed. Moreover, his presence of mind never deserted him. In June, 1721, one of his scouts, whom they called Ratichon, told him of a good haul he might make in the Hotel Desmarets, all the inmates of which had gone in the country. Under cover of the night, Cartouche and his men effected an entrance into the building, but whether Ratichon himself had been misled by the police or induced by them to betray his captain, no sooner had they done so than the rooms were all suddenly lighted up and the robbers found themselves surrounded with the King's archers and sergeants. A fierce struggle ensued ; there were dead and wounded on both sides. Cartouche felt that he could not longer resist the ever increasing number of his adversaries. His plans were soon laid ; he was in the grand *salon* of which a few devoted friends outside the door were defending the entrance. He took off his sword, his coat, his waistcoat, and his wig, wrapped a handkerchief about his head, climbed up the chimney, descended by another to the kitchen, out of which he walked in the complete rig of a pastry-cook, and sauntered with the easiest look in the world toward the great door of the Hotel.

'Is Cartouche taken,' asked the officers as they unsuspectingly stepped aside to let him pass.

'Not yet, since he is here.' And he fired off both his pistols at them.

Thus, as in many a similar instance, he came unscathed out of danger ; but in this case, in addition to his dead companions, he suffered a serious loss : one of his first lieutenants, Jean Rozy, otherwise Le Craqueur, was taken alive and incarcerated in the Châtelet Prison.

Cartouche took a certain degree of pride in saying that he never received money from any one to take a man's life. When it was to render a service to a friend, it seems that he was less particular about the matter of life and death.

One day, as he himself related the circumstance in his revelations at the Hotel de Ville, d'Antragues, alias Duplessis, his lieutenant and, at the same time, a soldier in the Guards, came to see him, and told him that he had been guilty of the imprudence of receiving in his room, at the same time with his legitimate wife, who, by his consent, lived with another guard, his mistress, the girl La Blanche, a receiver. A discussion had arisen between the two ladies, the result of which was that nothing remained of the poor La Blanche but her dead body, which was to be gotten quietly out the way.

Cartouche admitted that the situation was a dangerous one, and without losing time by giving useless sermons to his friend on his indiscreet conduct, took steps at once to save him. Poor La Blanche,

duly cut up into small pieces, was placed in a tall basket, which Duplessis carried upon his shoulders. Cartouche walked in front with his sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. They traversed thus half Paris, reached the little bridge of the Hotel Dieu, and threw the basket and its horrible contents into the river; all without having been disturbed by any living soul, though it was hardly eight o'clock in the evening.

The reader will have perceived by the foregoing story that Cartouche was not particularly sensitive on the subject of life-taking, and yet the common people of his day gave him a reputation for kindness and generosity which, among that class, clings to him still. In these stories the writer's desire to apotheosize Cartouche often renders him unmindful of the truth. The one following, however, may be relied upon as authentic for three reasons. In the first place, it gave rise to a trial, the records of which may be found in the archives of the French courts of justice. Secondly, and still more probably, our hero here found an opportunity to do a good action without its costing him a sou. Thirdly, because it gave him a chance to amuse himself at the expense of others, something which afforded him infinite diversion.

One beautiful night in December, 1719, a merchant-draper took it into his head to end his woes by jumping off the Pont Neuf into the river. He had already mounted the parapet, and was about taking the fatal leap when he was gripped by the leg and held back.

'Are you crazy, my friend?' said this second personage. 'It seems to me rather late in the season to take a bath in the Seine.'

'Monsieur, let me go, I beg of you; I am a wretched man. I want to drown myself; I must. It is absolutely necessary that I should drown myself.'

'I do n't deny it; but just get down now and tell me the whole affair. If I can't be of any service to you, you have still plenty of time to throw yourself in the water. The river won't run away, *que diable!*'

'Monsieur, I am ruined. My name will be in the bankruptcy list at the end of the month. I shall not survive it, nor do I wish to.'

'I do n't suppose you will survive it, if you commit suicide beforehand; but if you pay the money, there is no danger of your being a bankrupt.'

'Pay the money! pay the —. You seem to think that a very easy matter, but what shall I pay it with? I tell you that I am ruined, completely ruined!'

'And I tell you to get down or I will put you down. It's very tiresome holding you up in the air there. There, down at last. Now, take my arm and we'll have a little friendly chat about this. How much do you owe?'

‘Twenty-seven thousand francs.’

‘Diable! That’s pretty steep; but I have a plan which I think will get you out of the scrape. Write to your creditors; tell them to come to your house to-morrow evening at seven o’clock, with their accounts, which you will settle in full.’

‘But with what, Monsieur?’

‘With what I shall bring you, I suppose. But, by-the-by, I shall want your address. Very well, to-morrow at seven. In the mean time, take these three thousand francs as an assurance that I am not trifling with you.’

‘Monsieur, you are an angel from heaven.’

‘That is not the general opinion, but never mind: good night. And now that you have money in your pocket, you had better hurry home; the streets are not safe.’

That evening at seven Cartouche went to the draper’s house, where he found all the creditors of the latter assembled. Not one of them had failed to appear; nearly all, in their anxiety, had arrived before the appointed time. At every new arrival the poor draper had been obliged to begin again the touching story of his attempted suicide. Accordingly as soon as Cartouche entered, he was received with unanimous expressions of admiration and respect. The draper hardly recognized his preserver at first. The costume of the latter, grave and dignified in tone, had a touch of the minister and the lawyer combined. As Cartouche could do whatever he pleased with his countenance, he now looked like a man past fifty, in slight ill-health, and of a very amiable disposition.

‘A truce to compliments, Messieurs; I do not deserve them. The money which I am about to have the honor of distributing among you does not strictly belong to me; on my honor it does not. It comes from the treasury of certain young friends of mine, whose lives are not so regular as they might be, and who wish thus to have the benefit of an honest man’s prayers. For Monsieur is an honest man, is he not?’

Chorus of creditors unanimous in lauding the honor, the probity, the virtue of the debtor whom they had determined to make a bankrupt by the end of the month, and upon whom they had forced suicide as the only means of escape. The young men, so worthily represented by this kind-hearted gentleman, could not have made a better use of their money. Undoubtedly many of their sins would be forgiven them on account of this good action, the more so as every one of the creditors promised to join his prayers to those of the draper.

‘In that case,’ resumed Cartouche, opening his portfolio, ‘we shall all be gainers. But it is getting late; let us proceed to business. It is not safe to travel in the street with valuables in one’s pocket.’

To which the creditors unanimously assented, cursing Cartouche and his band up-hill and down, and uttering fervent vows for their speedy capture. Of course Cartouche was loudest in these denunciations. Then every creditor produced his accounts, and the merchant having examined them and attested their correctness, Cartouche paid them one after the other, until the twenty-seven thousand francs were entirely exhausted, and all demands satisfied. The honest draper treated the company to ratafia; all drank to the health of the philanthropist, as well as to that of the young friends who made so admirable a use of their goods in this world that it would surely be put to their credit in the next. Finally, as the dearest friends must part, they began to talk of retiring. They all insisted upon accompanying Cartouche to his home, which, he had said, was situated on the other side of the river. He accepted the escort of the creditors, but would not hear of the draper's stirring out of the house. He said he should stay at home to recover from the effects of his yesterday's excitement.

You can divine the rest. Hardly had the party set foot upon the Pont Neuf than Cartouche's band fell upon them. Cartouche himself set the example of resignation, and allowed his pockets to be searched and their contents to be abstracted before any of the rest. The creditors knew perfectly well that their money had fallen into the treasury of the terrible bandit; they did not know, however, that it had only been taken therefrom on their account. Three years afterwards, when the details of this affair were known, some of them brought an action against the draper before the civil courts. But the latter proved his entire good faith in the matter; besides, the creditors had given their receipts for the money. They lost their suit, and as a consequent and additional aggravation, had the costs to pay also.

In the beginning it was not a difficult matter for Cartouche and his men to find places of refuge in Paris. Nearly all the taverns, especially those in the banlieue and the faubourgs, were open to him, and these latter had always two or three modes of egress. But in the proportion that his reputation spread, these asylums became one after the other known to the police, and he was obliged to abandon them. Other tavern-keepers became frightened and absolutely declined the honor of harboring him for the future. Besides the taverns, there were, at first, in nearly all the quarters of Paris, certain women who hired shops and rooms on the ground-floor for the especial purpose of leaving the doors and windows a little way open. The band could not all sleep in these places, but they could always drop bundles in, or themselves take refuge to let the patrol of the watch pass when the latter were too strong to be resisted. Gradu-

ally the police closed all these doors and windows, or converted them into traps for the capture of unwary *Cartouchiens*.

One can hardly imagine the position in which Cartouche found himself. This man who often had hundreds of thousands of francs at his disposition, was frequently puzzled as to where he should find a bed, the last thing that honest people, even the poorest, stand in need of. When he found one, he never slept alone. It is a fact which has been observed for all time, and one which is worthy of the attention of moralists, that malefactors, especially those who have been guilty of blood-shed, have a horror of being alone at night. It is very probable that Cartouche had his superstitions; on his trial it appeared that he had scruples about some matters. In his confessions at the Hotel de Ville he said: 'I have never robbed churches, nor been in favor of robbing. To be sure,' he added, '*Je ne sais pourquoi, par exemple!*'

The life which Cartouche and his companions were now compelled to lead was any thing but gay. The last tavern-keepers who consented to receive them were naturally the most exacting. Those who furnished them with the necessaries of life drove harder bargains than ever before, and the robbers were compelled to dispose of their stolen goods at reduced rates to the receivers, on account of the growing danger of the traffic. The Regent had offered a full pardon to whomsoever of Cartouche's accomplices should deliver him into the hands of justice. Large sums were offered by the town-crier, and in posters about the city, for Cartouche, dead or alive: on the other hand, those who knowingly harbored him were threatened with terrible penalties. For some time past he had not gone to bed (when he could find one) without having half-a-dozen pistols on his night-table and within arm's reach. He saw that his struggle against society (however badly organized society might be) must have an end, and that the fatal termination was drawing near. One fact alone will give a vivid idea of the difficulty which Cartouche and his lieutenants experienced in procuring a place of safety. At the time when the grand sewer of the Rue Amelot was cleaned out, in 1823, there was situated near its principal mouth a recess, a sort of grotto four yards square, which was still called in the official reports, 'Cartouche's bed-room,' because the robber-king had often been obliged to pass the night there.

Cartouche must have had some good qualities, for his companions were constantly giving him proofs of a most rare devotion. History tells us that at Fornoro in 1495, when Charles VIII. was about to give battle to the Milanese, who were trying to cut off his retreat, he was astonished by the appearance at his side of nine horsemen dressed and armed exactly as he was himself. These nine cavaliers had learned that the enemy, knowing the color and arrangement of the king's costume and trappings, intended to concentrate all their murderous

efforts upon him, and it was to divide attention, and to preserve, if possible, his majesty's life, that they had adopted this stratagem.

It is hardly probable that Cartouche's men were acquainted with this historic fact, and yet they renewed it out of pure love for their captain. Their spies apprized them that he had been described to the police as wearing a cinnamon-colored coat, turned up with red. Twenty men, who most resembled Cartouche in build, at once adopted this style of coat which was at that time very fashionable. They even went so far as to each put a piece of black taffetas above the right eye to counterfeit a scar, the souvenir of one of Cartouche's affrays. In this way he was daily reported to be at the same hour in the most distant quarters of Paris and the banlieu, to the complete bewilderment of the police and the ever-growing terror of the vulgar. Hence they often imagined they had captured Cartouche when they had only got hold of one of his subalterns. The public were thus so often deceived, that when the chief himself was really taken prisoner, they refused to believe it.

We do not know the date of Cartouche's first arrest and imprisonment in the For l'Évêque, but it is certain that he made his escape from that shaky prison on the second of March, 1721. He could not have been confined more than two or three months at the most.

Before this first arrest Cartouche had the gratification of murdering a man under very peculiar circumstances. One day that he had gone out walking with Magdelaine, alias Beaulieu, his favorite, for the sole purpose of taking the air, and with no evil intentions, at least no intention to commit a murder, since they had not a pistol nor weapon of any sort between them, they were accosted by a private citizen. The man naïvely proposed that they should aid him in taking Cartouche, as there was a reward of twenty thousand francs for that bandit, which they would, in case of success, divide among them.

The chief was at first a little astonished, but soon recovered, highly praised the stranger's design, confessed to him that his comrade and he were out with the same intention, but that they would be delighted to join so courageous a man as himself. Then, having made the stranger take Beaulieu's arm, he diverted their walk to the extremity of the Rue de Vaugirards. On the way Cartouche went into a shop and bought a cheap clasp-knife. When they got out into the country they cut the man's throat with this miserable weapon, and left his body in a field without taking any pains to hide it.

Cartouche and his companion then had a great laugh at the confiding simplicity of their victim. This adventure having put them in good humor, they went to pass the rest of the day at a low tavern known as the *Porcherons*. There they met a number of their com-

rades, to whom they related the occurrence, to the infinite diversion of all parties.

At night-fall they returned to Paris, robbing several belated bourgeoisie on the way. The carriage of the Princess de Conti happened to come along. It was empty, but going at a good pace. For no other object on earth than to show off his dexterity and address, and win a bet of a few bottles of burnt brandy, Cartouche darted after and caught up with it, slipped through the carriage-window, threw out four cushions stamped with the Princess' arms to his companions, and got out as he had got in, without the coachman's having for a moment suspected him. After this feat Cartouche absolutely radiated with triumph. He was much more delighted than if he had taken a well-stuffed pocket-book.

But Cartouche's race was now almost run. The cup was full; it needed but a drop to overflow it. By two crazy acts of vengeance his ruin was consummated. One Bernard, keeper of a wine-shop in the Petite Rue du Bac, had long harbored him and his troop, to which he had once been affiliated. But for some little time back, whether actuated by scruples of conscience or fear of the police, he had refused to receive his former comrades, and declared his intentions of breaking off all relations with them.

This may appear strange, and contrary to the opinion generally entertained that when one has joined a gang of malefactors there is no possibility of leaving it. Cartouche's Constitution had provided for those who were dismissed, or who voluntarily withdrew. Every member who wished to retire was at liberty to do so, by giving the council notice two or three days beforehand. All relations with him were broken off, and so long as he kept secret all that he knew of the band he had nothing to fear from them. There had been twenty instances of members who had thus retired, from one motive or another, without any one ever having dreamed of bearing a grudge against them on that account. But, exasperated by the dangers with which he was surrounded, Cartouche this time refused to recognize the law which he himself had made. He treated Bernard's retirement as an act of treason, and swore to have a fearful revenge.

On the fourth of October, at midnight, the doomed house was suddenly assailed. With a view to murder rather than pillage, the windows and entresol were scaled at the same time that the lower doors were broken in. The house and shop were searched, but in vain. For several nights previous, Bernard, knowing how his resignation had been regarded, and the sort of man he had to deal with, had made a point of sleeping in the country for the good of his health.

Furious at not finding him, Cartouche ordered the house to be sacked. The women who kept watch at the corners of the streets

near by, were summoned by a whistle, and their *hottes* (tall baskets) filled with whatever was valuable. When nothing remained but the heavy furniture, that was piled up in the centre of the large room, and straw ticks thrown over it with the intention of setting it on fire. Cartouche had sworn that not one stone of this house should remain upon another.

In the mean time, the patrol of the watch, reinforced by detachments of the Gardes Françaises, arrived from all quarters. Cartouche and his staff were obliged to force their passage, pistol in hand. Seven of the *hotte*-bearing women were arrested, and with them eight of the most important men; the troop was disorganized. Instead of acknowledging that his star was on the wane, and that fortune had dropped him, Cartouche did as many a vanquished hero had done before him; he ascribed all his misfortune to treason. For some time his suspicions wandered from one to the other of the few friends who still remained faithful to him. He at last fixed them, how justly we know not, upon a young man scarce twenty-one years of age, Jacques Lefebvre, a soldier in the Gardes Françaises, of whom he resolved to make a terrible example.

On the night of the eleventh of October he summoned him, as well as the members of the Grand Council who were still at liberty, to meet at a lonely place behind the Chartreux. The Council only deliberated for form's sake; the unhappy man was condemned beforehand. Cartouche passed his sword through him first; the others did the same. The body was left in a condition too horrible to describe.

Gruthus Duchâtelet, the man who took the most zealous part in this ferocious performance, was the one who afterward betrayed Cartouche into the hands of his enemies. Duchâtelet pleaded in extenuation of his treason, that there was no longer any living with Cartouche. He had become so intoxicated with absolute power, that he would have sacrificed the whole troop to his own personal safety: at the least word, at the slightest suspicion, he talked of nothing but stabbing this one and of blowing out the brains of the other. Every one of them had been thus menaced or was in danger of being. It got to be so that they feared him more than the police. This is why these men who had so often risked their lives to save him, made no attempt to deliver him when he was once safe within prison-walls.

It was on the thirteenth of October that Duchâtelet had an interview with the Minister of War and the Regent himself, and arranged the conditions of his treason. Jean Courtade, a brave sergeant, who had entered the army at the age of twenty, and seen twenty-seven years of service since that time, was deputed for the capture of Cartouche. He had orders to follow the guidance of Gruthus Duchâtelet, and also to blow out the brains of that individual at the least sign of

treachery, or even of hesitation. To be sure the reward of twenty thousand francs that was offered for the capture of Cartouche was not to be sneezed at, yet it was not at all probable that the desperado would allow himself to be taken without resistance. Of the dangers which he risked, Jean Courtade says not a word. His report is a model of simplicity, and, as it cannot well be condensed, we quote it *in extenso*:

‘Following the orders of my Colonel, transmitted to me by M. le Major Pécôme, I concerted with the Sieur Duchâtelet upon the measures to be taken. I picked out forty men, four of them sergeants, upon whom I could personally rely; setting aside, of course, those whom Duchâtelet said were affiliated to the band. The next day we started from our quarter at seven o’clock in the morning, just as the sun was rising. We were all well armed, but dressed as citizens or sportsmen; Duchâtelet wore a cinnamon-colored coat. We marched two by two, ten paces distant, and took different directions, in order to surround the designated house on all sides.

‘It might have been a little after nine when we came in sight of the tavern ‘Au Pistolet,’ kept by Germain Savard and his wife, in the Courtille. Savard was smoking his pipe on the door-step, as if waiting for some one. Duchâtelet, whom I kept within pistol-shot, or rather within a quarter of a pistol-shot, saluted him and said:

‘‘Is there any one up-stairs?’’

‘‘No,’ replied Savard.

‘‘Are those four ladies there?’’

‘‘Walk up,’ replied Savard.

‘He stepped aside to allow him to pass. We instantly rushed into the house. On reaching the room up-stairs we found Balaguy and Linnosin drinking wine before the fire. Gaillard was still between the sheets, and Cartouche, seated on the bed of the latter, was mending his breeches. We pounced upon them, we bound them, each just as we found him, with strong ropes which we had brought on purpose, and calling two carriages, we took them first to M. the Secretary of State and War, and then on foot to the Grand Châtelet as soon as we had received orders to that effect.’

Cartouche was followed to prison by an immense concourse of people. Arrived there, he was put in the dungeons, and tied to a post. At the door of his dungeon four men mounted guard. Never before had such precautions been taken with a prisoner. Notwithstanding these trying circumstances, Cartouche kept up the jollity of a Mark Tapley. On the way from the War-Office to the Châtelet, when they were leading him on foot through the crowd, a police agent poked him with his cane, just as you would goad an ox. Cartouche stopped short and gave the policeman a kick smack in the face, with his naked

and muddy foot, for the reader has seen that they did not give him time to dress.

‘Fool!’ he said, while the other was wiping the mud away, ‘why do you do to me to-day what you would not have dared to do yesterday?’

The chiefs of the escort laughed heartily at this feat in gymnastics which Cartouche had performed with his arms tied behind him. The hootings of the populace obliged the uncivil agent to leave the ranks and take himself off.

To give an idea of the delight caused in Paris by the taking of Cartouche, the author of his anonymous biography tells us that they ran to Versailles to inform the King, who was holding his *petit levee*, and that they were very near having public rejoicings, like those which are common at the conclusion of peace.

Cartouche was too clever and too redoubtable a criminal to be kept in prison long. He was arrested on the fourteenth; on the fifteenth his trial commenced. While this was in progress he was kept in his dungeon, heavily ironed hand and foot. Otherwise he was not so uncomfortable; he was exceedingly well fed by the express orders of the Regent, and had visitors come to see him every day. He kept up or affected an inexhaustible gayety; he spent half his time in singing songs that were more than broad, and took pleasure in teaching them to the archers who kept guard over him.

All the ladies who had any connection with the court, however slight, all those who happened to know a counsellor, an attorney, or a bailiff, solicited and sometimes paid dear for the privilege of seeing Cartouche in his dungeon. He was the lion of the day, but a caged lion. It is said that even the Regent himself came, dressed up like a tradesman, which did not prevent Cartouche from recognizing him, if only from the obsequious politeness of the jailer and the turnkeys.

But more extraordinary than all, while Cartouche was not even yet sentenced, though the rack and wheel were looming up before him, measures were taken, with the sanction and approval of the authorities, to represent him on the stage of two of the Parisian theatres! With this object the author and principal actor of both of the pieces were several times admitted into his dungeon. Their names were respectively, for the Théâtre-Italien, Louis Riccoboni and Thomassin, (whose real names were Thomaso and Antonio Vincentini;) for Théâtre-Français, Marc Antoine Legrand and Maurice Quinault, both of whom were *sociétaires*.

When Legrand was called to the stand on the sixteenth of December, 1721, he avowed that having been introduced by the Lieutenant-criminal into Cartouche's dungeon, he read to the latter the manuscript of his piece, and received several counsels of which he availed

himself. That he observed on the table near the prisoner a few twenty-five sou pieces, and that having asked him if he were in want of money, Cartouche replied in the affirmative, because money enabled him to drink with his keepers, who were put to a great deal of trouble and inconvenience on his account. That, as for other things, he was well enough satisfied with his food and drink, but complained of his bed, which consisted of five bunches of straw only. Legrand adds that M. the Lieutenant-criminal expressed a desire to read the manuscript himself, because the preliminary labors of the trial would not permit of his going to see the comedy acted at the theatre, and that three days afterward he had the honor of presenting him a very handsome copy.

One would have thought that this was going far enough, but in his last confession, in his *Testament de Mort*, as it was called, Balagny, one of Cartouche's confederates, (a young man of twenty, who was broken on the wheel, the twenty-third of December,) gave a much more explicit account of what took place.

'You know,' he said, 'that while the case for the prosecution was being prepared, M. the Lieutenant-criminal and M. the Procureur du Roi dined and slept every day at the Châtelet, in a room over that of the jailer. One day they came into my room, with their napkins under their arm, and looking like gentlemen who had dined pretty well. They were accompanied by two gentlemen in black coats, whom they told me were M. Legrand, author of a piece entitled *Cartouche*, and M. Quinault, who was to play the part of my unfortunate comrade. They then sent for Cartouche himself; and after having had refreshments served for us, they begged us to perform some thieves' tricks before them and to talk the slang, which we willingly did. The two actors took notes of the slang, and repeated the tricks as fast as we executed them. At last the Procureur du Roi and the Lieutenant-criminal joined the game, and tried to 'lift' a handkerchief, a watch, and a snuff-box, at first badly enough, afterward a little better. Cartouche even declared that M. the Lieutenant-criminal had a talent for the business, and that taken young, as he had been, he might have arrived at eminence in the profession. We all laughed a great deal, and passed a capital evening.'

Cartouche was arrested on the fourteenth of October, 1721; on the twentieth a comedy in five acts, founded upon his life, and terminating with his captivity, was put upon the stage of the Palais-Royal. The Bowery dramatists of our own day could not have been more expeditious.

The *Mercure de France* says of this piece, entitled *Arlequin Cartouche*, that it was a set of thieves' tricks out of which several games

had been composed and hustled together, to forestall another piece on the same subject which had been announced at the Théâtre-Française.

The authors and actors of the Comedie Italienne did well to hurry their piece through: their competitor's play had been written two years, and, what is more, had received the royal approval.

Barbier, in his quaint journal, tells us what remains to be told in regard to this play. He says:

'On Tuesday, the twenty-first, at the Comedie Française they played *Cartouche*, a little piece written by Legrand, the comedian. It is tolerably pretty, and an astonishing number of people go to see it. For the rest, people of good sense will take it ill that they should allow to be represented on the stage a man who is still alive, who is interrogated every day, and who will end by being broken alive on the wheel.'

In this very city of New-York we have had an instance of a man who got out of prison to go to his own funeral, (we allude to the case of the notorious Paddy Burke,) and almost as singular does it seem when we read of Cartouche's attempt to break jail and go to see himself represented on the stage.

It was in the night between Monday and Tuesday that Cartouche took it into his head to go and see himself figure, by proxy, on the boards. He was confined in a dungeon with another man, who by chance was a mason, and was not bound. They made a hole in a large waste-pipe, and dropped down into it. Following its windings for a little distance, they stopped and removed a very large hewn stone over their heads. This gave them entrance into the cellar of a fruiterer, whose shop opened upon the arcade. From the cellar they mounted to the fruiterer's shop, which was only fastened with a small bolt inside, but it was so dark that they could not see that. Unluckily for them, there was a dog in the shop who barked loud enough to rouse the seven sleepers. It did arouse the servant-girl, who got up and shouted 'thieves!' out of the window with all the strength of her lungs. The master fruiterer came down with a light which would have enabled the robbers to discover the little bolt and get off quietly, but so it was not to be. Four archers of the watch on their way home stopped in to drink a glass of brandy. They recognized Cartouche, who had chains on his hands and feet, and took him back to prison. The jailers were in a terrible fright when they saw him, for they had received the strictest orders from the Regent.

In consequence of this bold attempt to escape, Cartouche was removed from the Châtelet prison to the safer one of the Conciergerie. He was lodged in the Montgomery tower. Here his jailers took every precaution to secure him, doubling the number of his guards, and watching him day and night.

So long as he was imprisoned in the Châtelet Cartouche did not give himself up for lost. For years past it had been one of his favorite dreams to take this prison by assault and liberate those of his comrades who were held there at the time being. Hence he felt confident that his lieutenants, to whom he had often communicated his plans in this matter, would attempt to put them in execution for his deliverance. But when he was transferred to the Conciergerie, this hope left him, and with it much of his cheerfulness.

Fearing he would commit suicide, or make a new attempt to escape, his trial was disposed of as quickly as possible; he even underwent three examinations per day. He was too clever to imagine that he could hoodwink his judges when he denied his identity, pretended not to know two hundred persons with whom he was confronted, declared that his name was Jean Bourguigroon, that he lived at Bar-le-Duc, and had only arrived in Paris three days before his arrest, that he did not know either Savard, the keeper of the tavern where he had been arrested, nor any of the four persons taken at the same time with him. He had an object in playing the part that he did. He thought by keeping his promises with his companions to the last, to give them time, and suggest to them the idea of keeping theirs with him.

He was very near betraying himself one day, however, when he was suddenly brought into the presence of his mother and his youngest brother, whom he had not seen for years. They both recognized him with tears and sobs; but he, soon mastering his first emotion, treated them as impostors and false witnesses, and said they were people paid by his enemies to work his ruin. And yet, as his mother was going away, he made a few steps towards her, as if to embrace her, and in spite of himself his eyes were moistened with tears.

If from nothing else than the different manner in which he was treated he could see that the fatal term was drawing near. All idle visitors were denied, and hardly any one was admitted into his room but the Curé of Saint Barthélemy, to whom he showed great deference and respect.

On the twenty-sixth of November, 1721, Cartouche was sentenced by the Court to have his legs, thighs, arms and loins broken alive on a scaffold which should be erected for that purpose in the Place de Grève. That done, his body should be placed upon a wheel, his face turned toward the sky, there to end his days. He was to previously suffer the *question ordinaire* and *extraordinaire* and his goods were to be confiscated to the King. The sentence concluded with a *rentum* to the effect that Cartouche should be secretly strangled after he had been put upon the wheel.

Condemned on the evening of the twenty-sixth, he had to suffer the *question* the next morning at eight; an accident delayed the

operation till nearly nine o'clock. The accident was not an uncommon one; one of his accomplices, Jean Baptiste Magdelaine, alias Beaulieu, a young man of twenty, had been put to the torture before him, and died just as he was taken off the rack to be laid upon a mattress.

The physicians and surgeons of the court, judging Cartouche unable to bear the rack, in consequence of being afflicted with hernia, the torture of the boots was substituted, but without avail; he would confess nothing. In the afternoon of the same day he voluntarily made a long confession, having reference to six murders and two hundred robberies at the least. He spontaneously confessed a seventh murder, then added: 'These are all the murders I remember; if I have committed a few others, it has been without anger or hatred, and in self-defence. If I remembered any others, I would confess them also.'

Such was the desire of the Parisians to see the end of this noted robber, that on the very day that sentence was passed upon him, that is to say, the twenty-sixth of November, a crowd assembled in the Place de Grève, and in the open space separating it from the Conciergerie, the like of which was never seen before in Paris. All the windows looking upon the Place were hired for exorbitant sums; two Englishmen, who had made the journey from London expressly to witness the execution, secured one at a cost of twelve thousand francs. The windows of the Hotel de Ville were occupied by ladies of the court, the wives of magistrates and others holding official positions; several members of the diplomatic body did not think it beneath them to solicit an *entrée*. Now, as we shall see, the execution did not take place until Friday, the twenty-eighth, at two o'clock in the afternoon; consequently this aristocratic and plebeian crowd remained in the street and at the windows for nearly forty-eight hours, eating, drinking, laughing, singing, and cracking jokes at one another, like a theatrical audience that is kept waiting for its amusement.

Breakfasting with his confessor on the morning of the fatal Friday, Cartouche was asked if he would not like a cup of coffee. He replied that he did not drink coffee, and that he would prefer a glass of wine and a bit of bread. These were brought him, and he drank to the health of his two judges.

At two o'clock he was conducted to the scaffold by an escort of two hundred archers. Arrived there, he was bound to the cross of Saint Andrew, with a rope around his neck. At half-past two the reign of Cartouche, King of Paris, was at an end.

THE HEART'S CONFESSIO^NAL

We sat together underneath the trees
 That dropped their shadows down the gravel walk;
 And when the leaves bowed to the pleasant breeze,
 We wove their plaintive rustling in our talk.
 Before us, stretching downward o'er the hill,
 The waving wheat slept calmly in the night,
 While dreams swept o'er it, in the starlight still,
 And from our lips they plumed themselves for flight.

We talked, in tones made tender by the sight
 Of the pale moonlight sleeping on the earth,
 Of hopes and plans just struggling into light,
 To which our Actual Life had given birth.
 We talked of every day's most quiet hours;
 How fast they flitted from our grasp away;
 How peacefully we sat among the flowers,
 And heeded not the passing of the day.

And then a pause slipped in among our words,
 And then we said: 'How sweet the sounds to-night,
 Like melody dropped off the wings of birds,
 As they fly upward to the fields of light.'
 We said: 'How calm the blessed moonlight lies,
 Upon the white waves of the silent lake;
 How still the stars o'erlook us with sad eyes,
 As patiently they watch the evening break.'

And lo! a silence came with measured steps,
 And sat between us, with its soothing ways;
 Till thoughts of love grew large upon our lips,
 Though still they struggled for conventional phrase.
 When, like a river's swift, resistless course,
His love leaped into words, that from his heart
 Came pressing on each other, with such force
 The tones jarred through them like a sound apart:

And as on eager blossoms falls the dew,
 So fell his love on me, with passionate will,
 Rippling the whole length of my nature through,
 Leaving no current undisturbed and still.
 O blessed memory of that sweet night,
 When we, beneath the watchful, rustling trees,
 Drew from the wine of love its ruby light,
 And drained the cup, e'en of its bitter lees!

O quiet hills, and lake that silent lay!
 Guard well the memory that I leave to you,
 For o'er its grave the dead leaves fall away,
 Withered and perished for the lack of dew.
 O leaf-lipped trees, through which the shadows shift!
 Murmur again those words so sweet to hear;
 That I may gather, where life's waters drift
 Over the sands, one jewel bright and clear.

HOW THEY MANAGE THE LUNATICS AT GHEEL.

THE traveller who makes the tour of Europe, in these days, by rail-car and steamer, and *does* the principal cities and the most renowned resorts, by the aid of a guide-book, really learns little of what is worth knowing, concerning the countries he visits. To understand the peculiarities of a people, to become familiar with their customs, habits, and modes of thought, one must turn aside from the regular routes, visit the towns which lie remote from the great thoroughfares, and study the ways of the people when uncontaminated by the constant influx of foreigners. He may not find at the inns of these country towns waiters who speak English; he may be obliged to put up with French and German, instead of English cookery, and be sweltered at night by a covering of feathers instead of a counterpane; but, if a careful observer, he will reap benefits from his leisurely journeyings over territory rarely explored, such as do not fall to the lot of the rapid tourist.

Hundreds of Americans pass through Antwerp, Brussels, and Ghent every year, yet we venture to say, that in the past fifteen years not a dozen have visited the little city of Gheel, only twenty-five miles from Antwerp, and but twelve from Turnhout, an important station on the route from Brussels to Cologne; yet, to one who regards the study of man, in all his relations to life, as of more importance than the merits of laces, paintings, or buildings, Gheel offers more of interest than either of the Belgian cities we have named.

The Belgians are a singular people. Except in the large cities, they have imbibed very little of the gayety and frivolity of French manners by their constant intercourse with their Gallic neighbors. Sedate, serious, and devout as the Spaniards whose yoke they bore so long, they yet combine with these traits, much of the industrious contented nature of the Germans. More densely populated than any other country in Europe, Belgium is poor in every thing except inhabitants; its soil, naturally sterile, yields but a moderate return for the severe toil bestowed upon it, and the peasant is fain to content himself, hard as his labor may be, with black bread and *soup maigre*, seldom tasting meat, and only occasionally fish.

I had heard more than once of the Insane Colony at Gheel, from eminent English psychologists, and in the autumn of 185—resolved to visit it. To do so now is a matter of little difficulty, though thirty years ago, when the north-eastern portion of Belgium, and especially the eastern part of the province of Antwerp, was known as ‘Siberia,’ it was a formidable undertaking. Deep sand obstructed the miserable roads, and the journey from Turnhout, though but twelve miles, often

occupied six or eight hours. All this is changed now. Leaving Brussels by an early train, we stop at Contich, the second station south of Antwerp, whence a train starts immediately, on the Turnhout line, which passes through Herenthals, where we find an omnibus in waiting for passengers to Gheel, eight miles distant. The whole journey from Brussels occupies less than four hours.

The commune of Gheel is situated on an elevated plain about three leagues in diameter, lying between the Great Nethe River, and two of its branches, known as the Little or Eastern Nethe. This plain is called Campine, or Kempen Land, a word signifying, like our campaign, or the Italian *campagna*, a flat level without trees. The climate is cold and damp, the Campine being quite elevated. The soil was originally barren, but by careful and painstaking culture, has become moderately productive, especially in the immediate vicinity of the city of Gheel, which appears like an oasis in the desert. The commune is said to be more healthy than the adjacent communes, and the inhabitants are remarkable for longevity; but the water is bad, being impregnated with sulphate of lime; and intermittent fevers, typhus, and pulmonary affections prevail in winter. The city of Gheel — for, having a burgmaster, it must be considered a city — has a population of between four and five thousand. The population of the commune is about ten thousand. Gheel is quite a pleasant town. Its houses are built of brick, and are generally two stories in height. Its principal street is long and wide, and has many good buildings, as have also three or four other streets. The Central Square, or Platz, is large, and surrounded on three sides with stores and good dwellings, while the fourth side is occupied by the cathedral church of St. Amand, or St. Dymrna, for it is known by both names. This noble edifice was erected about A.D. 1200. There are three other churches. There are two good hotels, at one of which, De Schild van Turnhout, (Turnhout Arms,) I found a good table, pleasant attendants, and the most scrupulous neatness. The charges, as every where else in Belgium, were very moderate.

Gheel, like many other of the Belgian towns, has its legend of its early origin, and as this legend is more interesting than most of its class, and has unquestionably a thin substratum of fact, bearing directly upon the connection of the town with the treatment of the insane, I will give it briefly. In the sixth century of the Christian era, Dymrna, the daughter of an Irish king, became a convert to Christianity, through the efforts of an anchorite named Gerbert, or Gerebert. Her father, a heathen, who had for some time looked with lustful eyes upon his beautiful daughter, was greatly enraged at her conversion, and threatened her and the priest with his vengeance, unless she abjured Christianity and yielded to his demands. The

heroic girl, preferring exile and death to apostasy and crime, embarked with Gerbert for the continent, and the two found their way to Gheel. Here Dympna entered upon a conventual life, while Gerbert established a monastery; but the heathen father was not to be thus balked of his prey; he followed them, tracked them to their new home, and renewing his demands, which were as steadfastly refused as before, drew his sword, and in a fit of rage smote off the heads of both Gerbert and his daughter. Among the witnesses of this murder were some lunatics, who, by the fright, were restored to reason; and the bystanders at once cried out, 'A miracle! a miracle!' and proclaimed throughout the adjacent country that God had vindicated the purity and devotion of the Christian virgin by thus causing her death to be the means of restoring reason to the unfortunate. What became of the wicked old father the legend saith not; but Dympna was speedily canonized, and as saint and virgin, her body and that of the priest had honorable burial, their tomb being changed into white stone—the rocks of the commune are of dark color—to indicate their purity. The miracle which had attended the death of St. Dympna was often repeated, says the legend, upon the insane who visited her tomb, and ere long the demented who had wealthy friends were brought here, in very considerable numbers, to enjoy the benefit of her intercession on behalf of those who had lost their wits.

At length, six hundred years or more after her death, when the faith in saintly intercession had reached its highest point, and had brought no small gain to the Gheelois, it was resolved to erect a church, in commemoration of the Virgin Saint. The Cathedral of St. Amand, or St. Dympna, was the result of this resolution; an imposing structure, two hundred and fifty feet in length, and of good proportions. It is said that it stands at a distance of about half a mile from the original tomb of St. Dympna. Not long after the erection of the church, the legend goes on to relate, a considerable body of Germans invaded Gheel, with the intention of carrying off the bones of the saint, and thus deriving the Gheelois of the gain arising from the visits of the insane to the healing shrine. The inhabitants resisted valiantly, but were overpowered, and the invaders carried off a coffin which, however, proved on examination to be that of Gerbert. Determined not to be foiled, they made a second descent upon the town, but this time the Gheelois had assembled a force sufficient to repulse them, and in order to secure these precious remains from further disturbance, they determined to place them in a shrine in the church. To do this was a work of greater difficulty than they had expected. The coffin was found, but no human force availed to move it. At this juncture a deaf and dumb boy, resident in the town, came to them and said, 'You will never move it, unless you take that horse,' point-

ing to a horse which they had not till then seen, The deaf mute had never spoken before, and never spoke again. The workmen thus advised, attached the horse to the coffin, and drew it out with ease; but when the work was done, the horse disappeared as suddenly as it had come. This miracle, it is added, produced a wonderful impression on the people.

The tomb which now stands in the church is raised about three feet from the floor on four pillars, and underneath it the lunatics, or their paid representatives, were required to pass, on their knees, nine times each day for nine successive days. The stone pavement underneath the tomb is deeply worn by the multitudes who have made this journey. The altar-piece of the principal altar of the church represents St. Dymphna seated on a cloud, imploring the DIVINE MERCY on a group of lunatics standing near her. On either side, other groups of the insane may be seen, their hands and feet bound by golden chains, similar in form to those still used for restraining violent maniacs.

In a central chapel of the diambulatorium, there is an elaborate carving of considerable merit, representing scenes in the history of the saint. In the first compartment her birth is portrayed; in the second, the death of her mother, the Queen of Ireland; in the third, the devil appears, tempting the Irish sovereign; the fourth shows her embarking on board ship with Gerbert; the fifth exhibits the King in pursuit, with the devil at his ear, prompting him; in the sixth, he is seen cutting off his daughter's head, while the decapitated corpse of Gerbert lies near. In the seventh, several priests, richly dressed, are carrying the relics of the saint in grand procession. In the eighth, the devil is escaping from the head of a female lunatic, while prayers are being said by some priests, and a chained maniac close by seems anxiously waiting for his deliverance.

Near the centre of the church, on the left of the choir, St. Dymphna's statue, dressed in rich silks and profusely ornamented, occupies a large glass-case, and before it are wax tapers and a *prie Dieu*.

In a small house attached to the principal church-tower, I was shown a dark, dungeon-like room, in which, formerly, maniacs, brought here for cure, were lodged by their relatives for nine days consecutively, while the *neuvaine*, or nine days' exercise, was performed. Nine young virgins, hired for the purpose, were to make a daily procession through and around the church, passing nine times each day, on their knees, under Dymphna's tomb, chanting all the time invocations for the maniac's recovery. Meantime, the unfortunate lunatic was chained by the wrist and ankle near the fire-place of the dungeon already described, or at night confined to the bed by chains, and often made worse undoubtedly by the formulæ of exorcism, mumbled over by the priest in his presence.

These superstitious ceremonies have now fallen into desuetude, being very rarely practised of late years; 'The people,' as a venerable old abbé told me with a sigh, 'having lost their faith in the efficacy of the intercession of saints.'

On St. Dymrna's day, which is about the time of the feast of Pentecost, I was told that thousands of people from neighboring communes flock into Gheel, and pay their homage to the shrine of the saint, many of them passing on their knees under her tomb as a preventive of insanity. So much for the legend of Gheel and the church's treatment of its lunatics. Let us now turn to its history as a colony of the insane, and see what is the condition of the Gheel of to-day.

The open-air treatment of the insane is no newly-devised system. Melampus, even in the mythologic period of Grecian history, seems to have comprehended its advantages, for we read that he compelled the daughters of King Admetus, who had become lunatics, to follow the herds over the hills, and spend their whole time in the bracing mountain air, and that, by this treatment, he restored them to reason. The Egyptian priests, who were skilled in medicine, came still nearer to the practice of the Gheelois. The insane were congregated near their temples, which generally occupied the centre of a large open space. They were here compelled to go through many religious ceremonies, in order to occupy their attention, and required to take long walks, to go from one temple to another, and to spend a portion of their time in cultivating the earth, and in other exercises in the open air. In the middle ages the monks of Saragossa, in Spain, applied the same principles, agricultural labor and open-air exercise, to the treatment of lunatics; but the rich would not work, and very few of them were cured, while of the poor, the greater part recovered. We are not, however, disposed to believe that either of these cases served in any respect as a model for Gheel. Its system has grown out of the necessities of its case. For several centuries the number of the insane resident in the commune has ranged from five hundred to one thousand persons. At first, and indeed for several hundred years, they came to take advantage of the intercession of the saint; but as but few could perform a *neuvaine* at the same time, and as, moreover, the purses of many of them were not heavy, they boarded in the families of the commune, and often sought to lighten their expenses by engaging in agricultural or other labor. In many instances this would lead to their recovery, which, though attained without the ceremony, was considered as due to the interposition of St. Dymrna; and others similarly afflicted, were brought to the place by their friends, in the hope that they also might be benefited. Gradually abuses grew up requiring judicial redress, and though the people are, in disposition and habits, admirably adapted to deal successfully with the

insane, yet some regulations have been found necessary, and these, being enacted by the government, form the code by which the relations of the insane with the other inhabitants are governed. This code is simple, easily comprehended, and adapted by its justness and fairness, to work beneficially for both parties.

The entire commune of Gheel is divided into four sections, and a physician is appointed for each, who has charge of the treatment, medical and general, of the lunatics in his section, making frequent reports to the medical inspector or head-physician of the commune, whose power over the insane and the families which receive them is almost absolute. This medical inspector may enter at any time of day or night, and without notice, any dwelling in the commune where the insane are kept, examine their rooms, bedding, and food, and inquire into the attendance they receive; hear complaints on either side, remove patients, deprive the housekeeper of his license or require him to furnish better accommodations. The poorer, the more infirm, imbecile or helpless a patient is, the stronger the claim he has upon the medical inspector. Such powers can only be safely delegated to men of great prudence, judgment, and humanity; and in this respect, the Belgian government have been singularly happy in their choice. Dr. Bulkins, the present inspector, and his predecessor, Dr. Parigot, are both admirably adapted to so delicate an office, and both have filled it with great success. It was my good fortune, at the time of my visit, to have letters to Dr. Bulkins, and to secure his services as my chaperone, in visiting this interesting community; and I can testify most heartily to his tact, patience, humanity, and impartiality in the discharge of his official duties. The sectional physicians at the time of my visit were Drs. Van Vetzen, Broechmans, De Backer and Verbist. Surgical diseases are not frequent, and Dr. Giroit officiated as surgeon for the whole commune.

There were at this time seven hundred and seventy-four insane persons in the commune, or about seven and three-fourths per cent of the entire population. The proportion, Dr. Bulkins informed me, had at one time been fully ten per cent, but since the erection of insane hospitals on improved plans in the larger cities of Belgium, the violent, dangerous, suicidal and homicidal cases were for the most part sent to those institutions, while quiet cases, especially if incurable, were forwarded to Gheel. This had operated to diminish their numbers about twenty per cent.

These seven hundred and seventy-four patients are distributed in nearly five hundred different dwellings, not quite one-half being in the city of Gheel, while the remainder are scattered through the commune. Except in very rare cases, no family is allowed to board more than four lunatics, and very many receive only one or two. The

regulations in regard to the food, clothing, furniture and room of the patients, are very strict. The utmost cleanliness is enforced. In summer, Dr. Bulkins said, the lunatic residents were not allowed to leave their domicile before six in the morning, or remain away from it later than eight P.M. In winter the hours were from eight A.M. to four P.M. No one is allowed to furnish them with any spirituous liquors; nor can the keeper of a cabaret supply refreshments, except to quiet, tranquil patients, whose names are recorded in his book. The householders licensed to receive lunatic boarders, are divided into two classes, the '*hosts*,' or those allowed to take patients paying at least five dollars per annum more than the indigent patients; and '*nourriciers*' or foster-fathers, who take charge of the pauper and indigent lunatics, receiving about forty-six or forty-seven dollars per annum, for their food, clothing and attention. Living is proverbially cheap in Belgium, especially among the laboring classes, but it is difficult to understand how it is possible to support an adult on this sum. It is true that some of the lunatics are both able and willing to work, and thus bring in considerable sums in aid of the families who take charge of them; but this is an item which cannot be reckoned upon beforehand, as the patients are given out in the order they are received, and the *nourricier* is as likely to receive a poor bed-ridden crone, as an active, capable man or woman. Yet the physicians were unanimous in saying that cases of neglect, and deprivation of suitable food or clothing, were exceedingly rare. Indeed, it was the general rule, that among these families of *nourriciers*, if there was a necessity for pinching economy any where, it was practised in the family, and not on the patient. The wife wore her cloak, though old and shabby, or the husband his blouse, a year longer, that the lunatic might have a new and warm jacket or petticoat; if there was any thing beyond the common fare upon the table, the lunatic was first served, and then the others, if any was left.

About one-half of the whole number are classed as working at some employment; of these, a large proportion are women. The other half are either unable or unwilling to work. About one-sixteenth of the whole number are classed as rich patients, and pay from eighty to two hundred and forty dollars per annum. The indigent patients are about two-fifths of the whole, and the remainder or middle class pay from fifty-five to sixty dollars per annum.

Three hundred and fifty of the whole were affected by mania in some form, sixty were melancholic, fifty-one epileptic, two hundred and sixty-five demented.

Having obtained these statistics, I went with Dr. Bulkins, at his request, on one of his rounds, to observe for myself the condition of the insane, and the results of a mode of treatment varying so greatly

from that in vogue in the insane hospitals. As he purposed visiting the remoter districts of the commune, he ordered his carriage, and entering it, drove with me to one of the most barren and lonely portions of the Campine, some two leagues or more from Gheel. Our first call was to be at an isolated cottage on the highest part of this moor; but some time before we reached it we met a gray-haired lunatic, the solitary boarder at this cottage, Dr. Bulkins said, who, with bare head, and his long locks flying in the wind, was gesticulating furiously, and occasionally uttering cries and howls in a most stentorian voice.

‘He imagines himself,’ said the doctor, ‘to be Napoleon, and he is giving his orders to his troops who are gathered for the battle of Waterloo. He is one of our noisest patients, and on this plain he can have full scope for the exercise of his lungs, without disturbing any one.’

‘Is he not dangerous and violent to others?’ I asked.

‘Not at all,’ was the reply, ‘as you shall see for yourself. Yon little child has been sent after him; see how easily he will control him.’

The child whom the doctor pointed out, was a rosy-cheeked, bare-legged little urchin of perhaps half-a-dozen summers, and as the lunatic was giving the word of command to his imaginary legions to wheel and charge in battalions, the little fellow plucked the skirt of his blouse, and whispered a few words in his ear, when, presto, change! the *soi-distant* emperor was transformed into a quiet, humble, shame-faced man, who with shambling step and downcast eye, suffered the boy to lead him to the cottage.

‘A little child shall lead them,’ said the doctor, as he turned to me, smiling.

We alighted at the cottage; every thing was very plain, and the cottagers were evidently poor; but the best room in the house was the lunatic’s, and its snow-white cupboard and benches, and its nicely sanded floor, gave evidence of the neatness of the cottager’s wife.

‘Who have the principal charge of the lunatics in-doors?’ I asked.

‘The women and children for the most part,’ was the reply. ‘When very violent, the men are sometimes, though rarely, asked to help, but there are very few women in the commune who are not competent to manage even the most turbulent, and generally they succeed much better than the men. They possess more tact and adaptation to the work. Our women are usually very amiable, and centuries of experience have given them a skill in the management of the insane you will seldom meet elsewhere.’

We drove next to a small hamlet where there were ten or twelve insane persons. On our way we met two young men, with their legs tied loosely together with thongs.

'That,' said the doctor, 'is to prevent them from running away.'

'What hinders their taking them off, if they wish to escape?' I asked.

'Nothing except a bit of superstition. The thongs are put on with a ceremony which invests them with a sort of sacredness, in their view, and they never take them off themselves.'

'Do you have many escapes?'

'Very few; only eleven last year, and most of those did not go far. As the householders lose their pay from the day the patient escapes, and can get no more patients till his return, they are usually successful in bringing them back very soon.'

'How many,' I asked, 'are under restraint of any description?'

'Only about thirty of the whole number in the commune.'

'And what are your restraints?'

'The thongs, as you have seen, the camisole, and strapping the arms back at the elbows, so as to prevent them from striking others.'

'No chains?'

'Not now; formerly they were thought necessary, but we are very thoroughly converted to the system of non-restraint.'

As we alighted from the carriage, a lunatic was carrying in his arms a pretty little girl of two or three years, with whose prattle he seemed greatly delighted.

'That man,' said the doctor, 'is subject to violent paroxysms of mania, during which he destroys furniture and clothing, and is really dangerous. Formerly we should have chained him; and even since he came here, the *paysan* with whom he lives was seriously bruised in the attempt to subdue him in one of these paroxysms; but the sight of that child, and permission to take it in his arms, quiets him at once.'

'But is there not,' I asked, 'danger to the child in trusting her in the hands of such a maniac?'

'I think not,' he answered, 'in this case. When a lunatic manifests a dislike for a child, (a very rare circumstance,) they should never be left alone together. We had a painful incident, resulting in the death of a little child some nine or ten years ago; but there the lunatic, who was of a very jealous temper, had conceived a hatred for the child.'

'Have you had no other misfortunes arising from this perfect freedom in which the lunatics are indulged?' I inquired.

'One only. In 1845 the burgomaster of Gheel was assassinated by a lunatic, whom he had needlessly irritated. The man professed to be a physician, and went about the country, gathering up herbs and simples, with which he concocted nauseous doses, which some of the *paysans* were foolish enough to take. The burgomaster was a druggist, and partly, I presume, from professional jealousy, and partly, possi-

bly, from the love of teasing, he ridiculed the lunatic before a crowd of people, calling him a quack and a swindler, and forbidding him to pretend to practise any more. The man was very angry and much excited, and soon after, meeting the burgomaster alone, he plunged a knife into his breast.'

'Do you not find inconvenience and crime the result of the familiar acquaintance of lunatics of the two sexes?'

'Far less than among the sane. There have been only four cases of sexual crime in seven years.'

'Mrs. —,' said the doctor to a comely matron of fifty, in the next cottage we entered, 'the friends of Lacordaire have lost very heavily by the flood, and write me that they can allow but two hundred and fifty francs a year for his support hereafter. I will send him to Henri, (a *nourricier* who had applied for another patient,) and give you Colonel Minot, who has just come, and whose friends are willing to pay a high price for having him well attended.'

A tear started in the good woman's eye.

'Doctor,' said she, 'I cannot give up Lacordaire; he has been with me fifteen years, and, helpless as he is, I love him like a brother. I will keep him at the reduced price.'

'Well, well,' said the Doctor, in his brisk way, 'we will arrange it some how; for I have told Colonel Minot's friends that you will take him, which gave them great satisfaction.'

'I cannot do it, if I must in consequence give up Lacordaire,' said the matron decidedly.

As we left the house, Dr. Bulkins said to me: 'This is a not unfrequent occurrence. Our people very often become much attached to the patients, and most strongly, I think, to the helpless ones.'

'As we rode slowly over the Campine, we saw considerable numbers of the male patients in the fields, laboring quite actively, and through the open windows of the cottages I noticed women, whom the Doctor informed me, were lunatics, sewing, knitting, performing household duties, or still oftener, taking care of young children.

'Nothing,' said Dr. B., 'exerts a more powerful influence on our lunatics, than the presence of children. They become quiet at once under the magnetism of the eye and voice of a child.'

I inquired the number of recoveries.

'The per-centage is not large,' said the Doctor sadly; 'from seven to ten per cent is all that we can report. It should be considered, however, that most of our cases are chronic, and would generally be pronounced incurable when they come here. I think our success is about as good as that of hospitals for incurables generally.'

'And the deaths?' I asked.

'About the same per-centage as the recoveries. Our patients gen-

erally live longer here than the same class in the hospitals, in consequence of being so much in the open air. Some of them die at a great age ; but general paralysis is here, as every where else, in the treatment of the insane, a formidable, frequent, and fatal disease.'

We had now returned to the city, and as we passed a commodious brick building, 'That,' said the Doctor, 'is our Music-Hall, at which such of our patients as are musically inclined hold reunions occasionally. The plan of these reunions was suggested by one of our patients, who had been an eminent violinist, and who succeeded in organizing a musical association here.'

At a cabaret near by, a company of aged men, all lunatics, the Doctor said, were quietly playing at dominoes. We reached the doctor's office but a few minutes before the omnibus started for Herenthals to meet the Antwerp train ; and I was consequently obliged to bid my courteous entertainer a hasty adieu, and soon after to take my last look upon the pleasant little city of Gheel, and its colony of lunatics.

LINES : 'IF I DIE EARLY.'

I.

If I die early, bury me
Where the warm sun is shining clearly,
No marble and no willow tree,
If I die early.

II.

In some still spot I used to know,
Where the blue violets love to grow,
It will be sweet to slumber so,
If I die early.

III.

If I die early, think of me,
As one escaped from care and sorrow,
Who watched but one short hour to see
The shining morrow.

IV.

There sometimes let your footsteps rove,
Look up in the calm sky above,
And, smiling, thank the God of Love,
That I died early.

U N D E R T H E M O O N .

Under the chill December moon

Are crimes, wild revels, and slumbers sweet :
There are hearts that mourn some dear hope's doom,
And pulses that to joy-bells beat.

Under the moon, a white corpse lies,
With softly-falling and golden hair ;
With pale lids over the clouded eyes,
And folded hands on a bosom fair ;
On a maiden bosom cold and calm,
White in the chill moon's frosty glow,
Under the rigid and icy palm,
Rosy and round in the last year's snow :
White is the curtain's sweeping fall,
The drapery of the couch is white ;
Spotless the shroud and the heavy pall —
Under the moon is a corpse to-night !

Under the moon is a bride to-night :
With lips of glowing and maiden bloom,
And eyes outshining the torches bright
That glitter around the festal room :
Smiling she draws the curtains aside,
The velvet curtains of crimson hue.
While silver-crowned in her royal pride,
The full moon sits in the frosty blue ;
And 'Look, dear love,' she says to the groom,
With smiles and blushes upon her brow,
'Strangers we, in the last year's moon,
Solemnly plighted and wedded now.'
He softly smiles on his blushing bride,
But in his eyes creeps a shadowy gloom,
And turning a troubled face aside,
He dares not look on the winter moon.

The night grows late : they pass the wine ;
They drink the health of the 'happy pair,'
Bright as her eyes, the jewels shine
In the fair bride's wavy and raven hair.
But the bridegroom groweth still and pale,
He shades his face with its mantling gloom,
And from his heart of hearts, a wail
Goes up to the mocking winter moon.
He too remembers the last year's snow,
And other lips of as fresh a bloom.
Eyes that sparkled a year ago,
Clouded and pale, under this year's moon.

R E M E M B R A N C E S .

I.

GOING BACK AGAIN.

DESECRATED by a rail-road entering the village close by the identical stream where I used to catch minnows with a pin-hook — new houses and new faces at the station — not the old houses with their steep roofs, but new-fashioned ones, with piazzas round them; I am on the sunny side of the cars, and have kept the blinds down till now, but something tells me we are nearing the village of boyhood, and as we 'slow,' I raise the blind. There's the same turn in the road, I remember that; but how small the old church looks with its open belfry! Can that be the same belfry where the swallows nested, and where we used to try and throw stones? It looks as though one might toss a stone there now. And there, in the distance, is the old house; even that looks small. And there's the hill we used to slide down in the winter-time, always warned to be careful. I wonder how a boy's sled could go down such a hill, though perhaps it has been graded. But the whistle sounds, and I am whirled by all the old familiar places, and go on dreaming of the boyhood's days passed away forever.

We have crossed a new bridge over the river, and that river divides my childhood from my manhood.

There are church spires in the distance, and I shade my eyes from the glistening steeples. We are passing along roads lined with elms; twenty minutes only, since I left my boyhood's home, and now standing on the very pavements where, in the former days, all my manhood burst upon me.

I must stop here awhile; there is something sacred here. As I go up the street a home feeling comes over me. I seem to know every one I meet, and yet know no one; they are all strange faces, and yet are the type of the former time. I think I know where they are going — down to the office yonder for letters. I draw my hat closer over my eyes; there is a struggle coming soon. I pass an alley-way leading from the street, and look up to an old, familiar window, but some one has put up a tall building in the rear, and the window is shut out. I am not sorry for it. The struggle is put off a little time, and the great sorrow lifted for a moment, but only to come thicker and darker as I turn the corner; and the old green, with its churches and its trees, bursts on me. I must stop here — here in front of the house which I could not see from the alley-way. I wish it was night, that I might go up and kneel on those steps, and be left there a little while alone. It was just there, between those two windows, that we stood,

she beautiful in her innocence, and I strong in my manhood. Even now can I see the man of God taking one step forward, joining our hands and saying: 'Those whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder.' I remember the beautiful roses in her head-dress, but visions come to me of stiff, cold japonicas laid round her pale face in the winter time.

I go on to my old boarding-place. I put my face against the window-pane and strive to forget; but how can I, while the same chapel-bell yonder is ringing hurriedly, and the same students rushing across the green. I am all lost in thought, when some one touches me on the arm. 'Do you wish dinner, sir?' I ought to know that voice, but not that gray hair. I tell him I will wait for tea. He turns to go, but I call him back. He recognizes me; he talks of old times. He is the man who used to make the fires in the house, but he has a heart. He asks about my wife, and I tell him about the japonicas, and the old man goes away sorrowful because he can give no comfort. I remember him afterward as the one friend left to me in the city where aforetime I knew so many.

I am hurried along again in the train, and I feel that I am alone in the world. The spring-time has been, and the summer, and now to me all is cold, dreary winter-time; and yet the spring-time of nature is once more bursting on me. The buds are all swollen on the trees off which we two picked the fruit last summer. I have taken the straw off the roses in front of the house — she saw them covered in the fall-time — and though the same flowers may bloom there as fresh and beautiful, yet other hands shall tend them. The same seed she gathered will soon be planted, but she will not see their blooming. Yet, why should I sorrow for the future? She died with flowers in her hand, and looking on the flower-cross hung upon her foot-board — gazing on that with her soft eyes of love — she told us of visions of beautiful flowers in the land whither she was hastening, where there was neither summer nor winter, day nor night, but all things were illumined by the effulgent glory of God.

We have a vault in the city, deep down under the ground, where coffins are laid on shelves like merchandise. And here, in the country, we have a beautiful grave-yard, where the grass grows green and the birds sing in the summer-time. So, because she loved flowers, we buried her here in the country; and in a few days, now, I shall take my little girls up, and they will plant roses there, 'because mother loved them,' and because she died folding her hands so peacefully, and looking on the flower-cross.

II.

THE DOG, THE SEXTON, AND THE DRIVE.

I HAVE just come from there. The grass is beginning to look green, and the old sexton was sodding the new graves made in the winter-time. No one went with me—only the dog she used to love, the same one she brought up in the cars with her, the same one that we called away from her door the night before the japonicas were laid about her.

The poor dog had never been up to the cemetery before; but when I opened the iron gate, and went into the inclosure, he came close in behind, and as I stood by the earth mound and raised my hat, he lay 'close down,' and knew as well as I did what the long heap of earth meant; and, with his head between his paws, perhaps he thought of all the kindnesses of his old mistress, and all the many times his rough head had been patted with soft hands, and all the gentle words that had been spoken to him.

'Soft hands shall no more stroke you, my faithful Watch; her gentle voice will no more call you from the river in the summer-time, as it was wont to do when you swam so far away with the stick the little children threw you. Poor dog! you and I are getting old together.'

I kneel down. Watch comes nearer to me—he looks up in my face. I know what he would say, if he could: 'We, who are left, will be faithful to one another—you and I, *and the little children.*'

I meet the old sexton down by the gate yonder, and he tells me it is hardly time to put the sods on yet. He is waiting for the grass to grow a little more. He wants green sods for young graves. The old man says something about putting down the tomb-stones, but the words seem harsh to me. He talks of it as a business thing. All my heart comes up in my throat. I leave the old man, and Watch and I go home together.

The house-blinds are all open again—they were shut tight only a few days ago—but no gay, pleasant voice welcomes us on the door-sill, as it used to do in former time. Inside there is a strange smell, as if the painter had been there. There is a little room at the end of the hall, but they keep the door shut, because the strange smell seems to come stronger when it is open.

I have come up early from the city to-day. The little children are delighted because there is a carriage and two white horses in front of the gate. They are going up to see where mamma is, and to take the rose-bushes. We go up together. Every thing is done in silence;

but when the roses are all planted, a child's face looks up to mine and says: 'Papa, I know whose grave this is; it is mamma's. But whose grave is that with the tall tower on it over there?' I tell her that is some one else's grave, and ask her: 'Where is mamma?' A little while she looks on the earth-mound; then, glancing upward, points with her hand, and says: 'Mamma is in the sky, papa.'

The little girls and I go away together, and they are glad to see the horses and carriage again; and while I am filled with sorrow, they, in their pure young girlhood, are trying to settle between them whether the horses are gray horses or white, and whether, if they asked papa, he would take them a longer drive, down under the aqueduct, and along the stream where the mill-wheels are all the while making such a pleasant noise. So we go down there, and see the same wheels going round that *she* and I saw last summer, and the same great mass of foam snuggling itself up close by the mill.

The little children are glad to see the white foam breaking away and dancing down along the ripples; but to me, older than they, it brings sad meaning — it looks like the snow-white shroud they wrapped her in; and the little flakes floating down look like the white japonicas I have told you about.

A vision comes to me now. Though I see it not, yet a gentle hand is laid upon my shoulder, and a voice comes comforting me: 'She whom thou lovest is even now walking close by that river which flows by the throne of God.'

And I feel calmer and better for what the voice has told me; but the memory of the prayer I once offered comes back to me, and I repeat it over.

The little children come away from the carriage-window and sit down by me, and I tell them what I once asked for mamma, long ago, before they were born.

Life's sun-light is bright to the soul of my youth,
 But shadows are lying before, in the way;
 And as Time hurries on (I ween it is truth)
 The sun-light will fade, but the shadow will stay.
 But Thou who hast promised to answer the prayer
 Of all who may ask, for the sake of Thy Son,
 With heart of a sinner, O God! may I dare,
 To think that in mercy Thou 'lt grant me this one?
 Then spare *her*, oh! spare *her* — that beautiful one!
 Bow *me* to the dust 'neath the stroke of Thy rod;
 But from sorrow and grief, for sake of Thy Son,
 Preserve *her*, the gentle one, merciful God!

There are shadows in the carriage, and the little children do n't

look any more out at the window ; but they keep close by me till we three go together into the house, hand-in-hand. Then we see glimpses of sun-shine coming in at the western window and playing on the parlor-floor ; and my heart is strengthened, because the little girls tell me all is bright sun-light where mamma is.

III.

SHADOWS: TAKING THE DEED: TWILIGHT.

Yes, my little girls, all may be 'bright where mamma is;' but when the warm sun comes and makes every thing grow so beautifully, there will be shadows cast by long, rank grass on mamma's grave, and there will be shadows on her vacant chair in the evening-time.

I look out again at the western window, and watch the sloops gliding so pleasantly along ; but now and then, when I see one coming down on the other side, and hovering under the great Palisades yonder, she seems freighted with shadows, and to be sailing there only to remind me how little way apart are the shadows and sun-light of life. Yet I remember that 'clouds have a silver lining ; and when the little voice says, 'Papa, see what a beautiful sloop!' the shadow is lifted, and the silver lining comes, for the face upturned to mine seems dancing in the sun-light.

The children thought mamma had only gone away for a little while, and would come back again. Their voices sounded out as happy as in the former time. They played with the same little girls, told over the same stories mamma taught them, and seemed to wait for her coming ; but now, since they have been up to plant the rose-bushes, they know what the great pile of earth means, and the white stones with the black letters on them ; and the two voices spelling it out tell me 'that was mamma's name, and some day we will go and see her, but she will not come home again.'

So, the sloops glide along ; the green leaves grow apace ; the buds burst into blossoms, and all the many voices of spring are saying : 'The summer will come again.' But not again to me, voices of spring — not again to me — save only there may be comfort in the opening blossoms of the youth-time of my little children.

I have staid at home again to-day, and have just come from the village, where I have been to consummate the purchase of the plot of ground in the cemetery twenty-five feet square. I must have a neat railing put round it, and plant more flowers. The plat is large enough, and yet I sometimes wonder if I could ever bear to see a little grave snuggling itself down close beside the one the sexton has just done sodding to-day.

Do you know there is something very sad in the purchase of a burial-place? Very few ever think of buying the little plat in the cemetery before the necessity comes. But then, how dear the place seems to you! How willingly you pay your money for it! How firm you clutch your deed, and read over its long form of words to see if any are omitted! What a *consciousness of ownership* one has, as he opens the iron gate, and goes in where the mounds are! The ownership of houses and lands is nothing to it. There is a sacredness about the plat in the cemetery. Those who come after you will respect it; no stranger will intermeddle with it. It is yours—all yours. You have a family burial-place. Then, at the coming of the summons, when you shall lie down in your darkly-curtained room, with the great sun-light shut out; when—if you chance to live in the city yonder—the straw shall be scattered in front of your dwelling, and the hum in the street fall with a deadened sound upon your ear; in that hour the bright visions of those who have gone before, will bring calmly to mind the hillocks and white stones in your little inclosure, and you shall pass away with the sweet, consoling thought: ‘There will I be buried also.’

Yet voices have been calling to me since I bought the little spot of ground; they have been always saying: ‘Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.’ They have been telling of crushed hopes, of strong love-bonds broken asunder, of the uselessness of making a struggle without an object; and now almost the voices have persuaded me. But no; the voices of my little children are in my ear; the sound comes up through the open window. They are playing about the grass, so fresh and green after the shower of yesterday. One of them runs into the house for something forgotten. I stop and tell her she is a beautiful angel; and she runs away with my kiss, full of happiness. Then the voice comes in again at the window, and I hear it saying, ‘Sister, papa says I am an angel; but I do n’t think I am as beautiful as the angels where mamma is;’ and all my spirit yearns within me toward my two little girls.

The air is calm and still. The sun-light comes playfully in upon the carpet. Evening songs are sung by the voices of birds. The sun goes away over the Palisades, and the breeze of evening brings through the window the sweet smell of the apple-blossoms. The two little girls, hand in hand, come in together, and I, secure in their double love, sit down between them, and tell them of the other land, where it is always summer-time and sun-shine. So the twilight darkens round us, and, with their little heads resting on my shoulders, they pass away into dreams of mamma; while the faithful dog, looking up, seems to be saying over again: ‘You and I and the little girls will love one another.’

B L I N D N E S S .

I.

Oh! where is the place of our rest?
I have heard its low music afar :
From the place of our rest, and the land of the blest,
Like the sounds that might drop from a star.

II.

I have caught a green glimpse of its trees ;
And the waters that sung in their shade :
The bird-haunted trees, flowing back from the breeze ,
'T was the music I heard which they made.

III.

But those woods leaning over their streams,
Of late I have sought them in vain :
And the glorious streams that I saw in my dreams,
I never shall see them again !

IV.

For that was in times passed away,
When my heart it was younger than now :
In the times passed away, like a spring-weather day,
With a sun-set of gold on its brow.

V.

There were hopes that have gone on before,
And loves that I thought would remain :
The hopes gone before, to that mystical shore,
And the loves that will come not again !

VI.

But my eyes they are blinded by sin,
And sorrow has lain on my breast ;
And sorrow and sin, they cannot enter in,
To that beautiful land of our rest.

VII.

Oh! where is the place of our rest?
My sight shall I ever regain ?
And the place of our rest, that Land of the Blest,
Shall I ever behold it again ?

'THE SON OF THE MAN.'

REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON THE SECOND.

UNTIL my visit to Europe a few years ago, I was a firm believer in the stories that were in circulation regarding the cruel treatment of the son of the great Napoleon by the Austrians. A hurried visit to Vienna enabled me to correct these impressions, and threw new and more favorable light upon the history, talents and ambition of this interesting young prince.

I was waiting one morning very patiently at the Hotel Munich in Vienna, for the arrival of my cicerone Max, of whose ability, honesty, and large experience the loquacious little landlord had been discoursing at great length. I had but a few days to scour the city in sight-seeing, and I desired the leadership of one whose comprehensive and discriminating knowledge of localities would enable him to concentrate my labor to a good purpose. Soon Max arrived. In outward appearance he was as finished a gentleman as one could desire to see. He evidently understood the influence of first impressions. His dress was faultless, and there was an air of quiet, elegant ease about him, reminding me very much of the well-known Henry Wickoff so strangely associated with the annals of English and American diplomacy. Max spoke English almost faultlessly, an accomplishment that I learned afterwards he had acquired while serving in the capacity of valet to an English nobleman in London, where he had resided several years. It did not take me long to arrange with this elegant personage the fees of office, which to my surprise were much more reasonable than I had a right to expect, from the proverbial character of Austrian guides for extortion.

Our first visit was to the subterranean chambers under the Church of the Capuchins, where the embalmed and buried majesties of the house of Hapsburg repose *without their bowels*, as all the interior arrangements of Austrian royalty, hermetically sealed in silver vases, find a resting-place in the Church of St. Augustine, or in the Cathedral of St. Stephen's, the heart and entrails being equally divided between them. In these vaults below the Church of the Capuchins, are the ninety-three imperial coffins, some of silver and some of bronze. Nothing in the way of a mausoleum could be finer than the bronze tomb erected in one of the vaulted chambers by the celebrated Maria Theresa for her husband, and within which she herself was afterward entombed. It is an immense sarcophagus of bronze, ornamented at the sides with raised work of pure silver representing the principal incidents of their lives. The half-reclining figures in bronze of the

royal pair upon the top, are most beautiful, and characterized by a sharpness of outline and elegance of finish not surpassed by any of modern execution. They are portrait-statues; and that noble presence and majestic look of the Empress, once so proverbial throughout Europe, are here most admirably preserved. A large medal of solid gold presenting the classic profile of one of her daughters, ornaments the foot of the tomb. This sarcophagus stands upon a lofty pedestal in the centre of this vaulted chamber, while round it, in decent order placed, are the bronze coffins of their children and grandchildren. In the next crypt lie Francis of Austria and his Empress, the parents of Maria Louisa, in a large bronze sarcophagus; while near upon the floor of the vault, may be seen the bronze coffins of Napoleon's second Empress, and that child of such brilliant hopes, but such unhappy destiny, the son of Napoleon, he who was to sustain the reputation of that house which 'the Rodolph of his race' had founded. Strange that the blood of the injured, insulted and persecuted Josephine should now quicken the pulses of him who at this moment occupies that throne, to obtain an heir for which she was so ruthlessly and cruelly thrust aside to make room for a daughter of the house of Hapsburg Lorraine. That Empress and her son both die exiles from France, while the grandson of the despised Josephine, and if rumor lies not, with not one drop of the Napoleon blood in his veins, now wields the sceptre of Napoleon, and restores the ancient glories of the name. Who shall say that God is not just, or that there is no Nemesis in history?

It was over the bronze coffin of 'this son of so many hopes, and of whose life the world seems to know as little as that of the famed 'Iron Mask,' that I learned from Max the following interesting incidents. I had spoken quite severely of the unnatural cruelty with which the young prince had been treated by those who were so nearly allied to him, when I was met by the indignant protest of Max, who denounced all these reports as the sheerest fabrications.

'He came to the halls of his maternal ancestors after the downfall of his father,' said my informant, 'with his education to be commenced and his character moulded. Of course it was the desire of his grandfather that he should be educated as a German prince, and if he manifested, as he grew older, any enthusiasm for the military spirit, it should be encouraged; but still it was held to be good policy to keep him dis severed from all communication or connection with the political agitators of France.

'When I first saw the Prince, his frame had all the slenderness and fragility of infancy. There was a paleness of the cheek, and a languor in the expression of his eye that clearly indicated great delicacy of

constitution. At the time I first saw him, he was just springing into manhood, and took the greatest delight in military exercises, of which he was extravagantly fond, and in which he attained great proficiency. His strict and unremitting attention to his military duties, soon devoured his strength, and it was during the last month of his life, while sinking beneath the ravages of his disease, that I was called upon to attend him as his body-servant, and often did I wheel him about in his garden-chair among the leafy glades and quiet solitudes of Schönbrunn, attending him until he breathed his last in the same apartment that his father occupied when flushed with the glories of the conquest of Vienna. It was a cruel story; the Napoleonists circulated over Europe that the young Prince was poisoned by the order of his grandfather. Never did I behold such affection as that which existed between the aged Francis and his grandson. Never did a day pass during the last year of the grandson's life, when time could be spared from his duties, that his grandfather was not by his side for hours, lavishing on him the most endearing epithets, and the most devoted attention. The Prince was evidently very fond of his grandfather, and often used to speak of his affectionate attentions with tears in his eyes. I have said that he took great delight in military exercises. It was on the tenth of June, 1831, that the Prince was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and took the command of the Hungarian regiment then in garrison at Vienna. I was present with an immense crowd, who had come out from the city to witness the parade that was to inaugurate the event. It was very evident to all when he made his first appearance, that death would soon claim him for his own. He could hardly sit upright on his horse, but there was a fire in his eye, and a wonderful strength in the tones of his voice, that evinced how great the struggle was that his pride and will were making against his physical weakness. In him every thing announced the incipient symptoms of that fell disease which attacks more particularly the sensitive and the beautiful, and while the eye beams with fire, and the cheek glows with rosy freshness, is insidiously undermining health, and slowly but surely gnawing at the vitals. I heard Doctor Malgatti on this occasion, shortly after the drill, say to the Prince quite earnestly: 'Monsieur, I desire you to remember that you have a will of iron in a body of glass, and this indulgence of yours in such active exercise must in the end prove fatal.' The next day Malgatti considered it his duty to make a representation on the state of the Duke's health. Both patient and physician the day after were summoned into the imperial presence. Malgatti repeated his statement. The Emperor then turned to the young Prince and said: 'You will repair immediately to Schönbrunn.' The Prince bowed respectfully, but as he was raising his head, he gave a glance of ex-

cessive indignation toward the physician, and said in a low earnest tone, 'It is you who have put me under arrest,' then hurried away. It was but a few weeks after this, that I was called upon to attend him amid the quiet walks and pleasant retreats of Schönbrunn. The progress of his disease was most singularly rapid, being of that kind known as galloping consumption: but as each day I wheeled him about the grounds, and was an eye-witness to his patient endurance, his almost womanly gentleness, and fascinating affability of manner, my feelings of attachment for him grew stronger and stronger, so that when the destroyer claimed him, and his eyelids closed in death, I felt that I had lost my dearest friend, and wept like a child. I never observed his resemblance to his father so striking as it was a few hours after death, when he was laid out in his coffin. The face, as it often does in death, went back in its outline to the resemblance to the great Emperor, which when a child in his cradle was said to have been so remarkable.

'He was passionately fond of reading every thing pertaining to the history of his illustrious parent, and had read almost every thing that had been written concerning him. He had accumulated a perfect library, in every language, of biographies of Napoleon, with treatises on all his important battles. To Prince Metternich he is said to have often remarked: 'The essential object of my life should be, not to make myself unworthy of the glory of my distinguished father. I hope to be able to reach this point, and must try to appropriate his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks upon which he was shattered.'

'One morning a short time before his death, while I was wheeling him about the grounds, he said to me: 'Max, my good fellow, how I abominate this wretched body that thus sinks under my will.' As he said this, there was a fire in his eye, and a compression about the lips that reminded me strongly of the first Emperor. The burden of his conversation while I was with him was about his father and his campaigns, and he would converse about them without showing any signs of weariness, whereas upon any other subject he soon became listless and fatigued. One morning in speaking of Waterloo, he said: 'I have often wondered my father did not follow the advice of my uncle and perish there at the head of his guards; what a glorious death this would have been, and what a magnificent close to his brilliant career! Ah! those perfidious English; why could they not have treated him with that magnanimity with which I know he would have treated their great Wellington, had the fortune of war thrown him into my father's hands?'

'His familiarity with every incident in his father's life was perfectly marvellous, and it was to me a constant source of delight to hear him

expatiate upon the great conceptions of Napoleon, and listen to his well-digested and appreciative criticisms upon some of his military achievements. He appeared to be perfectly familiar with the locality of every battle-field where his father's eagles had witnessed triumph or defeat : while his knowledge of the prominent traits distinguishing each of the Marshals by whom his father was surrounded, exhibited what application he had brought to bear upon this his favorite study. The last week of his life that he was able to take exercise in the open air, he appeared contrary to the usual impressions produced by this insidious disease, to be impressed with the belief that he was soon to die : but his only anxiety about a future state seemed to rest upon the doubt that sometimes haunted him, as to whether he should be able to recognize his father in the other world. He indulged in curious speculations as to his father's employment in a future state, whether he would find a field for the exercise of his military genius ; and frequently repeated the German poem that gives permanency to the superstition of the old soldiers of the empire, that the good Emperor reappears at midnight on the anniversary of his birth, to hold a review ; and more particularly would he repeat, and that with emphatic delight, the verses :

- 'And when midnight robes the sky,
The Emperor leaves his tomb,
And rides along, surrounded by
His shadowy staff, in the gloom.
- 'A silver star so bright,
Is glittering on his breast ;
In a uniform of blue and white,
And a gray camp-cloak he is dressed.
- 'The moon-beams shine afar,
On the various marshaled groups,
As 'The Man' with the glittering silver star
Proceeds to review his troops.
- 'In files the troops advance,
And then are no longer seen :
The challenging watch-word given is '*France*,
The answer is St. Helène.'

'The two last verses seemed to be great favorites with him, and he repeated them with a spirit and an energy that was delightful to listen to, and would have filled the soul of the author with rapture.'

In alluding to Maria Louisa, Max said that her attentions were unremitting during her son's illness, and he breathed his last sigh in her arms ; but that she always appeared to him as very indifferent to the memory of her distinguished husband, an indifference clearly mani-

fested by her second marriage with one very inferior to herself in rank, and possessing no attractions, either of mind or person.

My informant ceased his interesting narrative, and we continued for some time wandering through this subterranean city of dead kings, queens, and princes, every now and then reading some familiar historic name upon the coffin's lid that brought up memories of mailed knights and warrior-kings in battle slain, or dying by the assassin's knife, the strangling cord or the poisoned bowl. It was the very spot where one, like Skakspeare's unhappy king, might have told

'SAD stories of the death of kings:

How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed.'

I emerged from the damp vaults of the Capuchins with new and more agreeable impressions of the son of the great Napoleon, and with more charitable notions concerning some of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine now mouldering there.

The life of him who in his cradle had been saluted with the title of King of Rome, was brief; but brief as it was, it served as a most withering satire upon human ambition. He will simply be regarded in history as *le fils de l'homme*, and as such let him rest, the last victim to the restless ambition of Napoleon the Great.

THE SHADOW UPON SUNNYSIDE.

'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari Capitis.'

O EARTH, Earth! sorrowing by the solstice glide,
The heavens have 'reft thee of a darling pride,
And an immortal element so rare,
It seemed the very soul of sun and air,
Whose gentle glory, every thing it kissed,
Tipped with a tinting of Auroral mist:
Sweet soul of IRVING! charity and cheer!
Divine quintessence of the smile and tear!
Oh! wail and weep the tears of MEMORY;
Earth, clad in mourning, claim thy legacy!

I L I O N .

THERE are two periods to which the mind of reflective man continuously reverts in his unquenching thirst after the knowledge from which his original progenitor was excluded on account of his weakness and proneness to disobedience; the distant Past, the uncertain Future. Helpless, hopeless, and despondent in the latter, he directs his anxious thoughts to the only source left him, to that other period which is so full of rich experience to the seeker after knowledge. In it only does he find facts on which to depend, like so many rounds in the ladder of improvement, in which to ascend once more to the original state.

Wide as may be the chasm separating the beautiful from the good, the imaginary from the true, the inspirations of the poet from the conclusions of the historian, the former only bear the test of time in the ratio of their truthfulness to nature, and to those certain and unbending laws which possess an attractive influence upon mankind, leading onward and upward to their great omnipotent Source. All before him is a thickening mist, inviting yet receding, like the figure of the guardian angel in the picture of life. When he looks behind him downward into the depths of the Past, invoking the spirits of the long since dead, and, as it were, imploring the aid and benefit of their attainments, like the ghost conjured by Macbeth, they rise up to warn, as well as to reveal.

Of the various localities, celebrated as much by the perceptions of the poet as by the real occurrences in which man has acted his part on our little globe, there are none perhaps more worthy of the footsteps of his successors than Ilion. Notwithstanding that every trace of his deeds has long since been obliterated, and nothing now remains to verify the tale of the past, but the landmarks of nature, forming as it were the outlines of the picture so vividly, so undyingly, drawn by the imagination of Homer, with the *Iliad* as a guide, the whole tragic scene is readily called up before the mental vision of the visitor, who, like an ardent pilgrim to the shrine of his devotions, finds inspiration from the hallowed soil, over which his steps are bent.

While it cannot be doubted that the various and eminent beauties of nature which surround the Ilion of Priam; the open sea, with its lovely isles, the coast not high enough for sublimity, but sufficiently so for beauty; the receding plain, the gently rising hills, and the more distant, lofty mountains of the Idean range, must have had their due weight in the source from which he drew his ever-to-be-admired inspirations; yet how seldom has the poet alluded to them. With the tenderest expressions of natural emotion, and the most vivid repre-

sentations of human passion, nature was considered by Homer but an accessory ; and it is in space, as well as time, that the visitor finds inaccuracies in his delineations. Human figures and human actions are almost exclusively his theme.

Iliou certainly occupied one of the most remarkable localities on the face of the globe. Around it had occurred some of the greatest acts in the drama of human existence. Syria, Egypt, Greece, were close by it, and the finest Archipelago lay spread before it. The genius of the ancient Greek extended to the whole country around it, and the highest intelligence of man gave vitality to Asia Minor, then the garden of the world.

Travellers from Europe, when visiting the Troad, used to sail along the coast from Smyrna, and after passing Lesbos and the Gulf of Adrymit, and the promontory of Assos, land somewhere near the ruins of Alexander Troas, which they often mistook for Troy itself. Steam was then not much in use, and either the visit had to be limited to a few hours' duration, or the visitor, after a longer stay, continued on his way to Stamboul by land to the Dardanelles, Galipoli, Rodosto, etc. Now, the usual manner of visiting Iliou is to land from a steamer at the Dardanelles, and thence proceed along the Trojan coast to that part which is nearest the site of that celebrated spot, and so, after a couple of hours' ride to cross the plain near the Scamander, and thus attain the object of the pilgrimage. Another way is to procure horses at the Dardanelles, and ride over a varied route, in nearly a direct line, across the country in a south-east direction to the site of Homer's Iliou. The latter, though the most laborious, is perhaps the most instructive and interesting, as it leads the visitor over many hallowed spots of ancient lore. He may then return in a boat along the coast.

For thirty or forty miles around the plain of Troy, every step is fruitful in historic or classic recollections. From the 'broad Hellespont,' as you sail along the coast, your eye fondly rests upon such places as Orphymium, Rhæteum, Thymbrea, the tomb of Ajax, the mouth of the Scamander, and the tombs of Patrocles and Achilles, Sigeum, and other spots, all belonging to the history of Iliou. If you go across the country, you meet with the ruins of 'Ilium recens,' the tomb of Æsytis, and ride along the banks of the Scamander, until you reach the hill on which once stood the Pergama, a strong castle of Priam.

Near the Dardanelles the country is hilly and covered with trees and brushwood, in which wild animals conceal themselves during the day, and spread havoc among the timid flocks of the poor herdsmen who have succeeded to the heritage of the once warlike sons of Priam. Poverty strikes the eye on all sides ; miserable villages and wretched huts are scattered here and there on his route ; and the haggard and

sallow countenances show the prevalence of the intermittent fevers which desolate the plain quite as sadly as did the armies of the Grecians.

Centuries have passed over the celebrated plain, obliterating almost every vestige of the towns, fortresses, edifices, even the tumuli of the heroes long since became dust, and their wayward spirits returned to their CREATOR. Although there is much to prove the correctness of the descriptions of Homer, more of deeds and scenes than of nature, doubts have existed in the minds of some, that Ilion ever was here. If, however, it did not exist here, it existed no where else, for no spot upon the globe possesses the same hills, streams, seaboard and isles that are found here. To the impartial visitor there cannot be a doubt of the spots mentioned by Homer; and if he wishes to enjoy his pilgrimage, he should go to them with a believing heart and a perfect confidence in his classic poem, and the results of the researches made by its devout students.

The Scamander and the Simoes, like the Tiber of Rome and the Arno of Florence, are less celebrated by their dimensions than their history, or rather the history of the scenes which have occurred on their banks. They have their rise in the distant Idean chain, of which the summits may be distinctly seen from the site of Ilion. Near the loftiest peak of Mount Gargarus is a cave of unknown extent, from which gushes a stream of pure and icy cold water: rushing down the mountain side, it forms innumerable cascades of much beauty, and its eddies are filled with silver trout. Descending to the valley below, it loses its limpid character and, mixed up with earthy particles, flows sluggishly toward the distant sea. At different points it assumes different names. As it gushes from the mountain summit, the Greeks call it *Aydama Soo*, and fancy it is a holy fountain dedicated to the 'Panaiya,' or Virgin Mary, who, with them as with the pious Catholics, has superseded any higher source of salvation and eternal happiness. In the valley it becomes the *Mendere Soo* of the Turks, a word which is the origin of the term *meandering* in the English language. It laves the patrimony of Æneas, and the town which still bears his name, wretched houses, both Mussulman and Greek, amid masses of ruins, stones cut from the adjacent mountain, which have survived, as it were, the injuries of man and of the elements.

From Æneas the Simoes continues its course along the valley, a crooked and turbid stream, varied by occasional compressure between hills which rival each to embrace its classic waters, until it reaches the elevation on which once stood the Pergama, a fortified residence of Priam.

Strabo entertained the impression that the kingdom of Troy extended from the Sea of Marmora over a considerable extent of country

inland, along the Hellespont, the Archipelago, and far beyond the Idean chain, in which is the source of the Simoes. Most of the names which he mentions in describing it, no longer exist, and it is extremely difficult even to ascertain his localities. The position and resources of Iliou must naturally have given it great consequence among the powers then existing, and rendered it a formidable rival to the Grecians. Priam certainly commanded the passage of the Straits, and could easily render his power embarrassing to all of the people of the *Ægean* Sea. From his elevated residence he could command a prospect of great extent around it, seaward — even behold the peak of Athos, almost one hundred miles off.

From the Pergama to the sea the Simoes seems to have changed its name to Scamander. It here is a finer stream; compressed between two hills, it gains in speed, and is quite a respectable brook. The banks are precipitous, and those of the Pergama are so steep as to need no defence. In modern warfare the strong place of Priam would easily fall before shot and shell, but javelins from the opposite height could not disturb it. Down this steep bank are still to be seen the remains of a passage, used no doubt for the purpose of procuring water when besieged on the side facing the plain. On the summit of the hill are also to be seen many large hewn blocks of stone, deep excavations, and other strong evidences of the existence, at a remote period, of the habitation of man. The ascent from the stream is rugged and tedious, but of so much interest to the visitor, that he heeds it not. The view from the summit is sufficient to explain what some have deemed discrepancies in the narrative of the Iliou. Sloping down to the plain, the eye rests upon a group of tall poplars and a few oaks, and beholds a little stream issuing from them to join the Scamander. This has its rise in the 'cold and warm springs' mentioned by Homer. They were evidently beyond the wall which protected the Pergama from approach by the plain. Masses of hewn rock still mark the line of this defence.

I shall never forget the feelings with which I looked down, for the first time, from the site of the Pergama, over the many interesting points on the plain, which I had already visited. I could distinctly trace the course of the Scamander down to its mouth in the sea, near the Turkish castle of Kum Kalay. I picture to myself some of the great scenes so beautifully described in the Iliad. Around me were probably the tombs of Priam's sons; where we stood the noble-hearted Hector prepared for battle, and was addressed by his father:

— 'THE sage

Who strikes his reverend head, now white with age:
Oh! stay not, stay not, guardless and alone,
HECTOR, my loved, my dearest, bravest son!

Methinks already I behold thee alain
And stretched beneath the fury of the plain,
Implacable **ACHILLES**.'

I fancied I heard the parting tones of his mother's plaintive voice, who

'THE zone unlaced, her bosom she displayed,
And thus, fast falling the salt tears, she said :
'Have mercy on me, O my son! reverse
The words of age, attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in these fond arms I pressed,
Or stilled thy infant clamor at this breast,
Ah! do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secured, repel the foe.
Against his rage, if singly thou proceed,
Shouldst thou (but **HEAVEN** avert it!) should'st thou bleed!
Nor must thy corpse lie honored on the bier,
Nor spouse nor mother grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites those dear remains
Must feed the vulture on the naked plains.'

I could see the fierce Achilles, bent on wreaking revenge for the loss of his bosom-friend Patrocles, (whose remains lie under the tumuli near the sea-shore, along which we passed in the commencement of this humble article,) march out to meet Hector, win the chase, which must, equally to Homer, have brought them near the spot where I stood, for he says :

'No less for right the rapid chase they held,
One winged by fury, one by fear impelled;
Now circling round the walls, their course maintain
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain.'

The strength of Hector fails, his nerves give way; the great Achilles seizes his javelin, or lance, and hastens to strike his victim; 'great Hector falls,' and the son of Hecuba and Priam expires from a wound between the neck and throat.

'To the dark realms the spirit wings its way,
The manly body left a load of clay,
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpse of **HECTOR**, and your pæans sing;
Be this the song, slow moving toward the shore,
HECTOR is dead, and **Ilion** is no more.'

I picture to myself Priam and his family in the Pergama, the ruins of which surrounded me, viewing the heart-rending scene which ensued; Hector attached to the car of his vanquisher and trailed over the plain, *along* the wall below me, and not *around* it, as Pope translates the phrase; the agony of the aged mother casting off her royal

veils, rending her tresses, and bewailing the bitter fate of her dead son; the groans of the father, his heart rent with grief, which

‘Drives him to-and-fro
With all the raging impotence of woe.’

I did not forget the fair Andromache, whose tender parting from her husband is so touchingly described in the latter part of the sixth chapter of the *Iliad*. Near where I stood she had plied her ‘melancholy loom,’ and her handmaids prepared the bath for her husband’s return, when she heard her mother’s lamentations. Distracted with fear, she flies to the dome of her dwelling, mounts the walls now crumbled beneath my feet, casts a hasty look down the gentle declivity leading to the ‘cold and warm’ springs, and seeing the dreadful scene of her dead husband dragged along the ground:

‘A sudden darkness shades her swerving eyes,
She faints, she fails, her breath, her color flies.’

Withdrawing my eyes from the animated scene which Hector’s death must have occasioned on the plain, and even among the Grecian shipping in the mouth of the Scamander, now filled up by the alluvial deposits from the plain and valley beyond, I imagine Priam King of Ilion, the heart-broken father, descend from the Pergama, and falling prostrate before Achilles, embrace his knees, bathe his hands in tears, and beg the dead body of the best, the bravest of his sons. I behold the wife and mother, frantic with despair, kiss the pale cheek of the departed hero; all Ilion move out of the Seian gate, at the foot of the hill, to meet the mourning train; the lamentations of the beauteous Helen for her gallant and brave defender; the preparation of the funeral pyre, the burning of the body, the erection, over the ashes, of the mound or tomb, by which I stood to picture out the scene; and thus the conclusion of the

— ‘Honors Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector’s shade.’

T H R E N O D I A .

DEAD! dead!
Just as the darling had come to know
The face of her mother who loved her so,
She faded away from our aching sight,
Like a star that is drowned in the morning light.

Dead! dead!
And nothing is left of her now but the shell
That held her pure spirit. Ah! well, well,
God knows what is best, or to smite or to spare
And the lamb is safe in the SHEPHERD’S care.
Dead! dead!

CHINESE SKETCHES.

BY JOHN K. DURN, UNITED STATES NAVY.

CHINESE MUSIC.

IN music, (if that can be called music which is composed of the most discordant sounds it is possible to imagine,) the Chinese are not only behind the age, but behind two or three hundred ages back. They have no very great variety of instruments; and therefore seem to have it in view to make up in noise what they lack in number. These consist chiefly of gongs, cymbals, a diminutive drum, two stringed instruments, a wired instrument, three wind instruments, and the tum-tum. Their gongs and cymbals are original, and the best in the world. The little drum is made of pig-skin, and sounds like a pair of very loud castanets, with the addition of a sort of ringing noise. One stringed instrument is like a lute, and the other, (called by the Portuguese *viola*,) is a small violin with but three strings. The wired instrument is a thin harp-shaped box, having brass wires drawn across it, like the strings of a piano-forte; this is laid horizontally, and played upon with two bamboo sticks. Two of the wind instruments are of brass. One resembles a clarionet in shape, and the bag-pipes in tone; the other, a large base instrument, resembles nothing that I know of in shape, and the lowing of a distressed cow in sound. The third wind instrument is a flute, closely akin to ours. The tum-tum is from India, and is somewhat like our small drum.

The musical scale of the Chinese consists of only five notes, instead of seven, and their music is not written on five lines like ours, but in perpendicular columns, like the characters in their books. The elevation or depression of tones is indicated by distinctive names. They have no semi-tones, and hence arises a tedious monotony of sound. There is said to be a resemblance between the Chinese melodies and the ancient Scottish airs. If this be so, Scotch music in the days of Ossian must have been much ruder than it has ever yet been represented, for of all unearthly sounds, Chinese singing is perhaps the most unearthly. There is no noise like it. Those who have attended a genuine Chinese theatrical performance, have had a specimen of how the men acquit themselves in song; but Chinese music can only be heard to perfection by strolling through the narrow streets of a Chinese town. Men, women and children all strain their voices to the utmost pitch, and give out a sort of double-fortified squeaking falsetto. The singers are usually accompanied by the *viola*, and sometimes by the pig-skin drum likewise. One's tympanum throbs and thrums as

though a dozen fairies were beating upon it. Yet the Chinese have their Jenny Linds, Grisis and Sontags; their Lablaches and Tamburinis. They have their 'infant phenomena,' too, who, if they keep their lungs whole until arriving at mature age, certainly deserve the name. You are frequently called upon to admire what in any other place than a Chinese town you would suppose to be an imitation of the piteous complaint of a pig jammed under a gate; being all the time in a state of nervous excitement, lest the warbler should break a blood-vessel in your presence.

Unlike our private singers at home, the Chinese need no pressing to 'favor' a company with a song. On the contrary, the performances are generally voluntary, and the performers never give the excuse of cough or cold. In truth, a slight cold is rather an improvement upon their style. The willingness with which they entertain you in this respect is only equalled by the evident vanity of the singers, or the exulting pride of the by-standers of celestial origin. 'That booty?' one will ask; and others, 'How you likee dat?' 'What you tinkee dat?' 'Merican side can sing so booty?' To all of which it must be your invariable rule to give the expected answers, or you will immediately find yourself involved in a discussion in their horrible lingo, called Pigeon-English, of which you are sure to have the worst, for the odds are too strong against you.

So long as a Chinese songstress can keep herself surrounded by listeners she will sing; and I believe really that singing in a Chinese town, like the reveille and tattoo of Great Britain around the world, never ceases. Their favorite hour is just at the close of twilight. When all else is still, and silence would reign with darkness, howls and squeals begin to float upon the air; at first low and indistinct, but soon loud, confused and piercing. Almost every other door-step is thronged with noisy musicians, (your pardon, Euterpe!) and their eager and admiring listeners. From windows and casements come the tones of more delicate and retired singers, beatifying a select party within. Every group has at least one 'infant phenomenon,' the gentle cadence of whose voice may occasionally be heard, followed by exclamations of astonishment and delight, repeated perhaps for the hundredth time. Be the theme of any song plaintive or gay, the tune seems to be much the same, and at times a hideous chorus will startle you into the belief that fiends are let loose upon earth.

According to my observation, the gong and cymbals form the principal part of the performances at public 'sing-songs' and theatres. The energy with which the performers call the undoubted powers of their instruments into requisition is distressing to barbarians. Amid embroidered silks, tinsel, painted lanterns, gilding, and fire-crackers, your thoughts are savagely monopolized by the gong and cymbals.

Once in a long while the other more modest, but no less grating instruments may be heard, but only for a moment. Just as you begin to fancy you can discover something like a turn to a tune, *tong, tung, ching, crash, ting* go the gong and cymbals. And such is Chinese music.

It was at Cumsingmün, a small fishing and smuggling village, that I first entered a Chinese theatre. This was but a temporary edifice. For several days many persons were engaged in erecting an immense frail-looking building, which, when completed, was indeed a singular structure. There was not a nail in it; but the whole frame was built of bamboo lashed with ratan. The roof was of palm-leaf, and the sides, which were ornamented with some of the most remarkable paintings I ever saw, were of matting: altogether it was an ingenious contrivance. The theatre drew together a great concourse of people from the neighboring towns and villages, and for a week Cumsingmün was quite gay. The company performing was from Canton, and it was said by the long-tailed critics that they played their parts tolerably well. Although amused, I was not much interested in the Chinese plays, of course. These appeared always to be operatic dramas or dramatic operas, and to me there came nothing but confused, undreamt-of sounds, led by squeaking voices. The clarionet-like instrument, which seemed to have taken a severe cold, kept up a running accompaniment with every singer, while the rest of the instruments, stoutly supported by squibs and fire-crackers, performed their parts in a manner entirely satisfactory to the celestial audience.

I have seen in China a musical box manufactured at Geneva, which plays all the Chinese airs. These are four in number. But from this one does not obtain a positively correct idea of the music of the celestials, for the instrument is so much more harmonious in tone than any they have, that although the airs themselves are faithfully preserved throughout, they are disguised.

‘PIGEON-ENGLISH.’

IN an attempt at the pronunciation of many English words, the Chinese frequently convert them into others of the same language. This is particularly and more perceptibly the case with regard to the word *business*; which, when turned out by a Chinese tongue, becomes *pigeon*: sometimes spelt *pidjin*. Hence comes *Pigeon-English*, a gibberish introduced into China, by which all transactions with foreigners are arranged. It is not only bad, or rather execrable English, but it has actually become a language of itself. It will not do to address a Chinese merchant or shop-keeper in English proper, and expect him to understand you, permitting him, of course, to use the gibberish;

but it is necessary to adopt this peculiar mode of addressing all Chinamen thrown in immediate contact with foreigners.

Pigeon-English, or *Inglissee-talkie*, is composed of English words, having, for the most part, Portuguese terminations, to which a few real words of Portuguese and fewer of Chinese are added. But all this must be tumbled into the awkward idioms of the Chinese, and great care is required in speaking it, for many words which we use in one sense, the Chinese understand in another. The language, as it then stands, is the very perfection of absurdity. Besides, the Chinese experience much difficulty in properly pronouncing some of our consonants in certain positions, and will frequently transpose an *l* for an *n*, an *r* for an *l*, etc. etc.

The more thoroughly to explain what I mean, and to give the reader a further insight into this ludicrous peculiarity of a portion of the celestial beings who inhabit the flowery kingdom, I will, with his permission, imagine myself shopping in company with him, up and down old and new China streets, in Canton, at a time previous to the destruction of its factories by the natives, and the capture of the city by the English.

First, then, we want to buy some lacquered-ware, and, for this purpose, enter the shop of Hipqua in New China-street.

‘How you do, Hipqua?’

‘Welly wen, tankee; how you do?’

‘I well. What have got?’

Here I might as well mention that you should never ask immediately for what you want of a Chinese shop-keeper, for experience has taught many that it makes a difference of two or three hundred per cent in the price. What you are actually in search of, should be stumbled upon accidentally, as it were, and the price asked as though it were done as a mere matter of curiosity. Yet the part must be well played, for these fellows are keen observers. But to our conversation.

The invariable reply to the above question is:

‘Anyting hab got. What ting want yee?’

‘I no sabee; lettee my see something.’

Here many articles are produced, and we will suppose that we—that is, the reader and myself—want a nest of *tea-poys*, or small tea-tables.

‘How muchee this cigar-boxee?’

‘Oh! dat cigar-boxee! dat tree quart dollar.’

‘Too muchee. More cheap have got?’

‘No; more cheap no got.’

‘Can catchee one all same that, half dollar.’

‘No; no all de same.’

'Yes!'

'Where can catchee?'

'In Old China-street.'

'Ay, yah! no can. Spose you want yee, my can catchee one, hap dollar; no so good dissee.'

'What for you talkee my so fashion; no occasion. My sabee proper price.'

'No, you no sabee proper price.'

'Ay, yah! why you no talkee my proper pigeon?'

'My talkee proper pigeon. Teeruly, my talkee proper price.'

Now you take up a work-box or something else, and very much the same conversation ensues. Then we say, 'Good day, Hipqua; ' to which he replies, 'Goo' bye!' But suddenly we perceive peeping out from a yellow paper covering the legs of some tea-poya. Without turning round, but continuing toward the door, one of us asks: 'How muchee tea-poy all same that?'

Hipqua's manner instantly undergoes a change, if we play our parts as we should, and, instead of appearing indifferent as before, he shows great anxiety to make a bargain.

'You want yee?'

'No, no want yee.'

'Stop! makee look see.' The paper is stripped from the legs and the top, and you see before you the very thing you want. But you must endeavor to control even the expression of your countenance, or the cunning old rogue will detect you. 'Ah!' he continues, 'dat nummer one; fus chop. Wenny cheap, too cheapee.'

'My tinkee that cargo-pigeon'—*cargo-pigeon* meaning an article made for exportation.

'No! can seekeure dat no cargo-pigeon. You likee, no likee?'

'How muchee?'

'How muchee you gib?'

And now, probably, a very good bargain is struck.

From Hipqua's we go to a shop for the sale of curiosities, and overhaul and appear delighted with every thing, except that which we desire to purchase.

'First chop curios have got, my tinkee.'

'Yes,' rejoins old Mauchow, 'nummer one curio.'

'How long tim have catchee this curio?' we ask, looking at some carved images of little value with great earnestness.

'Hab catchee he two day, no more.'

This, of course, you know to be a fib.

'My tinkee he olo.'

'No! no olo; he new.'

'What side he come from?'

‘Pekin.’

Another. We know that they were made about two streets off. However, you profess to want some of them very much; the shop-keeper demands an enormous price; you demur; he comes down one-quarter, then one-half; you tell him it is too late now, and as you are leaving the shop, you—accidentally, to all appearance—almost stumble over the thing you desire, and about which, as at Hipqua’s, you do not seem at all earnest. Your bargain is made, and we depart. All this has not been done, the reader doubtlessly understands, without much the same sort of conversation as that described in our visit to the other shop.

From the curiosity-shop we go to others, and, in like manner, make our purchases.

The boat-men and boat-women, the servants of the different residences, the coolies about the hougs, and all who have any intercourse with foreigners are adepts in this business-lingo. The French, Spanish, and Portuguese, and the Parsees, Armenians, and Asiatic Jews residing in China, though they may be entirely unacquainted with the English language, soon learn to speak fluently in pigeon-English. In fact, it is impossible to do business without learning it.

If my reader will continue with me a few minutes longer, I will introduce him into the house of a foreign resident of China, whom we will suppose to be a man of family of the name of Smith. Well then, we ring the bell, and the servant appears. Now, in most of the residences of foreigners in China the drawing-rooms and parlors, and dining-rooms, too, are above the ground-floor, and all up-stairs is designated as ‘top-side,’ while down-stairs is known as ‘bottom-side.’ Of course we ask for the lady. ‘Missee have got?’

If the lady be not at home, the reply of the long-tailed domestic is, ‘No got;’ if the contrary—which we will suppose to be the case in this instance—he will say: ‘Missee hab got top-side.’ After this answer we soon wind our way up to her presence, and after making ourselves agreeable, if we can, for a little while, we are about to go, when she politely insists on our remaining to *tiffin*, and rings the bell. Upon the entrance of the servant, you just have time to wonder if those sweet lips are to be polluted by pigeon-English, when out it comes:

‘Boy’—every Chinese man-servant is a boy, be he old as Methuselah—‘catchee chow-chow top-side chop-chop.’ Which means, bring luncheon up-stairs immediately.

This all sounds oddly enough at first, but the ear soon accustoms itself to pigeon-English, even when the words are uttered by lovely woman.

CHINESE SOLDIERY.

It is not very long since a war between England and France on the one side, and China on the other, was brought to a close. The result of this was a compact favorable to all Christendom. In view of this event, I have thought that it might not be uninteresting to the readers of the old KNICKERBOCKER to learn the character of the armies with which the forces of these two great allied powers were brought in conflict. Having some years ago become acquainted with the peculiarities of those to whom the defence of the Flowery Kingdom is confided, this information I shall endeavor to impart to others.

Perhaps no people in the world more deserve the *soubriquet* of 'tag-rag-and-bob-tail' than those persons who compose the less invincible than noisy and turbulent armies of China. Their shaved heads and long queues, tattered loose trowsers and jackets, primitive and almost useless weapons, and the generally grotesque and filthy appearance they present, render them subjects of ridicule to the outside barbarians; and why they should be so, is incomprehensible to the celestial warriors. They suppose themselves superior to any troops in the world, and well designed by their imposing aspect, when drawn up in battle-array, to strike terror to the hearts of their stoutest adversaries. Yet they know that they are laughed at; they know that they have been not only defeated, but whipped most outrageously by Christians, and may be again; but notwithstanding this, their insuperable vanity will not permit them for one moment to admit the superiority in arms of any other nation — even to themselves. One would fancy from this that they might be imbued with something like a spirit for conflict; but alas! they are, except when fighting against each other, the veriest cowards, I sincerely believe, of all God's creatures. This may arise in a measure from the knowledge of the fact that they are far behind western armies in their implements of warfare, although they never would allow that this were so in the presence of a foreigner.

I once saw a review and parade of Chinese troops, and can with truth aver that it was one of the most diverting spectacles I ever beheld in my life. First came banners, gongs, a detachment of cavalry, composed of three or four awkward riders on as many shaggy and stumbling ponies, a field-piece, looking as though it might be more formidable to friends than foes, and a general officer in a sedan chair, surrounded by his staff. Following these was a body of about a thousand men, being infantry and artillery agreeably interspersed, free from the restraint of any rule or order of march. Then succeeded more banners, more gongs, and more cavalry, in the midst of which was the commander-in-chief, in an immense double sedan-chair, borne

by eight coolies, likewise surrounded by his staff, and having immediately in his rear a corps of twenty chosen men, armed with percussion muskets. Next came a perfect avalanche of old rusty cannon, mounted on field-carriages that would go sideways, as they were dragged along by some of the rear-guard. An officer mounted on a particularly lazy white pony, and sitting on the end of his own queue, seemed to have the command of these; and it was with difficulty that his war-steed could avoid injury in consequence of the eccentric manœuvres of the crab-like artillery. Last came what should have been first, (but the Chinese always reverse every thing,) a corps of pioneers. Or, if they were not pioneers, I am at a loss what to call them.

The uniform of the Chinese soldiers is by no means the least amusing of their peculiarities. The jacket they wear is of the approved celestial pattern, and generally red. On both front and back there is a white patch, having inscribed upon it in black sometimes the number or name of the regiment, but more frequently the Chinese character signifying savage intrepidity, or bravery to recklessness. The intention of this is, that the enemy shall be awed, when the Chinese themselves are either on the advance or retreat. Upon their heads they seem to toss the cast-off caps of mandarins. Their trowsers are either plain white, or black oiled cotton, made full in the legs, and sagging down behind like an empty sack. Besides, they are generally torn, and flutter from their legs in the breeze, like pennons from the masts of a junk.

There are but few fire-arms to be found among the Chinese armies, and those are, in general of the rudest kind. They have the old match-lock and fire-lock; muskets being very rarely used by them. Not, I presume, on account of any difficulty in obtaining these arms, but because, as in every thing, the prejudices and great attachment to established customs of the Chinese are paramount to all else. Their weapons consist chiefly of the bow and arrow, the lance, the javelin, the mace, and one resembling an immense cheese-knife on a long pole, and another a trident. The two last-named are called the *cow-lin* and *pah*, and are said to be formidable at close quarters. They carry also the double short-sword, which they use, it must be confessed, with great dexterity. But, after all, the great weapons of the Chinese soldiery are *noise* and confusion. Gong-sounding, cracker and squib-firing, the clash and clatter of arms, and the prattle of tongues, besides yells, and various feats of a gymnastic character, which are of no ordinary skill or activity, they seem to regard as a sure means of intimidating an advancing foe. In this they have had fatal instances of their egregious error of late; yet they adhere steadfastly to the old tactics, and I suppose ever will.

A Chinese warrior then is not, upon the whole, a very dangerous

person, although, like a rat when cornered, he will fight. Otherwise, he appears to be very well satisfied with the waving of banners and small flags, the sounding of gongs, and the occasional discharge of a rude fire-arm, or in lieu of that, a summons or two. Great victories have frequently been reported by generals after such an extraordinary demonstration as this by their armies. Among the imperialist and rebel troops I have seen thousands engaged on both sides for hours at a time, when the little damage sustained on either side was incredible. Yet there were occasions when both armies fought well, though neither of them would have stood before Europeans or Americans.

OP I U M.

THE opium trade in China has been legalized. But as it was conducted of late years, it was most absurd to call it smuggling. Beside fast-sailing ships to fetch the 'drug,' as it is termed by the importers and dealers, from Calcutta and other ports of India, the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company openly engaged in the traffic. All the smuggling that was done commenced subsequently to its arrival on the Chinese coast, and for this purpose small clippers and Chinese vessels, technically termed 'smug-boats,' were employed.

The prohibition of the use of opium by the government of China was merely nominal after all; for many facilities were allowed foreigners for its introduction — not only at the verge, but within the precincts of the country — and some of the mandarin-boats, whose duty it is to watch the interests of the revenue and prevent all smuggling, frequently became, by bribery, the means of conveying it some distance toward the interior.

For the reception of opium on its arrival from India, vessels, called receiving-ships, were anchored in several harbors. From these it was re-shipped into the smaller craft, and finally found its way throughout the empire and continued its havoc. The five ports opened after the first war between Great Britain and China, as well as Hong-Kong and Cum-sing-mün, (a small harbor about fourteen miles from Macao,) were *entrepôts* for opium. There was scarcely a mercantile house of any standing in China but what was engaged in this trade; nor was this regarded as a derogation. Millions were invested in it, and millions made by it; and its prices and sales were quoted, as now, in the newspapers of India and China as regularly as the prices and sales of stocks at home.

That the continual use of opium is destructive, the reader need not be informed. Yet he can have no conception of the ravages it is committing in China. The families distressed, the widows and orphans thrown upon the cold, unfeeling world, and the estates squandered by

means of the pernicious poppy, it is not attempted to number. How completely lost is the imagination while contemplating this! In a country where the population can only be guessed at—so vast, so extensive, as to seem to its inhabitants without limits—misery and sorrow must, under any circumstances, walk uncontrolled in its midst. But when a powerful enemy, the companion of death, wearing the semblance of a friend, insinuates himself within the threshold, temptation is followed by decay, and thousands are abandoned and thousands lost.

With the rebels, who pretend to be Christians, drinking to excess, and smoking either tobacco or opium, are contrary, they believe, to the laws of both God and man. And they have added an eleventh commandment in their twentieth chapter of Exodus, which is: 'Thou shalt not use opium.' Among the enthusiasts this is, perhaps, all very well, but the masses only seem to regard these as crimes on account of the punishment they bring with them from the magistrates. Hoping to obtain a little insight into their belief in these matters, I once asked some of the people—that is, the genuine *οἱ πολλοί*—through an interpreter, why they never drank nor smoked? The answer was, in all cases, because they would be *bambooded*.

'And why,' continued I, 'do you not smoke opium?'

'Oh!' they replied, 'we should be beheaded if we did that!'

Just as though a man at home had said: 'I do not commit murder, because I shall be hanged for it.' And many might have said it, I have no doubt, in times by-gone, when criminals were punished and a felon was called a prisoner at the bar, and not a defendant; and a man who stole was called a thief; and a man who set fire to a house was called an incendiary; and a man who killed another was called a murderer.

The opium-smoker is an old man at thirty. With pale, sunken cheek and haggard in expression, with eye hollow, languid, and restless, he stalks about, the very personification of ruin. Wan as he is, and drowsy as he sometimes must be, he seems, at intervals, imbued with a peculiarly brilliant imagination. His flights of fancy carry him far into the ethereal world. Descending, he longs for his pipe, to which, as soon as his employment will permit, he returns. There are opium-smokers in all classes, who have their different smoking-houses. The quality of the opium, and the comforts and luxuries attending its inhalation, differ, of course, according to the rank, wealth, taste, or refinement of the smoker. But among the rich the habit is most frequently indulged in at home.

I was once invited to a sort of *soirée d' opium*, or, as my host expressed it, a 'smokee pigeon,' and, by way of experiment, took a pipe. After whiffing off ten bowlfuls, a thick fog appeared before my visual organs, and I was affected with partial deafness, accompanied by

a singing in the ears similar to that caused by indulging too freely in quinine. I immediately aroused myself, being very well satisfied with this experience without going any farther. My very polite and hospitable Celestial friends remonstrated, but I was obdurate, and refused to prolong the heavenly enjoyment. They regarded me after this as more of a barbarian than ever.

A pipe, to be properly enjoyed, must be taken upon a luxurious couch. Reclining, with the head resting upon a hard bamboo pillow, and a small lamp, filled with tea-oil, burning by his side, the opium-smoker prepares the poison for his bowl. This is done by holding a small quantity, which has already undergone a preliminary process at the manufacturer's, over the flame after attaching it to the end of a silver probe-shaped pin made for the purpose. When thus scorched by the heat, the opium, which is of the consistency of paste, bubbles, contracts, and run to the extreme point of the pin, and by dexterously twisting and turning this over the light of the lamp, a pointed cone is formed of about the size of a homœopathic globule. This is placed in the aperture of the bowl of the pipe made to receive it and held in immediate contact with the flame. In three or four puffs, every one of which draws smoke into the lungs, it is gone, and the operation has to be repeated; and so on, over and over again. The number of pipes smoked varies according to the inclination or strength of nerves.

A more sensual, and a very common mode of enjoying opium-smoking, is to be surrounded by young and beautiful women — that is, Chinese beauties, not unfrequently virgins — arrayed in gorgeous silks and decked with flowers, who fill the pipe when necessary and receive by turn the reclining form into their arms. Thus, in a hazy, mazy bewilderment of pleasure and delight, the senses gradually fade away, and the opium-smoker sleeps — perchance dies!

EPIGRAM: *EVERLASTING SUITS.*

Suits of cloth soon wear out, but they'll do well enough
 For those who the tailor can pay:
 But for *durable* suits, India-Rubber's the stuff,
 For they last a GOODYEAR and a DAY.

THE GRAVE CREEK MOUND.

In the spring of 1859 I was one of a party that embarked upon one of those lumber-rafts that annually leave the head-waters of the Alleghany and its tributaries and float down the almost endless maze of the Ohio's silvery tide. Of the adventures that befell us I do not propose to write. My object is more particularly to give some account of some of those ancient relics that stand as mementoes of the past along that river. After various fortunes, we found our unwieldy water-craft overpowered by the raw winds of March, and we were compelled to 'tie up,' as the lumber-men call it, and await milder breezes and more genial skies.

To our great delight, we found ourselves in sight of the great Indian Mound that looms up from the plain, a silent and mysterious relic of a lost race. A walk of over two miles along the track of the 'Baltimore and Ohio Rail-road' brought us to the little village of Moundsville. This place is at the mouth of 'Big Grave Creek,' and about fifteen miles below Wheeling in the State of Virginia. The Creek was named by the Indians, and the town by the present inhabitants, after the Mound, that is the only object of interest there.

After considerable difficulty we found an ill-shapen dwarf, who seemed to be the presiding genius of the place, and by him were admitted through the gate of a high board fence that inclosed the Mound. I had then gratified a curiosity of twenty years' standing. I had often seen this olden relic as I had floated by the place either upon some raft or one of the floating palaces of the western waters. But now I stood at its base. This has been called an 'Indian Mound;' but there is but little doubt that it was built by a race of people that have become extinct, and forgotten save for these mysterious relics. Certain it is, the Indians had not the skill or the means to accomplish such a work.

This singular structure rises out of a plain that extends for some distance up Big Grave Creek. It is now, after the lapse of ages, over seventy-five feet in height. Its base covers an area of one acre. It is some fifty rods in circumference at its base, and rises in the shape of a perfect cone. Its sides are steep and precipitous — so much so that one cannot climb its sides but with difficulty. On these sides grow lofty and gigantic trees from base to apex. On the summit, which is reached by a winding path which nearly encircles the Mound, is a flat area, sixty feet in diameter, in the centre of which *was* a regular concavity. It is now levelled off and covered partly by a rude summer-house sadly gone to decay.

This and the large trees growing near the summit are cut full of

inscriptions of visitors' names; of course our little party also left their *cards*, our residences, day of the month, year, etc. When first discovered, a single white oak of huge dimensions rose like a flag-staff from this concavity. But this was cut down by vandal hands to make room for the rickety summer-house.

A few years ago the proprietor of the grounds commenced excavations into the bowels of this relic of antiquity. He proceeded into it on a level with the base; when arrived at the very centre, he found the earth loose, as though there had been at some time a cavity there. On examining among this loose earth, three skeletons were found nearly perfect. One was of gigantic size; the jaw-bones were perfect, and when in their proper position would encircle a man's head. From calculations made from a leg-bone which was found perfect, the owner of it, when on earth, must have been from seven to eight feet in height.

Old coin of unknown workmanship, beads, and evidences of rust were found, the latter indicating that instruments of metal had there decayed, which is further evidence that the mound was built by a race to whom the arts and sciences were known. These skeletons were removed by the proprietor. After his death, his heirs did not realize their value to the antiquary, and now they are entirely lost.

From the place where these relics were found, the proprietor made an excavation of four feet in diameter to the top, a distance of seventy-five feet, and walled it up with brick like a well. Into this subterraneous passage we were admitted by our crooked-legged dwarf. Our olfactories were at first regaled with the rank odors of decaying vegetables, the owners having used the passage the past winter for a cellar. The entrance is perhaps six feet high and three or four feet wide, walled up on the sides and arched overhead with brick. Through this narrow and odoriferous passage, by the dim light of a single tallow candle, we were conducted to the centre of the Mound. Here we found the wall of the perpendicular passage to the top, before mentioned, in many places broken in, and all around this upright wall the earth had fallen in, so that one could crawl on his hands and knees entirely around it. Our guide, however, warned us that it was not considered safe in those 'diggings,' as the earth was almost constantly falling.

Of this we had sufficient evidence in the loose flaky masses of earth that seemed ready to fall from over our heads. It was not a very romantic-looking place, and our stay in the dark, gloomy bowels of that Mound was not very protracted. We contributed a few shillings to our loquacious and deformed guide, and departed, contrasting in our minds Yankee enterprise and Virginia indolence. If that singular Mound was in a Yankee State, in the possession of a man of tact

and enterprise, it would not be suffered to go to decay. The grounds would be fitted up neatly, and all the appliances of a place of fashionable resort be added thereunto. It is worth visiting, even in its present dilapidated situation. It is a great curiosity. When it is first seen, looming up gradually above the highest buildings in the village that almost surrounds it, covered as it is with lofty and aged trees, rising from a very level piece of ground, its symmetrical and cone-like proportions all strike the beholder with amazement.

We left the spot well paid for our long walk, all impressed with the evidences of great antiquity and the singular mystery that surrounds it. Many antiquarians have dated the era of its erection anterior to the flood.

A day or two after the events I have just narrated, we found ourselves again fastened to the Virginia shore waiting for a gale of wind to spend its fury. It was a quiet Sabbath. We were landed under a high hill that rose abruptly almost from the river's bank to the height of many hundred feet, its sides still covered with the gigantic denizens of the forest that stood,

‘As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,’

and sheltered the red Indian and his white foe in the days of the Wet-zels, the Boones, and the Kentons.

On the opposite shore the bottoms are larger, and stretch away in cultivated farms to the more distant hills. To while away the tedious hours, in the absence of books or papers, we strolled along through the forest down the banks of the river. While thus leisurely killing the time and listening to the occasional chirp of an early spring songster or the chatter of a squirrel, we came to a high bluff bank covered with large trees, with here and there one just ready to tumble over into the river, whose swelling tides had undermined it. Many of these trees were cut full of names, dates, etc., as high as one could reach, and some of them bore inscriptions high among the branches.

On examination, we found the spot to be an ancient burial-ground. This seemed strange, as every thing appeared to be untouched by the hand of civilization, and as silent and primeval as when the first white man guided his frail bark past these dangerous shores. The graves before us bore the marks of great antiquity, which denoted their occupants to have lived and died in the days of the earliest pioneers of this fertile valley. Perhaps they were the graves of early settlers who were killed in some Indian skirmish. Two graves, to which were placed large flat rocks, (taken apparently from the bed of a brook that gurgled by,) old and moss-covered, we found, on careful examination, to bear each the rude inscription: ‘I. W. 1786.’

While pondering over these relics of the early settler, with the busy shapes of Indian surprise, and massacre, and sickness, and death

in the lonely wilderness thronging our brain, we were accosted by a settler, in the garb of a hunter, with a rifle upon his shoulder, and we could almost fancy that he belonged to the age of which we had been pondering and had just awakened from his 'Rip Van Winkle' sleep of seventy-five years to relieve our anxiety to know the story of the moss-covered forest-graves before us. But though he proved to be of the present age, he was intelligent and communicative.

He informed us that near the spot where we then stood, but where now the Ohio surges along, having been entirely washed away, once stood 'Baker's Fort' or 'Station.' Here it was that the pioneers of this region sought shelter from the savages, whose depredations at that time and subsequently gave to the country around the appellation of the 'Dark and Bloody Ground.' The stones before us, which we have mentioned as bearing the same inscription, namely, 'I. W.,' indicated the graves of John Wetzel and his son John Wetzel, Jr., in those days the J being made like an I. The other graves marked the resting-place of others of less note, who were the victims of savage cruelty.

John Wetzel was the father also of Lewis Wetzel, one of the most celebrated Indian-haters and hunters that ever hung, like an avenging demon, upon the trail of the Indian. The death of John Wetzel the elder happened in this wise. In company with two companions he had crossed the river in a canoe to see if they could discover any Indian 'sign.' As they were paddling leisurely along the opposite shore, they were surprised and fired upon by a party of savages concealed in the bushes on the bank. They turned their canoe at once for the Virginia shore. It is said that while he kept his face toward the foe, they did not fire; but turning for an instant to note the direction of his canoe, they fired and wounded him mortally. One of his companions was killed, while the other threw himself out of the canoe on the side opposite the enemy, and keeping his head nearly under water, in this way holding on to the edge of the canoe with his fingers, they floated down the river and on to Fish Creek Island, a mile and a half below the Fort.

Here they remained till dark, when the survivor pushed the stranded canoe into the stream again and silently paddled to the Virginia shore. Wetzel was removed to the Fort, where he soon after expired and was buried in the humble and lonely grave before us. John Wetzel the younger, and brother of Lewis, was killed in a skirmish with the Indians up Captina Creek, which empties into the Ohio directly opposite the site of Baker's Fort. His body was recovered and brought over and buried by the side of his father. Both stones, as we have said, bear the same date, namely, 1788, which indicates that they were killed the same year.

There are many other graves there, but few, however, that bear any inscription upon the rude stones that mark them. One we noticed that bore the inscription, 'L. P. 18001,' intended no doubt for 1801. How many thrilling tragedies have been enacted along this river! How many midnight alarms and hair-breadth escapes! What an interesting story, could its entire history be gathered from the fading legends and records of the past! Here, roaming the dense and gloomy forest from Wheeling to the mouth of the Ohio, Lewis Wetzel, Boone, Kenton, and Washburn laid the foundation of that civilization and refinement that now renders that region the garden of America.

Among them all, none were more successful than Lewis Wetzel. It is said he would cut a blaze upon a tree the size of a shilling, then start in an opposite direction upon the run, load his rifle while running a hundred yards, and then turn and fire, hitting the mark in the centre. While being chased by Indians, as he sometimes was, he would load his rifle as he ran, then suddenly wheel and shoot his nearest pursuer; he would bound away again, loading as he ran, thus picking off his pursuers till none remained. The Indians, naturally superstitious, soon came to regard him with awe, supposing him in league with the evil spirit and his gun always loaded.

Up Captina Creek, which I have mentioned as emptying just opposite these old relics, some fifty yards, once stood the block-house of a pioneer whose name, I believe, was Maywood. He had often been warned that he was not sufficiently cautious in regard to the Indians; but he gave no heed to the warning. He was surprised one day while at work in the field, murdered and scalped; his wife and family shared the same fate, except a son, who was absent from home, and an adopted daughter, who was engaged to the son in marriage. This young lady was made captive and conveyed to their villages near Circleville. She was afterward rescued by her lover and Lewis Wetzel, and returned in safety to Baker's Fort.

It may be interesting to state that a tract of land from this place to Fish-Creek Island, of eleven hundred acres, is now owned by Michael Cressap, now eighty-five years of age, and a son of the celebrated Col. Cressap who murdered the family of Logan, the Mingo chief, near the mouth of the Great Kenhawa.

Lewis Wetzel survived the dangers of Indian warfare, and in later years removed some twenty miles inland from Natchez, where he died in 1808, and though no costly shaft has been erected over his lowly and unmarked grave, he has a monument in the hearts of the descendants of those hardy pioneers that will endure when many prouder names are forgotten.

Fruessburgh, N. Y.

MISS-MACHINATIONS.

Oh! do n't you remember poor ragged TOM BROWN,
Who used to cry papers and books 'bout the town?
Well, his name with his fortune has wondrously grown,
And now poor TOM BROWN is a being unknown.
But FRIZ THOMAS DE BROWN is well known to the fair
Of the opposite sex, as the 'great millionaire.'
How it chanced that the dashing Miss SUSAN McHONEY,
Who was 'struck' with DE BROWN, or rather his money,
Succeeded in winning the rich prize, when others
As wise as herself, with their managing mothers,
Set for the old bachelor nets and sly traps,
And cunningly tipped with fine feathers their caps,
I trow not. The maid, deaf to other men's flattery,
Threw on BROWN — of her charms — the full force of the battery.
And fair was Miss SUSAN, distressingly fair,
With that dreamy-like languor of eye, and *such* hair —
'T was of a rich hue between auburn and red,
And curled, like a cork-screw, close up to her head.
Well skilled in the art to please gentlemen's fancies,
She showered upon him such bright, winning glances,
That not even BROWN, the 'invincible prize,'
Could stand the sharp fire of her dazzling eyes.
And soon he surrendered, yea, knelt at her feet;
But all his soft phrases I will not repeat;
Enough, that she promised to be his *dear* wife,
To *love* him and comfort him all of his life.
Yet darted these thoughts through her selfish heart then:
'They say the old fellow is three-score and ten,
He can't live forever: I'll take the best care
Of himself and his gold; when he dies I'll be heir
To all his possessions — still youthful and fair
I'll reign a young widow, a gay 'millionaire.'

And BROWN — ne'er young wooer felt bliss more ecstatic
That he, yet that last cursed twinge of rheumatic
Any great demonstrations of pleasure prevented.
He was forced to remain, for the present, contented
With a kiss from the ripe lips, bewitchingly placed
In the reach of his phiz: while one arm bound her waist,
He placed on the lily-white finger a ring,
Just finished to order — an elegant thing,
All blazing with diamonds. Well pleased was the maid
At the exquisite taste her old lover displayed.
But she soon ascertained it would scarcely atone
For the sacrifice made — the plain diamond alone.
So she hinted that now, 'to set off the point lace

And glacé silk selected her person to grace
On the nuptial occasion, the whole set was needed ;
Nor was it in vain that the bride-elect pleaded.
Brown scratched his bald pate and opened his eyes,
For his fair SUSAN's hints struck him dumb with surprise.
Yes, thus the old lover consoleth himself,
When for the bright baubles he rolls out his pelf :
With such fancies and freaks the dear girl will have done
When we two fond lovers are changed into one.

But, alas for his peace ! ere the honey-moon waned,
He had from his wife's lips this truth ascertained,
'That his nice, cozy house — though a score it would hold —
Was too small for *her* use, badly fashioned, and old.'
What mattered it now that her *dear* husband wore
A frown on his brow, and between his teeth swore ?
They were 'tied' past undoing, excepting, of course,
That way of untying in mode, called divorce :
DR BROWN might resort to such means if he dare,
He would soon find his wife would be odds with him there.
Move he must ! move he should ! not an inch would she yield ;
Move he did — Mrs. BROWN was left lord of the field.
And Axminster tapestry, soft as the down,
Must carpet their elegant mansion 'up-town.'
The furniture, rose-wood, with rich satin covering,
And Parian statues, with nymphs round them hovering,
Must rest on the mantel-piece, fill up the niches ;
Brown threatened and stormed — but his wife 'wore the breeches.'
At length 't was completed ; from attic to hall,
Shone satin and rose-wood. And cards for a ball
There issued : for now, though the 'talk of the town,'
Was of the grand 'Avenue Palace' of BROWN,
And its gorgeous appurtenances ; all might not know it,
So a *soirée dansante* was given to show it.
In a third-story chamber, grim, grouty, and sullen,
His dressing-gown on and his feet swathed in woollen,
A prisoner sat BROWN with the gout in his toe,
While his wife danced mazurkas and polkas below.

'Ah ! BROWN,' said a friend, some weeks after the ball,
As they met on the corner of Broadway and Wall,
'When I think of your home I envy your life,
An elegant mansion ! a charming young-wife !
By experience *you* know, keeping 'bachelor's hall'
Is a sad life to live.' 'Just no living at all,'
Said DR BROWN : and he gave his friend's shoulder a slap
As he thought of 'the fox with his tail in a trap.'
'Just no living at all ! When you find such a fairy
As I have secured for a wife, why — then marry.'

Though from youth to the present his time he had spent
 In the city's broad limits, in health and content,
 His wife ascertained — foolish fancy, no doubt —
 That she did n't feel well, though each day growing stout.
 A house must be speedily found for her where
 Her delicate lungs could inhale country air.
 Poor BROWN! did he yield to his fair SUSAN's wishes?
 Yes, after a kick at a tray of choice dishes,
 Tables, footstools and chairs were upset with a crash,
 Among Sevres and silver, a 'general smash.'

Are there not men at present engaged in the city,
 With wives out of town, who his sad fate will pity?
 Who will sigh when they think of the coffee half-boiled;
 Cold muffins, and steaks that are burned, but not broiled;
 When away to the depot they hurry for life,
 Leaving breakfast half-eaten, a dishabille wife:
 And riding by rail, through dense clouds of dust,
 They haste to the city, as business-men must?
 Such the daily routine of the life of DE BROWN,
 For 'business' each day called the banker to town,
 When an accident happened, a terrible 'smash-up,'
 That made of the millionaire's lame leg a 'hash up.'
 Conductors and baggage-men, rail-road inspectors,
 Were soon on the spot with a dozen directors,
 All hoping 'it would n't endanger his life.'

'You'll pay for the leg you've cut off,' said his wife.
 DE BROWN was a rich man: the 'company' knew
 If they did n't come down with the 'dust,' he would sue.
 MRS. BROWN, who now felt the loss chiefly her own,
 Demanded 'ten thousand' in cash — 't was paid down;
 Then turning to BROWN, who lay suffering there,
 She said in a whisper: 'Do n't mind it, my dear,
 For though by the aid of a crutch you must go,
 You'll be troubled no more with the gout in *that* toe.'

How consoling her words. DE BROWN heaved a sigh,
 And thought — what he pleased, though he did n't reply;
 While she thought — heartless wife, as she soothed him to sleep,
 That his limbs were *all* worth more to sell than to keep.
 When at length he got able to 'hobble' again,
 For to Mrs. BROWN's joy he did n't die then,
 He vowed that he would travel by 'steam-power' no more.
 Hearing this, his wife ordered a 'carriage-and-four':
 And DE BROWN, though objecting to useless display,
 As usual, 'gave in,' and his wife had her way.

'T was a clear sunny day, in our warm July weather,
 That DE BROWN and his wife took an airing together,

In their private conveyance. Two fancy-matched pairs
Drew them o'er the highway, with arched necks and gay airs ;
When the coachman, not used to the reins, it would seem,
Though well recommended to drive 'double team,'
Got the lines in a snarl. Down the frightful descent,
Rearing, leaping and plunging, the fiery steeds went.

'Save yourselves!' cried the driver, as with a light bound,
He leaped from the carriage-box safe to the ground :
Mrs. BROWN gave a scream and endeavored to get out,
But, ere she succeeded was hastily set out :
For the coach was o'eturned at a bend in the road,
And divesting themselves of the last of their load,
The high-mettled steeds, nothing daunted, sped on,
As DE BROWN o'er a frightful embankment went down.
And this notice in all the city papers next day
Was read with regret : 'A gay team ran away,
With the highly respected FITZ THOMAS DE BROWN,
Both himself and his wife from the carriage were thrown.
He suffers, 't is stated, the loss of an arm,
But his wife, charming woman, escaped without harm.'

Last evening I met — what is left of DE BROWN,
Again in his old 'bachelor quarters' in town.
His wife keeps the 'country-seat,' he keeps the 'hall,'
And each for the other cares nothing at all.

—
M O R A L .

DAME NATURE, old thoughts for the young ne'er designed :
One may hide their true feelings, a lover may blind
To gain a rich husband ; but ah ! when they 're wed
What was pent in the heart will escape at the head.
Rare, rare is the incident — name it who can,
When a young woman marries a poor, aged man ?
But, more to the folly of men be it said,
Our charming young girls rich old men often wed.
When, when were youth's fancies congenial with age ?
As well might a ballet-girl marry a sage,
In the hope of enjoying a pleasurable life,
As the old man his quiet, who weds a young wife.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE RIVALS: A TALE OF THE TIMES OF AARON BURE AND ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Hon. JERE. CLEMENS. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY.

WE once heard Hon. JERE. CLEMENS deliver a 'repellent' speech in the crowded Senate-chamber of the United States at Washington: and we were struck at the time with his energy, the closeness of his argument, and the force of the blows which he dealt his antagonist: at the same time, his coolness and perfect self-possession excited general remark and admiration. We must say, that in the work before us, as an author, the honorable ex-Senator seems quite another sort of man. He avows the existence of the strongest prejudice in his own mind, in the very outset. He considers PARTON a very timid biographer of BURE, who was afraid to 'encounter the tide of undeserved reprobation which is yet beating against the tomb of the illustrious dead; ' a man 'unsurpassed as a soldier, unrivalled as a lawyer; pure, upright, and untarnished as a statesman; ' yet who, 'from the force of circumstances, became the object of the bitterest calumnies that malice could invent, or the blindest prejudice could believe; ' and who was finally, by persecution, literally 'dogged to his grave. Under the garb of fiction our author has endeavored to 'relieve BURE's memory from the unjust suspicions which embittered his life.' Such being Mr. CLEMENS' estimate of the character of AARON BURE, perhaps it will not surprise the reader to learn, that he regarded his great antagonist, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, as being quite a different sort of person. 'Of ALEXANDER HAMILTON I have written nothing of which I do not believe he was capable. The world never presented such a combination of greatness and meanness, of daring courage and of vile malignity, of high aspirations and of low hypocrisy. Shrewd, artful and unscrupulous, there were no means he would not employ to accomplish his ends — no tool too base to be used, when its services were needful. He was loose in his own morals, even to licentiousness: slander was his favorite weapon, and no one stood in his way, who did not feel the venom of his tongue and pen.' With such prejudiced views as these, frankly admitted and urged in our author's preface, his work may be safely left to the conscientious and discriminating judgment of his readers. The work is certainly interesting, in parts eminently so: but its style, especially where a mild halo is attempted to be thrown over seduction, as in the account given of BURE's *liaison* with the beautiful Miss MONCRIEF, is of that species which may be described as 'extra-gushing.'

POEMS by SYDNEY DOBELL. In one Volume: pp. 544. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 'Riverside Press' of H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

THERE is one thing which cannot be gainsaid about this volume of poems. It is unusually replete with the unmistakable marks of GENIUS. It shows, in numerous instances, evidences of the presence of the true 'vision and faculty divine:' but, at the same time, it is equally true, that the attentive and even not over-critical reader will find in its pages more indifferent rhythm, and a greater lack of melodious versification, than can be found in any similar *meritorious* volume of its size with which we are acquainted. 'In the next few years the author modestly says, in the preface to one of his longer dramatic performances, *'The Roman,'* I hope to write more 'Poetry:' ten years hence, if God please, a 'POEM.' The best English critics, we venture to say, will counsel him, in the mean time, as we venture to do, to cultivate a little more, that smoothness of *execution*, which need never belittle a great thought, or render forced or unnatural a truthful simile or a happy conceit. 'Give to your best of thoughts the best of words,' is a good maxim, which a more prolonged experience will induce Mr. DOBELL to heed.

'The Roman' and 'Balder,' two long dramatic poems, we have not read with the attention which they demand: doubtless they merit the high praise which has been awarded to them by not a few of the British journals. But it is in the minor lyrics that we like Mr. DOBELL best: such as the feeling devotional lines, 'When the Rain is on the Roof,' 'The Milk-Maid's Song,' 'Grass from the Battle-Field,' 'The Orphan's Song,' and other the like productions. By the way, we will quote the last-named, that the reader may see with what a charm a man of poetic thought and observation can invest the simplest object:

'I HAD a little bird,
I took it from the nest;
I prest it, and blest it,
And nurst it in my breast.

'I set it on the ground,
I danced round and round,
And sang about it so cheerly,
With 'Hey, my little bird,
And ho, my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly!'

'I make a little feast
Of food soft and sweet,
I hold it in my breast,
And coax it to eat;

'I pit, and I pat,
I call it this and that,
And sing about it so cheerly,
With 'Hey, my little bird,
And ho, my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly!'

'I may kiss, I may sing,
But I can't make it feed,
It taketh no heed
Of any pleasant thing.

'I scolded, and I socked,
But it minded not a whit,
Its little mouth was locked,
And I could not open it.

'Though with pit, and with pat,
And with this and with that,
I sang about it so cheerly,
And hey, my little bird,
And ho, my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly!

'But when the day was done,
And the room was at rest,
And I sat all alone
With my birdie in my breast,

'And the light had fled,
And not a sound was heard,
Then my little bird
Lifted up its head,

'And the little mouth
Loosed its sullen pside,
And it opened, it opened,
With a yearning strong and wide.

'Swifter than I speak
I brought it food once more,

But the poor little beak
Was locked as before.

'I sat down again,
And not a creature stirred,
I laid the little bird
Again where it had lain ;

'And again when nothing stirred,
And not a word I said,
Then my little bird
Lifted up its head,
And the little beak
Loosed its stubborn pride,
And it opened, it opened,
With a yearning strong and wide.

'It lay in my breast,
It uttered no cry,
'T was famished, 't was famished,
And I could n't tell why.

'I could n't tell why,
But I saw that it would die,
For all that I kept dancing round and
round,
And singing above it so cheerly,
With 'Hey, my little bird,
And ho, my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly !'

'I never look sad,
I hear what people say,
I laugh when they are gay
And they think I am glad.

'My tears never start,
I never say a word,
But I think that my heart
Is like that little bird.

'Every day I read,
And I sing, and I play,
But through the long day
It taketh no heed.

'It taketh no heed
Of any pleasant thing,
I know it doth not read,
I know it doth not sing.

'With my mouth I read,
With my hands I play,
My shut heart is shut,
Coax it how you may.

'You may coax it how you may
While the day is broad and bright,
But in the dead night
When the guests are gone away,

'And no more the music sweet
Up the house doth pass,
Nor the dancing feet
Shake the nursery glass ;

'And I've heard my aunt
Along the corridor,
And my uncle gaunt
Lock his chamber-door ;

'And upon the stair
All is hushed and still,
And the last wheel
Is silent in the square ;

'And the nurses snore,
And the dim sheets rise and fall,
And the lamp-light 's on the wall,
And the mouse is on the floor ;

'And the curtains of my bed
Are like a heavy cloud,
And the clock ticks loud,
And sounds are in my head ;

'And little Lizzie sleeps
Softly at my side,
It opens, it opens,
With a yearning strong and wide !

'It yearns in my breast,
It utters no cry,
'T is famished, 't is famished,
And I feel that I shall die,
I feel that I shall die,
And none will know why,
Though the pleasant life is dancing
round and round
And singing about me so cheerly,
With 'Hey, my little bird,
And ho, my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly !'

THE PURITANS : OR THE CHURCH, COURT, AND PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND, DURING THE REIGNS OF EDWARD VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. Vol. I. Boston : GOULD AND LINCOLN. 1859.

WE have here yet another of the great historical works of which our age is only less prolific than of novels. This volume embraces the period from 'the first Puritan,' HOOPER, who was appointed to the bishopric of Gloucester in 1550, down to the middle of the reign of ELIZABETH. The mechanical execution of the volume is extremely creditable to the publishers, and the history is at once erudite and vivacious in its character.

FOOT-FALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD: WITH NARRATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS. By ROBERT DALE OWEN, formerly Member of Congress, and late American Minister to Naples. In one Volume: pp. 528. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY.

'It is pretty impossible,' remarked a 'talented' contestant in a country debating-society, 'it is pretty considerable impossible for a person for to communicate to another those ideas whereof he himself is not possessed of: because, in so doing, it is pretty impossible for him for to eradicate himself therefrom.' This pellucid statement has, in past time, 'hit our case exactly,' in relation to works upon '*Spiritualism*,' which we have been, at different periods within the last five or six years, called upon to notice in the pages of this Magazine. Our old and excellent friend and aforetime correspondent, Judge EDMONDS, furnished the most elaborate and carefully-treated of these works: honorable alike to his faith in his subject, and the adroitness with which it was placed before his readers. But in relation to all our friend's well-fortified '*spiritual phenomena*,' what could we say? There was not a single corroborative '*idea*' in relation to *operative spiritualism*, 'whereof we ourselves were possessed of:' so that it only remained for us to place the JUDGE's '*platform*,' himself standing firmly fixed upon it, before our readers; which we are glad to say we did, to the author's entire satisfaction. Previously to this, however, we had sought carefully, and with no little trouble, to investigate the subject. We attended not a few table-moving, spirit-rapping, and other like '*demonstrations*,' including the *very first* which was ever exhibited in our metropolis: that of Mrs. FISH and the Misses FOX, at the old '*HOWARD Hotel*' on Broadway. But in *no* case would a table move, with all the united help that could be brought to bear upon it: and exceedingly expressive were the negative raps of the '*Spirits*,' declining to hold any communication whatever with '*Mr. C —, Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE!*' We were ghostfully tabooed, black-balled, cast out. Up to this moment, our *visible* experience of the wonderful doings of '*Spiritualism*' '*hath this extent — no more.*'

But because, with '*our short sight*, we cannot fathom the depths beyond,' shall we doubt that others have not '*the vision and the faculty divine*' which are denied to us? Not at all: nor do we for one moment underrate the perfect conscientiousness, the firm belief of those whose way is guided by the brightest light. While ours, to *their* eyes, is tracked alone by the '*blackness of darkness.*' '*If they had n't seen it, they would n't have believed it.*' No doubt. Well: we have n't *seen* it!

As touching the volume before us, we have to remark in the first place, that a mere glance over its pages will suffice to show, that the work is not a treatise on '*Spiritualism*,' or what in modern times goes under that name. It speaks of *spontaneous*, not of *evoked* phenomena; of those which may be said to occur by the visitation of God, and *not* at the instigation of man. It is a work which has evidently demanded great and various research on the part of the author: for he found it necessary to '*consult the best professional works on Physiology, especially in its connection with mental phenomena, on Psychology in general, on Sleep, on Hallucination, on Insanity, on the great Mental Epidemics of Europe and Ame-*

rica; on the subject of Human Electricity, in connection with its influence on the nervous system and the muscular tissues.' By these and other almost equally important researches, Mr. OWEN became satisfied, that it 'behooved the student in this field to devote his attention to spontaneous phenomena, rather than to those that are evoked; to appearances and disturbances that present themselves occasionally only, it is true, but neither sought nor looked for: like the rainbow, or the Aurora Borealis, or the wind that bloweth where it listeth, uncontrolled by the wishes or the agency of man.' A record of such phenomena, carefully selected and authenticated, constitutes the staple of the volume before us. One of the most striking chapters of the work, to our conception, is one entitled '*The Change at Death*.' We commend the book to such of our readers as may feel an interest in the general themes of which it so comprehensively and elaborately treats.

NEW MISCELLANIES: by CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley, Chaplain in Ordinary to the QUEEN. BOSTON: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

MR. KINGSLEY has a style characterized by as direct, terse, and idiomatic ENGLISH as ever COBBETT possessed: and moreover, beside his reputation as an author of works of the imagination, he is a writer of sound practical *common-sense*, on matters of every-day life: a fact which he is not backward in illustrating and enforcing, in language equally strong and simple. He seems, too, to be almost ubiquitous; to be 'every where at the same time,' and to be 'doing every thing at once.' A 'novel' from his pen reaches his readers almost simultaneously with a volume of essays on multifarious themes, all handled as he only *could* handle them; and at the same time, aside from the performance of his high and responsible clerical duties, we find by the English journals, that he is here and there, in the metropolis and the provinces, addressing 'National Sanitary Associations' and other kindred useful, practical 'institutions' of Britain: in other words, always at work at something, and always *doing* it. A very remarkable man, with a very remarkable *working* intellect, is the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. From a paper on '*Great Cities and their Influence for Good and Evil*,' we take the annexed brief extract. Its catholic spirit and well-reasoned 'views' do equal honor to the head and heart of the writer:

'THE main exciting cause of drunkenness is, I believe firmly, bad air and bad lodging.

'A man shall spend his days between the foul alley, where he breathes sulphureted hydrogen; a close work-shop, where he breathes carbonic acid, and a close and foul bed-room, where he breathes both. In neither of the three places, meanwhile, has he his fair share of that mysterious chemical agent, without which health is impossible, the want of which betrays itself at once in the dull eye, the sallow cheek, namely, light. Believe me, it is no mere poetic metaphor which connects in Scriptures, Light with Life. It is the expression of a deep law, one which holds as true in the physical as in the spiritual world; a case in which (as perhaps in all cases) the laws of the visible world are the counterparts of those of the invisible world, and Earth is the symbol of Heaven.

'Deprive, then, the man of his fair share of fresh air and pure light, and what follows? His blood is not properly oxygenated; his nervous energy is depressed, his digestion im-

paired, especially if his occupation be sedentary, or requires much stooping, and the cavity of the chest thereby becomes contracted; and for that miserable feeling of languor and craving he knows but one remedy — the passing stimulus of alcohol; a passing stimulus — leaving fresh depression behind it, and requiring fresh doses of stimulant, till it becomes a habit, a slavery, a madness. Again, there is an intellectual side to the question. The depressed, nervous energy, the impaired digestion, depress the spirits. The man feels low in mind as well as in body. Whence shall he seek exhilaration? Not in that stifling home which has caused the depression itself. He knows none other than the tavern, and the company which the tavern brings; God help him!

'Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it is easy to say, God help him; but it is not difficult for man to help him also. Drunkenness is a very curable malady. The last fifty years have seen it all but die out among the upper classes of this country. And what has caused the improvement?

'Certainly, in the first place, the spread of education. Every man has now a hundred means of rational occupation and amusement which were closed to his grandfather; and among the deadliest enemies of drunkenness we may class the printing-press, the rail road, and the importation of foreign art and foreign science, which we owe to the late forty years' peace. We can find plenty of amusement now, beside the old one of sitting round the table and talking over wine. Why should not the poor man share in our gain? And he ought to have the means. Whatever other rights a man has, or ought to have, this at least he has, if society demands of him that he should earn his own livelihood, and not be a torment and a burden to his neighbors. He has a right to water, to air, to light. In demanding that, he demands no more than nature has given to the wild beasts of the forest. He is better than they. Treat him, then, as well as God has treated them. If we require of him to be a man, we must at least put him on a level with the brutes.'

Among the shorter 'Miscellanies' is one entitled '*Thoughts on Shelley and Byron*,' wherein the writer takes up the cudgels for the latter against the many 'good-going gentlemen and ladies,' among whom he is generally spoken of with horror; 'he is 'so wicked,' forsooth; while poor SHELLEY, 'poor dear SHELLEY,' is 'very wrong, of course,' but 'so refined,' 'so beautiful,' 'so tender,' 'a fallen angel, while BYRON is a satyr and a devil. He boldly denies the verdict; asserts that neither of the two are devils, but that SHELLEY is far less like one of those Hebrew and Miltonic angels, fallen or unfallen, than BYRON is; and adds: 'At all events, BYRON never set to work to consecrate his own sin into a religion, and proclaim the worship of uncleanness as the last and highest ethical development of 'pure' humanity. No: BYRON may be brutal, but he never casts. If at moments he finds himself in hell, he never turns round to the world, and unobtrusively informs them that it is heaven, if they could but see it in its true light.' We were about to say that these 'Miscellanies' were excellently printed, and upon good paper: but it is not necessary. See the names of the publishing houses whence the volume proceeds.

Book-Keeping: by SINGLE and DOUBLE ENTRY. Fifth, last and enlarged edition, of the new and improved SYSTEM. By W. W. SMITH and EDWARD MARTIN. New-York: A. S. BARNES & CO. 1859.

This work is designed to supply a want by presenting the system of book-keeping in so simple a manner as to make it a practical study in common schools. It not only contains all the forms of entry in full, but by a series of questions and answers at every step the pupil is made to understand the reasons

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER ELEVEN. — We promised, in closing the last number of this desultory 'Narrative-History,' to make brief reference thereafter to a '*Reply to Cooper's Attack on Sir Walter Scott, and his Biographer, Lockhart*,' which appeared in these pages, after the lapse of a month from the publication of the 'provocation paper' which drew it forth. It was published anonymously; and we do not know that we are authorized, even at this late period, to state, that it was from the pen of EDWARD S. GOULD, Esq. We shall therefore keep the name of our correspondent in the back-ground: '*stat nominis umbra*:' premising only, that the writer had met Mr. COOPER abroad; and 'struck' with his manners toward himself and other 'fellow-countrymen' at that time in Paris, he came to regard him with an affection 'passing the love of women.' If we remember rightly, there was certain 'Parisian correspondence' in one of our daily journals of that era, which gave full vent to this singular affection — '*par la gauche*.' Be that as it may: Mr. COOPER had no more gratification in driving a coach-and-six through LOCKHART'S Life of Scott, than our second correspondent had in driving a strong tandem Yankee team, 'with a big bull-dog under the wagon,' through the great novelist's review of the same.

The reviewer of Mr. COOPER begins by assuming as 'a sound principle of retributive justice,' that an individual who fails fully to substantiate such charges of criminality as he voluntarily prefers and perseveringly argues against another, must be content to endure the penalty which he sought to inflict.' 'We premise,' he says, 'one thing only, in contradiction of the writer's assumption, and in exposure of the essential defect of his whole argument, that the every day life (comprising the unpremeditated thoughts, words, and deeds) of the purest uninspired man that ever lived, cannot bear the test of a moral scrutiny which boasts nothing short of *perfection* as its standard: and hence, that a man 'found wanting' under such microscopic investigation, is not to be successfully denounced as 'radically deficient in the very elements of honesty,' by a fellow-man, who is necessarily liable, on the same ground, to the same denunciation.'

After some scathing remarks, touching Mr. COOPER'S assumption that LOCKHART 'should have been the last person in the world whom Sir WALTER SCOTT should have selected as his biographer,' the reviewer takes up the proposition of Sir WALTER SCOTT, in a letter to his brother THOMAS, (then, we believe, our

neighbor 'over the border' in Canada,) to indicate, by an understood sign, whether a letter of introduction to the 'Wizard of the North' was to be duly honored or not :

'MR. COOPER gives us a dissertation on letters of introduction: and the gist of the matter is this: Mr. THOMAS SCOTT, being constantly applied to for letters to Sir WALTER, often found himself in the predicament where thousands of less conspicuous men have been placed: namely, the necessity of giving a letter to some one in himself perhaps unexceptionable, but on whom, for reasons of their own, either he or his brother was disposed to confer limited attention. As it was not admissible to refuse the letter, and as a letter so worded as to call for limited civility only, would necessarily offend the applicant, it seemed to be indispensable that some private mark should be adopted, by means of which THOMAS could avoid the offence, and Sir WALTER, at the same time, could discriminate between his guests. The latter, therefore, requests the former to sign such letters, short, T. SCOTT, instead of THOMAS SCOTT. We think that the propriety of this arrangement will be obvious to any one who reflects on SCOTT's situation, and the absolute necessity he was under of limiting his civilities *somewhere*, unless he were really to give up every other vocation, and devote himself solely to the entertainment of company. Mr. COOPER, however, thinks differently. He thinks that 'a little bootless civility' might easily be rendered to all; which opinion, if made applicable to *his own* guests, instead of other people's, would certainly evince a very hospitable disposition. But, letting that pass, he says: 'How easy would it have been for Mr. THOMAS SCOTT to have given a letter generally and simply expressed, which should mean what it said, and which should not impose any great trouble on his brother; but this might have lost the parties a supporter!' . . . 'But this is not all, quoth Mr. COOPER. This private mark is not honest. It is deception. A man who will do this, would not hesitate to lie on other occasions. Nay, the mere reader who is not shocked at such moral turpitude the moment he hears of it, is wanting in the very elements of honesty.'

We do not consider this point of the defence to be over-strong as an 'argument: ' but as a palliation, as an excuse, in such a case as Sir WALTER's, it is undoubtedly 'well taken,' as the lawyers say. Still, we think it would have been better, if Mr. THOMAS SCOTT had declined to *give* such letters as required an understood *protestando*. When WASHINGTON IRVING first returned home from abroad, where he had won an exalted fame, and had mingled upon a footing of perfect equality with the most eminent men of the time, he was not unfrequently solicited to furnish to American 'bloods' going abroad, 'carrying their brains in their pockets,' letters of introduction to such distinguished men as MOORE, ROGERS, etc. That he declined with all kindness must of course be assumed: but there were *other* parties, he said, to such a courtesy: those young men might 'want to meet ROGERS;' might 'like, of all things, to secure a chance to visit MOORE;' but on the other hand, neither MOORE nor ROGERS might have any such longing to see *them*! We say, that a refusal in such a case, dictated by a good heart, and carefully guarded against wounding either the pride or feeling of the applicant, was after all the truest kindness. The following is an 'argument,' somewhat forcibly 'put: '

'MR. COOPER quotes from a letter of SCOTT's the admission that, in criticising the Curse of Kehama, he reviewed it favorably: that is, he 'slurred over the absurdi-

ties and enlarged upon the beauties of the work.' Now Mr. COOPER, of all the men on the face of the whole earth, should be the very last to *complain* of the criticism which 'slurs over absurdities and enlarges upon beauties;' but waiving the *ad hominem*, let us see what he says about SCOTT's admission :

"ALL this was worthy of a Grub-street hack. In the first place we see the utter want of principle, which palms off on the public dishonest reviewing; and then follows the miserable salvo for his own talents, by declaring what he *would* have done, had not the unjustifiable course he actually took, been part of the system."

'It seems, then, that if a critic, anonymously reviewing the poem of a friend, ventures to say what he thinks of the beauties, and omits saying what he thinks of the faults, he evinces '*an utter want of principle.*'"

Here is a passage, and a very brief one, in relation to an assumption of Mr. COOPER's, that SCOTT had intentionally suppressed the date in a letter to his friend ELLIS, to conceal the fact that he first reviewed SOUTHEY's poem, and afterward wrote to SOUTHEY that he had not *seen* that poem :

'THE insinuation is entirely gratuitous: there is no ground, on the face of the transaction as represented by the critic himself, for suspicion. He simply *chooses* to suspect. There is *no* evidence — no *pretension* to evidence. And to talk about 'men of established probity;' to aver that SCOTT cannot now come before the world with the pretension to be superior to suspicions of this nature; Heaven and earth, *who* is this bravo of criticism? — this common stabber? — that presumes to suspect without occasion, and dares to vilify *because* he suspects?'

Perhaps this language, to adopt a 'Yankee' term, may seem '*ha'sh*;' it strikes *us* as open to that objection: we felt it incumbent upon us, however, having presented Mr. COOPER's 'Attack' quite 'at large,' for a synopsis, to show the manner in which the reviewer was himself reviewed. A single passage, explaining the *reasons* which actuated SCOTT in writing for MURRAY's 'Review' a notice of '*The Tales of my Landlord*,' must close our extracts. The statement is not merely 'plausible' — it is satisfactory:

'WE come now to Scott's review, for the 'Quarterly,' of 'The Tales of my Landlord.' Scott, at this time, was the 'Great Unknown. After the publication of the book referred to, MURRAY, the publisher, addressed to him a letter glowing with gratitude and gratulation on its success; and expressing his (MURRAY's) confidence so decidedly that SCOTT was the author, that Sir WALTER was at first embarrassed as to the most expedient manner of replying. However, he escaped the dilemma with much ingenuity. He assured MURRAY that he *did not* claim the authorship — that he had not read the work until it was printed, etc.; and finally, to show *how serious* he was in his disclaimer, offered to review the very work in question, a thing which, he intimated, the author himself would not think of attempting. Hence, it is not strictly true, as an abstract assertion, that SCOTT volunteered to review his own writings. His doing it was a kind of necessary expedient to repel MURRAY's inquisitiveness.'

And with the foregoing extract we take our leave of this controversy, in which, on both sides, undue bitterness, both of feeling and expression, was exhibited, which made the judicious grieve. But nothing which COOPER ever wrote, exhibited more truly the fearlessness, the out-spoken frankness of the man, than this most extraordinary article upon Sir WALTER SCOTT, and his son-in-law, LOCKHART.

Just about this time there began to appear in the KNICKERBOCKER a double series of what may literally be termed 'papers' proper: we mean the two journals, '*The Bunkumville Chronicle*' and '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff*.' The first was a short-lived sheet, for reasons which will be explained anon: but the second attained to a ripe maturity, and grew in knowledge, and increased in graces of style, and force and originality of thought, until the anonymous editor withdrew from its 'columns,' removed from Bunkum, and we believe for a number of years from the State. The last time we heard from him he was on his way to take up his residence in the South, in connection with a company with which he had become associated, and with whose transactions he was to be especially identified. We know of few things, among the lighter papers of this Magazine, from its very commencement, which used to afford us more amusement, than we derived from the perusal of the manuscript of '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff*.' Its satire upon passing follies and events was so pointed, yet so sly and adroit; its swelling periods of 'stabbed English,' and its magniloquent way of setting forth the commonest truisms, were so infinitely droll; and above all, the burlesque of the style of a back-woods journalist, whose pomposity could only be equalled by his ignorance, was so faithfully rendered, that for several months, 'The Flag-Staff's' opinions were the very oracles of the Press, far and near. We propose now to part company with our eminent wrangling critics, and to devote the remainder of this number of our narrative to a brief but comprehensive consideration of the 'journals' under notice. Versatile '*SPARROWGRASS*,' with his early poetry and later prose; thoughtful '*ST. LEGER*,' with his Germanic creations of fancy, and gems of feeling; the myriad-minded '*MEISTER KARL*,' and wild, wise and witty '*MACB SLOPER*,' will soon step again upon 'these boards;' but for the present, listen to the career and the characteristics of a 'born journalist.'

'*The Bunkumville Chronicle*' was started with the avowal, in the very first number, that the editor was 'not aware of having any principles in particular, except a considerable taste for the 'loaves and fishes.' What 'field of usefulness,' (however clever it might be in puns, and fanciful *niaseries*,) could such a journal expect to occupy? The result of the enterprise affords the answer. Three numbers of this journal only had appeared, when there arose in the adjoining village of Bunkum, in the same county, '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' which in a short time had the effect to 'root it out of the ked'ntry.' When the editor 'took his eye and threw it round community,' he 'realized' at once the 'great necessity' there was of a paper such as the '*STAFF*:' and hence its 'advent and first appearance:'

The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '88: THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK: THE FOURTH OF JULY: LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

This 'head-platform' is sufficiently explicit; but in a 'leader,' the editor comes out still stronger: 'We set forth in this editorial leader where we *are*; and where *that* is, there we shall be *found*. We never will shirk the responsibility in any one instance, be it one or more, while we have an editorial chair to set into, any more than we have a right hand to cut off. Planted upon our

'Flag-Staff,' and with a substratum to go on, we confidently appeal, with a fair appreciation that our *animus* will not be misunderstood, and affirm that we stand in the attitude of *opposition*! Our ADVERSARY will find, that in flinging himself into the newspaper area, we shall speak with all kindness and discretion, but not to be trifled with. What a brassy impudence there is in the flourish of his trumpets, and no wool after all: a mere fugo, to blind the eyes, and shift the responsibility. How can you make a charge on a bag of wind of a non-plus?—where you can't find one iota or scintilla of a platform? 'Got no principles!'—got no platform to stand on to; shifted about when the current blows east, or when the current blows west, just as it happens. There's the rock that our friend of 'The Chronicle' is going to split on to. He can't write good if he aint got no principles: he brings out of the stables of his intellect the greatest cavalcade of richly-comparisoned and well-looking *words*, harnessed to a little bit of *meaning* I ever seen; but what do they all amount to, if he aint got no principles?'

By such 'searching,' vigorous editorials in '*The Staff*,' was the '*Chronicle*' speedily driven from the field. Let us now proceed briefly to consider 'The Bunkum Flag-Staff' as an independent, out-spoken journal, of varied intelligence, and replete with a critical acumen as rare as it is remarkable in a sheet of its humble pretensions. In the opening number is an account by the editor, describing '*Our Visit to the City*.' He was befooled in several instances, and complains lustily thereof. Take one example: 'We do n't know when we were more sucked in and indignant than on a visit which we paid on the tip-toe of expectation, to 'Col. FREMONT's Woolly Horse from the Rocky Mountains.' If they call this a *Lusus Naturæ*, then we do n't know what a *Lusus Naturæ* is. It is an altogether Humbug: a mere ordinary horse, with a bald tail, but not worth twenty-five cents to see the hairs off: if we owned him, we would give four times that quantity to have 'em on. All the visitors went out of the room looking sheepish enough about their own part and lot in the Woolly Horse, and silent as death. We never made such an Ass of ourself as in going to see the foregoing horse!' He was, however, very much pleased with a concert which he attended, which he criticises in true artistic style, as may be gathered from the following sentences: 'The base singer has a splendid organ, of powerful timber, but a little unsteady; perhaps we should say, not entirely confident of grip in some of the upper notes. The tenor sang like a dozen angels. He shows depth, tone, penetration, a succinct method, discrimination, perfect freedom in alt, but no practice. The other singer has a plump style, a little exaggerated occasionally in expostulatory passages, owing to too sudden shifting of his crescendo from sideways to upside down. Let him look to this.' The '*Literary Criticisms*' of the '*Staff*' are 'deep,' and indicate the 'Thinker.' Here ensue, in illustration, brief passages from a review of MACAULAY's History of England, just then commenced:

'We have just risen from the perusal of this work, which is sweetly written. We think it is a little in favor of monarchy, but that may be accounted for from the fact that the author is an Englishman; and being a native of the soil, he would not of course go about to soil the natives. Let the republican therefore be careful; for his

works take such a hold on the mind that it is necessary to mind your hold. His style is pleasing, except to a very few, who can leap over that to the subject-matter.'

MACAULAY had objected, it seems, to the orthography of WEBSTER, which was being followed by his American publishers, the Brothers HARPER: whereupon the '*Staff*' remarks: 'For ourself, we don't care three straws about it: we are democrat enough to claim the small privilege of spelling our words as we please, right or rong. If we relinquish this, the next thing they will object to our choice of words! However, *verbum saphead*: enough on *that* head. We heartily recommend MACAULAY's history, such as it is.'

A forcible example is given of the independent spirit of the editor, in his notice of the '*Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*' He is 'willing to praise, but not afraid to blame:'

'MR. BART has done a good service to the cause of letters by these volumes, which have now been published some years. It does us good to review the work. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was a man of talents, which subsequent events prove. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, we think, will yet find his level, and posterity may live to thank us for what we have here said. We have one bone to pick with him, however, which we should have done if we had met him among the Simplons or the Twolllerries. He had not ought, on the score of congenial affection, for to have divorced his wife, if she was a colored woman; and if we had a-met her before he done the deed, we would have said to her: 'JOSEPHINE, stand to your rights!' While we're about it, we may as well say we've another bone to pick with Mr. BART. He don't do justice to that poor creater shut up on Saint Helena, where Mr. CIPRIANI could n't get fire-wood to warm him, nor any good oil to put in his lamp, nor mutton which was worth a single cent, nor half water enough for his bath, nor half wine enough for his water; and what wine he had was made of sour grapes and sugar-of-lead, giving the poor captyve a stomach-ache every day; and yet BART wants to make out that the overseer 'gin the old hero a good deal more than he deserved! But Mr. BART is an Englishman, and an Englishman is a hectoring bully, wherever you find him; and he is n't any thing else.'

There is a gem of musical criticism in a subsequent number, upon the performance on the violin, (before a 'select few,' the editor included, of M. SCREITCH OUEL, a distinguished foreign 'artist:')

'APART from the ruddy flesh-color style of playing so prevalent now-a-days, we thought we perceived a sombre cast of intonation which marks the school of BANOJELL. His fingering we thought a trifle defective in the management of the second joint of the little finger, although some intuition would soon bend that to at least a warrantable degree of curve. We say this without at all meaning to reflect on Mr. OUEL, whose playing-hand no doubt conscientiously follows the school in which it was fetched up, and is far from meaning to do wrong. To compensate this, his slide is wonderful; and in some instances we thought he would be flat down, lapsing considerably beyond the slight *tromulo* which would have been sufficient.' We would recommend a shake-and-a-half more in the *a fortiori* passage of the *caveat* to *Luscreechia*, and a little more firmness in the *cadenza*; as this is only in accordance with the tictacs of the very best violin-players during the last fifty years. It is, however, a mere shadow on the general sunlight of that exquisite *caveat*, for which we thank our friend for rendering it so well as he done it. In handling the in-

strument, M. OUZL is, in the upward stroke, firm and judicious; his downward stroke might be praps a leetle whittled away, we think; not, however, without danger to the equipoise.'

Indeed, the '*Staff*' was always preëminent in its musical criticisms. Its notice of the advent of LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the pianist 'Thunderer,' under the *nom de plume* of 'HERR SMASH,' was a very striking piece of 'strong writing.' He gave a copcert in Bunkum, where his 'Grand Piano' was 'secured to the floor by transverse timbers, and a sidelong piece of iron:'

'HERR SMASH soon entered with a bust of unanimous applause. His appearance was exentrik. A bushy head like a bushel, and a smear of mustashes onto his upper lip, otherwise a frock-coat and sundries. He also carried a cambrick handkerchif perfumed with musk. We smelt it. He took his position, planting himself firm, while two upholsterers tacked his coat tails with little brass studs, also secured his body with ropes. His audience were by this tim^e at the highest point of the *key-veeve*, and time they waa. He took off his gloves, hurled his eyes all round the theayter, looking grim, held his wrists about three feet above the key-board, letting the ends of his fingers hang down, his hair stood right up, and we knew that emminent jepardy was a-coming. So held them for three minutes, while all the whole audience was nigh out of breath, and while they was so, down he came with his ten finger-nails! After this, he looked round with a smile, and the enthusiasm of the audience, unable to hold out any longer, broke through all bounds. Before this was over he lifted up his fingers and down he came again, inecomuch that the brass plate of the piano was wrenched off, and one leg thrown pretty much across the room. Unmindful of this, he now began galloping with his fingers from end to end of the instrument, turning head over heels between a quaver and a semi-quaver, and all right again and on, before any body would know that there was any time lost. He first played Yankee Doodle, out of compliment, smothering it up with the blanket of ornament, and so tucking it in, that when the poor Yankee did peep out with its face we hardly knowed it. Says we to ourself, 'Can this be Yankee Doodle come to town, Yankee Doodle dandy?' After this however, unloosing his musical bark from the wharf of patriotism, he began to play the Battle of Prague, the Battle of the Nile, Battle of the Pyramids, Battle of Wagram, Battle of Austerlitz and Battle of Bunker Hill, all concentred into one grand junction cannonade, which after the third volley ripped off his coat-tails, tore up the brass nails, and threw the lid of the piano clean across the room, while the sensation of the audience was unmitigated in the extreme. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and children at the breast bawled aloud, while some friends of ours were so foolish as to bohoo out of mere enthusiasm. Just as you think it all done, horns, fiddles, cymbals, gong, and kettle-drum with a bang; bang; bang; bang; tiddle de diddle de idle; bang, bang, bang, tiddle de dum de idle; BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG; then a slow measured *bang*; BANG; BANG; then at it again with a fiddle de iddle de iddle de crash! crash! smash! and with that legs, keys, iron, wire, sank down on the floor in one maas of heterogeneous chaos, and HERR SMASH, his hair on eend; his coat tails ripped off; his eyes flashing fire; his mustashes looking thunder; his fists clenched; his mēouth foaming, ran right off the stage.'

Those of our readers 'of long ago,' who remember HERR SMASH's terrible 'style,' will scarcely recognize in this an exaggerated picture. At the time we

write, the following is as applicable as it was years ago. The House of Representatives is just getting over a long 'pinch' for a Speaker:

'The session of Congress has commence, and we are now going to throw out some remarks for their good. We see they can't get no speaker as yet. Bime-by, we're afeered, there will be *too many* Speakers. That ain't all: *they'll speak too much!* They usually spend the fust part of the session in balloting, and the middle in doing nothing, and the latter eend, when the business ought to taper off gradual, and come to the sharp p'int of an accomplished good, which will puncturate into all time, they get the business all huddled up like a drove of sheep in a corner, and nothing to do but to scratch and hurry and sweep together the bills and papers, the most of which they chuck under the table.' . . . 'Representatifs of the people; slappin' you onto the back, we say to you firmly, yet with apparent kindness, 'Alter your tictacs in this matter.'

The editor was not without his personal admirers, who occasionally remembered him, in a delicate way, by appropriate and tasteful presents. One of these he thus felicitously acknowledges: 'A lurge sweet SQUASH have been sent to us, with the 'admiring good-wishes of a fervent friend;' and though we want such esculent wegetables for the use't of our family, we shall forbear to cook it, but hang it up into our orifice, to stimulate us to further literary efforts. Thanks! thanks!' Mr. WAGSTAFF is greatly encouraged; he put his sheet at a low figure, and takes almost 'any thing' and every thing in payment; as witness the following:

'It afforde us the most adequate satisfaction to state that the 'Staff' goes good: it is firmly planted on the top wave of an advancing public opinion, and gifted with eagle-wings, and a heart of oak, incited by moral purposes, and devoted to advertisements. It has received the most marked encomiums. Our brother has written to us in the most flattering terms of our journal. All talent snapped up as it occurs. There will be a series of discriminating articles on music, to which we call the attention of amateurs. Principles of 'Ninety-eight and all the great measures of the day, as well as other principles, fully sustained. Vice uprooted by the heels, and cast him like an oxious weed away. All kinds of job-work executed with neatness and despatch. The fine arts and literature fully discussed. Horses and cabs to let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this offia. WANTED, AN APPRENTICE. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once-t a-week to Babylon, Pequog, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbor, Hetchabon-nuck, Coram, Miller's Place, Skunk's Manor, Fire Island, Mosquito Cove and Montauk Point, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE, named JOHN JOHNS, scar on his head, one ear gone, and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, flip-penny bits, and United'n States's currency in general, received in subscription. Also, store pay, potatoes, corn, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, old rope, lambs'-wool, shovels, honey, shorts, dried cod, catnip, oil, but'nut bark, paints, glass, putty, hemp, snake-root, cord-wood, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, mill-stones, hemlock gum, bacon and hams, ginshang-root, vinegar, punkins, ellacompaïne, harness, hops, ashes, slippery-ellum bark, clams, nails, varnish, sheet-iron, sapsago cheese, old junk, whisk-brooms, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange. WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRER Cow; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once-t a week.'

We shrewdly suspect that the 'circumstance' mentioned below *has* 'a ground basis and sustratum of fact':

'THE following occurred very lately on the Hemptstead plains. A party, consisting of I, and MARTIN VAN BUREN, Ex-President, and JOHN and some others, were travelling on a very foggy night. We suppose you could not see your identical nose on your face. We presently got off the road onto a race-course, by the Judge's Stand. Here we asked a man, and he said: 'Keep your eyes on yender light, and you will come ought straight.' We followed the light, and went straight on followin' the road, until, in due course of time, we come out by what appeared to be the Judge's Stand; but this time we take no notice of it, only kept on followin' the road. The course being round, and yet the road appearin' pretty near straight, we kept on, until the second time, coming round to the Judge's Stand, one of the party says: 'Appears to me, we have seen that objek before.' I said, 'No, I guess you're mistaken:' so we kept straight on again, for the light appeared as far off as ever. A third time, in the space of say pretty near half an hour, we come round to that stand again, and then we all exclaim, sotto, and also viva vocey: 'WE ARE ONTO A RACE-COURSE!''

Could any thing be more delicate than the subjoined? The insinuation is so adroit, its expression so *very* Bunkumish, that we cannot resist the inclination to re-produce it for the benefit of Mr. WAGSTAFF's contemporaries, 'here, there, and everywhere':

'RESPONSIF to an appeal in the last 'Staff,' we have received from the Messrs. Allbrook, of Bunkum, accompanied with a very handsome letter, some bottles of the wintage, which we found to be most pure and medycinal and done our health good. We had hardly consumed one of them before we were met by a subscriber in the street who immediately said, 'WAGSTAFF, how well you look!—you bin to the springs?'

'No,' said we, 'we have had a present of some wine, and it has put new life into us.'

'The wery pleasantest part of the letter was, which was itself cheering, and showed that they love us, that if ever we got sick again, (and who can perwidge against sickness?) they had more of such medicine, and to call on them for just as much as we want. They must be Allbrook, to be sure, if that's the way their heart's flow out in keindness to their fellow-men; and we are glad there is such a firm in Bunkum, and that the firm has such remedies to dispose of. However, the 'Staff' is the last one that would ride a willing horst to death. It never will do it.'

Faithful to his promise of devoting much attention to musical matters for the benefit of 'amatoors,' the 'Staff' elaborately notices the 'Sweedish cockatrice,' JENNY LIND: 'Her voice is not square: it is of an oval texture. When she got up in the *sustenuto*, we stood aghash: but when she tried the *flauto*, the *obligato*, and sunk down to the *crupperico* notes, we nocked under. She has little merit as an artist, but as a singer, she's good.' We bring our extracts from the editorial department of 'The Flag-Staff' to a close, with the annexed brace of thoughtful passages, which have more valuable inculcation in them than may meet the eye of the merely casual reader:

'A LITTLE TIFF.'—Oh! how many are carried too far, *far* too far, we are afraid, by this nefarious practice! They will even take a little tiff before twelve o'clock m., the meridian of the day; and if they keep on till twelve m. the meridian of

life, they will be confirmed sots, and the blood-red streaks be seen shooting through their countenances. Friends, do not do it! We had rather see you teetotalers than to indulge in too many of these tiffs. You must govern your propensities, but the moment that they take the reins out of your hands, your carriage will be smashed into a thousand atoms! Then, at the last end of your life, you will be obliged for preservation to abstain even from a glass of wine. Use the good things of God as not abusing them. If you must abuse them, you better not touch them. But we should be sorry to bring you to this pass, and have you say, as in an ancien' chronicle, 'Alas! what have I do!' Do not interput that ancien' chronicle where he say:

'I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But I can drink, while I do wink,
With him that wears a hood:

'Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both feet and hands go cold,
But Belly! God send thee good ale enow,
Whether it be new or old!'

'Now this ancien' man who thought so much of his stomach, and composed this versicle, was himself a solemn warnink. He lost his appetite. He say himself he did n't care anythink for wholesome meat-vittles:

'I HAVE no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire —
Much meat I not desire.'

Of course not, and he say why; because he was so completely rapt and lapt in the fometled maltuous sperrits!

'THE BIBLE. — We sincerely wish that people would read the BIBLE more, and talk about it less. We have now 'THE BARDS OF THE BIBLE.' And what can be said of the bards of the BIBLE more than they say for themselves? Can the Psalmist be clapt upon the back patronizingly, and be told that he writes well, and that Mr. GILFILLAN admires him? Was it not enough to have the 'Old Men of the Bible,' the 'Young Men of the Bible,' the 'Women of the Bible,' the 'Babies of the Bible,' and must we have the Bards of the Bible? Oh! the Holy Book is above praise. Mr. GILFILLAN might clap his hands till they were raw, to applaud the harp of DAVID, and it would be no use. In short, we would say, read the BIBLE more than you read those who advise you to read the BIBLE.'

A specimen or two of the 'Advertisements' of the 'Staff' brings us to the end of our tether. The 'bill' of the 'Bunkum Museum' was copied by MARYATT into the book which he published on his return to England from this country, not only without credit, but as an actual specimen of 'Theatricals in America.' The short advertisements also take Burlesque to its terminus:

BUNKUM MUSEUM. — Just opened, with 100,000 Curiosities, and performance in Lecter-Room; among witch may be found TWO LIVE BOAR CONSTRICTORS, Mail and Femail.

ALSO !!

A STRIPED ALGEBRA, STUFF.

BESIDES !!

A PAIR OF SHUTTLE COCKS, and one SHUTTLE HEN — alive!

THE!

SWORD WITCH GEN. WELLINGTON
FIT WITH AT THE BATTEL OF
WATERLOO! whom is six feet long,
and broad in proportion.

WITH!

A ENORMUSS RATTLETAIL SNAIK — a
regular whopper!!

AND!

THE TUSHES OF A HIPOTENUSE.

TOGETHER WITH!!
A BENGALL TIGER: SPOTTED LEPROSY!
GREAT MORAL SPECTACLE OF

Mount Vesubius!!

PART ONE.

SEEN opens. Distant Moon. View of Bey of Napels. A thin smoke rises. *It is the Beginning of the Eruption!* The Naples folks begin to travel. Yaller fire, folloed by silent thunder. Awful consternation. *Suthin rumbles!* It is the Mounting preparin' to Vomick! They call upon the Fire Department. *It's no use!* Flight of stool-pidgeons. A cloud of impenetrable smoke hang over the fated city, through witch the Naplers are seen makin' tracks. Awful explosion of bulbs, kurbs, tourniquets, pin-wheels, serpentiles, and tourbillon spirals!! The Moulting Laver begins to squish out!!

END OF PART ONE.

COMIC SONG.

The Parochial Beedle,.....Mr. MULLET.

LIVE INJUN ON THE SLACK WIRE.

Live Injun,.....Mr. MULLET.

OBLIGATOIRES ON THE CORNUCOPIA,
BY SIGNOR VERMICELLI.

Signor VERMICELLI,.....Mr. MULLET.

In the course of the evening will 'be an exhibishun of Exileratin' Gass! upon a Laffin Highena!

Laffin Highena,.....Mr. MULLET.

PART TWO.

Bey of Naples 'luminated by Bengola Lites. The lava gushes down. Through the smoke is seen the city in a state of conflagration. The last family! *'Whar is our parents!'* A red hot stone of eleving tuns weight falls onto 'em, and mashes 'em. The bear-headed father falls scentless before the statoo of the Vergin! *Denumong!!*

THE HOLE TO CONCLUDE WHITE A
GRAND SHAKSPEARING PYROLIG-
NEOUS DISPLAY OF FIREWURX!!

We have a faint suspicion that Mr. WAGSTAFF was induced to vacate the editorial chair of the 'Flag-Staff' in consequence of a collision which occurred between himself and one of his 'constitooents,' a candidate for the legislature. A severe leader, in the editor's 'best style,' had appeared in the 'Staff,' reflecting upon the character and standing of the legislative aspirant. He called at once to see the editor, who was not personally acquainted with him, and 'with a singular smile upon his face,' asked him 'if he wrote that interesting article?' 'We answered in the negative that we did, and that we were glad he was pleased with it—it was so hard to write good.' 'Pleased with it!' he exclaimed: 'I'll show you how 'pleased' I am with it: I am the gentleman you've printed on, and I've come to ring your nose for it, you nincumnonplus of an editor!' And

Maroon Bulbs, changing to a spiral weel, witch changes to the Star of our Union; after, to beautiful p'int of red lites; to finish with Busting into a Brilliant Per-aspiration!!!

During the performance a No. of Poplar Airs will be performed on the Scotch Fiddle and Bag-Pipes, by a Real Highlander. Real Highlander,.....Mr. MULLET.

Any boy making a muss will be injected to-onc-t.

As the Bunkum Museum is Temperance, no drinkin' aloud; but any one can find the best of lickers in the Sloon below.

Admissin 25 Cents: Children on the usual terms.

A CHOCTAW, now in this city, will be willing to teach his language for his board. Samp required for breakfast.

WANTED: A Stove. It must be air-tight, and burn one stick of wood per day, and be good for cooking. A recent patent preferred.

WANTED, a pious Coachman, for a pious man, to drive a plain pair of sober horses.

INGINS.—Six carboys of Ingins, now landing from Schooner Wethersfield, at Digg's Lower Wharf. Entitled to Deben-ture, on Store and in Bond. S. & J. DINKS.

LONG-ISLAND PUTTY.—Six quintals of best Long-Island Putty. For sale in lots to suit Purchasers. Assorted Sizes. G. G. & R. RIGDON.

TRIPE.—Six cases Connecticut Tripe, of the vintage of 1850. Warranted sound, and to do no damage to the human system. S. HIGGINS.

ISTERS.—Twelve tons Heckabonnock Harbor 'Isters, assorted sizes. The best in the world, anywheres. In lots to suit. SNOOKS & FILS.

SPRUCE-GUM TO CHOR.—A cord and a half of good chorin' Spruce-Gum. In lump or stick. B. W. F. LAYMAN LAMPSON.

with that, he knocked our hat over our eyes, seized our nose between his two gritty fore-fingers, and squeezed and twisted it till it bled. He then left. We said nothing, for it was done on political grounds. Who would n't be willing to submit to such a trifle, to enjoy the free speech of a powerful newspaper? We felt elevated by the act; and if we had had two noses, would have turned to him the other also, for a second pull.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We do n't *know* about that, exactly, let us say to our frank old metropolitan bachelor-friend, who, 'being in a communicative mood,' addresses us an entertaining, one-sided missive, setting forth the supreme delights of '*Old Bachelorism*.' We doubt whether, in all cases, we *do* 'look through the same spectacles:' for we were thinking this moment, that we would n't give the *feel* of our little boy's hand when he wakes up in the night and puts it in ours, or of his and his little sister's out-door kiss, though their red lips were as cold as the snow in which they were 'pel-laying,' for all the lonely hotel joys with which he would tempt us. But he shall be heard, nevertheless:

'I *FEEL* assured by your monthly outpouring of thoughts and sentiments, that *we* look at the foibles and follies in the game of life which is being played on this rotating globe, from the same point of view, and through the same ungilded spectacles.

'I tell you frankly, I am no youth. I have reached the age of wisdom untrammelled, for which I am thankful. With no wife to ride some favorite hobby to the terror of my pocket; with no squalling children to annihilate each sleeping night; here in my hotel I live in peace and quietness; ring my bell unfearingly when I require waiting on, and poke my own fire when it needs it. My friends exclaim, when we meet during my morning promenade on Broadway: 'Why, how stout you're getting!' I know I am not as small about the waist as I was a few years ago. But who likes to see a wasp-waisted fellow wriggling along out of breath, and making his bow to the simpering girls he meets as if he was going to break in two! Not *I*. Give me your 'stout,' if you please, individual, who puts his foot down with a consciousness that the blood is coursing unrestricted through his veins, and that his manly, substantial appearance inspires respect. Owing to a severe attack of measles in my youth, (for I conceive it to proceed from no other cause,) the hair has recently commenced falling from the top of my head, and a looking-glass reveals to me a constantly widening bald spot: my whiskers also, from the same misfortune, are lightly frosted; of course I feel it a duty to restore them if possible to their original color, and allow my barber to apply a kind of dark pomatum — not dye, mind you; *that* I never would consent to. Dye in any form I abhor. Never say 'Dye!' Many of my acquaintances use it, I know; but they are no models for *me*.

'My days are passed in a very rational and pleasant manner. I rise in the morning at nine, after my fire has been lighted. (Some persons, out of mere bravado, boast of dressing in a cold room.) At ten I descend to breakfast, after which, for an hour or more, I enjoy my segar and morning paper. A long promenade on Broadway comes next, not to admire and gaze after females, I assure you; but

for exercise. It is as necessary as eating. One o'clock is my lunch-hour; a delightful smoke — my *choice* Havanas — follows. (I've positively heard women pronounce smoking a *nasty habit*. They'd deny men every comfort if they could.) At three o'clock my man JOHN drives my bays up to the door. I'm fond of horses. In I jump and take a turn on the road to see who's out. Back at six to dine. This *table d'hôte* fashion I don't like. The airs of young damsels trying to 'catch' husbands; and young fops with clean handkerchiefs and collars for the occasion, attitudinizing to gain the admiration of the before-mentioned damsels, disgust me. Evening generally finds me at the opera, theatre, or strolling about town. I ask you candidly, is any married life comparable with mine? Wife cross; no servants; dinner spoiled; children sick, and a thousand-and-one other troubles are experienced daily by married men. Many is the time I've thanked my stars that I am single and free!

'There is one thing in this fashion-mad age that I detest worse than any other. It is a dancing-party, or 'crush,' as it is termed. How I was ever tempted to attend one, is my constant wonderment. I thought, when I received a card of invitation from my old friends, the SMITHS, stating that they would be happy to see me on a certain evening, and heard privately that the young ladies were to make their first appearance in society on that occasion, or 'coming out,' as it is called, that it was to be a very select and quiet affair. Imagine my surprise, when, on getting within two squares of the house, and hearing a band of music in full blast, I said to a young friend who was also going to the 'crush,' 'They must be serenading some politician, by the noise,' and heard him reply:

'Oh! no! They are just commencing a polka-redowa.'

'With that he quickened his pace, dragging me along, and we soon reached the 'brown-stone mansion,' our destination. Every window was a blaze of light. When the door was thrown open, and we entered the hall, a babel of sounds struck my ear, such as it had never heard before. After ten minutes' unceasing struggle, I gained the stairs, wiped my perspiring brow, and gazed down upon the heaving sea of heads that filled every part of both parlors and hall, in perfect amazement. While I stood thus stupified with the sight and sound, my hat in my hand, an impudent negro rushed down the stairs, shouted in my ear, 'Gentlemen in the back room, second story,' and disappeared. Directly my young friend also passed me-saying, as he pointed over his shoulder: 'Back-room, second story.' I concluded to make my way to the 'back-room, second story,' to see what it contained. The door stood open, and I entered. It was filled with young dandies, some brushing their hair, some their boots, and some their clothes; but from what I heard, I should judge their conversation needed the most brushing. In every corner, on every chair, upon the tops of the doors were piled mountains of coats and hats. I took off my overcoat, a new one, tried every closet-door to find a suitable place to hang it up; found them all locked, and was obliged to deposit it upon one pile of garments, and my hat upon another. I then descended to the 'regions below,' the hall; and after numerous unsuccessful efforts, reached the drawing-room door in safety. The deafening music had ceased, but the clatter of tongues was, if any thing, louder than before. Near to where I stood I noticed several young women consulting pieces of gilt-edged paste-board, and heard them whisper among themselves that same strange word, 'Polka-Redowa.' Very soon the music struck up in all its force; couple after couple embraced, and commenced whirling round and round in a very strange manner. I made up my mind to watch the damsels who had been whispering together,

and see how they would act under the circumstances. As soon as a man approached and looked at one of them, out she stepped, he passed his right arm around her waist, took her right hand in his left, but said not a word: she leaned her head languidly upon his shoulder; both then commenced moving their feet rapidly, and away they spun, round and round like the rest, now to the right, now to the left, now backward now forward, bumping and bouncing against the other couples in the crowd. I caught a glimpse of my hostesses once in a while; but as for getting near enough to speak with them, it was quite out of the question. After several hours of this whirling, supper was announced; and into the supper-room the whole company marched, two by two, to the sound of martial music. Then commenced one of the greatest battles for eatables I ever saw or ever heard of. With the pushing, hauling, crowding and grabbing, the refreshments soon disappeared—the greater portion upon the floor; my clothes were completely ruined by the stewed oysters, ice-cream, jelly and champagne that was spilled upon them.

'I beat a retreat from that place in double-quick time, and was soon comfortably seated in my own chamber; a segar in my mouth, and slippers upon my feet, vowing 'never, positively never,' to be caught at such an affair again.'

'P.' is quite right about '*A Crush*,' for it is unquestionably the very negation of comfort, and all sensible enjoyment: but in his bachelor-estimate of '*Home*,' and '*Children*,' he is, to make use of a strong expression of dissent, 'faulty.' 'Leastways,' that is *our* opinion. - - - We perceive that several of our contemporaries are in the regular habit of imparting a wonderful amount and astounding variety of information to their readers, in their '*Notices to Correspondents*.' We feel not a little alarm at the thought that we shall be compelled to adopt a similar course: 'alarm,' because the various research that it must impose upon us will of necessity be immense, and greatly enhance the magnitude of our editorial duties. The following, however, require immediate 'treatment:'

'MACAULAY.'—Yes: under the direction of the London publishers, the '*History of England*,' beginning where Lord MACAULAY left off, will be carried forward to completion, or onward to the commencement of the reign of VICTORIA, by F. MARQUHAR TUPPER, Esq., LL.D., A.S.S., etc., author of '*Proverbial Philosophy*,' and other kindred works. The styles of the two writers are greatly similar. Mr. TUPPER's genius is hereditary. His mother, it is now generally conceded, was the author of 'JUNIUS' Letters.'

'DISCOVERER.'—No: that is, not *literally*. The *first* discoverer, strictly speaking, was the dove sent out by NOAH from his ark, who brought back a proof of the fact. Thus *Columba*, a dove, discovered the Old World, while COLUM-

bus discovered the New-World: and what is equally remarkable, one came from NOAH, and the other from *Ge-noa*.

'A BIBLICAL STUDENT.'—'What was the character of the 'Harps' which the Jews 'hung upon the willows,' when they sat down and cried by the rivers of Babylon?' *Jews' harps*, we take it, of course; the common brass and iron Jews'-harps 'of commerce.' The trees by the rivers were full of them.

'NILUS.'—The '*Cataracts of the Nile*,' so called, are named from the *ophthalmia*, which prevails in certain places along the borders of that classic stream. It unites with the *Ilissus* *above* these infected quarters: hence the error of MILTON, who calls the latter a '*whispering stream*.' Thousands of persons get together daily near the junction, and

howl with sore eyes: thus both streams are peculiarly noisy. The '*Worms of Nile*' have been almost entirely removed. Several years ago, through the intervention of our Consul at Tampico, a case of the celebrated '*North-American Vermifuge*' (see advertisement elsewhere in the present number) was taken to the very source of the Nile, by an adventurous tourist, the corks removed, and the whole emptied into the stream. The consequence was, that the wriggling inhabitants of that famous river eloped at once for the ocean, and the stream is now healthy and pure. Recent travellers make no mention of having seen a single worm in the Nile.

'*An Upholsterer*' is right. The legitimate yellow of the native gosling begins to change about the sixth month after egression from the maternal shell. The original tint may hang about the pin-feathers underneath, but the goose aspect and costume predominate thereafter. The transition of voice, from the adolescent, tender 'peep' of the offspring, to the big adult *quack*, is surprising indeed. This point will be fully elucidated in future numbers, under our head of 'Original Autobiography.'

'*SPHYNX*.'—'Did King SOLOMON take Snuff?' In our desire to instruct, we do not wish to be played upon. Assuming that '*SPHYNX*' is in earnest, we

answer emphatically *No*: Tobacco had not then been discovered.

'*EASEL*.'—We can put '*EASEL*' at once at his ease. CLAUDE LORRAINE was a glazier of Lombardy. Unfortunately he took little pains with his profession, but dabbled with brushes and paint-pot instead. He was good at small sketches in portraiture, but was too lazy to complete any thing which he ever began. His *penchant* was for sign-painting; and at the time of his death he had engagements for three hundred beer-houses and tavern insinias; but he never completed one of them. Hence arose the striking sentence (now passed into a saying) which was spoken of him by HOMER in his *Bucolics*: 'He died, and made no sign.'

'*MOUSTACHE*' is obviously in error. There is no authentic account (although we admit that verbal ones have obtained) that whiskers formerly sprouted monthly on the ancient Sphynx. The question at once arises, '*Who shaved them?*' Had they continued to grow, they would have overrun the whole mighty features which they adorned.

'*INVESTIGATOR*.'—The opinion current among the Brahmins that VOLTAIRE wrote CLARKE's Commentaries is wholly unfounded in point of fact. That learned and pious work is the joint production of VICTOR HUGO and the celebrated PICKWICK.

If our readers are sufficiently impressed with the labor required to produce these authentic 'Answers,' and properly appreciate our endeavors to enlighten them, after the manner of some of our contemporaries, we may be induced to present another equally interesting and instructive batch, at some future period: for we are 'assiduous to please.' - - - SENATOR SEWARD, not long since, in addressing his friends, neighbors and fellow-citizens of Auburn, Cayuga county, who had assembled to give him a hearty welcome after his long sojourn abroad, spoke feelingly of his cordial reception, and expressed the great delight he experienced at being once more in the beautiful city to which his heart had so often longingly turned during his prolonged absence. He adverted incidentally to the fact, that often, in praising his own 'sweet Auburn,' he had been reminded of a 'blemish of its beauty,' in the State-Prison, which rises gloomy and frowning, in

the north-western section of the city. Senator SEWARD might have defended this great structure, we think, on other than mere moral grounds. It is a most imposing architectural erection; and we have seen it when its aspect was almost sublime in its gloomy grandeur. One of the strongest evidences of the impression which it makes upon the mind is, that you regard it with the same emotions in looking at it as a MAN, with which you first beheld it as a BOY. Our first view of the prison as a lad, was from the height of Genesee-street, where it is intersected by another street which runs past the east front of the structure. A soft, wet snow-storm was being hurled against its walls and wings, and battlemented erections within: it was wet and dark and dismal: but how it filled the young imagination as a Prison! We saw it once, four or five years after, in the bright light of the rising sun, as we rode into the village from the East, with the driver of 'I. M. SHERWOOD's Telegraph stage-coach.' The echoes of the bugle from the walls were dying away, and 'Copper JOHN' stood triumphant, with his musket by his side, upon the apex of the flying buttresses which crown the central tower. The bold blue-granite walls and the great structure itself, seemed to fill the eye in the direction of the north-west. Five or six years ago, we saw it again. Our first impression of its weird architectural effects had not changed a particle. Auburn State-Prison, like the spire of Saint PAUL's Church in our city, 'fills the eye' at first sight, and the mind never loses the impression which is at once conveyed to it. *Ours* never has. - - - NOTHING but the 'great moral truth,' (namely, that all sausages 'are not what they seem,') embodied in the parody on SOUTHEY's 'Battle of Blenheim,' has secured even a reference to that production in these pages. Our correspondent, if he be our reader as well, should have known that parodies, as a general thing, are our especial aversion. Nevertheless, we cut a specimen-slice from the Blenheim sausage:

'It was a Sunday evening:
Old CASPAR, having come
To get a glass of beer, sat down
And forthwith ordered some:
Beside him, munching cakes and bits
Of candy, sat his little FARRZ.

•
'He saw his brother HEINRICH
Have something queer and round,
Which he within the bar-room,
While playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so very queer and round.

'Now tell us all about the trade!
The little HEINRICH cries;
And little munching FARRZ looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes:
'Now tell us all about the trade
And how these sausages are made.'

'T is not so nice,' old CASPAR cried,
'As making cheese or krout,
And how most sausages are made
Is a matter of great doubt;
But every body thinks,' quoth he,
'That few are what they ought to be.'

Oh! cannon-balls and sausages! - - - We are not a 'Brother of the Mystic Tie;' but greatly do we honor the close heart-communion, the noble *esprit de corps*, which binds the world-wide brotherhood of 'free and accepted MASONS,' together. We were forcibly impressed with the remarks of Sir Knight PARKER, (a grandson of the famous RED JACKET, and his successor as Chief of the Six Nations,) at the grand Masonic Banquet held in Chicago, last autumn, the proceedings of which, it would appear, have but recently been published. The Chief is described as a 'full-blood' Indian, but highly educated, and an exceedingly eloquent and effective speaker: 'Few white men could equal his charms of action and utterance.'

'He spoke of himself as almost a lone remnant of what was once a noble race; of his struggles in coming forward to manhood, and seeing his race disappearing as the dew before the morning sun. As he found his race thus wasting away, he asked himself: 'Where shall I go when the last of my race shall have gone forever? Where shall I find home and sympathy when our last council-fire is extinguished? I said, I will knock at the door of MASONRY, and see if the white race will recognize me, as they had my ancestors, when we were strong and the white men weak. I knocked at the door of the *Blue Lodge*, and found brotherhood around its altar. I knelt before the Great Light in the Chapter, and found companionship beneath the Royal Arch. I entered the Encampment, and found valiant Sir Knights willing to shield me there without regard to race or nation. I went farther. I knelt at the cross of my SAVIOUR, and found Christian brotherhood, the crowning charity of the Masonic tie. I feel assured that when my glass is run out, and I shall follow the foot-steps of my departed race, Masonic sympathies will cluster round my coffin, and drop in my lonely grave the evergreen acacia, sweet emblem of a better meeting! If my race shall disappear from this continent, I have the consoling hope that our memory will not perish. If the deeds of my ancestors shall not live in story, their memories will remain in the names of your lakes and rivers, your towns and cities, and will call up memories otherwise forgotten.'

After pouring forth in words like these, the exuberance of a full heart, he sat down, 'amidst the solemn silence and deep emotion of the guests.' At length, however, he arose again, and said:

'Few eyes could hold their tears as he poured forth in words like these the utterances of a full heart. Silence for a time prevailed after he sat down, when he rose and said: 'I have omitted one thing which I ought to have said. I have in my possession a memento which I highly prize—I wear it near my heart. It came from my ancestors to me, as their successor in office. It was a present from WASHINGTON to my grandfather, RED JACKET, when your nation was in its infancy. You will all be glad to see and handle it, and I should do wrong were I not to give you the opportunity.' As he spoke thus, he removed the wampum from his neck, and drew from his bosom a large massive medal, in oval form, some seven inches by five, and it passed from hand to hand along the tables. On one side of this medal was engraved, in full length, the figure of the two chiefs: RED JACKET, in costume, presenting the pipe of peace, and WASHINGTON, with right hand extended, as in the act of receiving it. On the other side were the Masonic emblems, with the date 1793, if my memory is correct. The significance of this gift to the savage chief is, that WASHINGTON and he were *Masons*.'

APROPPOS of Masonry: our sometime correspondent, 'KIT KELVIN,' sends us a gossippy 'screed,' describing a social gathering of a Lodge of the 'Mystic Tie,' which he recently attended: a communication, extracts from which will be 'in keeping' in this connection:

'WELL do I remember, when a boy, the preparations for celebrating '*Saint John's Day*' by the Fraternity. It was a famous display; and not only those most interested, but the curious and the lovers of the order, gave up the entire day for the purpose. Men, women, and children assembled, and with divine blessing invoked, listened to some well-appointed lecturer, who gave in words simple and impressive, sentiments of Faith, Hope, and Charity. And then the barbecue under trees and upon the sward, where crowded the gallant and fair, to meet in communion of friendly feeling and hearty well wishes! But faded is the custom: long ago was it wrapped and labelled and shelved in the old temple of Time. Years have added vellum and binding and covers until the stained package is looked upon by many who knew it not, and by many who are indifferent to its social records! And why is it? Our progressive, selfish, avaricious, grasping age has no sympathy for it—no desire to renew it; for there is *no money* in it. Yet photographed upon

some hearts are old remembrances, strong and enduring, which 'amid the hum and shock of men' have lasted like covered brands of hickory, that need only a slight *un-covering* to show a bright, genial, and sparkling warmth. Such are among us, and blessed be the one of *Holland Lodge*, No. 8, who took from the shelf this old bundle and opened it. I know my blessing will be echoed yet again, for this bundle is *so* dusty, and bears upon it so much of age, that he who hears of it will run to see its contents, and will in turn tell others, until not *one* room shall hold or one Tiler *tile* them. This resurrection shall go on until the breath of life shall be given to the dry bones of the valley, and they shall arise 'an exceeding great army;' and there shall be concord and union and brotherly love and the marrying of hearts, estranged because they knew not one another. Pardon a brief history of the lodge aforesaid. It was founded in the year of Light 5787, and of our Lord 1787. A long list of names there is of those who have been seated upon the 'high places of earth.' Marshaled in the front ranks is the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON: and following him are DE WITT CLINTON, COSTER, GRINNELL, LIVINGSTON, REMSEN, ASTOR, LAWRENCE, EMMETT, PAULDING, PERRY, RUTGERS, ROOSEVELT, STAGG, SUYDAM. They have gone, 't is true; but they have left the record of their deeds and achievements written far up and deeply upon the great tablet that will receive the inscriptions only of the good, the virtuous, and the just.

'And shall not the present list of the living tell of worth, intellect, good works, and brave acts? Of these there are those who wield heavy commercial, financial, literary, medical, and legal sceptres; who have helped to whiten oceans with canvas; who have helped to promote science and the arts, enterprise and the aggrandisement of nations; who have helped to brighten the fireside with the chaste diction of language; who have helped and stood by the weeping and fainting heart, giving courage to the living, and as God's instruments, life to the dying; who have helped and dispensed justice when malice, envy, and hate looked 'crushing triumph' to the innocent, and turned the oppressed into freedom, and the oppressor into bondage. Ay! here these all meet; and leaving the world and its sapping cares, speak with open hearts; and there is neither guile nor deception found therein.

'Some time since it was decided upon by the Lodge that the good old custom of social unions should be revived; and in accordance with the unanimous consent of the same, the first *Fest of Hearts* was held December twelfth, 1859. Nearly one hundred members sat down to viands rare and plenteous. North, South, East, and West gave in their peculiar supplies, and the sunny isles of the sea sent their fragrant offerings 'purple and gushing;' and therewith taste, neatness, order, and quietness abounded. The elder man, dignified in years as well as position, helped his younger brother, sans etiquette of rank or age; and heart met heart in out-running demonstrations of kindly feeling. Presiding in grace and dignity was the Master in the full gush of mental vigor and the noon of manhood; a physician of rank, and the highest merit; to his profession, an ornament; to the world, a gentleman of usefulness; to the craft a loved brother and superior officer—Dr. J. J. C——. At his left a well-known banker of distinction; to the world, a financier of eminent ability; to the social circle, a warm heart, crowded with the brightness of cheer and the sentiment of song—H. H. W——. Upon the right, the massive form of a renowned physician, princely in a mind of strength, and eminent as an author—Dr. W. W. S——. On each side were cohorts to all professions, valuable adjuncts to their avocations and to mental culture—BOAZ and JACHIN; while their mouths uttered the language of refinement, the humorous story and the pleasant song; gentlemen, here meeting for better acquaintance and a union of thought. The great Treasure-store of the World, the Bank, was represented by one who needs no description: although there was silver upon his head, his heart sang *truce* to Twenty-five—S. B. W——.

'To Mr. THORPE, a hundred hearts that night gave pleasant acknowledgments: and who of our Metropolis and Broadway has not tasted of his cuisine, and pronounced it good?'

APPROPOS of KIT KELVIN: we announced, not long since, 'with specifications,'

an illustrated volume of sketches, etc., with the felicitous title of '*Kit Kelvin's Kernels*,' as 'ready for press:' and so it was; but its publication has been delayed until the present time, owing to a temporary interruption in the business affairs of the publishers. We shall soon be able to welcome the volume from the press of A. S. ROLLO AND COMPANY. - - - It was our fortune to be present at a pleasant party of gentlemen and ladies, American and English, gathered the other night at the house of our friend S. H —, in Twenty-first street, where lordly mansions 'rule,' as the stock-brokers phrase it. After an elegant and sumptuous repast, beautifully served, the *recherché* board was exchanged for the spacious parlors, from which, after an hour with the ladies, several guests so disposed were invited to the billiard-room, in a spacious apartment of an upper story: and here occurred a 'surprise,' which amused us not a little. At either end of the apartment was a picture of a BRIDGE, unlike in every respect, but each very remarkable in its kind. One was the immense *Trestle-Bridge over the Genesee at Portage*, designed and built by our neighbor, Colonel S —, late State Engineer; the other was the *Crumelin Viaduct*, on the Newport and Hereford Railway, in England, designed and built by Mr. T. W. K —, in 1854-57: an iron structure seventeen hundred feet long, crossing the Crumelin Valley, at an elevation of two hundred and seven feet, the largest example of this class of construction in the world. Both engineers were present. K — knew that 'the COLONEL' built the wooden structure, and our engineer that his English 'contemporary' had built the iron one; but that *each* knew this, *neither* knew: so they fell to criticising each other's performance, much to the amusement of our excellent host and his friends. 'That's a singular, tumble-down looking concern,' said the English Engineer to 'the COLONEL:' 'what is it? — a bridge, d'ye fancy?' He was enlightened as to the true character of the erection: and presently they played round to the other end of the table; when the American Engineer's attention was attracted by the picture of the *English* viaduct. 'What in creation is *this*?' he asked: 'water-pipes? — an aqueduct? — or what? It did n't *stand*, of course, whatever it was!' It was now the English engineer's turn to explain; and when both 'knew *all*,' they joined heartily in the laugh which their colloquy had created. It may not be amiss to add, that both the American and the English structures are every way as secure as on the day they were opened. We have made reference to the pleasant gathering 'under notice,' for the reason that, among others, it brought us acquainted with Mrs. Gen. GAINES, whose indefatigable and righteous struggles for the recovery of '*her own*,' have secured for her an earnest admiration, perhaps even more general than that which her personal and intellectual graces and accomplishments are so well calculated to excite. And touching another matter: it is an exceedingly agreeable thing to be enabled to revise one's opinion favorably, against an unjust or indiscriminate prejudice. Among the English guests of our host (with others already mentioned) was a gentleman from London, an eminent broker, Mr. G —, from whom, in a conversation untinged with the slightest dogmatism or pretension of any sort, we derived so much and such various information, so agreeably conveyed, that it seemed almost to require a personal 'acknowledgment of *service*,' to adopt an expressive legal term. - - - '*The Rod*,' by the Rev. HORATIO

BONAR, D.D., alluded to in, but accidentally omitted from, our last number, closes with these fervent devotional lines :

'I SAID, my GOD, at length, this stony heart remove,
Deny all other strength, but give me strength to love.
Come nearer, nearer still, let not THY light depart;
Bend, break this stubborn will, dissolve this iron heart.

'Less wayward let me be, more pliable and mild;
In glad simplicity more like a trustful child.
Less, less of self each day, and more, my GOD, of THEE;
Oh! keep me in the way, however rough it be.

'Less of the flesh each day, less of the world and sin;
More of THY love, I pray, more of THYSELF within.
Riper and riper now, each hour let me become,
Less fit for scenes below, more fit for such a home.

'More moulded to THY will, LORD, let THY servant be,
Higher and higher still, liker and liker THEE.
Have naught that is unmeet; of all that is mine own,
Strip me; and so complete my training for the throne.'

We shall pass nothing hereafter which bears the name of 'Rev. HORATIO BONAR, D.D.,' as the author. - - - We hope our London agent will send a copy of the following to the author of '*Love me Little, love me Long.*' It is a remarkable bit of verbal twistification: 'A tall western girl named SHORT, *long* loved a certain big Mr. LITTLE; while LITTLE, *little* thinking of SHORT, loved a *little* lass named LONG. To make a *long* story *short*, LITTLE proposed to LONG, and SHORT *longed* to be even with LITTLE's *short*-comings. So SHORT, meeting LONG, threatened to marry LITTLE before *long*, which caused LONG in a *short* time to marry LITTLE. Query: Did tall SHORT love big LITTLE less, because big LITTLE loved little LONG?' - - - THE death of such a man and such an author as MACAULAY, is not an event to be merely noted, with a few incomprehensive terms of eulogy, in a Magazine like the KNICKERBOCKER. 'A great man has fallen:' and a competent pen will be employed to do justice to his fame in these pages. It is well remarked by the '*Historical Magazine*,' that one might extend his obituary to an entire number; so many and various were the services he rendered to letters, as poet, essayist, reviewer, historian. In all of them he was in the keeping of the historic muse. CLIO never had a more devoted son. He had that enthusiasm for the art which could be born only of native genius. From a boy he talked and wrote history. That Westminster Abbey should open to a man of such fame, a statesman, legislator, the author of a code of laws and of the history of his country, was but the concurrent voice of the heart and intelligence of England. In that kingly shrine his remains lie entombed; in 'Poet's Corner,' amidst the illustrious men whom he delighted to celebrate; in the libraries of the world he will long remain a living presence: his friends will bear him in their hearts. - - - THE London '*Saturday Review*,' a journal of distinguished talent, influence, and widely-increasing circulation, thus 'hits the nail on the head,' in some remarks upon the affected '*Geniality*' of the thousand-and-one imitators of genial Wilson's '*Noctes Ambrosianae*'—a man 'of really great powers.' The '*Review*' observes: 'In the case of the swarm of small writers, who have not a spark of Professor Wilson's genius, the effort to be genial becomes, or rather is from first to last, simply disgusting. One of these

gentlemen, for example, wishes to give the public an account of a railway accident at which he was present. The 'genial' mode of doing so requires that he should begin with an account of his breakfast, and hints about his landlady. So he leads off thus: 'Breakfast. Hot coffee and buttered rolls. Splendid coffee: how I admire you, Mrs. JONES. The juiciest of mutton-chops: I could kiss you, Mrs. JONES!' and so on through any number of little jerking collections of words, which have as much claim to be considered sentences as a polypus has to be treated as a vertebrate animal.' How many sickening collections, of 'bald babble' in this kind have we not encountered, in the 'Round Tables' and the like, of this our day of soulless imitation! And what a great mistake is all this. There is not one reader in one hundred who cannot at once discern whether an expressed feeling is a *true* feeling, and who cannot distinguish between feigned and real enjoyment, as presented by a 'sham' or an honest portrayer of his deep, or fanciful, or playful emotions. - - - We desire to say, 'and we say it boldly,' that in all musical matters there ought always to be the 'largest liberty.' Acting upon this broad catholic principle, we make place for '*The Tin Horn*,' or '*Sounds near Home*,' a parody, as we take it. 'There is no accounting for tastes;' and if our Rhode-Island correspondent likes the music thereof, he shall have a chance to 'exalt his horn' in these pages. Listen to the blast:

'Oh! blow again upon that new tin horn!
 Its weird, wild music takes away my breath:
 It lifts me to the place where I was born,
 When first I heard it, 'on my native heath.'
 With something of the feelings I had then,
 I hear it now, beyond the garden-gate:
 Its tintum-tantum clips my lagging pen:
 Oh! blow that bright new horn! I hate
 That doleful song, and noisy tongue;
 But your new-fangled notes are 'swate.'

'Oh! breathe again those trumpet-tones so fine!
 They rise like spectres from my shaggy hair:
 They send a warmth through this dull blood of mine,
 And hang above me, like the harp in air:
 My native slang cuts like a blunted dart,
 Far deeper than the gaudy peacock's scream;
 But your tin music vibrates to the heart,
 And floats around me — a mid-summer's dream
 By fairies wove, in shaded groves:
 When these I hear, 'I am not what I seem!'

There is music in a tin *dinner* horn! - - - It seems to us that there is *one* thing in this noble country of ours, which, 'boastful' though we may be, we cannot over-estimate, nor too highly value. Let us make a 'personal application' of this incontrovertible fact: For four or five years, we have been accustomed, in late winter, to look over the frozen Tappaan Sea, and mark the Hudson River railroad trains sweeping country-ward, bearing the early morning papers from town, or in the other direction, transporting passengers, 'as on the wings of the wind,' to our metropolis: between us, however, and all such accommodations, there was 'a great gulf fixed,' and frozen at that: *our* trips to town were made 'round the Horn,' as it was termed; west to the junction of the New-Jersey road, and then onward through Paterson, to the city! — a journey tedious, monotonous, and long. It was a pleasant thing, too, was n't it, to wait until eight o'clock in

the evening for your morning newspapers, after they had been read, and become stale, in Utica, Syracuse, Auburn and Rochester? Who could enjoy his murders, reading them in this way? Having looked on *that* picture, now look on *this*: Every morning finds us at our office-sanctum in town at as early an hour as we used to walk to it from our up-town residence: we have travelled upon the broad, level gauge, and in the capacious and luxurious cars of the *Northern Rail-Road of New-Jersey*, reading the morning journals on the way; passing through a charming and hitherto almost unknown section, just back of the Palisades, with its rich and gently-sloping farms and orchards, 'trending' to the westward, and the Ramapo Hills and Shawangunk mountains fading into the distant blue beyond. This is only one little road, and a short one: but look at its influence: it is 'THE PEOPLE'S road'; and all along the line, where property is every day rising in value, and new buildings are suddenly springing to view, the inhabitants are beginning to feel and to appreciate it. There lies before us, too, a circular of the '*South-Shore Railroad of Long-Island*:' any body can see what *that* will be, by knowing how much it was needed. There will be no more inaccessibility to the numerous pleasant summer-resorts of the 'South-Side;' for the road is more than half-done already, and it 'pays as it goes.' These are 'little bits' of roads: but what do you think of a rail-road *twelve hundred miles long*? — for that will really be the length of *one continuous* road, when the '*Atlantic and Great Western Road*' is completed, for which the funds are already provided, and the work going on under the able direction of T. W. KENNARD, Esq., Engineer of the 'Crumlin Valley (Eng.) Viaduct,' elsewhere mentioned. And we are told:

'This road connecting with the New-York and Erie at Little Valley, in the State of New-York, crosses the north-western corner of Pennsylvania, passes in a south-westerly direction through the centre of Ohio to Dayton. From thence to Cincinnati is a road already completed and in full operation. From Cincinnati to St. Louis, in a direct line between the two cities, lies the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, finished and equipped on the broad gauge, and one of the noblest works in all the West. When the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad shall be finished, the New-York and Erie, with its connections, will form the only uninterrupted communication between New-York and Cincinnati, on the Ohio, and St. Louis, on the Mississippi! It passes through the centre of the richest agricultural State of the Union; a State that furnishes to the Eastern markets one hundred and twenty thousand head of cattle, twice that number of swine, and some forty thousand sheep annually. The 'Atlantic and Great Western' may be regarded as a part of the New-York and Erie, and with the connections beyond, will at once *carry it forward as one road, twelve hundred miles!* Between these great centres of trade in New-York, in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, it is already reaching out its lateral arms in every direction. When this link shall be completed, the New-York and Erie with its tributaries will be the great thoroughfare, along which the countless millions of Eastern and Western-bound traffic will always move.'

Is there any *other* such road 'on the face of the globéd airth?' We suspect not, 'by considerable.' - - - THERE is a very striking passage in CARLYLE'S '*Sartor Resartus*,' which illustrates the feeling with which many a be-

holder has looked down from some elevated height upon a vast metropolis: 'Towns and cities I failed not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote time; to have, as it were, an actual section of the early past brought safe into the present, and set before your eyes! There in that old city was a live ember of culinary fire put down, when it was in its very infancy; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt and still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah! and the more mysterious *live ember of vital fire* was then also put down there, and still miraculously burns and spreads; and the smoke and ashes thereof in judgment-halls and church-yards, and its bellows-engines in churches, thou still seest; and its flame looking out from every kind countenance and every hateful one, still warms or scorches thee.' 'Compressed thought.' - - - VERY 'colored pusson'-ish is the sub-joined, from a metropolitan correspondent: 'An item for your 'Gossip,' which is simple fact: we have a colored waiter in our boarding-house who, in the elements of laziness, good-nature, and fondness for big words, is a genuine 'nigger' all over, even to the outermost kink of his close-cropped wool. Touching the first-named characteristic, I may say that he has frequently been known to retire to bed at an early hour in the afternoon, and once he was found leaning against the closet-door, fast asleep! But to the point: we have a 'porchico' to our door, and in thawing times the melted snow on the top thereof drips down upon the steps below, much to the discomfort of those passing in and out. One day a lady-boarder coming in, said to SYDNEY, the waiter aforesaid: 'Can't you contrive, in some way, to shovel off this snow? The dripping is very unpleasant.' 'Well, I declare, Mrs. P——, I dunno,' replied SYDNEY: 'I should have to go through Mrs. C——'s room, and I am afraid it would n't be consistent. But,' after a moment's thought, 'I will consider how it can be *promulgated!*' 'Rockland SAM' *'exploterates'* like this! - - - It does n't *seem* to us many years ago when we dropped in one morning with the great portrait-painter, HENRY INMAN, upon Mr. C. L. ELLIOTT, at his studio, which was then at the corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, now DELMONICO's: and as we were toiling up the different flights of stairs, (for ELLIOTT always *will* be on the 'first floor from the roof,' on account of the 'light' in which he views things professionally,) INMAN said, asthmatically, 'I must have that young gentleman give *me* a touch, I think: he is the most promising of all our portrait-painters, in my opinion.' Arrived in the studio, and after some pleasant chat, INMAN said: 'Mr. ELLIOTT, I should like to have you transfer *me* to canvas some day: I think you will experience little difficulty in the 'job,' he said, running his hand over his nobly prominent and intellectual features; 'you'll find the lineaments pretty *blocky!*' How well Mr. ELLIOTT has fulfilled Mr. INMAN's prediction, and the 'rich promise of his spring,' all American readers well know. This little subsection of 'Gossipry' has been suggested to us by the following paragraph which we find in the New-York correspondence of the *Philadelphia Daily 'Press'*:

'HAPPENING in at ELLIOTT's studio, (says the correspondent of the Philadelphia Press,) to observe the progress of his full-length portrait of Governor SETMOUR, (for the Governor's room, in the City Hall,) I noticed two portraits upon which the art-


ist was placing the finishing touches, one of which is of a gentleman whose name is familiar to nearly every newspaper publisher in the country—JOHN G. LIGHTBODY, the extensive manufacturer of printer's ink. The picture is excellent, the likeness perfect; but excellent and perfect as it is, it is, in some respects, surpassed by a portrait of Mrs. LIGHTBODY, which, for softness of coloring and elaborateness and delicacy of finish, is, perhaps, the best lady portrait Mr. ELLIOTT has ever painted. The remark has frequently been made that Mr. ELLIOTT's style is too bold and rough to give the features of the gentler sex that softness and refinement of expression that are generally deemed essential. This picture conclusively puts that mistake at rest; and I venture the prediction that, when hung upon the walls of the National Academy of Design, as it will be at the next exhibition, it will be pronounced one of the most admirable pictures Mr. ELLIOTT has ever produced.'

Only well-deserved praise. - - - 'WAKE SNAKES!' and let us have a word or two to say of you for preservation in our literary jar. Ever since the time when, being a small lad in the country, we saw the *first Rattle-Snake*, we have felt a deep interest in the 'serpent after *his* kind,' and in all his varieties. Whether it arises from the part which *the* Serpent bore in the founding of our world, or whether it be owing to the intrinsic interest of the 'article' itself, certain it is that there is a strange attraction in the 'manners and customs' of the crawling reptiles. Three or four summers ago we saw at Lake George, a box labelled in a hand-writing that was not less laughable than the spelling: '*Cix livin Live Rat-tail Snaix! — fur won sent a site.*' And the 'site' called up the recollection of our *First Snake*. We had a relative ('W. G.') who had been to a neighboring village, in the one-horse wagon of the olden time, which always had a box in the body of the vehicle, and at its hinder end, in which to place bits of harness, a halter, small purchases, etc., when required. When he had reached home and had entered the house, he dispatched us to the 'horse-shed' where stood the horse and wagon, to bring in from 'the box' some article which he had forgotten to take out and bring in with him. We opened the lid, and lo! coiled up in the bottom of the box, lay a rattle-snake at least six feet long—a very monster! We remember to this very moment the touch of the slimy creature's cold-creeping flesh. It was well that the snake was dead, for otherwise the fright might have been fatal; and even as it was, for months afterward our nightly dreams were of being hotly pursued by rattle-snakes, and often did we awake, shivering in every limb, with terror at the thought that their venom was slowly making its way to the heart, and that in a little while we must lie down and die, from the influence of the subtle poison. Terrible! As HOOD says: 'we recollect it yit.' - - - We gather from a paragraph in the *London Times*, that 'the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, has just issued an order which is virtually an abolition of the punishment of flogging heretofore so much practised in the service. The Duke's plan is ingenious, and really seems likely to accomplish the purpose, and put an end to flogging, except for aggravated offences, committed by incorrigible men.' Now we have little doubt that this result has been brought about through the overwhelming force of public opinion. That terrible infliction, under the eye of the tyrant Col. TALBOT, which the *Times* published, and we copied, and which the

metropolitan and provincial press, and the *People of England* took up, has been potently influential in producing this great and greatly-needed reform. This is distinctly stated by the *Times*. - - - WE have seen the '*Arkansas Traveller*,' as depicted by the artist, Mr. E. P. WASHBOURNE, of Little Rock, Arkansas. The scene, as described in the 'text' of the story, which we recently quoted, is exceedingly well represented in the picture: save only, that the gentleman seeking lodgings, is too well mounted, and in too good condition, to elicit much commiseration, even if he should be compelled to 'go farther and fare worse.' We are glad to learn that the '*Arkansas Traveller*' considers us as having 'done him a mighty justice,' and that he is 'entirely reconciled, and feels himself on good terms with us:' so much so, indeed, that he at once started a club of subscribers to the KNICKERBOCKER. Good! - - - MORE truly than of any other American orator and scholar, may it be said of EDWARD EVERETT, that he 'touches nothing which he does not ornament.' How beautiful, for example, are the few words in which he alluded to the terrible calamity at Lawrence, before commencing his address upon FRANKLIN, on the recent anniversary of the philosopher, statesman, and patriot:

'It is our duty to cherish a sentiment of devout thankfulness to the gracious Providence, by which limits were placed to the work of destruction, and hundreds were snatched from the very jaws of death. Nor can we fail to take a melancholy pleasure in reflecting that the indescribable horrors of the scene were relieved by displays of Christian resignation and saint-like heroism, in the humbler walks of life, not to be surpassed in the history of our race. The poor child who, cheerful and unselfish, refused to be rescued till Mr. NASH was saved, and who was crushed before her turn came—the little girl who, when she perceived that her own escape was impossible, held out her due-bill to her more fortunate companion, amidst the scorching flames, saying, 'You will be saved—I shall not; carry this to my poor father'—needed no further preparation for the company of the angels, to which, like the prophet of old, they were caught in a chariot of fire.'

A most felicitous illustration. - - - AN agent of ours at the South, who is disposing of Town, County and 'State's Rights,' for the use of our 'Patent Back-action, self-operating Hen-Persuader,' send us a paragraph from the '*Scientific American*,' describing an invention for *Picking Geese by Machinery*, which not only plucks the feathers, but separates the long ones from the short ones, while passing through the machine, and easily 'accomplishing' forty geese an hour.' 'Did not *you*, when you gave me my papers, mention something like this as having been invented by *yourself*?' We should rather think we *did*. If other 'parties in interest' think differently, they will find their mistake, upon consulting the later records of the Patent-Office at Washington. 'Better be careful!' - - - WE deeply regret to hear, by late California journals, of the death of THOMAS S. OFFICER, an artist well known in this metropolis. He was a miniature-painter, of exceeding delicacy of touch, and as a colorist, much admired. He visited Australia, where he was successful in his profession, whence he sailed for San Francisco, where he was pursuing portrait-painting in oils, with abundant patronage, when a sudden illness closed his earthly career. He was a warm-hearted, genial man, possessed of personal quali-

ties which make his friends cherish his memory, and 'sorrow that they shall see his face no more.' - - - 'HAVE we a *Punch* among us?' We do not hesitate to say that we *have*, or something quite as good, quite as witty, quite as well illustrated and printed, in '*Vanity Fair*,' published by FRANK J. THOMPSON, at number 113 Nassau-street. It is altogether the best specimen of a humorous illustrated journal that has ever been produced in America, or that *we* have seen. - - -  ALL communications for this Magazine, of whatever description, are hereafter to be addressed to 'L. GAYLORD CLARK, care of JOHN A. GRAY, Publisher and Proprietor of the KNICKERBOCKER, Nos. 16 and 18 Jacob Street, New-York.' - - - THE third number of the '*Reminiscences of the late Washington Irving*' will appear in our next, with added interest, let us hope, from expected but unavoidably delayed *matériel*.

Brief Notices of New Publications.

'THE FAMILY TREASURY OF SABBATH-READING.'—We have derived pleasure and much valuable instruction from the perusal of six successive numbers of a periodical published in London, and obtainable in New-York, entitled '*The Family Treasury of Sabbath Reading*.' It is an exceedingly handsome, convenient-sized quarto, in leaded double columns, of a clear type, beautifully printed upon *English* paper. Its attractive externals at once arrest the eye, and will serve to assist in securing for it a place upon many an American parlor-table. 'The Family Treasury' is issued monthly, under the editorial supervision of Rev. ANDREW CAMERON, formerly editor of 'The Christian Treasury,' a periodical of wide dissemination in England: who brings to his task a thorough knowledge of what is required in such a work: the contents being very various, and so methodically, we might almost say *artistically* arranged, as at once to invite the reader's attention to the separate divisions. Each number leads off with 'Practical and Devotional Papers:' then ensue, 'Hours with Living Preachers and Continental Divines;' 'The Biblical Treasury;' 'Home-Lessons for the Lord's Day;' 'The Children's Treasury;' 'Biography;' 'The Treasury Pulpit;' 'Treasury of Narratives and Incidents;' 'Poetry;' 'Treasury for Sunday-School Teachers;' etc. etc. Here, it will be seen, is abundant variety: not old, dry, re-hashed material from ancient books, but '*live* matter,' of the best tendency, well calculated, we think, to supply an acknowledged desideratum in Sunday-reading in many a religious household. Published in London, Edinburgh, and New-York: THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, 131 Nassau-street. If any persons should be desirous to receive the above work, by clubbing with the KNICKERBOCKER, both publications may be obtained for four dollars a year.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.—We have received two or three numbers of a corpulent monthly periodical, entitled '*Macmillan's Magazine*,' published simultaneously at Cambridge, England and London. It promises to prove a valuable acquisition to the current literature of Britain. TENNYSON, 'at an enormous figure,' has written for its pages one of his most characteristic poems: while 'TOM BROWN at Oxford,' by the author of 'School-Days at Rugby,' is exactly what a magazine-narrative should be: lively, full of incident, and dramatically-disposed 'situations.' 'WILLIAM COSBETT, a Rural Ride,' is a 'joint-composition' poem, which perpetuates many of the rough peculiarities of the 'Hampshire Farmer.' His was a long life of pugnacity. His attacks were always personal, his views always one-sided. It was his constant business to point out fallacies, and to make his

opponents ridiculous. He libelled in turn, with all the vigor of personal animosity, the Jews, the Methodists, the Quakers, and the new school of agriculturists, whom he called 'bull-frog farmers.' After his residence in this country, his abuse of 'the Yankees' was incessant: 'he had a hearty dislike of political economists, and *'feel-anthropists,'* as he called them; and at one period of his life, he professed to dislike walking through the streets on Saturdays, because he was annoyed by 'the Jews blaspheming in their synagogues!' His style of 'argument' was almost always the categorical; piling question upon question, without waiting for, or at least without heeding, any reply: a peculiarity well hit off by HORACE SMITH, in the Rejected Addresses:

'Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses twain
Of Covent-Garden and of Drury-Lane?
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry-goods and tobaccos?
Who makes the quatern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?'

The '*Colloquy of the Round Table*,' in the number before us, is a very indifferent imitation of the old '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*' of Blackwood. It would be greatly improved, if the profuse specimens of the Scottish dialect were even more unintelligible than they are, if indeed that were possible.

'GIFTS OF GENIUS: A MISCELLANY OF PROSE AND POETRY, BY AMERICAN AUTHORS.'—We cordially and earnestly entreat the patronage of our readers for this meritorious and beautiful book. It is privately printed, and its history is peculiar: Its proprietor, Miss DAVENPORT, was a school-teacher, when the loss of sight deprived her of that means of support. The case appears to have excited the peculiar sympathy of authors. Thirty-five, including many of the best known writers of the country, have contributed poems or sketches to this pic-nic volume, which thus becomes a valuable literary property to the owner. MR. BRYANT writes a brief preface, and contributes a sonnet from the Portuguese; OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, BAYARD TAYLOR, WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, W. H. BURLEIGH, the Rev. E. A. WASHBURN, MRS. MARSH, GEORGE P. MORRIS, MRS. SIGOURNEY, MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, T. B. ALDRICH, THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, furnish original poems; there are poetical translations by LONGFELLOW, GEORGE P. MARSH, and MRS. ELLET; the Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS and THEODORE PARKER, JOHN ESTEN COOKE, CAROLINE CHESBRO, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, contribute tales; there are essays and sketches by H. T. TUCKERMAN, GEORGE S. HILLARD, C. A. BARTOL, EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, the Rev. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, ('Recollections of Neander,') the Rev. Dr. BELLows, ROBERT TOMES ('A Night and Day at Valparaiso,') EDWARD S. GOULD, the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, the Rev. Dr. OSGOOD, FRANCIS WILLIAMS, MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND—altogether a very notable collection. The book, we may mention, may be obtained of Mr. RANDOLPH, the book-seller, corner of Broadway and Fourth-street, in this city, who, in aid of its charitable intention, charges no commission to the beneficiary. It is very handsomely printed from the press of TINSOK.

CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK'S ARCTIC NARRATIVE.—Messrs. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston, have performed an acceptable service to American readers, in reproducing, with all the original illustrations of the London edition, Captain M'CLINTOCK's '*Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions.*' This simple journal, eloquent in daily-recorded facts, jotted down without the slightest ostentation, does high honor to its gallant author. When it was penned amidst the Arctic ices, he had no idea whatever of publishing it: we are glad, however, that his modest reluctance to have it printed was finally overcome, in deference to the wishes of the friends of the illustrious Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. The accounts in detail, accompanied by numerous engravings, which appeared in the English and American illustrated newspapers, of Captain M'CLINTOCK's adventures and discoveries, are too recent to require a farther reference to the contents of the volume before us.

'HISTORY OF INK.'—A very beautiful little book, exquisitely illustrated by vari-colored ornamental printing, eminent autographs, etc. The work is full and complete upon its dark theme. In the fullest sense and widest scope of the term, it is a '*History of Ink*,' including its etymology, its chemistry, and 'all that can be suggested and justified by the title, or fairly demanded under it, or claimed for it.' If the writer of an elaborate and in portions eloquent article in '*MACMILLAN'S Magazine*,' upon '*Paper, Pen and Ink*,' had had this volume before him when he wrote, he would scarcely have treated the '*Ink*' division of his subject with so little research, and with so much brevity. These thoughts, however, from the article referred to, are marked by equal force and beauty:

'WHATEVER the material quality of Ink may be, how little this strikes us when our hearts are stirred, and the words we have written stand before us, no longer thoughts which we can recall, but each a spirit-child with an independent life of its own, proclaiming, 'What is written, remains.' The functions of the paper and pen in producing this result are forgotten. We feel as if we directly thought out the words we see. The ink in which they stand is not charcoal, or galls and iron, but the very anger, or sorrow, or gladness we felt, fixed on the paper forever. Think of a queen's first signature of a death-warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the dooming ink! Of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall: of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows: of a lover's passionate proposal written in fire: of a proud girl's refusal written in ice: of a mother's dying expostulation with a wayward son written in her heart's blood: of an indignant father's disinheriting curse on his first-born, black with the lost color of the gray hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave: think of these, and of all the other impassioned writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent, Protean thing, a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men. Here a despairing prisoner is writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon-wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which only she knows how to render visible. Beleaguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice water or innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Ship-wrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid-ocean, are consigning to a floating bottle the faint pencil-memorandum of the spot where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of Death.'

The '*History of Ink*' is from the press of THADDEUS DAVIS AND COMPANY, Manufacturing Stationers, Numbers 127 and 129 William-street.

POEMS BY THE AUTHOR OF '*JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN*.'—Several months since we published in the '*EDITOR'S TABLE*' an exquisitely tender and beautiful poem, entitled '*Philip my King*,' wondering greatly at the time who could have written it, and calling upon our readers and correspondents to enlighten us thereanent. On opening the volume above-named, '*PHILIP my King*' was the first poem that met our eye: and well does it deserve the place of honor; for, to our mind, it is 'out and out' the best poem in the book. Miss MULOCK, to say the truth plainly, is not much of a poetess: she is in the 'tertiary' class, geologically speaking. We doubt if these '*Poems*' would have been given to the public, had not the author achieved deserved celebrity by her prose writings; by '*JOHN HALIFAX, Gentleman*,' especially one of the very best narratives which has been produced by any female writer of our time. 'The fault of Miss MULOCK's verses is, that they are chiefly *surface* writing; as if the lady had produced them merely as task-work, and not in that spontaneous outpouring of the heart, which *must* breathe its thoughts in the melodious utterance of Song.' TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston.

POEMS BY HENRY TIMROD.—The South may put forth her claims for another true poet, in the person of the young author of a volume of poems which *was* 'before us,' with several passages marked for insertion; two or three of which we pointed out to a dark-eyed lady friend in the cars to town the other morning, and that was the last we saw of the book! As it was left on some counter in Broadway, in the course of a shopping excursion, let us hope that some body will have the pleasure of its gratuitous perusal. The last brief lines in the volume, very melodious and solemn, we quoted in our '*Gossipry*' some months since, asking, at the time, that we might be favored with the name of the

author. MR. TIMMONS'S verse is worthy of a wide audience among the lovers of poetry, and forms a welcome offering to the common literature of the country. The author, whose name promises to be better known from this specimen of his powers, betrays a genuine poetic instinct in the selection of his themes, and has treated them with a lively and delicate fancy, and a graceful beauty of expression. In some cases, the influence of favorite models may be detected, but, as a whole, the poems are evidently founded on a true inward experience, and are no less original in feeling than in illustration.

'THE SCALPEL.'—We have before us all the bound volumes of this spicy and *very* saucy Medical and Literary Journal, and are surprised at the amount and variety of matter which it contains. Broad fun, lively humor, biting satire; tale, narrative, criticism; these alternate with out-spoken remarks upon 'professional practice and practitioners,' which must have 'bitten' when they appeared. Still the SCALPEL scalps on. DR. DIXON, who is the personal image of LOUIS NAPOLEON, seems determined to imitate him in more ways than one.

'ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.'—Messrs. GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN have published the 'Annual of Scientific Discovery,' a year-book of Facts in Science and Art for 1860. The work is made up of extracts from newspapers and scientific journals, and forms a very readable compend of what has been done or thought on these matters during the year 1859. Some of the articles are elaborate and interesting, others are of necessity fragmentary and incomplete. The book will be a welcome addition to the library, both for present reading and future reference. It is well printed.

NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. SETYMOUR AND COMPANY, Nassau-street, New-York, have followed up the success of their 'Musical Friend' by the issue of the 'Solo Melodist,' a collection of Marches, Waltzes, etc., for flute or violin: issued weekly. This work supplies a want long felt, and as it is got up in the same excellent style as their other serial, they will probably have a large demand for it.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Dance Rustique*,' by WILLIAM MASON, a caprice distinguished by the grace and brilliancy belonging to all the productions of this writer. We have heard this styled his best work. It is not very difficult, and will well repay the study needed for its thorough interpretation. '*Ella Leent*,' song and chorus, by F. BUCKLEY: an easy song. '*Ferrero's new Danish Dance*,' by C. ELBEL. '*I Would that I were Beautiful*,' a ballad by WALDO ALLEN. '*Idol of my Heart*,' by A. W. BERG: a pleasant tenor song. '*None shall Weep a Tear for Me*,' a song by S. C. FOSTER. The melody of this is as natural and flowing as most of FOSTER'S melodies are, and the accompaniment is as simple as he always makes them. '*The Wife*,' also by FOSTER, is simple but inexpressive. '*Maggie, the Pride of the Vale*,' by F. BUCKLEY, as sung by BUCKLEY'S Serenaders. '*La Belle Florinde*,' Polka Brillante, par THEODORE MOELLING; '*Charivari*,' a collection of new dances, by HELMSMULLER; '*Welsh Air*,' by S. B. MILLS, brilliant variations, on a simple, well-known theme: an excellent parlor piece. '*Poor Drooping Maiden*,' by S. C. FOSTER. The melody is much more artistic than the words. '*Reminiscences of Les Vepres Siciliennes*,' arranged for piano, by A. W. BERG. '*Fantasia on the Melodies Star of the Evening and Willie we have Missed You*:' by W. V. WALLACE.

MESSRS. WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Fantasia de Salon*,' pour le piano, on melodies from WAGNER'S opera of 'Rienzi,' by W. V. WALLACE. '*Voice of the Western Wind*,' by J. R. THOMAS, an effective alto or baritone song. '*At that Hour of Calm*,' barcarolle, by FOLEY HALL. '*The Fair Augusta Schottisch*,' by J. M. ABBOT, embellished with a fine portrait of DR. KANE, and sundry arctic accessories. '*The Bell-Ringer*,' a ballad by W. V. WALLACE: a beautiful song for baritone voice.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW-YORK,

OFFICE, 112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL, \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, over \$300,000

**THIS COMPANY INSURES AGAINST LOSS AND DAMAGE BY
FIRE, ON FAVORABLE TERMS.**

LOSSES EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PROMPTLY PAID.

DIRECTORS:

Charles J. Martin,
A. F. Willmarth,
William G. Lambel.
George C. Collins,
Danford N. Barney.
Lucius Hopkins,
Thomas Messenger,
William H. Mellen,
Charles B. Hatch,
B. Watson Bull,
Honner Morgan,

Levi P. Stone,
James Humphrey,
George Pearce,
Ward A. Work,
James Low,
Isaac H. Frothingham,
Charles A. Bulkley,
Cephas H. Norton,
George D. Morgan,
Theodore McNamee,
Richard Bigelow,

Oliver E. Wood,
Alfred S. Barnes,
George Bliss,
Roe Lockwood,
John G. Nelson,
Lyman Cooke,
Levi P. Morton,
Curtis Noble,
John B. Hutchinson,
Charles P. Baldwin,
Amos T. Dwight,

Henry A. Huribut,
Jesse Hoyt,
William Sturgis, Jr.,
John R. Ford,
Sidney Mason,
George T. Stedman, Cinn.
Cyrus Yale, Jr.,
William R. Foedick,
F. H. Cossitt,
David I. Boyd, Albany.
S. B. Cauldwell & L. Rote

CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.

A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-President

J. MILTON SMITH, Secretary.

DEFIANCE SALAMANDER SAFES.

ROBERT M. PATRICK,

SOLE MANUFACTURER IN THE UNITED STATES OF THE ABOVE CELEBRATED SAFES, AND

**Patent Powder-Proof Impenetrable Defiance
Locks and Cross-Bars,**

ALSO,

**Fire and Burglar-Proof Sideboard or Parlor Safes,
FOR SILVER PLATE, &c.**

**THE BEST SAFES AND LOCKS COMBINED, IN THE WORLD. THESE SAFES HAVE TAKEN THE
FIRST PREMIUM MEDALS IN EVERY EXHIBITION**

**held in the United States during the past three years. SAFES of all sizes, suitable for Merchants,
Banks, Jewelry, Record Offices, Steamboats, etc.; Fire and Thief-Proof Bank Vault
Doors on hand, for sale, and made to order, at the**

Depot, No. 63 Murray St., cor. College Place, New-York,

Formerly 192 Pearl Street.

Manufactory, Nos. 60, 62, 64, and 66 Cannon Street, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN Fire Insurance Company.

CASH CAPITAL, \$300,000.

OFFICE, 108 BROADWAY, COR. OF PINE ST., NEW-YORK.

DIRECTORS.

James Lorimer Graham,
Joseph B. Varnum,
Leonard Appleby,
Frederick H. Wolcott,
William K. Strong,
Moses Taylor,
James O. Sheldon,
John C. Henderson,

Daniel Parish,
Gustavus A. Conover,
Martin Bates, Jr.,
Charles L. Vose,
Warren Delano, Jr.,
Henry V. Butler,
Bowes R. Mollvaine,
Gilbert L. Beeckman,

Joseph B. Varnum, Jr.,
Dudley B. Fuller,
Watson E. Case,
Lorrain Freeman,
Edward Macomber,
James Lorimer Graham, Jr.,
Samuel D. Bradford, Jr.,
Charles E. Appleby.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, PRESIDENT.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, SECRETARY.

BOBERT C. RATHBONE, ASSISTANT SECRETARY.

THE NATIONAL BANK NOTE COMPANY,

No. 1 WALL STREET, corner of Broadway,

NEW-YORK.

THIS Company has been incorporated by law, and is prepared, with an ample capital, new and superior designs, materials, and machinery, embracing all the modern improvements and discoveries for the prevention of counterfeits and alterations, to execute orders for plates and printing, in the highest style of the art, for Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Stock and of Deposit, State and Railroad Bonds, and all forms of Mercantile and Official Papers, under the most vigilant and reliable superintendence. Ample security is provided for the safe custody of plates left with the Company.

New and important safeguards against fraudulent Coupons, devised by and peculiar to this Company, are specially recommended.

Government issues of every description, and orders in foreign languages, will receive strict attention. Particular care will be taken to furnish bank note paper of the very best quality.

The National Bank Note Company comprises among its associates artists of acknowledged ability, who have been from fifteen to thirty years in the oldest-established firms of Bank Note Engravers in this country. The Company, in soliciting patronage, feels justified in giving assurance that orders intrusted to it will be faithfully and promptly filled.

TRUSTEES.

ROBERT S. OAKLEY, late Cashier American Exchange Bank, New-York.

JAMES T. SOUTTER, President Bank of the Republic.

SAMUEL STILES,

FITCH SHEPARD,

WILLIAM D. NICHOLS,

JAMES MACDONOUGH,

GEORGE H. DANFORTH,

LLOYD GLOVER, formerly Agent of Danforth, Wright & Co., Boston.

JOHN E. VAN ANTWERP, Cashier New-York State Bank, Albany.

} late with Danforth, Wright & Co., and their predecessors.

J. T. SOUTTER, Vice-President

J. MACDONOUGH, Secretary.

noary, 1880.

R. S. OAKLEY, President

SAMUEL STILES, Treasurer.

The Springfield Republican,

THE GREAT NEW-ENGLAND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY, AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

BY

SAMUEL BOWLES AND COMPANY.

The position of **THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN** as the first country or provincial journal in America is conceded by public and press. Its claim to be the chief of distinctive and representative New-England newspapers is not less just and scarcely less recognized. Located in the heart of New-England; untrammelled by the special interests of the capital city; free in space and by location to entertain and represent the common sentiments and principles of this birth-place and brain of the nation, and record its common progress and daily life; holding its own prejudices and that of its locality in subjection, and with its independence thoroughly conquered by success—the aim and ambition of **THE REPUBLICAN** to be the chosen of home journals for New-England men and women, at home and abroad, are sustained by constant care and labor in the preparation of its contents, and justified by its rapidly increasing popularity and circulation among the class to which it is dedicated.

THE REPUBLICAN is the only paper in the country that gives a full and thorough Summary of all New-England News, arranged by States. Each issue of the Daily paper has from 1 to 3 columns under this head; the Tri-weekly 8 to 4 columns; and the Weekly 4 to 6 columns. Among its other leading features are an Editorial Review of the Week, discussing all its leading occurrences; from one to two columns of "Farm and Garden," prepared by a Connecticut Valley Farmer; an equal amount of Religious Intelligence, embracing the history of all denominations and the progress of Christian effort and thought at home and abroad; Letters from special correspondents at Boston, New-York, and Washington; six to ten columns weekly of fresh Editorial Discussions of the current topics, and of social, political, literary, and religious questions; a frequent Chapter of Science and Invention, recording all new discoveries and valuable theories; Reviews of New Books, with quotations from their contents; a summary of what is new among Books, Authors, and Art; Original Stories, Novels, Sketches, and Poetry, and a large variety of Choice Selected Miscellany; the latest New-York, Boston, Hartford, and Springfield Markets, with full summaries of all the current Foreign and Domestic News, Congress, Legislature, Personal, and Political, all up to the latest moment by telegraph, and rewritten and condensed expressly for the columns of **THE REPUBLICAN**.

The ample pages of **THE REPUBLICAN**, and its principle of rewriting and adapting all intelligence to the wants and tastes of its readers, enable it to do justice to all these various features, and to present a journal which, in scope of editorial discussion, range, and variety of contents, and completeness of record, is believed to be unequalled in this country.

Dr. J. G. HOLLAND ("Timothy Titcomb") is one of the Proprietors, and a constant contributor to its Editorial columns. He writes for no other paper.

The *New-York Tribune* says: "The **REPUBLICAN** is the best and ablest country journal ever published on this continent." The *New-York Evening Post* says: "The **REPUBLICAN** has won a wide reputation as a readable and complete New-England newspaper." The *Cleveland Herald* and the *Grand Rapids (Mich.) Eagle* say it is "the best paper in New-England." The *St. Paul Advertiser*: "The very best of Yankee newspapers, whether for news, literature, editorials, or politics."

The **DAILY REPUBLICAN** is published at \$5 a year, and contains all the telegraphic news of the New-York and Boston papers of the same date. On Saturdays it appears on a double sheet with 34 to 36 columns of reading matter.

The **TRI-WEEKLY REPUBLICAN** is published every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, and embraces all the contents of the Daily paper. Price, \$3 a year; ten copies, \$25.

The **WEEKLY REPUBLICAN**—a large double sheet of 48 columns, over 40 of which are given to reading matter—is mailed every Friday at the following rates: one copy one year, \$3; two copies to one address, \$5; five, \$7; ten, \$12; twenty, \$20, (and a copy to the getter-up of the club;) forty, \$40, (and a copy of the Tri-Weekly;) one hundred copies, \$100, (and the **DAILY REPUBLICAN**.) Where papers in clubs are directed to each subscriber, twenty cents each extra is charged.

The circulation of the **DAILY REPUBLICAN** is 6000 copies, and of the **WEEKLY** rising 12000; and both journals present superior advantages for advertising.

☞ All subscriptions payable in advance, and the papers are stopped when the subscription expires.

Specimen copies sent on application.

SAMUEL BOWLES & CO.,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

A. BININGER & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF FINE

Brandies, Wines, Liquors, Segars,

TEAS, AND GROCERIES,

Nos. 92 & 94 LIBERTY ST.,

NEW-YORK.

ABRAHAM B. CLARK,

ABRAHAM BININGER,

The only and *Sole Successors* of ABRAHAM BININGER, Sr., who commenced this business in 1776 and which has been handed successively to son and grandsons, down to the present day.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS Published Weekly in THE INDEPENDENT.

In addition to the interesting matter contained in every successive number of *The Independent*, the Publisher is happy to announce that the Sunday Morning Sermons of REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER will appear exclusively in its columns every week. They are the only reports given to the press which receive revision from the Author's own hand. Among other special contributors are the following well known writers:

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER, and

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Terms, \$2 a year, payable in advance.

Address, JOSEPH H. RICHARDS,

Publisher, No. 5 Beekman Street, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS AGENTS.

A. S. BARNES & BURR'S PUBLICATIONS.

Clark's 1st Lessons in English Grammar,.....	\$0.80	Clark's Grammatical Chart,.....	\$0.75
Clark's Analysis of the English Language,.....	0.40	Welch's Analysis of the English Sentence,.....	2.00
Clark's New English Grammar,.....	0.60		

The Rhode Island School Master says of Clark's Grammar :

- " This is one of the Grammars that proceeds upon the principle of Analysis.
- " Its method is natural and its statements and explanations clear and accurate.
- " Its black-board exercise and illustrations are admirable, and its method of setting the scholar at composition are the only ones correct."

From the Racine Advocate.

Clark's Grammar is a new thing in the study of language. By this system the black-board, the great weapon of the modern educator, is made to play an important part even in the ordinarily dry and dull study of English Grammar. His diagrams are at once simple and unique in connection, and universal in application. The most wild and uncouth sentences ever written, with the most polished and mellifluous of Byron or Tom Moore, are readily caught, tamed, and made to trot in double or single harness through the scholars' parsing vocabulary.

Whilst looking over the pages of Clark's New Grammar, we could but think of old Lindley Murray, and the aching heads that used in our boyish days to pore over his crabbed pages, and wonder why no body ever thought of so obvious an improvement before.

SCHOOL TEACHERS' LIBRARY.

The following works, belonging to this library, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of One Dollar for each copy by the publishers :

Page's Theory and Practice of Teaching, (post-paid,) \$1.00	Root on School Amusements,.....	\$1.00
Northend's Teacher and Parent,.....	Bate's Institute Lectures, (a new work,).....	1.00
De Tocqueville's American Institutions,.....	The Normal Method of Teaching, (a new work,).....	1.00
Davis' Logic of Mathematics,.....	History of the Progress of Education, (a new work,).....	1.00
Mansfield on American Education,.....	Dwight's Higher Christian Education, (a new work,).....	1.00
Mayhew on Universal Education,.....		1.00

LOCAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY,

COMBINED IN

M'NALLY'S SYSTEM OF GEOGRAPHY.

100 Pages devoted to Local and Descriptive Geography — The remaining Pages to Physical Geography, including Two Splendid Charts.

33 MAPS, INCLUDING NEW MAPS OF CALIFORNIA, MINNESOTA, KANSAS, NEBRASKA, AND DACOTAH.

The success of this work during the few years it has been before the public has been unprecedented. With the lower numbers (Montieth's) of the series of which it forms a part, it has been most extensively introduced throughout the United States, and recommended in nearly every State where official recommendations are made. In its new form it obviates the use of a separate work on Physical Geography, presenting as it does the leading features of that branch under proper divisions.

As no change will be made in its retail price, (One Dollar,) it is now before the public at *one half* the price charged for other Geographies embracing the features it comprehends.

PARKER & WATSON'S

National Series of Readers and Spellers.

Grateful to the public for the appreciation manifested by the most extensive introduction of these Readers since their completion in July, 1863, the Publishers would respectfully announce that they have just added to the Fourth Number of the Series several Selections from Modern Authors, embracing with those now included the amplest variety, and designed to render this work worthy to occupy the place of the Fifth Number of many of the other Series in use.

The Fifth Number of the Series comprises 600 pages, embracing in two chapters (52 pages) a most simple and eminently practical treatise on Elocution, together with 245 selections, (including a great many from modern authors,) and over 100 Biographical Sketches, comprehending the leading events in the lives of the authors from whom selections are taken.

It is universally conceded by impartial Educators who have examined the lower numbers of this Series, that they embrace the true method of teaching Primary Reading, and that these Selections are designed to inculcate a moral tone, as well as to give proper direction to the expansion of the youthful mind.

These Readers will be furnished for examination, with reference to introduction, at the following rates :

National Primer,.....	8 cents.	National 4th Reader,.....	37½ cents.
Do. 1st Reader,.....	12½ "	Do. 5th Reader,.....	50 "
Do. 2d Reader,.....	18½ "	Do. Elementary Speller,.....	8 "
Do. 3d Reader,.....	25 "	Do. Primary Speller,.....	12½ "

A. S. BARNES & BURR,

51 & 53 John Street, New-York.

JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY

NO. 20 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Copeland's Country Life.

By R. Morris Copeland. A complete handbook of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening. Illustrated with 225 Engravings. 1 vol., 8vo., 825 pages. Third edition. Cloth. \$2.50.

Dadd's New Cattle Doctor.

By George H. Dadd, V. S. The most complete work on Cattle and their Diseases ever published. With numerous Illustrations. Third edition. Cloth. \$1.00.

The Physiology of Marriage.

By Dr. Alcott. Twenty-fifth Thousand. New and enlarged edition. 12mo. Cloth \$1.00.

The Moral Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage.

By Dr. Alcott. Fifth thousand. New and enlarged edition. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

The Laws of Health.

For Schools and Families. By Dr. Alcott. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth. Fourth edition. \$1.00.

Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills & Powders.

Or the Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician. By Dr. Alcott. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

The New Temperance Melodist.

A choice collection of Songs, Gleees, and other pieces, for the use of Temperance Societies. By Stephen Hubbard, Esq.; Professor of Music. 1 vol. 12mo. 38 cents.

The Pitts Street Chapel Lectures.

Delivered in Boston, by Clergymen of six different Denominations, during the Winter of 1853. Twelfth Thousand. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

Debt and Grace.

As related to the doctrine of a Future Life. By Prof. C. F. Hudson. This is one of the most learned Theological Works of the age. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth. Sixth edition. \$1.25.

Voices from the Silent Land.

Or Leaves of Consolation for the Afflicted. By Mrs. H. Dwight Williams. 12mo. Plain cloth. New edition, revised and enlarged with Steel Plate, \$1.00. Same work gilt, \$1.50.

Bishop Butler's Writings.

Edited by Rev. J. T. Chaplin, D. D., President of Waterville College. 1. Butler's Ethical Discourses and Essay on Virtue, arranged as a Treatise on Moral Philosophy. 2. Butler's Analogy of Religion, with Analysis and Notes. 2 vols. 12mo. Half morocco. \$1.50.

The Writings of Grace Kennedy.

Containing Dunalian, or Know what you Judge, Father Clement, a Roman Catholic Story, Profession is not Principle, and Decision, or Religion is All or it is Nothing. 2 vols. 12mo. Cloth. \$2.00.

Allen's American Biographical Dictionary.

By Rev. William Allen, D. D. Third edition. 1 vol. Royal 8vo. 900 pages. Full sheep. \$5.00. Half morocco, marble edge, \$6.00.

History of British India, Ancient and Modern.

By Rev. D. O. Allen, D. D., for Twenty-five Years a Resident of India, and Missionary of the American Board. 1 vol. 8vo.

Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!
BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!

ELEGANT! ELEGANT! ELEGANT!
ELEGANT! ELEGANT! ELEGANT!
ELEGANT! ELEGANT! ELEGANT!

THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!
THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!
THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!

A NEW DISCOVERY!
A NEW DISCOVERY!
A NEW DISCOVERY!

SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!

For Beautifying, Puffing, Curling,
For Beautifying, Puffing, Curling,
For Beautifying, Puffing, Curling,

Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,
Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,
Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,

Laying and Setting the Hair.
Laying and Setting the Hair.
Laying and Setting the Hair.

Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,

And at same time a stiffness.
And at same time a stiffness.
And at same time a stiffness.

As you dress the Hair so it remains.
As you dress the Hair so it remains.
As you dress the Hair so it remains.

Try it and then judge.
Try it and then judge.
Try it and then judge.

It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.
It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.
It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.

A perfect Gem! A perfect Gem!
A perfect Gem! A perfect Gem!
A perfect Gem! A perfect Gem!

For Ladies' and Children's use.
For Ladies' and Children's use.
For Ladies' and Children's use.

For the Beauty, Fashion and Respectability.
For the Beauty, Fashion and Respectability.
For the Beauty, Fashion and Respectability.

The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet.
The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet.
The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet.

It's a first-class article.
It's a first-class article.
It's a first-class article.

Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!
Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!
Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!

It should be in every family.
It should be in every family.
It should be in every family.

It's the best preparation
It's the best preparation
It's the best preparation

For the Hair—for the Hair
For the Hair—for the Hair

In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.

Address, MRS. ISABEL SCIPLE, Depot, No. 26 Ann
Street, near the Astor House, N. Y. Price, 50 cents per
box; sent by Express. For sale at 616 Broadway.

"Mary, what have you on your hair?"

"Why, what makes you ask me that, Laura?"

"Well, because your hair looks so glossy and silky, and
lies so smooth and nice on your head. Why, it's really
beautiful! I never saw you with your hair so handsomely
arranged; what a soft, delicate, and gentle appearance it
has. Who dressed it?"

"I did, myself, Laura."

"What did you put on it?—you might as well out with
it, and not keep me in such painful suspense; I'll find out
any way, and you might as well tell me first as last, for I
am quite sure there must be something new out. I have
seen many fashionable ladies, mingled with them at New-
port, Saratoga, Niagara Falls, and every other first-class
place—seen the honored bride at the Diamond Wedding,
arrayed like a queen, and with all the splendor that wealth
could bestow—have made tours through Europe—have
seen the beauty and fashion of the Old World—seen
Queens and Emperresses, etc., etc., but never was so fasci-
nated with a head of hair as yours. Why, it's exquisite in
the extreme! Come, Mary, do tell me—what is it?"

"Well, Laura, I'll tell you, it's a perfect Gem for Ladies,
and so nice for children. Come here, daughter, let this
lady see how nice your hair sets; call your brother,
dear." "Georgy, come; mother wants you, to show this
lady how beautiful your hair is fixed." "There, Laura,
don't they look sweet! Look how that top-knot sets! I
dressed my hair with it the other evening to go to a ball;
I danced nearly all night, and in the morning my hair was
just as smooth as when I went on the floor. The secret of
this thing, Laura, is, as you dress or fix your hair, so it re-
mains. It keeps the hair in position."

"Well, Mary, I knew there must be something out, for I
know you had tried every thing."

"Yes, Laura, and the beauty of this is, it's a first-class
article for the first-class times we live in."

"Where is it to be had—do the druggists keep it?
Come, Mary, do tell me what it is."

"Well, Laura, if the druggists and fancy dealers don't
have it, they will be behind the age, for I tell you it's the
as plus ultra of the times."

"Stop, Mary, stop; for pity's sake stop, and tell me
what it is."

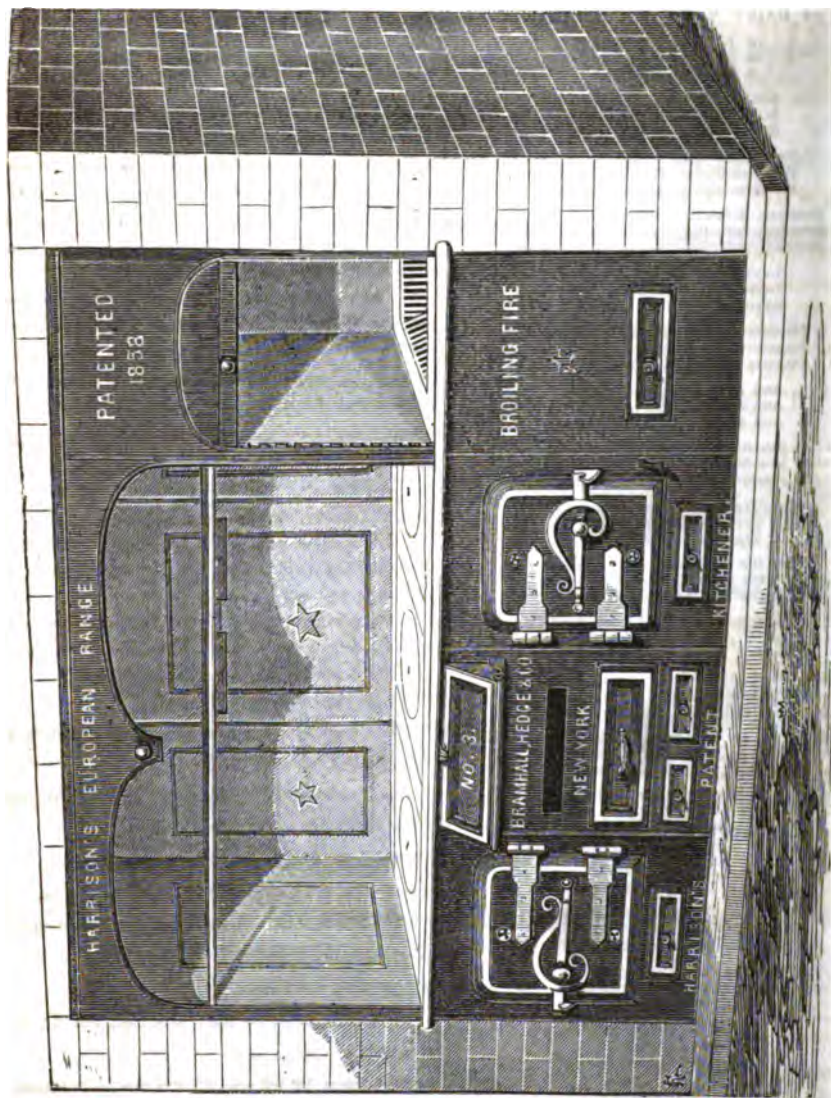
"Well, Laura, I'll tell you; it's Mrs. Sciple's Celebrated
Soft French Tallow."

"Where can I procure a box, Mary?"

"You can get it at the depot, 26 Ann Street, 616 Broad-
way, and, in a short time, in every drug and fancy house
in the known world."

[To be continued.]

HARRISON'S PATENT KITCHENER, OR EUROPEAN RANGE.



We offer this Range to the public as the very best Cooking apparatus in the market. It does all the work—Roasting, Baking, Broiling, etc., etc.—*well*, with great economy of fuel, and is very simple, heavy, and solid; will last longer than any other Range, and be a great saving in fuel.

Sizes from 3 feet 6 inches to 20 feet long, and prices from \$28, up.

Send for a circular.

Manufactured and for sale, wholesale and retail, and put up, in city and country, by

BRAMHALL, HEDGE & CO.,

642 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

THE

Knickerbocker.

NEW-YORK
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1880.

NEW-YORK:

JOHN A. GRAY, 15 & 17 JACOB STREET.

JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

2000 Illustrations and Engravings with many the price per Number, 25c.,
or by Mail in the Postoffice.

LITHOGRAPHED BY H. H. HARRIS, 141 NASSAU.

It is sold by mail.

It is sold by mail.

author. MR. TIMROD'S verse is worthy of a wide audience among the lovers of poetry, and forms a welcome offering to the common literature of the country. The author, whose name promises to be better known from this specimen of his powers, betrays a genuine poetic instinct in the selection of his themes, and has treated them with a lively and delicate fancy, and a graceful beauty of expression. In some cases, the influence of favorite models may be detected, but, as a whole, the poems are evidently founded on a true inward experience, and are no less original in feeling than in illustration.

'THE SCALPEL.'—We have before us all the bound volumes of this spicy and *very* saucy Medical and Literary Journal, and are surprised at the amount and variety of matter which it contains. Broad fun, lively humor, biting satire; tale, narrative, criticism; these alternate with out-spoken remarks upon 'professional practice and practitioners,' which must have 'bitten' when they appeared. Still the SCALPEL scalps on. DR. DIXON, who is the personal image of LOUIS NAPOLEON, seems determined to imitate him in more ways than one.

'ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.'—Messrs. GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN have published the 'Annual of Scientific Discovery,' a year-book of Facts in Science and Art for 1860. The work is made up of extracts from newspapers and scientific journals, and forms a very readable compend of what has been done or thought on these matters during the year 1859. Some of the articles are elaborate and interesting, others are of necessity fragmentary and incomplete. The book will be a welcome addition to the library, both for present reading and future reference. It is well printed.

New Music.

Messrs. SEYMOUR AND COMPANY, Nassau-street, New-York, have followed up the success of their 'Musical Friend' by the issue of the 'Solo Melodist,' a collection of Marches, Waltzes, etc., for flute or violin: issued weekly. This work supplies a want long felt, and as it is got up in the same excellent style as their other serial, they will probably have a large demand for it.

Messrs. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Dances Rustique*,' by WILLIAM MASON, a caprice distinguished by the grace and brilliancy belonging to all the productions of this writer. We have heard this styled his best work. It is not very difficult, and will well repay the study needed for its thorough interpretation. '*Ella Leené*,' song and chorus, by F. BUCKLEY: an easy song. '*Ferrero's new Danish Dance*,' by C. ELBEL. '*I Would that I were Beautiful*,' a ballad by WALDO ALLEN. '*Idol of my Heart*,' by A. W. BERG: a pleasant tenor song. '*None shall Weep a Tear for Me*,' a song by S. C. FOSTER. The melody of this is as natural and flowing as most of FOSTER's melodies are, and the accompaniment is as simple as he always makes them. '*The Wife*,' also by FOSTER, is simple but inexpressive. '*Maggie, the Pride of the Vale*,' by F. BUCKLEY, as sung by BUCKLEY's Serenaders. '*La Belle Florinde*,' Polka Brillante, par THEODORE MOELLING; '*Charivari*,' a collection of new dances, by HELMSMULLER; '*Welsh Air*,' by S. B. MILLS, brilliant variations, on a simple, well-known theme: an excellent parlor piece. '*Poor Drooping Maiden*,' by S. C. FOSTER. The melody is much more artistic than the words. '*Reminiscences of Les Vepres Siciliennes*,' arranged for piano, by A. W. BERG. '*Fantasia on the Melodies Star of the Evening and Willis we have Missed You*,' by W. V. WALLACE.

Messrs. WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Fantasia de Salon*,' *pour le piano*, on melodies from WAGNER's opera of 'Rienzi,' by W. V. WALLACE. '*Voice of the Western Wind*,' by J. R. THOMAS, an effective alto or baritone song. '*At that Hour of Calm*,' barcarolle, by FOLEY HALL. '*The Fair Augusta Schottisch*,' by J. M. ARNOT, embellished with a fine portrait of Dr. KANE, and sundry arctic accessories. '*The Bell-Ringer*,' a ballad by W. V. WALLACE: a beautiful song for baritone voice.

1864

Knickerbocker.



NEW-YORK
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1864.

NEW-YORK -
JOHN A. GRAY, 10 & 12 JACOB STREET
Publishers of Knickerbocker Magazine.

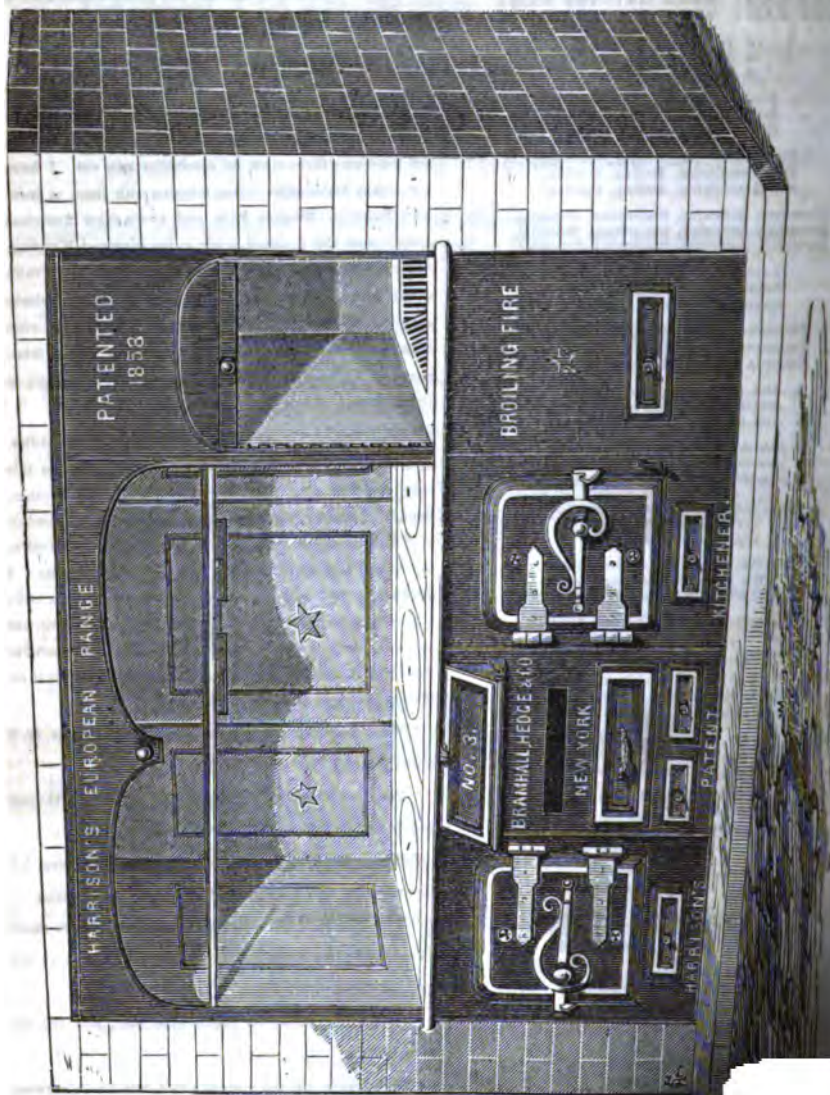
ESTD. 1841. The Magazine and its contents are sold at the rate of \$1.00 per copy, or \$12.00 per annum in advance.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, June 23, 1863.

Printed by J. A. Gray, New York.

Published by J. A. Gray, New York.

HARRISON'S PATENT KITCHENER, OR EUROPEAN RANGE.



We offer this Range to the public as the very best Cooking apparatus in the world for all the work—Roasting, Baking, Broiling, etc., etc.—well, with great economy, simple, heavy, and solid ; will last longer than any other Range.

Sizes from 3 feet 6 inches to 20 feet long, and prices from \$100 to \$1,000.
Send for a circular.

Manufactured and for sale, wholesale and retail, at

BRAM

1854, June 21. B. E.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Vol. LV.

APRIL, 1860.

No. 4.

ADVENTURES ON A MOUNTAIN-TOP.

WRITTEN WITH THE QUILL OF A PORCUPINE.

DURING the summer of 1858 I ascended for the third time one of the highest summits of the Green Mountain ranges, which until within a few years has been comparatively little visited, is still unknown to the majority of summer tourists, but from which can be had a view of scenery, for variety, extent and grandeur, scarcely excelled on this continent. A good portion of the sentiment of travelling is lost even amid the utmost magnificence of Nature, as soon as the path begins to be beaten, and the crowd rushes in. *

I was accompanied by one friend, and we expected to meet a guide at the little village of Stowe, which lies snugly nestled at the base of the great Mansfield Mountain. The weather looked doubtful, but we were unwilling to turn back without giving it a trial. Arrived at the point from which we were to begin the ascent, we perceived the unwelcome prognostics of foul weather. Drops of rain fell, while clouds and vapor assembled about the multitudinous peaks to obscure or shut out the panorama on which we had come to gaze. The expedition seemed fairly at an end. That bright and enthusiastic traveller, the eye, goes excursionizing over magnificent distances, leaps over chasms, flies delighted from summit to summit, only when the amber highway is clear. Should we turn back? It might be the last chance for my friend, Seth —, as his vacation was nearly at an end, and he must return to the flatlands of life, and might never see the Green Mountains again. There is many a dark and dismal morning which changes to a bright and balmy day. Oh! how unfortunate to stop building when we have laid the foundation, to leave the field when we have put our hand to the plough, to drop the arrow when it is placed to the string, to go chasing after a kiss, and having just reached the lovely port, to lose our smack!

Our guide was the proprietor of the mountain. Many awful convulsions of nature, elemental warfare, fire and water, had been at work in far-back ages to heap it up in sublime and savage trim for

him, so that he could own it in fee-simple, with all its improvements made from chaos by the hand of God, and so that he could place a house of hospitality upon it, and add the crowning graces of humanity to its rugged peaks. For many a year, like a privileged Moses, he had ascended it alone to behold the CREATOR'S glory with a kind of prophetic gaze. But the Gentiles had begun to come up in troops. To his infinite satisfaction one camp-meeting had been held, and from the high altar of stone the songs of Zion had resounded from Mount Washington to the Adirondacks, and thence with volumes of cloudy incense, went up from this great temple of Nature to the skies. What wonder that he should feel an interest in property which he held by a sort of Divine right, that he should be loth to see any worshippers turn away, and that at last, after various uneasy glances at the skies, he should open his parable, and say: 'Gentlemen, this is not going to be a rainy day, it is a mere flurry; the sunset will be clear. I guess we had better take dinner, push up to the half-way house, then if the prospect is better, keep a-goin' up, and after that we shall see what we shall see!'

It was spoken with the wisdom of a Solomon. The delicate allusion to dinner, which was most happily coincident with a puff from the kitchen, touched a tender part of poor human nature, and with a sigh of relief, while a slight flush of hope mantled upon our cheeks, we poured out a crystal flood in two tin basins, and with our faces turned toward the Mecca of our desires, perfected our ablutions with the religious zest of Turks. Good beef gives a man strength, an aphorism of patriarchal simplicity and age; yea, a pot of good humming ale beside, enfeebleth him not. By this time the artillery of heaven began to play, the lightnings flashed, but when the general who had charge of the expedition, stretching out his arm majestically to the great breast-work of mountains, said, 'Do you think that you can scale those batteries?' each one replied modestly yet firmly, with concert of voice and speech: 'I will try, Sir.'

A serene smile overspread the face of Napoleon, as he ordered the baskets of provision to be placed in the wagon. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'the work is as good as done. Consider your hands shook.'

We were to drive some miles to the last bounds of cultivation, to a farm-house on the edge of a vast primeval forest. There the carriage was to be left, we were to mount horses, and through a narrow bridle-path try a steeper ascent. We had scarcely gone two miles, when the rain descended in torrents; all the signs were unpropitious, and in dogged silence we pushed on toward the solemn realms where we expected to pillow our heads for the night. With the thirst for adventure somewhat abated by copious floods of rain-water, we arrived at the first stopping-place. While the man of the house looked

after the horses, we went within-doors, where the good woman who had seen our approach was bustling about, and had already set a table and placed thereon sundry bottles of root-beer, pieces of apple-pie, and a plate of cake, as if the rite of refection was a simple matter-of-course. Moreover, her volubility was great, especially in favor of the root-beer, which she at once decanted, and which frothed and foamed up from its dark sediments, as if in confirmation of her praise. We took a little, and nibbled the cake like mice. Very soon Napoleon came in. His face was rueful; some ominous courier had evidently arrived, and a council of war must be held. It appeared that the saddle-horses were out of the question; the hurricane of the previous Sunday had thrown down great numbers of hemlocks directly in the path, and the rest of our advance, if made at all, must be of the pedestrian kind. Bingham (the name of our obliging guide) looked interrogatively at us, we at one another, and then at the old woman, who immediately interpreted the liquid glance, and uncorked another bottle of beer.

Obstacles are the very pavement to great deeds, and the path of glory is strewn with them. The idea of victory presumes resistance, and only ignominious ease could ever chuckle over such an exploit as reaching a desired point in a rail-road car or a sedan chair. The heroic in our natures was fired up by the idea of having to trudge three or four miles on foot in a storm to a cloud-capped mountain-top. The arrangements were forthwith made, and the party was equipped and marshaled in single file, as follows: First the guide: over his left shoulder was swung a telescope, wherewith to look through the mists; over his right a large bundle of blankets, and a tub containing bread and various 'things.' On his left arm was a tin pail, holding three rolls of yellow butter, some salt, pepper, ham, pork, cheese, and various 'things.' Next followed the man of the farm, with a tremendous hump upon his back, made up of more blankets, shawls, overcoats, and so forth, and on his left arm a great basket with sandwiches, crackers, chunks of meat, pickles, lemons, sugar, tea, tin cups, plates, saucers, spoons, knives and forks. Next came my friend Seth —, who bore up under a heavy shawl, holding also an umbrella over his head, while the writer of this, the very originator of the undertaking, with great humility brought up the rear, to whip on the tardy with a walking-stick which was an heir-loom, and which he always carries on journeys. Reverend Hugh Peters, two centuries ago, took out his jack-knife from his breeches pocket, and cut it while a green sapling, on the banks of the Connecticut, celebrated for shad. Hugh Peters, dying on the scaffold in King Charles' time, bequeathed it to Resolved Hubbard. Resolved had a brass ferule put on it, and stumped about the world with it all the days of his life. Resolved left

it to his grand-son, who went to California with it in 1848, and his widow, for the consolation which I tried to administer to her in affliction, gave it as a thank-offering to me. It is a very homely stick, by no means straight, but I have ornamented it with a silver rim on which is an inscription. On this occasion I meant it not only to sustain my steps, but also to measure the journey. I would beguile the way by counting every step: so having accomplished one thousand paces, I sat upon a rock and notched a mark upon the cane. Crouched down in the dark dungeon of the woods I reminded myself of Sterne's prisoner.

The path lay over roots and fragments of rock, and the mountain-side oozed out water at every pore. Five hundred paces only were accomplished at the second stage. A little farther on we were impeded by the first barricade, three fallen hemlocks with all their out-jutting limbs, which would have been a formidable entrenchment for an Indian foe, and a tight squeeze for a bear to get through. We charged resolutely, and came out of the scrape with only Seth torn in the breech, and a jar of pickles upset on the ground. About eight hundred paces further on we came up with a still more formidable obstruction of the same kind. The trees of a giant growth had become so interlocked and interlaced in their fall as if they had perished in struggling with one another, they presented so many sharp out-jutting splinters, underneath there was such a false footing of moss, decayed bark, and trash, that to creep under, climb over, or to get around them was of equal difficulty. In this onset the telescope was lost, very much to our regret. The forest through which we were attempting to force a passage was of magnificent growth, and had scarcely been touched by the axe of the pioneer, but the slow tooth of time had gnawed into the aged trunks, the worm had consumed their core, the invisible winds had brought them down with a crash, and their bodies lay stretched out all around, well defined in form, but so far gone in decay that the foot could kick them to pieces. Oh! how suggestive in its solemnity is a vast primeval forest! The recent tornado had caused great havoc. Many trees had been snapped short near the root, but had been stayed in their fall, and seemed to threaten as we passed beneath. With great difficulty we scrabbled through perhaps a half-dozen barricades, and, pretty well used up, arrived at a hut called the half-way house. Here we stopped an hour to reflect. There was a splendid spring near by. It was as cold as ice and clear as crystal. As it flowed over the pebbles at the root of a tree, bubbled up and effervesced with its own life, and was sweetened by our own thirst and eager desire, it was a *root-beer* of inestimable value.

We would fain have tarried longer at the hut, but time was precious, and the acclivity was now steeper, while the obstructions would

be greater at every step, but the rain had ceased, and the sun shone out through the clouds. We pushed on, carried some more barricades, and I added another mark, signifying a thousand paces, on the old walking-stick. Have you ever had to encounter up-hill work? Who has not? But the air becomes more bracing the higher you go, and you gather courage. We had now passed the region of dense forest, descended into a little sheltered clearing where were the remains of a hut and an unfinished house of considerable dimensions, while immediately in front lay long-extended ridges of bare rock about a thousand feet above the position where we stood. This height remained to be climbed, and we judged it best to accomplish the work before sun-down, and not trust the chances of a pleasant morrow. We therefore deposited all our baggage, and began at once. In fifteen minutes more we stood upon the high peak of Mansfield Mountain. It was very cold, and the wind blew violently, but we had not come in vain. The atmosphere was not clear, but the effect of the fogs rolling up from the valleys as from so many cauldrons, and the vast billows of white cloud surging against innumerable peaks, was inexpressibly grand. I have before attempted to describe the scenery of this mountain, and shall say little about it now. As the sun sank down with gorgeous effects, we saw the whole extent of Lake Champlain, with its many islets; beyond lay the Adirondacks; on the opposite side the ranges of the Green, and farther still, though inadequately defined at present, the White Mountains. What an awful depth to the valleys, whose forests looked like patches of shrubbery. I approached the edge of some over-beetling rocks, and recoiled with fear. Chill blew the night-air, the sun soon disappeared, leaving long streaks of light in the west: we paced a few minutes longer over the bleak ridge, then descended to the habitation which lay protected at its base. It was well that we did not put off until the morrow what could be done to-day. But our adventures had just begun. O memorable night! Full of romantic perils! What steel pen is worthy to inscribe them? I wish I had a quill from the pinion of that gray eagle which I saw wheeling about the distant promontory, and coming down in narrowing circles to his eyrie, with something in his talons which looked like a young lamb! *Constiterunt comæ!* all my hair stood on end that night.

The house which was to shelter us was unfinished, but inclosed. In one corner was a stove—all the better for that; in another a large pile of straw. That was to form our bed. We unpacked our provisions, but we left above what we did not find below, some remains of light. We had of matches a plenty, but, lamentable oversight, in our hasty departure, we had forgotten to bring candles. The only remedy was to kindle up a rousing fire in the stove. Going without,

we fumbled in the dark for sticks, but they were so besoaked with rain that with all the help of newspapers, letter-envelopes, straw, and a small lump of fresh butter beside, they would not burn, and the stove remained black. We were cold, wet and hungry.

'This is a fine pickle,' said I.

'Yes,' said Bingham, 'my wife put them up.'

A feeble cachinnation was the result of this. We made a final attempt at lighting up, crammed in some more straw, puffed up our cheeks, and blew with frantic violence on three coals trying to keep one another warm. We then distributed provisions by a sense of feeling. This done, the ultimatum was to go to bed, whereupon the straw was duly arranged on the floor. Seth and myself were stretched out in a corner, and covered with two blankets; our worthy friends disposed themselves in some other parts of the tabernacle. Never did I hear it rain as it did on that night, although the sun had gone down favorably. It came not in drops, nor in sheets, nor in torrents, nor as out of spouts, or out of buckets, but as my ear is my judge, by the hogshead full. It also dripped in upon our blankets, drop after drop, with a regularity which would have served to measure time. It was like the ticking of a clock among the clouds.

'Bingham,' said I, 'are there any wild beasts upon these mountains?'

'A few panthers, some bears, and now and then a moose.'

'Have you got the door fastened?'

'No, the house is not yet fitted with bolts, but I have put a brick against the door.'

'Oh! dear me! You might as well have a brick in your hat. Do n't you think we ought to set a watch?'

'Yes, if any mischief is on foot, I will let you know when it's a—
Bruin.'

(*Seth from the adjacent straw:*) 'I should like to see a bear risk any thing in such a game.'

'Why!'

'Because he would lose his *stakes*.'

'Well done! But no more of this, at a solemn time, and in a solemn place.'

We here got upon a long discourse, intermitted sometimes to listen to the swashing storm, about the night-side of nature, dark mysteries connected with the spiritual part of us, illustrated by examples, either contained in books or within our own knowledge, double appearances of individuals, ghost-stories, remarkable coincidences, and such like. I here inquired of my friend whether he had ever read the letters published about fifty years ago, of Lord Lyttleton the younger. On his replying in the negative, I proceeded to tell the following, which may be considered as an episode in our adventures.

'Lord Lyttleton, so distinguished for his inherited talents, and alas! for reckless profligacy, whose death was so very remarkable, relates that when once on a hunting-party with many of the nobility and gentry, the hunt was joined by an agreeable-looking man, a perfect stranger, whose perilous leaps astonished the oldest hunters. As there was something or other beside in his general bearing which won upon the beholders, when the chase was over he was invited to the castle to dine with the company. He was at first modest and reserved, but when the cloth was removed, and he was invited to lend his share to the converse of the gay party, he poured forth such brilliant sallies of wit and anecdote, his knowledge was so universal, and his accomplishment so marked, that until the mid-night hour none moved. After that, when there was a disposition to seize the night candles he started off on some new tack, or sang enchantingly. He had a manifest reluctance to retire. At last the general rout could no longer be delayed, and the guests were shown to bed. At about two o'clock in the morning the inmates of the castle were aroused by the most terrific screams. The servants were running about the corridors, but their search was vain: all was as still as death. Again in a half-hour, the same screams and agonizing appeals. They appeared to come from the stranger's chamber, but on entering it he lay in apparent repose. The servants were commanded to keep a watch, and when the source of the noise was but too evident, they burst suddenly into the stranger's room. They found him on his knees in bed, lashing and scourging himself most furiously, and in a gore of blood. He begged pardon, and promised to disturb the house no more. Before daylight he went to the stable, saddled his horse, dashed off into the country, and has been never heard of from that day to this. What do you think of that?'

'Oh! it's a bloody story. *Credat Judæus, non ego.* I'm going to sleep.'

I heard Bingham laugh, and his companion, the root-beer manufacturer, snore, then fell over on my side and got into a slight doze. How long I lay thus I cannot well say, but I was aroused from it by a gurgling, then by a smothered noise like that made by an ox, when his neck is pulled down to the ring in a slaughter-house, and then by an out-bursting yell of such singular and dreadful quality, that no war-whoop could equal it. My heart leaped up into my throat. Both Bingham and the farmer were on their legs in an instant, groping about, crying out, 'What is the matter?' The noise became more aggravated. I tottered upon my legs. Seth appeared to be struggling in the agonies of death. It was a panther I feared who had stolen in and was now throttling him. I reached desperately toward the spot. Seth lay there as rigid as a log. I shook him violently, and

moved him with immense effort. He uttered a deep groan, then a sigh of relief, and raised his head.

‘O Seth, Seth! what is the matter? You have alarmed the whole household!’

‘Oh! that bloody story! I have dreamed it all over again!’

I would not here discourse about dreams, or what cobwebs they are made of. These cobwebs are too fine for us to unravel so as to understand the stitch of Queen Mab. They are woven, but never unwoven. Ghostly secrets, who can make you known? I attempt no philosophical essay, but this I say: from being torn to pieces by beasts, thrown over precipices, or strangled by boa-constrictors, if I never eat another supper, may I be preserved from such phantasies of the horrid nightmare. They are the fac-simile of reality.

The night wore on until that time of intense stillness which precedes the dawn, and when just beginning to doze again, I heard a noise like that of a locomotive letting off puffs of steam.

‘Bingham,’ I cried out, ‘is it possible that we can hear the noise of a steam-engine at this distance?’

No answer.

‘Bingham, is that a locomotive?’

‘No.’

At that instant came a tremendous uproar, as if a bureau had fallen, as if a load of wood had tumbled down-stairs, and the side of the house were crushed in.

‘Bingham! Bingham! What’s that?’

To my horror I found he had gone out, and the door was wide open. Presently I detected the sound of muffled footsteps—tramp, tramp, tramp, like that of a bear, all about the room. I woke up Seth, who was sleeping soundly.

He was very much vexed at being disturbed, saying that he had been uncomfortable and cold the whole night, and was just getting into a balmy repose. Moreover, he was disposed to ridicule the idea of a bear; said there were no bears in the mountains, if so, all the better, he should like a bear-steak, and more such bravado. He thought that I was nervous, and wound up by charging me with being a coward. It was not long, however, before he changed his tone, and I verily believe that he would have quaked in his shoes if he had them on. Tramp! tramp! tramp!

‘I think,’ said he, ‘that there is an animal of some kind in the room. It may be a stray cub. Hark! where’s Bingham?’

‘Bingham! he is not here. He has run away, and do n’t you see the door is open.’

‘Just reach me my breeches. They are on the candle-box at your head. I’ve got a jack-knife in the pocket.’

‘Look after your own breeches. I can’t find them in the dark.’

Could I have stretched my hand as far as the forehead of my worthy friend, who had just complained of the cold, it is ten to one that I should have found it bathed in a profuse perspiration. We awake unharmed from dreams, but reality must be met. Though pretty well strung up for any emergency, I must confess that by this time I felt a little trepidation, not having yet recovered from the effects of those terrific yells. The animal seemed to be promenading around the four sides of the room, sometimes in a slow march, and then in little leaps. Seth and I now whispered together in consultation, and leaning on our elbows, tried to see through the dark, for that there was a movement of some kind was beyond question. A gust of the night-wind slammed the door wide open, causing us to start, and at the same moment, between and at the foot of our two beds, (I could actually hear the heart of my friend beat against his ribs,) there stood out clearly two balls of fire, which, after glaring with silent splendor, moved off, and went out in the dark. What was to be done? Had both of those recreant men fled from the spot and left us to our fate, to be eaten up? We had no pistol, except a pocket-pistol, but this little *revolver* was of no use — half the charges had been drawn.

‘Bingham! Bingham!’

Slam-bang! slam-bang!

‘I’ve got him!’

Back, back into thy hiding-place, thou tell-tale, thumping heart. The beast out of the wood is slain. What is it?

The door creaked upon its hinges, and in the dim light of coming day we saw two forms stealing in, dragging after them a large box.

• ‘What have you?’

• ‘A hedge-hog! The varmint! he smelt the victuals, and has gnawed a large hole in the side of the house.’

As the blessed light was beginning to stream in, we rose to inspect the prize. Then, by dint of waking up his feelings with a short stick, we knew what it was to see ‘the quills upon the fretful porcupine.’ He was in a pretty state of excitement to be sure, showing his points and shoving up his whole back into a prickly rampart, as bad as any we had passed through the day before. But if nature, instead of only putting him on the defensive, and there leaving him, had furnished him with offensive weapons, like his cousin the essence-peddler, we should not have poked at him with a stick. Although he looks a little savage when galled, his head is beautiful and his eye soft. I bore him away as a trophy of the expedition, but after holding him in bonds only a single day, he gnawed himself out, and escaped to the free state whence he came. It is a vulgar mistake that the porcupine has the faculty of darting his quills to a distance, as the essence-peddler

has of scattering his aromatic wares. Nature is infinitely various in her moods. His points, however, when they once stick, as in the head of a dog, unless soon drawn, will work their way out on the other side, which makes him an ugly customer to deal with in a close tussle. Therefore, he walks his native wilds unmolested by the beasts who live around him, and as he courts the most inaccessible seclusions, there the poor creature should be let alone by man.

We now found the whole landscape covered with fog, so that nothing was left us but to return. We made our ablutions with water from a choice spring, and having searched around for dry sticks succeeded better in firing up, got our boots and clothes dry, and partook of a good breakfast, not much the worse for previous fatigue, want of sleep, and the awful adventures of the night. It is usually accounted easy work to go down-hill. *Facilis descensus Avernus*. But I cannot altogether agree with the poet. It is harder to control the steps, or to select the way. When coming down the same mountain-side on horse-back, the sure-footed animal never bungled over stumps, slipped on smooth bark, or fell while coming down rocky steps like those over which Putnam dashed, but although the reins were thrown upon his neck, and he was ever turning aside his head to grab a mouthful of fern, he moved with all the security of a goat. But we found not the same facility on the stairs. At the barricades the work was as hard as before. Here we lost time in looking after the telescope in vain. Approaching the half-way house, we heard the neighing of steeds, and saw signs of unusual bustle. Preparations were making for a party of ladies to ascend on the next week. There were several stout fellows with axes going to clear the obstructed path, so that the fair cavalcade might advance and the Dryads and Hamadryads peep out from the leafy coves to salute the new-come wood-nymphs. Then should these last interrupt the solemnity of the sacred grove with shouts and laughter, while the rocks, which for centuries untold had been invaded only by the winds, or felt the fall of the snow-flake, should be strewed all over with the crumbs and fragments of a picnic.

Nothing occurred to mar our progress until arriving at the farmhouse. There the good wife, who had seen our party as they defiled out of the woods, had already arrayed upon the table some bottles of foaming root-beer and some doughnuts (here called nut-cakes) just from the pot, and although we had partaken largely, we could not well resist the eloquent appeal. I will add that there was a good deal of trouble in getting the hedge-hog down the mountain, and that my friend who had the horrible dream contracted a number of gray hairs in consequence, and has since begun to be bald, and that for myself I have labored with a palpitation of the heart ever since. Out of several of the largest quills which the porcupine very fretfully drove into

the stick with which I only in the gentlest manner poked his ribs, I selected one, from which, small as it was, I caused a pen to be made, with which this narrative is written.

I will now simply add, that if this should meet the eye of any who have already been on the White Mountain tour and desire a new sensation, of any scholars who wonder whither they shall scamper in vacation, of any who are released from their professional cares when the dog-star rages, I hope that it may induce them to turn their steps to the Green Mountains. Nor let them be deterred by the disasters which beset myself on this occasion. I followed the same route once again during the last summer. The worthy Bingham has now erected a large house provided with all the comforts of a hotel, at the topmost peak, and has made the road as good as that of the Simplon, and has plenty of saddled horses, and guides always ready. There is an obliging landlord and an exceedingly neat hostess at this mountain-house. Better broiled steaks, sweeter bread and butter, more excellent coffee, cleaner beds, a purer atmosphere, could not be found. It is the Astor House of those altitudes. There I beheld the orb of day go down most gorgeously on a serene night in June, and his lingering reflections upon the floating clouds, the long streaks of light, the appearance of islands, all bathed with lustre, and the reluctant dying out of day in the west exceeded all which I had conceived of Italian skies. There, at mid-night, I clambered up a peak to see the round and blood-red moon roll up above the horizon, and sitting with a perpendicular wall behind my back to protect me from the cold night air, and with my old cloak wrapped about me, watched the moon as she rode through banks of clouds, and the scene evanesced continually. I saw seas and islands, and headlands, gardens of the Hesperides, a river, and Cleopatra's decorated barge. There again I sat as the sun arose, and watched his effects upon the mists of the valleys. Oceans rolled beneath me, waves and snow-capped billows burst upon the shores, and so gradual was the advance of light and dispersion of the clouds, that I could not tell at what instant the illusion vanished.

Ere long the tide of travel will set in this direction, bringing much which is vivid with it. But I will promise those who come at once, that they will not be disappointed in their expectations. Unteased by bugs, and pertinacious flies, and humming mosquitoes, they will enjoy sweet dreams after their day's fatigue, instead of nightmare; and I will wager that if they are as fond of natural history as of natural scenery, they will be almost sure to see a hedge-hog.

W A I T I N G .

THIS wind that cools my burning brow,
What blessed peace it brings !
As if this summer air were stirred
By countless angel-wings.

As if our CHRIST had softly laid
His hand upon my brow :
The SHEPHERD's voice, the MASTER's words,
I hear them even now.

It is not strange — this golden light,
That plays above my head ;
Are not the angels of the LORD
Encamped around my bed ?

I seem to press some Calvary cross,
Outstretched upon my bed ;
And now I only wait to hear
The 'It is finished' said.

Yes, through these days that tarry long,
These silent nights, I wait :
I only wait a little while
The opening of the gate.

I know that I am near the gate,
For when night comes again,
And lights in Heaven's wide windows flash
Behind each sapphire pane :

'T is then my pillow, hard and rough,
Another Bethel seems :
I sleep, but all the night I watch
The angels in my dreams.

They flash along this heavenly way,
As if to Heaven's broad door,
A vine had climbed up through the sky,
And white-winged blossoms bore.

So now I know my home is near,
That I am near the gate :
I only fold my hands in prayer,
Then knock, and knocking — wait !

'STATION LIFE' IN AUSTRALIA.

THE 'Bush' of Australia, or what we should call 'the country,' is different from any other in the world, both in respect to its general features and the character of its vegetation.

In travelling through the interior, one is struck with the almost total absence of natural beauty. There are very few of those picturesque little spots common to most other countries, where the delighted eye loves to linger, and which once seen, remain things of beauty in the mind forever. There are no deep glades through which murmuring rivulets run, and none of those landscape scenes which live upon the canvas of Turner and Durand. All Australia can be divided into two classes, level plain or sterile mountain.

When a traveller first leaves one of the Australian cities, and makes acquaintance with the Australian Bush, his first feeling is generally one of disappointment. For the first few miles, *country* there is none, but a vast expanse of muddy tracks, dismal, melancholy, curse-provoking. The gigantic trees shed showers of wet leaves as the sullen wind whistles through their tops; the bullocks sweat and labor through the sea of mud; their driver sweareth complicated oaths; while the forlorn traveller, but indifferently consoled by a poor breakfast, plods wearily and sadly on, and thinks Australia, after all, '*not quite*,' etc.

To see the bush in its primitive state, before the foot of the gold-hunter has been planted in its gullies, or the woodman's axe heard on its ranges, you must go at least a hundred miles into the interior. There in the solitude of the scrub, bound the kangaroo and the wallaby. The wombat burrows in the ground, and the 'chut' of the wattle-bird mingles with the magpie's whistle. On the plains stalks the lordly emu, and the wild turkey flies with awkward wing at your approach. The rosella, with gaudy wing, and the gorgeous parrot, hop tamely around the fallen trunks, or flash like living fires from among the leaves. The iguana rattles his scaly length up the rough bark of the trees, and the bandicoot peers with small bright eye from orifice of a hollow log.

For miles on miles in certain districts the surface of the country is a dead level, without a single hill, or a single spring or creek. I have frequently travelled fifteen or sixteen miles without seeing a drop of water, or more than two or three stunted saplings. In journeying over these immense plains one loses heart and gets discouraged. An inn, seven or eight miles distant, is faintly seen, and recognized as the goal of the forenoon's march, and man and steed press forward anew, but somehow the building never seems to get any nearer. The seven

is magnified into seventeen, and the wearied traveller, laboring painfully on, with the hot wind scorching his brain, looks in vain for cooling creek or refreshing breeze.

In travelling through any hilly part of the country there is more to occupy the attention and divert the mind from the discomforts of the body. Flocks of magpies, cockatoos, and parrots hover around, or settling in the tops of the highest trees, shriek out their discordant notes. One is always in hopes that each hill or 'stony rise' is to be the last, and unless too fatigued, the very alternations between hope and disappointment are not disagreeable. Sometimes, too, we come unexpectedly on some shepherd's hut by a creek side, where the clamor of half-a-dozen dogs brings out the shepherd's wife or hut-keeper, and we make an excuse to ourselves for stopping half-an-hour. She produces the damper and cold mutton, and sets on the kettle preparatory to a 'pot o' tea.' We enjoy our luncheon, for in Australian phrase 'a feed always comes handy' in travelling, and after the accustomed smoke, go on again.

It is curious to see how differently people estimate distances. You perhaps set out from a station in the morning with the distance to the next station given as twenty-five miles. You travel on brisk and fresh in the cool morning air for a few miles, till the sun rises high and hot, and you plod wearily, dustily along, thinking of cool springs and breeze and shade, till you meet a shepherd with a flock of sheep and a couple of inquisitive dogs: on being asked the distance to Chirnside's Mount Wannan Station, he 'guesses' (for the English sometimes guess) 'It's about twelve miles.' Of these twelve you do four, and on inquiring of a bullock-driver, he says: 'Well, people call it fourteen mile from Chirnside's to Mooloo Creek, two miles back, but *I* call it a mighty good sixteen.' So we go listlessly on, hoping little for seven or eight miles more, when one of Chirnside's stock men rides up. He will surely be correct. To the usual question he makes answer as follows: 'You see yon hut?' (about two miles off.)

'Yes, we see it.'

'Well, from that Boomer's 'hut' to the home-station, is exactly twelve miles.'

'Thank you: but why, pray, do you call it the 'Boomer's hut?'

'Why, you see once on a time we used to use it as a shepherd's hut, and he had a tremendous wife: Lor', sur' I may live, she was a strapper,' (here he cracks his heavy whip as a mark of emphasis,) 'a regular savage, thundering big woman, six feet odd high, and able to lick any two men in a rough-and-tumble fight. LORD! she was a screamer!' (reflectively.) 'Well, one day the blacks got afool of her, and sure as I'm alive and on Brown Jerry, if she did n't shoot two on 'em and brain another one with his own waddy. She was a

Boomer of a woman, and no mistake. She's moved away long ago, and we do n't use the hut any more; but every body calls it the 'Boomer's hut.'

This legend having been concluded, we part; the stockman rides slowly away, cracking his heavy stock-whip, and we again resume our weary march. The miles prove to be pretty long ones, and we afterward find that a 'stockman's mile' is well known as a measure of distance.

In olden time, that is to say, before gold was discovered, travellers through the interior of Australia were always made welcome at stations. Owing to his seclusion and distance from the larger towns, and the lack of postal conveniences, the squatter was but too glad to hear any chance scrap of passing news. Tired of the same routine and the same people, a new face was a passport to all the comforts of a bush home; and no traveller, whether gentleman, laborer, or convict, but was gladly received and reluctantly parted with.

The welcome was rough and homely, but sincere. The way-farer needed no special invitation to make himself at home. If the house was empty he walked in, took down the tea-bag, made up the fire and put the kettle on, and hunting up the mutton and damper, quickly provided for his own wants. When the settler returned his simple 'good evening,' expressed no surprise at the presence of the traveller, or suspicion of forwardness in his thus helping himself; and after supper the host very probably brought out the strong waters which remained after the last shearing, and those who had no particular sympathy with each other in any thing else, found cheerful companionship in the bottle. A traveller could go either on foot or on horseback from Sydney to Adelaide without a penny in his pocket, and find rough quarters but a ready welcome every where.

Soon after the existence of gold was discovered, things began to alter. The refuse of every quarter of the earth poured into the diggings. Gamblers from California and the worst class of convicts and ticket-of-leave men from Van Diemen's Land and Sydney took up their line of march for Bendigo and Ballarat. The generous settler, who would gladly provide for the chance traveller, was overrun with trampers. Not satisfied with the willing gifts of shelter and food, they wantonly abused their entertainer's confidence, stole his flour, robbed his orchard, killed his sheep, and worse than all, carelessly left down the slip-panels of his paddock-fence, whereby he lost his horses and his choice brand of imported bulls. Day after day troops of travellers turned his house into a hotel without a thought of payment, and every morning revealed some fresh theft. The settlers soon began to grow crusty. It was a hard tax to kill two or three sheep and consume twenty or thirty pounds of flour a day. Finally, many of

them, losing all patience at these transgressions, permitted no one to stop all night, but compelled them to camp out, and were rather reluctant even to sell provisions at any price.

The travellers could not in reason do other than blame themselves. It is hard to see what right a company of hungry people have to enter a man's house without leave or license, and help themselves to whatever it contains, without the least idea of payment; but a great outcry at once arose against the settlers as inhuman, inhospitable and selfish. People said it was a shame that men who had grown rich by pasturing their sheep and cattle on government land should refuse shelter to any body, especially to gold-diggers, whose wants had raised the price of beef and mutton, and provided a convenient market for the settlers.

The settler on his part retorted, that he had a right to do as he pleased with his own. That he had bought and paid for the section of ground where his house stood, and rented the rest of his run from government at a fair valuation, and was subject to have his lease cancelled at any time when the ground was selected for sale by auction; that he had always kept open house for travellers so long as they came in reasonable numbers, but that he did not see the right that people had to experience his hospitality and then dig for gold on his ground, cutting up the fairest and best parts of his run, frightening his cattle, and destroying his fences.

So the war raged, the diggers denouncing the squatters as a proud, selfish set of upstarts, and the squatters hating the diggers as lawless, dissipated scoundrels, and their natural enemies.

Some of the settlers however, made it a point never to refuse a night's shelter and food to any traveller, no matter of what condition or degree, thinking that such accommodation was due to them whose labor had trebled the value of their stock, as well as providing them with a nearer and better market. Settlers of this last class never found any difficulty in procuring men to work on their stations at any season of the year, for in Australia, as every where else, a good name goes far, and the open-handed squatter could hire men frequently at his own wages, while his more close-fisted brethren were sometimes obliged to do their own shepherding.

Many and fierce were the battles between the diggers and the settlers in respect to the right of mining on private property. The matter was officially discussed in the Legislative Council, and profound arguments, productive of late hours and much printing, ensued. Finally it was decreed that inasmuch as in the Crown Grants all minerals and rights of mining were reserved to the Queen, the diggers had a right to prosecute their researches in any place they pleased, except in public roads, and that whenever land already in occupation should

be taken for mining purposes, the owner should be refunded the amount of his purchase-money, and be compensated for his improvements. Even this, however, is unsatisfactory. The settler naturally feels that his vested rights ought not to be disturbed, and that no sum of money can compensate a man fully for destroying the ties of a homestead.

In many cases of later years, when miners have reason to think that any particular *lead* of gold will diverge so as to enter on private ground, they have appointed committees to wait on the owners and arrange the terms of compensation to be paid by the owners of every claim marked out or shaft sunk on the disputed premises.

It is not many years since the settlers, or lessees of Crown lands on a depasturing license were, comparatively speaking, poor people. They held their land, it is true, at an easy rate, and their wants were few and easily supplied. The produce of the wool and hide sent to Sydney and Adelaide, (for as yet Melbourne was not,) was sufficient to pay the wages of the few men who worked on the station, and furnish such necessities as would last until the return of the shearing season; but one or two dry seasons reduced the stock greatly; a disease known as the black-leg decimated the cattle, and the scab, catarrh and foot-rot swept off the sheep by thousands. Unable to pay their hired men and to carry on the station-work, many squatters were compelled to mortgage their leases to agents in the cities, and commissions, charges and interest rapidly accumulating, weighed them down with a load of debt that seemed almost beyond the power of removal. Station property became a drug, and many of the finest runs in the land changed hands for a mere trifle.

When the diggings broke out, the price of stock rose at once; sheep, worth at one time but three or four shillings, speedily brought fifteen or sixteen shillings each, and cattle, which not long before had been boiled down for their tallow, sold for three and four pounds per head. The settlers began to grow rich; those who had been fortunate enough to retain possession of their runs, cleared off their incumbrances, and talked of new houses, and trips home to England. One gentleman who had three or four stations much encumbered, and was, before gold was discovered, often pressed for money to pay his annual license-fee, now sells eight or ten thousand sheep, and two thousand head of cattle, besides an enormous quantity of wool annually, and has been heard to boast that he was 'disgustingly rich.' But he is, notwithstanding, so close that his selfishness has grown to be a by-word, and he is universally known as 'Hungry Thompson.'

As in all new countries the early Australian settlers were obliged to protect their newly discovered and acquired territory by force of arms. The aborigines, though individually cowardly, when collected together

in large bodies, proved themselves to be exceedingly formidable antagonists. Their arms consist of the spear, waddy, and boomerang. The spears are wooden, like those of all savages, with points hardened in the fire. The waddy is simply a club in shape a good deal like an ax-handle, but the boomerang merits a more particular description, as a weapon peculiar to Australia. It is made from a bough growing at right angles, or nearly so, to the body of a sapling, like the knee of a ship, and is brought down by the rude art of the savage to a thin edge, and when finished is about seven inches each way, and about half an inch thick at the bend or angle. The skill attained in throwing the boomerang is wonderful. The cockatoo on the top of the highest tree, or the kangaroo quickly bounding through the underwood, is struck with equal facility by these singular weapons, which have the advantage over fire-arms *from their capability of being fired around a corner*. By a peculiar method of holding or of discharging the boomerang, the Australian native can hit an object behind, before, or on either side of him, and the weapon can be thrown in such a manner as to come back directly at his feet.

Some few degenerated natives may be seen occasionally in the suburbs of Melbourne, earning a shilling or two by throwing the boomerang, but they are generally very inferior marksmen, and any one who wishes to see the weapon in skilful hands must go into the interior, where on some of the remoter stations he will find blacks who are proficient in the exercise, and will display its powers to perfection for the simple gratuity of a piece of tobacco.

Oftentimes in his daily rides through the run, as the leased ground is termed, the early settler would find one or two of his cattle speared and the herds in disorder, scattered and lost. The unsuspecting shepherd eating his dinner under the shade of a tree, while his flock camped during the noonday sun, has often paid the penalty of his carelessness with his life, or returning at night found his hut-keeper murdered, and all his provisions stolen, while he himself has been obliged to fly for his life to the home-station, perhaps five or six miles distant, hotly pursued by the yelling natives, and his flock driven off to become scattered and a prey to the wild dogs.

No settler ever went abroad without a gun slung over his saddle-bow, always in perfect order for firing, for an imperfect cap, or any carelessness in loading, might cost him his life. An overseer on a station once told me that he should never forget the mingled sensation of thankfulness and horror which he experienced, when after returning home one day, having menaced and driven off a party of savages with his gun, he found that he had no cap on either barrel!

Frequently the murders and depredations of the natives grew so intolerable that for mere self-preservation the settlers from three or

four stations would assemble with all their available force of stockmen and laborers, all mounted and armed, and make a descent on some neighboring encampment of blacks, when scores of the unfortunates were massacred. However their enormities may have justified such a retaliation, (a question I am not prepared to discuss,) many unnecessary cruelties were certainly practised, and one savage who had committed a crime of peculiar atrocity, was captured and bound alive on an ant-hill, and there left to the torture of a lingering and most painful death! a refinement of cruelty worthy of the Inquisition.

After many years a black police was organized of natives partly civilized, and who from their knowledge of the language and habits of their countrymen were admirably fitted to act in that capacity. These fellows proved infinitely more unmerciful than the settlers themselves. Well qualified by their nature and bush education for such a purpose, these black rascals followed tracks invisible to any eyes but their own, and on coming up with the offender, seldom endeavored to take him alive, but shot him with seeming delight.

Wherever a native has met with his death his comrades never come, believing that the spirit of the departed hovers around, and a grave or grave-shaped mound can often be seen in front of or near many old houses, placed there years ago as a protection against the incursions of the natives. This seems strange, for the aborigines do not bury their dead or burn them, but wrap them in sheets of stringy bark and suspend them between two trees. In travelling through the far interior it is not unusual to meet with these melancholy objects mournfully swinging in the wind.

When South-Australia and New South-Wales were infant colonies, and as yet Victoria was undiscovered or unpenetrated, labor of course was scarce. The early settlers formed their own stations, built their own huts, branded their own cattle, and sometimes shepherded and sheared their own sheep. The hut was built of slabs got roughly out from the gum or box trees, and roofed with broad sheets of stringy bark. The stable was a mere shed. The wool-shed was the largest and most convenient building on the station, and the press the greatest expense to the settler. He lived on one unvarying diet, beef or mutton, damper (unleavened bread) and tea, from January to December, with an occasional kangaroo-steak. He took part in shearing his own sheep, and then drove a team of his own bullocks to town with the wool. He did not disdain to get drunk in Sydney. Companionship he had none but of the roughest order. Of books he had but few; the Complete Farrier, a treatise on farm stock and their management, and an odd volume or two of the Gentleman's Magazine; music found no place in his house. Eternal talk of sheep, cattle and horses, branding, shearing, stock-riding and horse-breaking

occupied his evenings. He got a newspaper about every month, and a letter from his agent twice a year. Most of the settlers had, like Falstaff, forgotten what the inside of a church was made of, and if they had any children, there were no schools to send them to, and they grew up in horse-breaking, bullock-driving idleness.

Every thing was on a rough scale. There was a certain rude plenty, but not the least refinement. Every man cut what he wanted from the joint with his own jack-knife, which also served him to cut up tobacco for his pipe, and salted his own meat with his own fingers from the salt-heap. The parents, far away from humanizing influences, lost the gentler manners of early life, and the children, never having had any good examples, grew up uncultivated, untamed and uneducated.

As the country grew more thickly populated, and churches and schools brought religion and education within easier reach, their influence soon began to show itself. It took long to undo the work of so many years of neglect, but people began gradually to believe that there were other things of importance in the world beside sheep, cattle and horses, which formed the staple of the squatter's conversation; that it was somewhat of a disgrace for a boy of fourteen years not to be able to write his own name; that it was as well for him to know whether the world was round or square, and a few other simple facts to help him on through life. At the present time many families in the interior employ private tutors, of various degrees of accomplishment, and whose salaries are in general lower than those of common shepherds, but the blessings of education are by no means as widely diffused in the interior of Australia as even in the western portion of our own more favored land.

Wealth, however, has begun to exert its influence on the manners of the people. The slab hut has given place to the weather-boarded cottage, and in some instances to stone structures of great pretence. The homely fare is superseded by every variety of dainty, and St. Julien Medoc and Sauterne are frequent at tables where a few years since water, or 'post-and-rail tea' were the only beverages. The settler is clad in broadcloth, and rides in a fancy dog-cart. No longer driving his own bullocks to Melbourne, he travels thither in a coach and puts up at fashionable hotels—is perhaps elected member of the Legislative Council. His daughters, scorning now to milk, employ their fingers at the piano, or in the mysteries of crochet-work, and go to see Carandini or Catharine Hayes at the opera. Pater-familias becomes a politician and political economist, and joins in the vote of want of confidence in the ministry.

From the distance of many of the stations from any city or large town, it might be naturally supposed that the time of the settler would hang heavily on his hands, but it is not so. Necessarily shut

out from frequent intercourse with Sydney, Melbourne, or Adelaide, he seeks society among his neighbors, and drives his wife and daughters in his dog-cart or accompanies them on horseback fifteen or twenty miles to pay a friendly visit, without a thought of distance. During 'mustering time' he sees all his male acquaintances for miles around, every day, and forgets the passage of time in the fierce excitement of 'running the cattle in.'

Twice a year the cattle on every station are mustered, for the purpose of branding and ear-marking the calves, and taking an account of stock. The settler sends word to his neighbors that he shall commence mustering on a certain day. On that day they all attend, with all their available help of stock-riders and outsiders to assist. This plan serves a double purpose, since it helps him who is mustering and enables each settler to recognize by his brands and drive on to his own run any of his cattle who may have been straying or running with other herds. The morning is usually devoted to mustering the cattle, and when, with fierce clamor of dogs and men, and cracking of heavy stock-whips, the 'mole' of two or three hundred beasts have been collected from their several camps and driven into the drafting-yards, a breathing-spell is taken, and all go home to dinner. After dinner a fire is kindled and the brands heated. The unconscious cattle look mournfully over the rails and long for water. The gates are opened and a dozen or more of the unbranded calves and their mothers driven into a smaller yard. Now a stockman enters with a rope of twisted green hide, having at one end a slip-knot kept open with a pole. The bellowing calf is dragged from its mother, quickly tripped with leg-ropes, and in an instant the smell of burning hair and flesh taints the fresh air, the ears are cropped or slit, and the cow and calf dismissed through another gate into the open pasture.

Sometimes there is considerable sport at these musterings. It occasionally happens that a beast breaks away from the mob several times in succession, or from other reasons escapes branding for two or three years, but is at last caught and driven into the yards. By this time he has grown to be a strong, lusty fellow, and objects strenuously to the confinement. Maddened by the smell of fire and the cries of pain from the branded cattle, he furiously charges every person who enters the inclosure, and it takes a nimble pair of heels and a quick somerset over the high fence to escape. In such cases two must enter together, and while one distracts his attention the other lassoes him, or, if this is found impracticable, he must be roped from the outside.

It takes no mean skill in horsemanship to assist in mustering. The frightened cattle rush at full speed from their pursuers through the thickest timber and down the steepest hills. When they go in the wrong direction, they must be headed, and if one or two break from

the rest, the horse must be turned on the instant and the cattle driven back with the stock-whip, a fearful weapon, the crack of which can be easily heard a couple of miles, and which in skilful hands will cut to the bone at every stroke. Old stock-horses become so accustomed to this sort of work, that they will follow the windings and turnings of a single beast as quickly as the animal himself can make them, and it requires long practice and a good seat to remain on a horse who, without any previous intimation, turns on his heel in an instant while going at a full gallop. There are no riders in the world superior to the native-born Australian youth.

The Crown leases may at any time be cancelled by the Government if the land leased is required for other than pastoral purposes; and any person wishing to purchase land held under a depasturing license, can, upon signifying his desire to the Commissioners of Crown Lands, have such land surveyed and put up for sale; and if there should be no competition, can purchase any quantity at the upset price of one pound per acre.

Large townships have been surveyed from the public lands, and many of the original runs greatly reduced, especially in the neighborhood of the diggings. The land system at present in use does not, however, appear to be satisfactory to any one but the squatter. Frequently it happens that upon the sale by auction of any portion of his run the settler attends, and by high bidding secures the land for himself, at a price perhaps far above its intrinsic worth, and greater than any farmer could afford to give. The very paucity of rivers and streams of water gives him another advantage, for if he buys those portions of his own station which are watered, he can hold the rest without fear of disturbance, as no man will buy land where he must commit a trespass every time he requires water.

Greater attention than formerly is paid to the cultivation of grain. Many settlers grow sufficient wheat and oats for their own use.* Near many of the larger interior towns the land is divided into small sections of from five to twenty-five acres, and occupied by 'cockatoo farmers.' Near Albany, on the River Murray, and in many of the interior districts of New South-Wales, the grape is largely grown, principally by Germans, and wine made to a considerable extent.

The race of squatters or lessees of Crown lands can never become extinct. A great portion of the country is not adapted for cultivation, and fit only for pastoral purposes. In certain districts, where gold is believed to exist, or the land is fertile, the runs will be cut up by mining, or taken as farms; but there are many stations, every foot of

* Crown leases being granted for depasturing and not for agricultural purposes, the lessees are not permitted to grow grain for sale, and thus compete with those who cultivate purchased land.

which is purchased ground, and which are not likely, from their geological features, ever to be disturbed in the search for gold. The greater portion of the land fronting Hobson's Bay, between Geelong and Melbourne belongs to one gentleman, who also has four other stations, only two of which are leased from Government.

Elegant houses are taking the place of the slab-built huts in which the early settlers dwelt; the black population is nearly extinct, and except in the confines of the unexplored districts, perfectly harmless; almost every part of the interior is within reasonable distance from a post-office; frequent intercourse with the more refined population of the cities has softened the rude manners of the squatters, and the rising generation of native-born Australians, with the advantage of a better education and better associates than their fathers, have every opportunity of improving the capabilities of their country, and developing its resources. Rich in minerals, almost every where adapted for pastoral purposes, and in many districts luxuriantly fertile, Australia needs but an enterprising people and an efficient government to take a fair stand among nations.

H O P E .

HOPE's a deceitful, lying brute!

I proved her such long years ago;
She often says she'll give me fruit,
But all I ever get's a *blow*.

She told me, when a little one
To school barefooted running,
That life was one long day of fun:
I now know she was 'funning.'

(It little seems like fun or play,
This being dunned and dunning,
Or 'twixt the banks, from day to day,
Kept like a river, running.)

And when a bigger boy I grew,
Of wrestling I was fond, I own,
Because Hope said she'd 'see me
through:'
She only meant she'd see me thrown.

In every fight or running match,
(By scores I've made such matches,)
Hope led me to the 'score' or 'scratch,'
But left me, scored with scratches.

I've fared no better with the fair,
The dear, tormenting creatures!
I've loved in turn all shades of hair,
All styles of feet and features.

Hope told me little brown-haired Mue,
To whom I was a suitor,
Would have me: when I asked her to,
She said I did n't suit her!

With feelings hurt and heart nigh
riven,
I really knew not what to do:
My wretched self I'd then have given,
And gladly, for a single Mue.

Hope led me next tall JANE to court,
But she 'the question' parried,
Six months or more, just for the sport,
Then told me she was married!

And thus by Hope each flame is snuffed,
Where'er by love I'm snuffed,
Until at last I ask a hand,
But all I get's the mitten!

WASHINGTON CHILMAN.

KING ROLF: A DREAM OF A WINTER'S NIGHT.*

YARL, THE MESSENGER.

KING ROLF sitting on his throne in the great North Building, did emerge from a profound doze, and yawning right royally, said to Olaf, the Chancellor: 'What time is it, Old Olaf?'

'Two by the clock, King Rolf,' the Chancellor replied.

'Furthermore, tell me, ancient Olaf,' said the King, 'what day of the year it is? I have been dozing here so long, that upon mine honor I cannot tell whether it is now this year or the next.'

'T is this year as yet, O King!' the Chancellor said, 'else is the almanac perjured. Ten only are the hours yet remaining to the old year. When next the clock strikes twelve, the Young Year will reign.'

'Good!' quoth the monarch; 'I will meet the youngster with my war-club, and see if he hath the temper of his fathers. By the Great Bear, we shall have war to-night. I will not lie here dozing like a hedge-hog all the winter; I'll have a war. The hosts shall be here in two hours. We will be beyond the Great Lakes when the first darkness comes upon the land. Where is Goblin Yarl? Hallo, Devilkin! Goblin Yarl, ho! come forth. Who knows what has become of the little knave?'

'I know, O King!' said Olaf the ancient Chancellor. 'A half an hour ago Yarl Koboldus came to me with a slate and arithmetic under his arm and a lantern in his hand, and asked permission to retire to the cellar to cipher, saying that Gurth the Groom might stand at his post till your majesty awaked; and I, being greatly rejoiced to see the youth so studious, bade him go.'

'A marvellous student, indeed,' said the King. 'Gurth, go down cellar and beseech Master Philosopher to lay aside for a short time the weighty problems which occupy his brains, and come hither.'

Gurth the Groom thereupon departed in quest of the young disciple.

Who is King Rolf? what realm does he rule? Go to the far north, pass the out-post icebergs, enter the ice-girt Arctic gulfs, and lo! the realm of Rolf is before you. He rules over ice and snow, over frozen seas, over mountains that thrust their white pinnacles into the sky, over rocks in the mid ocean, against which the Arctic billows beat.

Where hath defiant man not gone? what land hath he not seen? He has roamed over all oceans; he has threaded the labyrinths of the

* See EDITOR'S TABLE of the present number.

far-off archipelagos ; he has clambered to the fountains of rivers that roll from savage mountains ; he has descended into the caverns of the ground ; he has crossed deadly deserts, explored forests, the habitations of monsters ; lions and the untamed elephant has he slain in eastern wildernesses ; Leviathan has he hunted in western seas. Only one realm of the earth is it forbidden him to enter, and that is the kingdom of Rolf the Northman.

Rolf is the last of the ancient powers of the earth. All the others have been driven from their thrones by the enginery of man. Navigators, with their thundering cannon, have routed the old bearded kings of the ocean. Pioneers, with their axes, have hewn down the parks of the primeval foresters. The rifles of hunters have driven the venerable herdsmen of the prairies from their droves of wild horses and buffalo. Every where, save in the Arctic kingdoms, the adventurous sons of Japhet have destroyed the kings who ruled the earth before man was made from the dust thereof. Their sea-captains in vain beat against the gates of this empire of ice. Rolf, with his dukes and barons and red-bearded retainers behind their fortresses, laugh in derision at man's endeavors.

The aspect of these Arctic regions is to human eyes cold, cheerless and death-like. But steer your pinnace into the uttermost inlet where Polar navigators have penetrated ; you will see before you a wall of ice which no man has passed. But I am a magician ; to me the crystal gates will open. Enter and let your eyes be unsealed, and lo ! what a fair kingdom you behold in the mellow moon-light ! Here are royal hills and vales ; here, too, are forests, and in them are wild boars and stags and all kinds of kingly game, and stalwart foresters range the woods with their long hunting-spears. Here behold great black tarns girded with ice ; therein swim the royal whales. Lo ! yonder the herds of reindeer pasturing on the plains, tended by ruddy herdsmen, and lo ! the fair flocks of sheep and goats in the dells of the mountains, watched by young shepherds. Who are these red-bearded spearmen running on their skates swifter than wild deer ? who these champions driving to-and-fro in the sledges so furiously ? who these lancers playing riotous games on horseback, like Arctic Mamelukes ? These are the followers of the King's standard. In the midst of the realm stands the vast castle where Rolf's ancestors have ruled and feasted as many centuries as the world has stood.

GURTH the Groom returned empty-handed. 'I have searched the cellar, an 't please your Majesty,' he said, 'and neither hide nor hair of Yarl the Goblin do I find. Perhaps the rats have eaten him up.'

'I hope they have,' quoth the King; 'I will grant them a general amnesty for service rendered to the State if they have devoured the knave.'

Then spoke up Pepin, another groom of the house. 'An 't please your Majesty, I think that I can tell where Goblin Yarl is, if I might make bold to speak.'

'Speak, honest Pepin,' said the King.

'An 't please your Majesty,' the groom said, 'the rats have not eaten up the Kobold, neither the mice nor the owls. Nothing has eaten him up, an 't please your Majesty. But he sits on the great staircase eating a pie which he stole from the kitchen.'

'Aha!' cried the King, 'eating a pie, is he? Bring Mr. Philosopher here by the ear. I foresee that the villain will be hanged; he doth nothing but evil. Haul him hither by the ear.'

Thereat Pepin hastily retired, and presently returned, leading by the ear the reprobate who had so audaciously despoiled the royal kitchen.

'Oho! Mr. Philosopher,' quoth the King, 'so you have turned up at last. It was reported that the rats had beset you in the midst of your studies and eaten you up. In fact, a large and ill-favored rat was arrested not ten minutes ago with blood on his left whisker, who was strongly suspected of being concerned in the crime. We must have his indictment amended.'

'An 't please your Majesty,' said Pepin, 'did I not say that the rats had not eaten him up, nor the mice, nor nothing? I found him eating the pie. Behold the cheeks of the Goblin, how the pie has stuck to them as he crammed it into his mouth. And here is as much of the pie as he had not eaten, an 't please your Majesty,' and the groom triumphantly displayed the sorry relics of a once fair and goodly plum-pie.

'It grieved me sorely, Mr. Professor, to interrupt your studies,' said the King, 'but there occurred to me a grave and terrible question which made my head ache to ponder on, and I wanted the royal mathematician to unravel it. 'T was this: if one philosopher can steal one pie and eat up two thirds of it in a half-an-hour, how many philosophers would it take to steal a pudding in the same time and eat the whole of it? Come, wag your pencil; let x equal the pudding. Pepin, screw up the Professor's ear a little tighter, I fear it is loose and the wise man cannot hear.'

The groom did as he was bidden. Kobold Yarl squealed with pain and said, 'O great Prince! I did not steal the pie. I went down cellar and sat on a tub, with my slate and arithmetic, ciphering in subtraction, when the cook came down and said to me, 'Thou art a nice, decent, well-behaved little gentleman, O Yarl! and I fear you

will catch a cold in this damp place, so come with me and I will give thee a pie which the King bade me make for thee;' which I did, O King! and that is the way I came by the pie. I would scorn to steal a pie. I hate pie, but since the King bade the cook make it for me, I thought it my duty to eat it.'

'Martyr!' said the King. 'Seized by a ferocious cook, tied up to a marrow-bone and a horrible pie crammed in his mouth. There was never such a martyrdom heard of under the sun. But hark ye! knave, I have no time now to measure you your deserts; I am going to have a war. Go, get your skates; you must run twenty thousand miles before yon pointer marks four.'

Thereat Goblin Yar! vanished from the royal presence right glad, as it seemed, to escape further discussion of the flagrant felony in which he had lately been caught. In precisely two minutes he returned, equipped for the journey.

I will describe the Messenger, for he is one of my heroes: and I hold it to be very shabby treatment of his heroes by a historian to refuse them a paragraph of description. This young person was precisely one yard high, but he made up for his deficiency of stature in thickness, squareness, and solidity. He was a perfect knot of a fellow. There was something marvellous in his solidity. You might thwack him on the head, as if he were a butternut, without so much as making him wink. Perhaps the most noticeable features about him were his eyes. These orbs were amazingly blue and bright, and bulged from his hard, plump, ruddy cheeks, betokening swiftness, pluck, enterprise, and various other qualities, which the serious student of history will not fail to discover in the course of this narrative. He wore a jaunty jacket of fine fur, fringed with clinking icicles; and his breast, so well arched that you longed to beat it with a drum-stick, was covered with a vest most curiously ornamented. An embroidered band, in which was stuck a short, bristling feather, confined his curling yellow hair. His legs were thick and stalwart; a pair of silver skates, curling fantastically over his toes, were lashed to his boots. A little hatchet of odd workmanship was thrust in his girdle, and a silver whistle hung from his neck by a chain.

Contemplating him as a whole—the square, solid frame, the massive legs, swifter in their motions than a humming-bird's wings; the bristling feather, the somewhat fierce mouth, with its curling lips, and above all, the bulging blue eyes, any person of discernment would say at once, 'Well, ladies and gentlemen, upon my honor, I do assure that if there ever was an energetic and indomitable goblin, one, look you, dear friends, that would transact business with accuracy and dispatch, a regular staving, go-ahead, enterprising fellow, Herr Yar! is that very identical goblin.'

As for the moral qualities of the subject of this brief historical portraiture, the subject is a delicate one. The reader has seen with grief that he stole a pie. I desire to be candid, and candor compels me to say that he did steal that pie; but as he may have been a monomaniac at the time, the public are respectfully requested to suspend their judgment till a judicial investigation has been had. I think that an unprejudiced and enlightened jury will say that he was a monomaniac. Alas! 't is a terrible thing to be crazy!

King Rolf said thus to Mercurius Yarl, Koboldus: 'Go, thou buzzing skater, to Windhome, to Greenland, to Brugoland, to every province of my realm, and bid my Lords and their men come hither with all speed. I am going to war; I shall beat the Old Year to death with clubs. Take this dagger and show it in token of thy authority. Go not down to Windheim thyself, but speak to the Old Pilot and bid him go down, for the savage brothers would crack thy knotty skull if thou daredst put it into their den. Tarry not, O goblin! tarry neither to play thy vile pranks in Eric Ironsmith's work-shops, nor to plague the walruses, nor to push the clumsy bears off the ice-bergs into the sea. There, be gone! vanish!'

II.

W I N D H O M E .

THE monarch waved his hand, and Yarl the Messenger whirled on his skates and shot out of the hall like a bullet. . Silently the round northern moon hung in the mid-heavens, and the bright northern stars flashed gloriously in the hemisphere of night. Away over the field of snow that extended to the eastern horizon the messenger darted more swiftly than the frightened swallow. How the silver skates twinkled in the moon-light! how merrily clinked the fringes of his jaunty jacket! The short, stalwart legs fairly buzzed, and so swift were their movements, that one could no more see them than the spokes of a swift chariot-wheel. Sometimes the glancing goblin paused for an instant in his flight to slide for a league with the speed of an arrow, then the little legs once more buzzed, and he dashed onward across the pale plain.

At length he halted on the brink of a high precipice. Below him lay a rude, broken field, bounded by the wall of ice, and beyond this he saw the black waters of the ocean and floating bergs. He paused here but an instant, and then springing valiantly over the precipice, pursued his course toward a mountain, which confronted him with a face of haggard precipices. It was a wild, splintered, chaotic mountain, seamed with frightful chasms and crowned with pinnacles sheathed in ice, which pricked the sky. Cliffs, formed of mingled

masses of rock and ice, overhung the base, and ever and anon avalanches of loose crags came thundering down from the summits, plunged into the ocean, and filled the solitudes with uproar.

'Pilot, ahoy!' shouted the goblin, standing on the sea-shore, to an old man with a long, white beard, who sat in a light, sharp canoe, such as the Greenland fishermen use. 'Hallo! Old Pilot, come carry me down to Windhome.'

The old man looked up, and said slowly: 'I know thee, O Yarl! messenger of Rolf the King.'

'It is not to be doubted; the whole world knows me and trembles,' the goblin replied. 'But come ashore, and let me get into your skiff; I must go down to Windhome straightway; it is the command of Harolfus, Rex Hyperboreanorum, the high, mighty, gigantic and impregnable Prince.'

'Thou go down to Windheim, young Kobold!' returned the old man; 'thou durst not. Furthermore, I believe that thou liest; King Rolf never sent thee on such an errand. He said to thee thus: 'Bid the ancient Pilot go down and say so-and-so to the wild winds; but do not thou go down, O Yarl! for they will destroy thee.''

'Old man,' cried the goblin, 'may I be tossed into the den of the grizzly wolf bigger than Behemoth which eats every morning a puncheon of iron anvils as a sheep munches peas, if the high and impregnable Prince said not thus: 'My son, though thou art not great of stature, yet thou art exceedingly valiant and discreet, and I therefore desire thee to go to Windhome thyself and say so-and-so to the giddy brothers; and if that hoary marine vagabond whom I have been wont to send on this business, is in any respect obstinate or uncivil to thee, split the old rebel's skull with thy tomahawk!' Thus, O Pilot! spake the monarch: if he did not, then am I a liar.'

'I know full well that thou art a liar, Master Yarl,' returned the Pilot drily. 'But, get in; if you do not get enough of Windheim, then do I know nothing.'

'Far be it from me to aver that you know nothing, Old Pilot,' said the messenger. 'About fish-lines and such things you doubtless have a very considerable knowledge, but when it comes to business of state and diplomacy, and so on, gad, my good fellow, it needs a man of the world. Be quick now,' he continued, springing into the canoe, and settling himself snugly into a hole, so that only his head and breast were visible above the deck of skins which covered the little skiff.

Thereat the ancient boatman whisked his paddle like a very youth, and the skiff skimmed the surface of the water as the sword-fish darts through the depths.

Lo! the mountain was hollow, and the canoe passed under a vast, rude arch, supported by stupendous rocks. The waters of the sea

flowed into an immeasurable cavern. It was still then, in the moonlight, but how the huge vault was wont to re-bellow when the storms were abroad and the billows rushed in and thundered against its walls.

'Hark!' cried the goblin, as the skiff glided far into the depths of the cavern; 'what outlandish noise is that, Old Pilot?'

'T is Old Triton and his sons, O messenger of Rolf!' replied the boatman, pausing for a moment to listen to a singular clamor which sounded through the hollow mountain. 'They are the cunningest of musicians. They charm the great arctic fishes, and the walruses and bears, with crooked horns.'

'Music for bulls and bears, I should think,' said Yarl; 'faith, I do believe it would so tickle the delicate nerves of a whale that the monster would curl up like an eel. Take me to the concert-room.'

The Pilot then paddled the canoe to the entrance of a dim nook in the wall of the cavern, and sure enough there sat the great arctic Triton on a block of ice, with his forty sons gathered around him, all blowing with might and main on conchs and crooked horns. Walruses, white bears, and monstrous sea-bulls wallowed in the water, or sat with half-closed eyes on cakes of ice, reeling as if drunk, and bellowed and re-bellowed in concert with the lusty Tritons, while huge whales rolled in the foam they themselves had made, spouting torrents of brine, and threshing the water with their tremendous tails in ecstasies unutterable. Truly it was an outlandish scene. High rose the clamor, and the rugged antre resounded again and again with the quavers of the ungainly musicians, and the bellowings of the bewitched cattle of the sea.

'Hail to ye, merry gentlemen,' cried the messenger, standing in the canoe as it danced up and down on the disturbed water at the entrance of the nook, 'hail to ye all Tritons and demi-Tritons, whales and delicate bears, gentle walruses and sweet sea-bulls. More valiant musicians never saw I, no not even in the galleries of high Valhalla, where once I peeped by stealth.'

Then did the uncouth assembly tremble with delight because the subtle goblin thus spoke, and the Tritons blew a ten-fold blast on their horns, and the bears, the walruses and the sea-bulls roared, and the whales wallowed with ten-fold greater ardor than before. Presently, however, the musical patriarch of the deep waved his horn, and the minstrels paused.

'O Goblin Yarl!' the Triton began, 'messenger of Rolf the King, full well is it known throughout the North that to none is it given to know so well the mysteries of music or to play so cunningly upon hollow conchs and horns pulled from the heads of monsters of the deep, as to the ancient family of the Tritons. These youths I now teach our secret craft, that the revels of the King may be adorned

with sweet minstrelsy. Now wait but one minute, valorous goblin, and thou shalt hear such a blast as shall make thee shut thy eyes.'

'It grieves me, ancient Patriarch, that I cannot now tarry,' returned the messenger. 'I am on the King's business, and must haste away. Farewell, gentle minstrels.'

The Pilot again whisked his paddle, and the canoe shot down the cavern. The chorister of the seas once more blew his quavering horn, while his red-faced sons either sung with lusty lungs, or sounded their hollow conchs.

'Indeed it would have made me shut my eyes,' said Yarl, hearing at a distance the explosion. 'It would have made me stone blind, and a cripple for life to boot. Faith, I would rather stand in a shower of black bears than have that anthem let off about my ears.'

The skiff had now reached the end of the cavern; but a broad and high archway beneath which the water flowed as if in a subterranean river was hewn from the wall of the cavern, and seemed to offer communication with other vaults of the hollow mountain. The voyagers passed under the arch, and found themselves indeed in the channel of a curving river. For a time the boatman dipped his paddle rapidly and deftly, and the skiff darted down the stream. But soon the current waxed more swift; the water began to be spotted with foam, and to bawl and roar as it swept around the rocks that walled the crooked channel.

'Hold fast, O messenger of Rolf! if you do not wish to be tossed into the water,' cried the hoary Pilot.

Swifter and swifter then waxed the whirling torrent, louder and louder arose the roar of the waters, brighter and brighter became the bursting foam. The ancient mariner needed not then to urge his canoe, but he used his paddle only to guide it through the turbulent flood.

'Now for it, Master Yarl,' cried the boatman, as the skiff shot around a jutting point of rock.

The messenger clung fast to the canoe, and in a moment the frail shell was in the midst of a cataract, that went plunging and roaring with terrific fury down a tunnel which had been gored through the inmost rocks of the mountain. Down, down bounded the little boat, sometimes buried under huge billows, sometimes leaping like an antelope over bellowing breakers, sometimes overwhelmed by the heaped-up waters where an abrupt angle occurred in the tunnel; sometimes sucked into whirlpools and spouted out again to be caught once more by the raging river and hurried downward.

The adventurous boatmen must have plunged in this style the distance of a good perpendicular league into the earth, when suddenly leaping a cascade they found themselves floating in a quiet pool on

the floor of a cavern of immense magnitude. The roof was as high as the summer clouds float above the valleys, and though there was a dim light in the cavern its extent could not be seen.

'This is Windhome, brave master,' said the Pilot, wringing the water from his beard. 'How like you the little creek we have just ridden down?' But Herr Yar! said nothing in reply, for he was almost strangled, and sat coughing and choking and wiping his eyes in a truly pitiable manner.

The cavern was filled with uproars. The cause of the tumult, inexplicable at first, was soon made apparent when a half a score of gigantic forms became visible in the distance, rushing toward the voyagers followed by a troop of hounds whose baying made the vast hollow resound. They were engaged in boisterous sports, with laughter the most uproarious, and were scuffling and knocking each other heels-over-head, while the wild hounds joined in the game and leaped up to catch the long flying hair of the giants. Sometimes the latter rose in the air, flying far aloft and wheeling like hawks in swift circles to the very roof, while the hounds below turned up their throats and bayed in concert. Then the brothers dove to the floor with loud laughter, and ran to the lower end of the cave and were lost in the darkness, and soon came racing back again, hounds and giants in a promiscuous troop. Sometimes they rolled black balls along the rocky floor. Many of the balls were so small that the giants could lay them on the palms of their great hands and hurl them with marvellous swiftness. The cavern was then filled with thunders, with sharp splitting thunders, when the balls shot in straight lines to the lower end of the cave, or with sharp, splitting thunders, when, being dexterously jerked, the orbs went skewing around in unwilling curves. But others of the balls were huge globes standing on the floor, and apparently of great weight, for two or three of the giants would lay hold of one and give it a heave with all their might, and when the ponderous mass rolled heavily on the floor with sluggish booming, the cavern fairly shook with roars and reverberations. Then the brethren broke into loud laughter. They carried great sledge-hammers, too, which they hurled at each other, and when ever and anon one would manage to bring his weapon down on the head of a comrade, so that the unguarded wight reeled under the blow, or even fell sprawling on the floor, the boisterous giants screamed with laughter, and dropped their hammers and rolled on the floor among their hounds in agonies of merriment.

'Whom bringest thou to Windhome, Old Pilot?' cried one of this furious crew, as his eye caught the form of Yar! the Messenger, coughing and wiping his eyes in the canoe.

'Welcome, pretty Kobold, to Windheim,' cried another.

'Hey, you two-penny devil!' roared a third, and the whole gang

dashed at the goblin like a covey of vultures swooping at a poor little mouse. Herr Yar! felt himself clutched by a gigantic hand and snatched from the canoe. His captor held him out at arm's length for a few moments, and the horrible hounds leaped up with eager yells to tear the prize from the hand of the giant. Unhappy Yar! felt their warm breath on his face, and heard the slapping together of their jaws close to his ears, but the giant, laughing, managed to keep him barely out of the reach of the monsters.

'Give him a shy, brother,' cried one of his comrades.

The giant thereupon hurled the solid Kobold high into the air. Up, up flew the luckless elf almost to the roof of the cavern. At the summit of his flight he rested an instant poised in air, ere he began his downfall. A volley of hammers slung from below flew past him, and striking the rocks, dashed a shower of fire from the rocks. A roar of laughter rose from the giants underneath. The goblin fell. A gigantic hand caught him before he struck the floor, and once more he flew spinning like a rifle-ball to the top of the cavern. Once more he fell, and as he descended he could see the giants standing on the floor holding their hammers with both hands ready for a heave.

'Now, brothers!' shouted the ringleader of the gang when the falling messenger had come within a fair gunshot of the floor, and up flew the missiles like a volley of lightnings. Herr Yar! did not escape this time. One of the terrible hammers hit him fairly and squarely in the ribs. What a blow was that! It would have shivered a whale-ship like an earthen pitcher. Had our hapless hero been any thing but an impregnable Norse Kobold, with ribs stronger than triple bars of brass, it would have gone badly with him. As it was, what little breath the cataract had left in his lungs was utterly knocked out of him, and the blow sent him clean to the roof. Of all laughter that ever was heard in the caverns under the earth, the peal that followed this exploit was among the most outrageous, and the jovial brothers entirely overpowered, rolled on the floor in the last extremities of suffocation. As for royal Rolf's Mercury, he luckily laid hold of a horn of rock and drew himself up into a little nook or nest in the roof of the cave. Here he sat several minutes, gasping for breath.

By degrees he recovered his faculties, and from his perch observed what passed below. The giants having picked themselves up after their merriment at the goblin's catastrophe had subsided, looked about them for further mischief. There was an enormous black ball standing on the floor near the lower extremity of the cave, and the whole gang putting their shoulders to the ponderous mass set it in motion. There was an arch in the wall, and through this the huge globe rolled slowly, and began to fall sluggishly down a stone stairway with tremendous booming. It rolled deliberately downward a great distance

till the roar grew less distinct and almost died away to silence. Then it seemed to have entered some deeper abode of giants, for a wild peal of laughter arose from below and it seemed as if some Titan of terrible might had caught up the massive orb in one hand and hurled it like a cannon-ball along the floor of some illimitable cavern. The most awful thunders came bursting up through the arch, so that the giants started back half-affrighted. Gradually the roar died away, and one could at length barely hear the rumbling of the globe far, far away under the bottom of the sea. The giants stood listening, while the hounds snuffed and growled at the hole, as if there was something which they half-feared below.

A fierce shrill whistle rang through the cavern. The giants looked around in astonishment. Once more the fierce whistle pierced their ears and a voice followed: 'Come up here, ye damnable pagans, and take me out of this cursed nest.'

The giants again looked around in wonder, and one of their number, pointing to the roof of the cave, said: 'Tis Master Yar! the King's Messenger.'

The brethren looked up, and sure enough the fiery face of the goblin was distinctly to be seen peering from his lodge in the rocks.

'Come up here, vile heathen, and take me down,' he cried, boiling with wrath.

'Alas! brothers what shall we do?' whimpered the biggest of the giants to his mates.

'Go up, brother, and get the gentleman,' said the others.

'Alas! I fear the King will be wroth,' the ringleader said. 'But we knew not 't was Lord Yar! did we, brothers?'

'Nay, nay, brother, not once did we think it.'

'Are you going to obey me, miserable cannibals?' screamed the voice from above.

'Yea, noble Sir, straightway,' the giant replied, and rising aloft, picked the Kobold out of his nest as carefully as if he had been a little chicken just chipped from the shell, and descended to the floor of the cave.

'Place me on that ball, damnable pagan,' cried the wrathful messenger, pointing to a black globe half as high as the giants themselves, 'and gather around me, ye graceless gang.'

The messenger was accordingly placed on the portly orb, and the giants clustered around quite chop-fallen, like school-boys caught in mischief. Herr Yar! was in high fury. He stamped, he swore, he choked, he brandished his tomahawk, and the great playfellows stood around with mouths half-open, and eyes goggling out in the most ludicrous terror.

'What mean ye, ye graceless rebels, and damnable raw-boned vag-

abonds!' cried the goblin; 'what mean ye, ye unspeakable scoundrels? Am not I the son and heir of Rolf, the King? Am I not, as I once before gave you full notice, Viceroy of Labrador, Duke of West-Greenland, Lord High Admiral of the German Ocean by birth, and first peer of the realm by merit? Deny it if ye dare, ye wretches! and when I deign to come down to this cursed cellar am I to be whiffed hither and thither like a thistle-top, barked at by those lean and yelping hounds, and pelted with sledge-hammers? Why, ye horrid and profane pagans, where is your gratitude? Has not the munificent King of the Hyperboreans, Rolf, the mighty and impregnable monarch, given you, according to my advice, this spacious cavern, where you may play your barbarous games, and also given you thunder-balls, and all the toys you could ask for to amuse yourselves withal? Now hear me! By the great Northern Bear, which doth sit on the top of the sky with the moon in his fore-paws, gnawing it like a nut, I swear that I am inclined to make you suffer a dreadful punishment. The liberties of this spacious saloon have made you rebellious. You need confinement. I have a mind to lock you up in a coal-cellar, or else to cork you up in jugs. Let me consider.'

Then answered the ringleader of the giants: 'O sweet Goblin! Dear messenger of Rolf, the King! O pretty elf, and delicious little master!'

'Hey, pagan!' Herr Yarl interrupted fiercely, 'Am I a herring? Am I no bigger than a jack-knife? By the Great Bear, I have a mind to slay you on the spot!'

'O gigantic Sir!' the pagan proceeded, 'and mighty and majestic Emperor; Prince taller than a fir-tree, and more lofty than a Norway pine ——'

'That is somewhat better,' said Yarl; 'that is the way to talk to a man of valor. Proceed, pagan.'

'O terrible and tremendous Goblin!' the gigantic spokesman continued, 'magnanimous son of royal Rolf the King, do but hear me, sweet viceroy, and listen to the words which I shall utter. It is well known to the King, and to all people of the earth, that we the Northwinds are but giddy and light-headed pagans, and far from wise; but nevertheless, O Prince, we do at all times render as good service as we can to the King who has given us this spacious cavern to dwell in. Yet I do grieve to say, noble Viceroy, that we being thus giddy and light-headed, and far from wise, know not at all times what we do. Now hear me. I do swear to you, gigantic Emperor, and terrible and tremendous Goblin, by Thor, and Odin, and the Great Northern Bear, and I speak truly, O Prince, taller than a fir tree, and far more lofty than a pine of Norway ——'

'Stop there,' said the messenger, interrupting the simple giant.

'Tis a most excellent oration; upon mine honor, a most wonderful oration! Who would have thought that a four-story giant, with fewer brains in his great tub of a head than there are in the butt-end of a saw-log, a mere under-ground pagan, could have pronounced so grand a discourse? He might discourse to a college; he discusses like an Alumnus. I grieve deeply, Herr Pagan, that I cannot hear your argument and peroration entire. But I cannot tarry. The King, my worthy father, bids you go to Northall forthwith. Upon reflection I think that I may forgive you these injuries for the present, though I am very much inclined to tie you up one by one to that iron ring in the wall and flog you; yet as time fails me, I will dismiss you with a bit of advice. My temper, as ye now have illustration, is exceedingly sweet and forgiving, but the disposition of my royal father I grieve to confess is irascible and unforgiving to a lamentable degree. And I am fully persuaded that if report of these outrages of which you have been guilty should reach his ears, he would straightway become full of wrath, and commanding you to stand up before him in a row, he would take down his great and sharp sword, and after whirling it around his head seven times, would make a trenchant sweep and cut all your heads off at a blow. I therefore advise you not to whisper a word about this astounding transaction; and furthermore and finally, ye rebels, hear the warning I now give you: if one of you ever hereafter dares, *dares*, DARES so much as to touch me with the tip of his finger, I will cork him up in a jug for a term of years!'

Mercurious Yarl ended his harangue and the simple Winds shook with terror.

'SEEST thou, Messenger of Rolf the King,' said the Old Pilot to Yarl when he returned to the canoe, 'how the waters of this pool flow down the cavern in a deep and dark river by the wall? At the end of the hall is another cataract, and the river goes down to the hall of the earthquakes. Thou heardst the giants below hurl with one hand the ball which these giants could hardly stir. The river is a wild one when it flows through the regions below. It pours its waters into the tanks of Iceland. If thou durst, we will ride down thither in our canoe, Master Yarl, for there is no place on the earth above, or in the caves under the earth where water flows, where I the Pilot cannot go.'

'If Master Yarl goes down to that vault, call him a fool ever thereafter,' replied his lordship. 'My concern is how to get out of this hole, not how to get into another.'

'Just as you please, young master; we will go above, if you wish x,' the Pilot said.

T H E R I V E R .

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

SILVER morning on the river,
Silver river;
How the flashing sunbeams quiver
In the eddies of the stream:
How the gleam
Lights the shadow of the willow,
Dancing on each mimic billow,
Till the surface far away
Seems in silver waves to play.
Lilies on the rippling river,
Perfumed river,
Seem in silver waves to rest,
And their snowy bodies lave
In the molten silver wave;
Dark green vestments laid aside,
On the shimmering billows ride:
Silver lilies, snowy white as fairy bride,
Or some mortal deified.
While from all the emerald meadows,
From the dark trees bending o'er,
In the ripple of the water;
From the blossoms of the shore,
Rises up a pæan of glory,
Praises to the generous GIVER,
From the ripple of the river,
Where the dancing sun-beams quiver
In the river,
In the eddies of the river.

Noon upon the silent river,
Sapphire river;
In the depth reflected lies
All the azure of the skies;
And the trees
Wait expectant for a breeze;
E'en the leaves
Of the timorous aspen rest
Bathing in the glassy breast
Of the river;
Not a quiver, not a shiver,
On the warm and sapphire river;

In the depth the large fish lie
Fanning their fins so lazily ;
 Dragon-flies
 Poise in the skies,
Or like gleams of jewelled light,
Chase each other out of sight.
And the golden-centred lilies
 Close their petals one by one,
Modest lilies, almost blushing,
Snowy bosoms, virgin flushing
 At the gazing of the sun.
Bright the sun-beams dart and glisten,
While the far-off forests listen
To the silent hymn of praise,
Unexpressed, which the glad river
Pours forth to the generous GIVER
Of the beauty of the river,
Beauty of the silent river.

Golden evening on the river,
 Golden river !
In the depth the sun-beams quiver ;
 Dying day
Floats on gorgeous clouds away,
And athwart the shadows fall,
While a soft light plays o'er all ;
And the pines their arms unfold,
Send their shadows o'er the gold.
 And the stream
Plays in eddies, 'mid the gleam
Of the golden sun-set sheen,
While the shadows rest between.
Far below the river's breast
Silver lilies silent rest,
 Till the morn
Bids the silver dawn,
Silver dewy dawn be born.
And the leaves their night-watch keep,
While the silver lilies sleep.
Shadows o'er the golden river,
Darts of light and shadow quiver,
And the day-beams break and shiver
'Gainst the dusky shield of night.
While a swelling pealing chorus,
 From the tide,
Joins an anthem loud and glorious,
 Rising far and wide,
From the meadow, from the wood,
Praises for a general good ;

From the golden winding river,
 Golden-eddied, shaded river,
 Where the day-beams die and quiver
 In the eddies of the river.

Dusky night upon the river,
 Ebon river ;
 Not a sound upon the hill,
 E'en the frog's shrill pipe is still :
 The replies —

Echo of our voices dies
 In the distance, half-afraid,
 Whispering the words we said.

On the river,
 Not a quiver, not a shiver,
 On the dark and ebon river,
 And the myriad stars seem set
 Diamonds on a ground of jet.

From afar
 A falling star
 Darts a trail of golden light,
 Dies and passes from the sight ;
 In the stream
 Sheds a gleam
 As a golden chain so fair
 Twined in braids of raven hair.
 Earth reposing breathes her praises
 To the beauteous generous GIVER,
 And the river
 Lifts a mist of adoration,
 Tribute to the mighty GIVER
 Of repose to earth and river,
 To the river.
 Blessing to the sleeping river.

THE GARDEN.

I WANDER in the broken walks,
 Beneath the leafless trees,
 And as I walk my eyes are dim
 With tender memories,
 For here we walked in sunnier days
 And starrier nights than these ;

In happier hours of summer-tide,
 Now changed for winter frore,
 When love filled up the cup of life,
 Until the wine ran o'er ;
 In days of joy and nights of bliss
 That shall be nevermore.

JOHN KEATS.

IN the world's great battle-field, either of thought or of action, but more especially of thought, the saddest spirits are the most earnest and the best workers. The soul that strives for the elevation of the good and the beautiful, cannot but sadden in its task; and the warrior who takes the battle-ground for freedom, will never conquer fanaticism and wrong. The man of infinite jest and uproarious humor never becomes a great warrior, a great statesman, or climbs the ambrosial heights of poesy divine. Imagine the state of affairs had Sir John Falstaff been created a leader of armies or Lord High Chancellor of England; and we all know what a sorry aspect matters assumed in Barataria under the governorship of Lord Don Sancho Panza. In the grimmest, the sternest, and the saddest of workers there may be, and perhaps ever is, a spice of humor: but I mean the man to whose lips the waves of merriment are continually rippling and breaking in loud and continuous roars of laughter—the Mark Tapleys who are bound to be jolly under every circumstance and misfortune! I speak in no disparagement. He may be a worthy member of society and a needful. He will sooner do good than evil. He may be an upright man, and remember his God at night and in the morning, and is less to be feared than one whose face never wears a smile. Cicero, Alexander, Cromwell, and Washington, whom our love would elevate higher than all the rest, were not known as men of jest and merriment. Homer and Milton soared not in their grandest flights until the greatest of misfortunes had overtaken them, nor was the destructive wrath of Achilles sung in a less grand and glorious strain, or the

— ‘UMBRAGROUS grots and caves
Of cool recess, over which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant’

of Paradise described with less majestic force and vigor. The exquisite passages of pathos more tenderly true and touching than any other uninspired hand ever penned—the broad and touching humanity, and the glorious bursts of humor which make Shakspeare the grandest genius the whole world ever produced, were written when his great soul sorrowed in his nightly tasks upon the boards of a London theatre.

Oh! the saddest of all records, not excepting the Newgate Calendar, are the lives of those whose coruscations have made glad and g'lorious the world for all coming time—the great souls, who, if their

footsteps have wandered through fragrant orange-groves into the wonderous gardens of delight of the imagination, have also pressed the burning sands of the desert of the actual—the regions thick-ribbed with ice!

In the midst of exile Dante dreamed his sweet dream of Beatrice, and Petrarch wrote his passionate sonnets to Laura. After unceasing misfortunes, the grand genius that sang the Deliverance of Jerusalem became clouded with despair, and left poor Tasso the inmate of a mad-house. Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote the exquisite little romance of *Rasselas* to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and was confined in prison for the paltry sum of five shillings. The grandest spirit of all antiquity, Marcus Tullius Cicero, with a dignity worthy his heroic soul, submitted his neck to the sword of Popilius. Socrates, the pupil of the divine Aspasia, and one of the wisest of the heathen philosophers, through the malignity of a mere tanner of leather, was condemned to death, and with as much composure and as little regret as though he were sipping rare Falernian at a banquet, amid the tears and lamentations of his friends, he drank the fatal hemlock-cup. Phidias, under whose hand the beautiful sculpturings on the frieze of the Parthenon sprang into perfection, was thrown into prison, and died before the time of his trial arrived. At the age of sixty, Demosthenes took poison in the Temple of Neptune, to escape the pursuit of his enemies. Hesiod was murdered, and his body thrown into the sea. Euripides, after the most unhappy matrimonial connection, was exposed to the attack of some ferocious hounds, and died of his wounds.

The records of all literary history are rife with such examples. At every turn poverty, unappreciation, starvation, and self-destruction greet us, and fill our hearts with sadness, and we are glad to turn from the misfortunes of the author to the works which make his name a household word wherever language is written.

The life of the poet, for the general reader, is the tamest life that can be written. His record is in his songs. We associate with him no grand achievement—no clang of meeting shields, and the red brunt of the battle. From the cool recess and woody nook, he looks out upon the world, nature's priest and nature's prophet. 'His heart,' to use the words of the Opium-Eater in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' 'is the sanctuary of dim and tender memories—holy ground, haunted by the ghosts of the beautiful!—some of whom will be for long, long years as if they were not—sojourning in some world beyond the reach of thought, when lo! all in a moment, like white sea-birds gleaming inland from the misty main, there they are—glide—gliding through the illumined darkness, and the entire region of the spirit is beatified by the heavenly visitants.'

On the twenty-ninth day of October, 1795, was born into this weary

work-day world John Keats. He was small in stature, and of the most impulsive nature and passionate sensibilities. At school he was for a long time noted more for his pugnacious likings than his scholastic attainments, 'combining,' as one of his school-mates wrote of him, 'a terrier resolution of character with the most noble placidity.' On leaving school, in the summer of 1810, he was apprenticed to a surgeon of some eminence at Edmonton. His eyes were large and blue, flashing with strong emotions or suffused with tender sympathies. His hair was auburn, parted in the middle and falling in rich masses on each side of his face, which resembled a woman's more than a man's, broad at the temples and tapering down to the chin. In his earlier years 'the renowned poet Dan Chancer,' and the 'gentle Spenser,' 'the poet's poet,' were his passionate study, as in his later days was Ariosto and the Italian masters. He died at Rome, as we all know, and caused to be placed over his grave this sad inscription, which speaks so fully his wrecked hopes and aspirations :

'HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER!'

Keats stands at the head of the school of poets of which Shelley and Coleridge and Tennyson and Browning are such shining examples. They are the rarest spirits, with the exception of Shakspeare and Milton, in the whole range of English literature. Not the most popular it may be. The rich and dazzling flow of words, the sensuous imagery, the dainty handling of rhyme, and the passionate worship of the beautiful are not elements that commend themselves to the masses. The only source of knowledge is in experience ; what she inspires she alone can understand, and the soul that lifts its voice in songs of praise to that intangible beauty is not the less the true soul because you or I may not comprehend it.

Of the class of rhymsters who made court to the muses in the century preceding the present, Alexander Pope was the master ; but Alexander Pope was no poet. He was a delicious rhymster ; every line was smooth and polished and fitted in with the utmost nicety. He was master of the mere mechanism of the art, but his master-ship went no further. He was the representative man of the rhymsters of the age in which he lived, and George the Second uttered a right royal truth when he said they were all a set of mechanics. A rhyming philosopher, he occasionally presents an aphorism that Bacon or Descartes might have envied ; a satirist, he flashes the keen scimitar of his critical malignity with unsparing hand ; but into the high regions of divine art his footsteps never wandered : and the man who gives the name of poetry to such effusions as the 'Essay on Man' and the 'Rape of the Lock,' corrupts a true and simple term. In poetry the manner of saying it is more than the matter said. If we want a philo-

sophical essay, we can find plenty scattered through all literature from Plato down to Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. If Pope was too much of a mechanic, Keats, in his earliest attempts, was not mechanic enough. In his 'Endymion' he depends too much upon the rhyme for his matter; but the poem is full of passages of such remarkable beauty, that had he written nothing else, it would have made his reputation as lasting as the English language.

The insolent criticism which greeted this exquisite poem has no parallel. The article in the 'Quarterly' was of the most stupid and ungenerous character, while that in 'Blackwood,' the old Ebony over which rare Kit North presided so many years, descended to scurrilous abuse and blackguard; and it was not until 1820, two years after its publication, that any thing like justice was done it. The tribute from Francis Jeffrey awakened all the animosity of Lord Byron. In a spirit worthy of Mr. Bumble, parochial beadle, he writes to the editor of a rival review, to send him no more of Keats — to flay him alive, and unless some of them did it, he should be compelled to skin him himself: and afterward, in the same spirit of Mr. Bumble, parochial beadle, he says: 'His fragment of *'Hyperion'* seems actually inspired by the Titians, and is worthy of Eschylus.' No poet was ever greeted with a popularity so splendid and dazzling as Lord Byron. It was like the demon confined in the bottle which the fisherman drew from the sea. When once the seal was unloosed, it filled the heavens and the earth. Byron had no respect for the commands of the CREATOR, and he cared nothing for the feelings of mankind. His overweening pride, contempt, and egotistical misanthropy, stare at you from every page of his writings, and if you read, you cannot escape its baleful influence. With the full knowledge of his life before us, we cannot look upon his unrestrained indulgence of sensual voluptuousness with other feelings than those of un pitying contempt. How differently do we contemplate the struggles of his contemporary. Cut off in the very bloom of youth and of promise, his life was one earnest, passionate yearning for the mastery of that beautiful which includes all that is good. If Byron reversed the poet's function, if he pulled down that which he should have elevated, and elevated that which he should have pulled down, Keats strove with all the earnestness of his true soul to reverse; but his voice, however true and earnest in its utterance, was unheard, or if heard, unheeded, in the loud bursts of applause which greeted the morbid vanity of his titled contemporary. In glowing raptures over nature, Byron fell into the errors of the old heathen philosophers, while Keats grasped the essence of the Pagan mythology and presented pictures of striking and attractive belief. In Byron's conceptions of womanhood, he gives us types that fill our hearts with indignation. For him, 'those God-beloved of old Jerusalem,' the 'airy

fairy Lilians' that make our lives one glad surprise and the hardest tasks a pleasure, possessed no nobler traits than those which ministered to his voluptuous tastes.

The spirit of Keats, sensuous and delicate, swooned away in the rare delights of the mythology of Rome and Greece, and in the faery romance of which Spenser wrote so many charming verses. He caught his inspiration from these sources, as Wordsworth derived his from the old Border Ballads and from Germany. In the midst of the eternal hills, where the blue sky and the placid waters of the lake vie with each other in beauty, surrounded by fond and loving hearts, and a pastoral quiet that the poets of the seventeenth century would have gloried in inviting their Chloes and Julias to, Wordsworth passed his life. His genius was as serene as his own lakes. It reflected back no tempest greater than the sobbing of the rain, or the wail of the autumn wind as it soughed through the leafless wold. His soul never lifted itself above the lowliest primrose that blushed in the dust of the wayside. He chanted no praises to Hector or Achilles; his mightiest Sarpedon was a pack-peddler! The highest strains of sadness his muse essayed were not drawn forth by the untimely death of some heroic Balder, but by a dead donkey! Not thus with John Keats. His spirit leaped up in passionate, sensuous yearnings. He uttered his aspirations in words of force and fitness, like a giant oak that in its robust strength and freshness claps its leafy palms together, and shimmers and flashes in the glory of a June morning. His ornaments were of the truest beauty, and he broiders them into his poetry as profusely as the summer broiders its daisies and king-cups on the hillside. He scatters the pearls of his genius as lavishly as the wind scatters the drops of rain scented from nestling amid the blooms of the lilac. There was no affectation, no grand and ridiculous composure, like the stately minuet, with its flection and genuflection, its bowing to the right and to the left, and its retiring as it entered, with no advancement. With a tremulous flush, he sweeps onward, and though he sometimes dallies to extract a sweet from thymy beds of mint and of clover, he intoxicates you with its rare aroma, and leads you as *Una* led the lion.

As the world grows older, Keats approximates nearer and still nearer the high standard to which his rare genius entitles him. A few days before he died he told his friend Severn that he felt the flowers growing over him. He lies buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants of Rome. It is an open space, surrounded by mouldering and desolate ruins and towers; and in the winter, violets and daisies bloom and shed their fragrance above him. Shelley says, 'that it might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.'

With the words with which Richard Monckton Milnes closes his fine biography of John Keats, let us finish: 'Let no man,' he says, 'who is any thing above his fellows, claim, as a right, to be understood or valued: the vulgar great are comprehended and adored, because they are in reality in the same moral plane with those who admire; but he who deserves the higher reverence must himself convert the worshipper. The pure and the lofty life; the generous and tender use of the rare creative faculty; the brave endurance of neglect and ridicule; the strange and cruel end of so much genius and so much virtue; these are the lessons by which the sympathies of mankind must be interested, and their faculties educated, up to the love of such a character and the comprehension of such an intelligence. Still the lovers and scholars will be few; still the rewards of fame will be scanty and ill-proportioned; no accumulation of knowledge or series of experience can teach the meaning of genius to those who look for it in additions and results, any more than the numbers studded round a planet's orbit could approach nearer infinity than a single unit. The world of thought must remain apart from the world of action, for, if they once coincided, the problem of life would be solved, and the hope which we call heaven would be realized on earth. And therefore men

'ARE cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

LINES: TEARS.

THEY err, who deem that keenest agony
In sighs and moans finds utterance for its pain.
Tears are for those who hope: a blessed rain
That gently falls upon the aching heart,
Stealing its grief away. The dark clouds part
And float aloft. In the pure, azure sky
The gladsome, golden sun-light laughs once more.
Ah! happy heart, that weeps — and smiles again.
For me, alas! the time of tears is o'er:
Hopeless, alone, I walk Life's arid plain,
In Heaven no star — on earth no leaf nor flower.
Yet never falls for me that blessed shower:
The fount of tears is dry for evermore;
The place where once it gushed with fire burned o'er!

CHINESE SKETCHES.

BY JOHN K. DURN, UNITED STATES NAVY.

THE LADRONES OF CHINA.

In China, piracy appears to be reduced to the most perfect system. Neither the corsairs of the Mediterranean nor the pirates of the Gulf of Mexico ever succeeded half so well as the nautical rogues of Kathay, in acquiring the property of others, or in eluding discovery and evading capture. Their vessels line the entire coast. There are not only fleets, but navies of them; and all controlled by chiefs at different stations. Their rendezvous is always among some of the innumerable islands of the China Sea, in a little harbor known only to themselves. Their spies and emissaries are every where; and scarcely a vessel leaves a port on the coast that it is not known to some of them. For this reason trading-junks generally make their voyages in squadrons, for mutual protection; and they sometimes employ armed *lorchas* from Macao to convoy them. But even this is hazardous; for it not unfrequently happens that these *lorchas* themselves, though apparently Portuguese, turn out to be a portion of a piratical fleet. Where the cruising-ground of the Chinese 'ladrones' ceases, that of the Malay pirates commences; so that from the Bocca Tigris to the islands of Java and Sumatra, including both the China and Java Seas, swarms of these rascals are always lurking among some of the small islands.

The rivers of China have their smaller pirates, and many a fast-boat loses its two or three chests of smuggled opium, and market-boat its vegetables, by these fresh-water rovers. Almost all the houses bordering the banks of Pearl River, (that upon which Canton is situated,) have small carriage-guns or swivels mounted, and their proprietors keep blunderbusses and muskets at hand, for defence against the ladrones. We have accounts of innumerable encounters with these despicable villains by Europeans and Americans as well as Chinese, and from what we can gather from them, it would appear that they are much more dexterous in the use of what are called *stink-pots* than fire-arms; a fact that robs their profession of half its romance.

Beside the usual depredations committed by others addicted to the same pursuit, the ladrones of China gain a very important part of their means of subsistence by landing at some village, and sometimes even at a large town, and carrying off a number of the women of the place, for whom they demand a ransom. Upon its payment they are restored. This not only occurs in secluded places, but in the neigh-

borhood of the Bocca Tigris, and near Hong Kong and Macao, the English and Portuguese settlements.

Among the greatest sufferers from piracy on the coast of China are the poor fishermen. They are boarded, robbed of their money, fish, clothes, and whatever else may be desirable, and frequently lose their wives and daughters; for a Chinese boat is a family mansion: it is the only home the crew knows. Should one of these vessels happen to be better adapted for his use than his own, the pirate exchanges with the fisherman, or if she prove only equal to his own, he captures her, riding himself of the male portion of the crew and the old women, by dropping them overboard, unless he should be short-handed, and the former feel inclined to unite their fortunes with his in preference to death. In that case they are soon made to bind themselves to the life, by being forced to the commission of a crime; and should they ever be taken, they are executed with the rest, of course, without an opportunity of proving themselves robbers and murderers by compulsion.*

But this is not all the mischief the pirates of China have it in their power to effect. Our own vessels, as well as those of Europeans, are frequently boarded and rifled, and sometimes even destroyed by them. Here the subject comes home and deserves more attention than it ever appears to have received. That our commerce should be permitted to suffer in the least by the deeds of a parcel of imbecile wretches, who fly from 'barbarian' gun-powder, does appear absurd. Yet so it is!

No very active measures have ever been taken for the suppression of piracy on the coast of China. This is a common complaint. The imperial government is too weak in naval force to compete with the freebooters, and all they do toward stopping it, with the exception of taking off a few heads in the course of a year, is to enter into a compromise with a pirate-chief now and then, and permit him for a while to smuggle opium unmolested. But this does not last long. The pirate soon breaks the compact by robbing or smuggling just as suits his convenience. British cruisers have occasionally captured or destroyed a few junks, but almost always too late to remedy the foulest acts it was in the power of the ladrones to commit. American ships are rarely sent after them, and there is seldom a disposition shown on the part of our naval commanders to extirpate these villains. Their invariable excuse is, fear of not being sustained by government. This is ridiculous; for a man who does his duty, and neither neglects nor exceeds it, will always be sustained. Justice may not come at first, but it will ultimately.

One vessel, whose exclusive duty it should be to ferret out these scoundrels and bring them to certain and condign punishment, is what

is wanted for the suppression of piracy in the China Sea. We have an exemplification of this in a little Portuguese armed lorch, under the command of a young lieutenant, that once became the terror of the petty pirates in the vicinity of Macao. But the vessel peculiarly adapted for this cruising is a small steamer of exceedingly light draft, which might chase the pirates to their very haunts, and not require the use of boats for cutting out and firing, which too often proves as destructive of life to the force sent against them, as to the pirates themselves; for when chased and hemmed in on all sides, with no chance of escape, the Chinese will turn upon outside barbarians. This steamer should mount, as broadside guns, ten twenty-four pounder howitzers, such as are in use in our navy for frigates' launch-guns, and being able to run into the midst of a fleet of piratical junks, cutting down some with her stem, and opening both her broadsides, (not forgetting a little grape and cannister in some of the charges,) destruction must follow, right and left, where she goes.

Is not this worthy the favorable consideration of government? Such a vessel, commanded by a judicious but young and active officer, responsible only to the head of the Navy Department, would be hailed on the coast of China with delight. But before concluding, permit me to remark, lest the reader should regard this as a self-recommendation, that I class myself among those too old *in years* for such service as this, although I am yet kept in a subordinate position by the undoubted wisdom of my government.

A SMALL MANDARIN.

THE 'Taou-tai' of a Chinese city is a mandarin of no very high degree; a sort of magistrate. He is neither a judge, according to our acceptation of the term, nor a mayor; but the office he holds resembles more that of a Spanish *Intendente* than any other that I know of. It is both civil and military; and one of his titles is 'Intendent of Circuit.' He is either one of the promoted literati, or he may have attained his rank by purchase; the latter is not unfrequently permitted now, as the government is in constant want of funds. The Taou-tai of Shanghai some five years since was one of the latter class; he was formerly a hong merchant of Canton, and was known to foreigners by the name of *Samqua*, but whose real name was *Woo*. A very good portrait of this worthy individual does or did hang in Barnum's Museum, in the Chinese section of that heterogeneous establishment.

The important part that this man played during the commencement of the successes of the rebels in China, has given to his name some celebrity; and at one time gained for himself the favor of the Em-

peror and consequent advancement in rank. Endowed with chicanery unsurpassed, he managed so to misrepresent and turn to account the movements of the foreign men-of-war in the Chinese waters, as at one time to convince the Emperor and high officers of state, the people, and even the rebels themselves, that an alliance had been formed between the 'barbarian' fleets and the imperial government to crush the insurrectionist party. Knowing that the cruisers of the western nations would be sent wherever troubles were likely to exist, upon Shanghai being threatened, the Taou-tai addressed letters, which he caused to be very extensively published, to the commanding officers of the different naval forces of these powers, exhorting their intercession in behalf of the empire. Very soon, but of course not upon this request, some of these vessels did proceed to Shanghai. Instantly the news was spread throughout the country, much to the consternation of the rebel chiefs, with whom the foreigners had actually not the slightest intention of interfering. Thus, by the cunning of Samqua, much courage was restored to the imperial troops, and directly succeeding these events they met with some unimportant successes.

Among other ships that arrived at Shanghai at this time, was the United States steam-frigate *Susquehanna*. After remaining there a few days, she left the port with the American Commissioner on board, to move up the Yang-tze-kiang toward Nankin, and to anchor as near that city as possible, in order to ascertain the real state of the country: but she was run on a shoal a short distance up the river, by no less than four very highly recommended Chinese pilots, and returned.* Just previously to her departure, the Taou-tai reported to the Emperor and the viceroy of his province, that he had hired this vessel to act against the rebels, and they both believed it. Soon afterward the *Hermes*, a small English war-steamer, carrying the envoy of Great Britain, departed on much the same mission, and with better success, for she reached Nankin and communicated with the rebels; not, however, without exchanging a few shots with their forts and fleets of junks. Reports were made by Samqua similar to those in the case of the *Susquehanna*, with the addition that the envoy would probably represent himself as a neutral, but this would be done in order to deceive the insurgents. The imperialists would therefore bear in mind that they had a friend to deal with. But the revolutionary party was set right on this point.

By such means, and by constantly issuing proclamations announcing victories, and telling the people they had nothing to fear, besides fitting out a fleet at his own expense, composed in part of American and

*In the spring of the following year this vessel succeeded in reaching a point on the Yang-tze-kiang nearly one hundred miles above Nankin.

English vessels which he had purchased, the Taou-tai of Shanghai succeeded in duping not only his enemies, his own rulers, and his own countrymen, but also the press of Europe and America.

I formed a member of the suite of an officer of rank who on one occasion paid a visit of ceremony to Samqua, or more properly, Woo. After leaving the American Consulate in sedan-chairs, and crossing over a bridge and then passing through a gate into the city, we were carried up and down lanes lined with filthy shops, and went floundering amid jostling crowds of filthier people, coming finally to the residence of the Taou-tai. In front of the house was a small paved court, in one corner of which was erected what appeared to be a cow-pen, but which we soon recognized by the excruciating tones issuing thence, to be an orchestra.

Upon our entrance a salute was fired ; bamboo-crackers (that is, a sort of leviathan squib) serving the purpose of guns. A Chinese salute, royal, national, or any thing else, is always three guns. After walking between two rows of attendants, we were met at the door by Samqua himself, who welcomed us in our own style, and then conducted us to a large room which we dubbed the *salon*. Here he entertained us not to uncover, as was our habit, for the day was damp and disagreeable, and China houses were not constructed with fire-places. In truth, as it was March, and the apartment was somewhat open and airy, we gladly availed ourselves of his polite remonstrance, and remained with our caps on, according to the Chinese custom. Seating himself cross-legged upon a dais covered with red stuff, the Taou-tai placed the highest American officer present on his right, and begged the rest of us to take the chairs which we would find at two tables bearing viands still hidden.

A little desultory conversation ensued ; when at a signal from the chief domestic, the dishes upon the tables were uncovered, and we opened upon the feast. There was a great variety set before us, all of which it would be about as impossible for me to describe as it would be to eat. But beef-tea and birds'-nest soup were the favorite dishes. These were washed down by a little tea, such as I never had drunk before, and such as I shall probably never drink again. At the conclusion of this celestial banquet the terrestrial barbarians arose to depart. An invitation, which was eagerly accepted, was given Samqua to return our visit ; and we took our leave, the Taou-tai accompanying us as far as the spot at which he had received his foreign friends. In the court we had the same rows of servants, the same music, and the same salute of three squibs as upon our entrance. We passed out into the street, encountering gaping crowds of a curious Kathay *canaille*, and the gates of the Taou-tai of Shanghai were again closed upon all 'outside barbarians.'

The personal appearance of Samqua is not prepossessing. His complexion is inclined rather to the swarthy, even for an oriental light; his nose is prominent and his lips thin. He has, too, a quick, cunning eye, and one continually fancies him a Chinese shop-keeper dressed up for an occasion. He is polite in his manners, but not at all polished, in which he differs from most of the mandarins selected from the literati, among whom there is a great deal of refinement. To be sure, it is Chinese refinement, but then one should not be too particular as to conventionalities.

The Taou-tai was attired to receive us in the full costume of his rank, wearing his cap with the blue button made of a precious stone, and peacock feather. His robe was long, and of olive-colored satin, ornamented with an embroidered representation of the imperial dragon both on the breast and back. A rich mandarin belt girdled his waist, and a string of costly gems hung round his neck. He spoke to us in the usual 'pigeon-English,' or business-lingo, which he had picked up while in trade at Canton. From what we saw of him then and afterwards, he would seem a person of little courage, but great cunning, backed by considerable obstinacy, which probably passed among the Chinese for determination.

Upon the capture of Shanghai by an insurgent force, Samqua delivered up his seals of office upon his knees, and was rescued from danger by two or three Americans, and protected by our commissioner. It was the intention of the rebels to boil him in a cauldron of oil, should he fall into their hands, and thus, after 'living in peace,' he would have 'died in a pot of grease,' and I might have concluded my story in the good old Mother Goose style. But he was spared, to have one button taken from him by the Emperor for not re-capturing Shanghai; and it was said afterward, that he had fallen into still greater disgrace for some other real or fancied offence.

D R E A M : ' T H E A N G E L . '

EARTH is sleeping, sleeping, sleeping,
 Heaven's glorious host is keeping
 Vigil o'er the slumbering earth;
 Sleep the rich and sleep the lowly;
 Slumber seals in stillness holy,
 Palace-hall and cottage-hearth.

Earth is sleeping, sleeping, sleeping;
 Hushed the laughter, hushed the weeping
 Of the sinful ones of earth;
 Rest the sad and rest the weary,
 Still the glad and still the cheery;
 Notes of woe and sounds of mirth.

Earth is sleeping, sleeping, sleeping;
 Dream, the angel, now is sweeping
 Trouble from the sinking heart;
 Hush! oh! hush! do not awaken
 Brothers thus by care forsaken;
 Bid the angel not depart.

Let her enter every portal,
 Whispering to each slumbering mortal
 'Rest thee from thy earthly care.'
 Brothers think not of to-morrow,
 Soft their couch, and free from sorrow,
 Lo! sweet Dream is lingering there.

E. F.

THE OLD CHURCH.

The old church standeth
In a lonely nook,
Where the day gleameth
Through the tulip trees,
Which forever look
On its mysteries.

The fanged bug buzzeth
In the chancel-way ;
The blue-fly crawleth
On the dusty pane ;
And each sunny day
Brings an insect rain.

The gray rat rusheth
O'er the shattered floor ;
The black-snake hisseth
From the crumbling wall,
While shakes the half-door
In the windy hall.

When the night falleth,
For its absent mate
The night-bird calleth ;
And a mournful pall,
Like an accurst fate
Wrappeth all, all, all.

The pale ghost stealeth
Through the grass-grown aisle ;
The organ peaeth,
As in days of yore,
Through the ruined pile,
' For evermore.'

Oft the wind tolleth
The old cracked bell ;
And each stroke soundeth
Like a dying groan,
Or a cry from hell
In dolorous tone.

Mystery palleth
Without and within ;
Deep darkness falleth
On all things below ;
Mixing what hath been ;
Mixing woe, woe, woe.

REMEMBRANCES.

IV.

THE OFFERING.

How well I remember one morning, after the finger of the angel had been pressed on her forehead, and while I knew that he was only lingering for her at the door-way, that passing out by the back-piazza I went up along the river-bank, and in an hour or two came home with some dew-sprinkled flowers; then placing them by her bed-side, I read to her these two verses, which some one whispered to me, while I was trying to tie up the bunch with long pieces of dry grass :

'I HAVE wandered all among the hills
To gather flowers, and along the rills
Of sparkling water, where just lifts its head
The white anemone from grassy bed ;
And I've found 'neath roots of aged tree,
Sweet blue violets, and have brought them thee ;
For well I ween, a sweet and grateful boon,
Are Spring's first flowers for the sick one's room.

'True they will quickly die and fade away,
Losing their sweet fresh fragrance in a day ;
'T is thus they bring more vividly to mind,
The sad, sad thought that one who is so kind
And good to me, may in a few short hours,
Pine and die, as fade and die the flowers ;
And yet I ween, there is no sweeter boon
Than Spring's first flowers for the sick one's room.'

As she liked the verses, I read them over, and told her that all the time I was writing, her dog lay by me in a bed of leaves, and watching me with his eyes, seemed to know as well as I did who the flowers were for, and why we had come out upon the river bank. I did not tell her that he knew better than I did who would open the gate for us when we came home, and having this foreknowledge, how he slunk to one side in coming through, and then crouching down on the door-step, let me go in alone with the offering, he dreaming and knowing all the time who would glide in with folded wings when the door was opened, and startle me with a shadow on the stair-way wall, as he followed me up to see what progress had been made since he left the finger-mark on her forehead. I told her nothing of all this, but as she turned her head and looked longingly at the little table, I went away; perhaps God's painted violets told her, for when I came in again I found she had stretched out her hand and taken them, and lay in peaceful sleep, with the quiet teachers folded to her breast.

V.

THE COMING OF THE LETTERS.—THE TWO CLERGYMEN.

February, 1887.

‘DEAR — : Two days ago I heard she had gone ; a month ago, on my own dying-bed, I suspected it ; I often asked, but they would not tell me. God help you ; sorrow nestles at the foot of the cross. There bended knees find strength, and hearts find peace and hope. The tie that binds us cannot be broken ; there is all the past in life, and all the future in the two little ones. These links will forever unite us.

‘ Yours in love,

—.’

Listless girl in the Avenue, lounging at this late hour over your chocolate, dreaming still of last night’s faded flowers, of soft words, and willing dances, I want to tell you something about this letter ; you may be surprised to hear there was no black edge to the paper, or crested black seal upon the envelope. It was written in pencil upon one small half-sheet ; all the letters were separate, and seemed to stand out by themselves, just as they do in a little child’s spelling-book, yet I knew the signature, and knew that that little piece of paper contained the first stroke of a sister’s hand, as, bolstered with pillows, she made faint tracery of her love in pencil-marks.

Lay down the KNICKERBOCKER now, and sip your chocolate while I look for another letter ; ah ! here it is. It was written by a country clergyman, with a small salary. You may think it too solemn, but remember that small salaries are not conducive to light words.

I have often heard from such as you, that young clergymen, having a good city parish, are much run after. Miss Aminda Jones, whom you will meet by-and-by on your way down-town, can tell you whether Mr G — is to preach in the morning or afternoon, simply because he was at the house the other day, and mother asked him, (how queer mother is to ask such questions !) The next day Miss Jones, coming down the aisle, will sum up all the service, and digest a large portion of the sermon, by siding up to you and saying, ‘What a love of a man,’ ‘Is n’t he sweet ?’ and if you happen to be blocked in by crinoline at the door-way, (which I hope won’t be for long, as it seems to be going out of fashion,) she will gently remind you that the Sewing-Society meets at Mrs. B —’s. That he will be there in the evening — to explain the object of the mission. That they want to get the box off this week, and need all the help they can get ; it’s going ever so far out west — but, really the mission has such a queer name that she forgets it ; all she knows is, that the country about there is thinly inhabited, and that in the winter-time they sometimes

ride out with dogs; yet assures you the box will be got off, if only enough ladies will come to finish the other three surplises.

Now I do n't think you have ever met my country clergyman, (you shall read his letter in a moment;) he worked his own garden, trellised his own vines, and went himself to market. The people in our village have gone so far as to say that he drove his own cow up from the back-lot in the evening. I do not believe this, as he once told me privately that the cow was milked upon shares. He always took an interest in us when we were going out fishing; examined our tackle, and gave us good advice. I once heard him boast of being a good shot, but birds are scarce now, and powder and shot are dear. He lounged in our office and read the morning paper, and when he went out we always took it up again, because he had put a new interpretation on some one of the articles. He was always ready to throw aside self and self-interest, and work and strive and labor for the good of others. There was no one uncared for in his parish; he had an intuitive knowledge of all sick persons, and was always ready to bring comfort to those who were troubled, either in mind, body or estate; when he met you, he gave you a great strong grasp of the hand, which meant more than simply, 'I am glad to see you.'

He is married, but here's his letter; it was written in *her* lifetime, but received after the white flowers had been sent up, and we had moved from the parish.

'March, 1857.

'MY DEAR —: You must not think I have forgotten you; daily have I remembered you. The Father of mercies will make all your bed in your sickness; hold fast to the faith, for underneath are the everlasting arms. The brightest saints when about to be translated from earth to Paradise, have ever been calm and placid, because "they knew in whom they trusted." At times He may seem to hide His face from you; remember that He veiled HIMSELF from His own Son upon the cross. He may permit clouds and mists to intercept your vision; it will be but for a little while; faith, like sunshine, will return with increased strength; the spiritual will triumph over the mortal, and all distrust and despondency shall be to you but new proofs of the reality and the power of the Gospel.

'Affectionately yours,

—.'

Now, fair girl, finish your chocolate. The carriage will be here soon, and it's time for you to dress. You will find a very polite man at Stewart's, ready to open the carriage-door and help you over the crossing if necessary.

If any one should send you a bouquet this evening, you will of course accept it; yet while you gaze on the flowers by gas-light, and pluck at them with your little gloved hand, just remember how all sick persons like to have them on the table by the bed-side.

VI.

J U N E .

JUNE is coming — the sweetest month of the summer-time. The rose-buds open their leaves to welcome it; all the seeds planted in May-time come up strong and healthy, and are kissed by the dews of the mild evenings; the birds are all mated, and gather straws to build soft nests in the maple trees; the little children feed them with crumbs on the piazza; just so they fed them last year; they do not forget it, though the gentle voice that taught them, and the hand that helped to feed the birds, are all silent and cold — passed away forever. Oh! that I could close your buds, beautiful roses, in front of my window! Oh! that I could make the birds sing some soft, plaintive song in the twilight-time! then would the remembrances of other days be lighter to bear, and the more in unison with a broken spirit.

Yes, June is coming, bringing with it visions of clear, swift-running streams up among the hills of Sullivan. How well I know every inch of the ground there! To-day I have taken down my fishing-rod and looked at it; my hand trembled when I held it; there was none of the former great grasp of pleasure in it. *She* put it away last summer; no hands have touched it since. I took it down from the same peg where she had hung it. I remembered the gladness that danced in her eyes when she thought of all the great pleasure I would have. I remember how hers was always the last form standing between the two little girls in the door-way, and throwing kisses from white hands as the wagon gained the top of the big hill yonder. But to-day I have packed my own carpet-bag, and when I get up among the hills I will miss something which she would not have forgotten. Pass by, visions of other days, pass by!

I have returned again. There was no music in the rushing of the stream; there was no looking forward to a home welcome. The two little girls were playing on the lawn, but there was no quick step running down the stairway, making haste to welcome before the door-sill was passed; there was no half-finished work on the little stand in the parlor. The urn sang sorrowfully. There was no one with glistening eyes to listen about the great struggle I had with the trout hooked under the mill-dam; no familiar spirit to take part in all the little incidents that happened, nothing but the singing of the urn and the ticking of the kitchen-clock; and then came the voices of the little girls,

calling, 'Good-night, papa,' from the top of the stairs. The voices enter into my soul, and slowly I go up the stairs. The two little girls, hand in hand, are kneeling down by the bed, and I hear them say: 'God bless dear papa and grandma, and all that the little girls love.' Surely I miss some familiar word from out this prayer, but, looking up, see a bright vision, and remember that there is no need for them to pray any more for mamma.

June and the summer-time have gone, and the wind, sweeping down the river, rattles the blinds, and comes in under the door, and shakes the curtains at the window, as though seeking to find some one to blow death upon. . . . I think how last year it was not disappointed, but found one out, and well remember how it howled, as if rejoicing, when the black wagon with the empty coffin came up to the door. I saw one of those same wagons the other day in the city; one can always tell them by the dark color and high seat.

The wind finds no one here — perhaps it is satisfied; for now that I think of it, when the steamer sailed last Saturday it was very calm and still, and the little girls stood on the deck waving their hands till their forms faded away in the distance.

Winds of the south, kiss the little girls; blow not harshly on them; bring roses to their cheeks. Yet kiss them not suddenly, or in the place of the roses will come the crimson flush. Oh! kiss them gently, lest you should bring back to me visions of the long string of carriages, the tolling of the bell, the voice of the priest, the sound of the first shovel-ful of earth, and all the sorrow that has been! Kiss them lovingly, and bring them back to me with roses.

VII.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S.

COLDER than ever — the Christmas-time coming. I shall go, as usual, to the old house up in the country. The big logs in the fire-place will burn just as brightly; green branches will droop down from behind the picture-frames, and the great china vases in the corner will once more wonder why they are filled with hemlock and laurel; all the places will again be filled at table, and yet to me will there be a vacant chair. No soft voice of love will whisper as in the olden time; no hand clasp mine when the health goes round. The organ in the church, sending out notes of joy, will only sound dirges for me. She who, in other days, sat there, and, rejoicing, sang, 'Glory to God in the highest!' will be stringing angel-harps, and singing, 'Peace on earth — good will to men.'

I shall be alone at the Christmas-time.

Gather about me, friends of other days. Take the cloth from the table; heap on the wood, and draw up the fire. Let the wine sparkle in your glasses, and tell me stories of other times. But you are all young, girls and boys together. No shadows have fallen on you yet; but they will come. All men, sooner or later, pass under the shadow.

I have returned from the old house in the country. The man stood holding the same horses in front of the dépôt. It is wonderful how many one of those old sleighs can carry. Ours was over-loaded, and yet there was a vacant seat. That vacant seat always follows me. It stands before me at the breakfast-table; it is next to me at dinner; and in the gas-light it is always rocking to-and-fro by the fire-side. . . . There is no music in the sleigh-bells; they only seem to be saying: 'Passing away — passing away!' The great flood of light pouring out of the hall-door, shows kindly faces ready to welcome me — kindly faces, who were with me last year when we sent down to the city for the roses and japonicas. No words are said, but I give to the faces the kiss of a brother's love; and as we go in, they and I together remember the last Christmas-time.

The logs burn late in the fire-place on Christmas eve; and as I sit and watch them, as they drop away, stick by stick, the voice comes to me again: 'Ashes to ashes — dust to dust.' I cover them up carefully with the old shovel — always in its place at the left-hand corner of the franklin; put the brass fender in front of them, and turn down the old-fashioned astral lamp. And then, when I get up to my room, the shadow of the candle (they have no gas in the country) seems to be saying:

'No merry Christmas on the morrow; no voice to greet you with its Christmas song; no hand to clasp yours in love; no one to go back with you in thought to the Virgin and the manger; to the song of the angels; to the 'peace on earth, and good will to men.'

'The shadow says, 'You will be alone on Christmas,' and so the shadow and I lie down together in the darkness.

All the ground is covered with snow in the morning. The sun comes in bright at the window. There are loving voices calling to me at the door: The great day of man's redemption is ushered in. The shadow has left me, and looking up, I see all the heavenly host standing, ready to welcome the day; and foremost among them — beloved, lamented, blessed — stands one unto whom a white robe has been given, who has a 'new name written,' and the 'Morning Star,' who shall not 'go out from thence any more; neither shall the sun or

the heat light on her, for she is before the Throne of God, serving HIM day and night.' Then all the room is filled with a voice, and the new song coming downward is saying :

'Worthy art Thou, O LORD! to receive glory, and honor, and power; for THOU wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood. Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto HIM that sitteth on the Throne, and unto the Lamb forever!'

Then, when the song has floated away, I remember that she died in peace and charity with the world — died with white roses in her hand, and looking on the flower-cross.

So she and I keep our Christmas together in our hearts.

ELEVEN, by the village clock! The old year is passing away! It has been snowing all the morning. The big flakes came down gently and silently at first, and nestled themselves among the roots of the frosted grass; but as I look out now, I see that they have overtopped the grass — the whole earth is covered, and so the old year passes away, wrapped in a clean white shroud; the new year walking in, makes foot-prints on the snow, and knocking at my door, wishes me happiness. There is a vision of flowers in its hand — are these japonicas? Ah! no, they are fresh roses, made white with snow-flakes; so I take them, and long for happiness, and, looking on them, remember that always in the summer-time there are many bright, fresh flowers blooming in our forests, which, though they apparently wither and die under the earliest of our October frosts, yet come up again in the spring, and bud and bloom, and bear as sweet, fresh, fragrant flowers as before; and so I wonder if my happiness will ever come back, and love be fresh again, as it was in my spring-time.

Throwing myself back in the chair, I dream once more of that city where there is neither the ending nor beginning of years — that city of which you and I who are left, know nothing, nothing of its walls, nothing of its gates of pearl, nothing of the twelve angels guarding the gates, nothing of its streets, or of its river, nothing of its white and jeweled throne; nothing of its seven golden candle-sticks, and of the great Book of Records kept there. I remember that those who have 'gone before' know all these things, and that you and I, having firm faith, may come in our turn to their full knowledge, if we do but only so live that, when our summons comes, we may be found without the dust of the world clinging to the wheels of our pilgrimage.

Then I gather up the flowers left by the new year, and, rising from the chair, wonder whether happiness is a reality or a dream.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

BY R. S. C.

HERE comes TOM, the crazy man !
Boys, make ready as fast as you can ;
Scrape up the dust and throw it before him,
And make him believe the wind blows it o'er him :
Then with curses he 'll load the air,
And his horrible blood-shot eyes will glare,
As he strikes with impotent rage about,
As if he were putting a host to rout.

Poor old TOM, the crazy man,
With his long gray hair and his face like tan,
Has roamed, the target of sportive jeers,
About the village for years and years.
Whenever he passes the cross-roads' store,
The loungers within all crowd to the door,
And ply him with questions to rouse his ire
And see him grow red like the blacksmith's fire.

Some of the villagers — gray old men —
Say they remember the lunatic when
He was sound of mind and comely of mien :
Only to think such a time has been !
But now even they, in spite of themselves,
Laugh when the boys, like mischievous elves,
Tease him with pranks till he roars with rage,
And then with kindness his anger assuage.

Poor old TOM ! a fresh-heaped mound
In the church-yard, tells of the rest he has found.
There, with his head 'gainst a moss-grown stone,
He lay one morning, cold and alone.
As they tore his ragged shirt apart
To feel, if they might, the beat of his heart,
They found a locket of soft brown hair,
Tied by a ribbon, suspended there :
And the name engraved thereon, they say,
Was the same that was carved on the stone where he lay.

A 'GOOD TIME GENERALLY' ON A FARM.

HOW I COMMENCED 'COUNTRY LIFE.'

I AM a farmer. They called me a 'city-farmer,' when I first 'went at it.' I use Mapes' subsoil plough; I have a horse-power and mowing-machine: also machines for threshing, sawing, churning, etc. etc. I dig potatoes and hoe corn.

My friend the Colonel tells me the KNICKERBOCKER never publishes communications from a farmer's pen.* Very likely; but I shall nevertheless 'let her slide.'

I was always particularly fond of the country. When a child I used to dream of broad green fields, waving grain, clover, the humming of bees; flowers, strawberries and cream, and pork-and-beans. Hay-making was superb: drinking warm milk magnificent. At college I wrote many essays on the subject. My oration at the Junior Exhibition was, 'The Country;' and at Commencement, 'The Dignity of Labor.' I received the degree of A.B., (rendered by a class-mate, who had the Latin Oration, 'A. BUSTER.) I spent a year in the country; went West; got lost on a 'grand prairie;' killed prairie-hens by the bushel, and finally wound up my tour by purchasing three 'eighties.'

Returning, entered a law-office; read all the books on 'Real Estate,' from Blackstone to Hilliard; was admitted to the Bar; and wound up *that* affair, by falling head-over-heels in love with a very beautiful and accomplished girl.

I had chosen law as a profession, and it was arranged that we should be married as soon as I was established in business. I was troubled with many doubts about my capacity for the law. I could pettifog tolerably well: my preceptor said I would certainly succeed, and make a good lawyer; and he being a Judge, should have judged correctly. I rather thought not. I had many longings for a rural life: heard many constantly speaking of it in the highest terms. What life so delightful as a farmer's? what profession so lucrative? what life afforded so much leisure for reading, thinking, writing, and having a good time generally? so free from care and vexation of spirit? Every one wished for a farm; every one was going to retire to a farm, and fatten his own pigs, as soon as he could arrange his affairs for so doing.

I began to think of the subject; became excited; was more and

* A GREAT mistake, tell the COLONEL. Not a few of the cleverest free-and-easy country sketches which have appeared in our pages, have come from just such 'city-farmers' as the writer of the present article. — EDITOR.

more impressed with the idea that this was *my* vocation; a country life was one I had always liked: what a fool to force myself out of the direction of my natural tastes! I *could* work, and should be getting a stock of health very different from that usually acquired in an office. I talked over the matter with my 'intended.' She was delighted with the idea: 'it was *so* sweet to be always in the country; to run over the fields; to wander through wood and brake, and recline under shady trees: '*patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi*:' to always have horses at one's command; to feed and fondle animals, and raise poultry: and then, should we not always be together? Oh! ecstasy! Do let us go and live on a farm!

Of course we were fitted for farm-life, it was so very simple. We could and would work: but that would be necessary only for a very few years: for was it not lucrative — very, *very* lucrative? And then what pleasure to work for those we love, and *that* work, too, on a farm. We should live so cozily, could read so many books together during the long winter evenings, while the winds were whistling, and the snow drifting against the windows.

That conversation, and the two soft arms around my neck, with several kisses, decided the matter, and made me a farmer: a farmer and dairyman of Herkimer County.

In the valley of the Mohawk, near a thriving village, almost surrounded by hills which nearly rise to the dignity of mountains, lay one hundred acres, which had belonged to my family. It was in a very romantic region; a lovely spot for poet or painter.

That farm was *mine*, under the will of my most excellent father. I had offered it for sale many times, chiefly through a tenant, who rented the premises at one hundred dollars per annum. He had been on the place several years; was always talking of leaving; thought the rent high, and said he labored incessantly to find me a purchaser. No purchaser ever came, and how I blessed my stars that he never had come.

I packed up my trunk and started for Herkimer County. It was in August: we were in the midst of a 'heated term:' no rain; not a breath of air: the great red sun came out every day like a ball of fire; the very pavements scorched your feet. Arrived at the farm, I found they were busy at haying. How pleasant it was to be in the country! Here was air, room, and shade — beautiful scenery, hill, dale, and waving woodland. How the lusty arms rolled up the hay; how cheerily the work went on; what appetites, what health. I felt I had chosen rightly: in the country only was happiness to be found. I ran over my farm: was struck with the great quantity of stones lying about in all directions: never had noticed it before. I frequently heard the mowers exclaim, '*R-ip!* there she goes!' followed

by some very large words, as the sharp scythe grappled with and endeavored to decapitate a 'hard head. I thought the large boy who had charge of the grindstone earned his money; and subsequent experience in that line has confirmed that impression. I saw a sort of rubbish inclosing several fields: was told it was a fence, though my tenant added that he had for the last few years used a boy and dog as fencing material; he found it 'a good institution;' less laborious and less expensive than rails: 'they did the thing up to the handle.'

The buildings would have delighted an artist. I could discover no doors to the barns: their places were supplied by rails thrown across, forming a very substantial fence. On one side of the large barn I counted three boards; but then that side was already filled with hay, and the roof was good. The house was in somewhat better condition; many of the windows had been boarded up, which my tenant said made it much cooler in summer, and warmer in winter; 'too many windows made it bad.' It was an old-fashioned house, solidly put together, and had resisted time and tenants tolerably well.

There were a few noble trees standing in the lawn, but the shrubbery had long since fallen before the *bon vivans* of the herd: not a vestige remained; for this being the best inclosed part of the farm, was used as a night-pasture and general 'pound.'

I had fifteen hundred dollars in bank: this was the amount of my capital. I had intended it for the purchase of my law library, and setting up in business, but on a farm fifteen hundred dollars would go a long way.

I determined to repair the house and out-buildings; and thought I could do it for two hundred dollars; I had several carpenters to examine and make estimates. They thought it could be done: selected four: they did not like to work by the job: job-work never gave satisfaction: advised me to hire by the day. Hired by the day, and went to work in earnest. We tore down and put up; shingled, undersilled, and put in beams: teams were set drawing lumber, and lime, and stone, and sand, and brick. Went into the woods and chopped, and scored, and hewed; the oxen hauled it down: the whole lawn was covered with the long, smooth sticks. A foolish neighbor thought we were 'going to build a village;' but my head-carpenter soon showed him that he 'did n't know quite so much as he thought he did.'

Ah me! were not those rare times? Was it not delightful to work on a farm; to build one's own house; to sit down among the clean chips in the shady grove, and take our luncheon from the great basket? What a scrambling for the best blocks and slabs, on which to sit and place our food; jack-knives were at a premium. And then the sound of the horn winding and echoing along the hills; the dropping

of sharp bright axes; the walk through the fields; the hearty meal; the song, the scuffles! Ah! yes:

A FARMER's life is the life, my boys,
The life, my boys, the life, my boys:
A farmer's life, and a farmer's wife,
Free from care and free from strife,
With plenty of girls and plenty of boys,
You get all the joys without all the noise
Of the world. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah for a life on the farm!

I have a slight impression that that song was sung several times by the wood-choppers and myself that season, and it seemed to be very pleasant out in the deep woods. I sometimes thought the trees would tumble down when we got into the chorus, but they did n't.

On the first of November the whole affair was finished; and the boys celebrated that event by getting all the girls in the neighborhood together, and 'raking it down' to the time of two violins. I had never seen 'real dancing' before: the whole earth shook under the vigorous shuffling 'of the light fantastic toe;' but the carpenters assured me the out-buildings were safe, and would stand.

During the early part of the evening I lost the extremities of my best coat, at 'catch me who can;' they parted just at the waist; and so great was the tramping of feet that I did not discover the loss until I had gone several times round the ring, and gaining on my fair pursuer, came up behind and saw the black flags waving over her head. French broadcloth stood below par at that market: but then I saw many pleasant faces looking at me during the rest of the night.

My tenant next morning informed me he had cleared by the operation seven dollars and fourteen cents, and that he considered 'a fuddle' 'a good institution,' especially if 'every thing was done up to the handle.' Settled with carpenters, masons, laborers, tradesmen, etc. etc., and found by careful estimation that I was out of pocket just nine hundred and thirty-one dollars and one cent, all told. The head carpenter 'could not believe it;' said 'there must be a mistake.' I thought very likely, for bank accounts are usually incorrect, and addition 'is a hard road to travel, I believe.'

That fall we put up quite a string of fence with hewed timber, and it looked remarkably neat and substantial. Purchased hay, grain, etc., of my tenant; and by calling the last year's rent fifty dollars, he agreed to vacate the premises. Hired a man to take charge of the farm; went home; was married; shipped all kinds of furniture and curious things; bid good-by to our friends, and was off to our new home.

We arrived on the fifteenth of December. There had been a fall

of snow, and we came up from the village in an open sleigh. The day was lovely; the air delicious; and how beautiful the hills looked. Millions of frosty gems flashed from the trees; and what a magnificent prospect from the lawn. 'Was it not truly a delightful spot?' 'and how glorious it must be in summer.'

We were very busy and very happy in arranging our furniture, books, pictures, etc. etc. My man had filled the cellar with fruit and vegetables, hauled up the winter's wood, and put up the stoves.

Every body called on us, and we returned every body's call. We congratulated ourselves many times on our pleasant home and bright prospects for the future. I was advised to go into the dairy business, as easy, pleasant, and very profitable. My neighbor — pious and estimable citizen — came up one day and informed me that he was going out of the business: his land needed ploughing: he had fifty cows, and proposed selling one-half of the best to me; would work off the rest to drovers, etc. I went down and looked at the animals; selected some of the finest-looking, but was told they were nearly worthless for milk — he did n't wish to take advantage of me. I agreed to let him pick me out twenty-four of the choice cows, and paid for them 'according.' Drove the cows home: heard a few days after that my neighbor had changed his mind about ploughing up; would n't sell any more cows, but would buy to replace those sold, and 'run his dairy another season.' The individual smiled when he told me: probably he was pleased at the great amount of butter and cheese I should make from my animals.

My man told me he feared there was hardly hay enough for stock: told him to feed carefully, and see that nothing was wasted. Occasionally looked at my stock: noticed them particularly in the spring. Never saw a greater number of ribs in one collection — never. Was perfectly satisfied that nothing had been wasted in the shape of fodder. Commenced feeding grain: was called away, and was absent several days. Attended county court: came back and found twenty very small cows and oxen shut up together in one of the empty barns. They were crying most piteously, and my whole dairy, sympathizing with them, 'brayed horrible discord:'

'ATTENTIVE to their cry, my 'lab'rer' paused
And turned to me his visage, and then spake:'

Learned that the miniature animals had had no food for the last two days: expostulated with him for such barbarity, and was told that this was the course pursued by the best dairymen to obtain a good 'runnet.' What in the deuce was *that*? It was explained: toward evening made some remarks to wife, on the sufferings of the animal creation in general, and of ours in particular. She became very much

excited ; said it was a 'burning shame ;' that the 'poor little darlings' should be fed ; and hastened to the barn to give orders and see them obeyed ; finished shaving and followed after. Met wife returning, and weeping bitterly. I could n't discover for some time what it was all about ; but at length gathered between the sobs that there was not even 'one little bossy' in the barn ; nothing but two long rows of hides : she said the brute of a man was laughing heartily, although for her part she could not tell at what. Comforted my little wife, and went on to the barn, where I found a load of the 'poor little darlings' stripped of their habiliments, and laid out in state on a stone-boat, preparatory to being hauled to their last resting-place in the deep and quiet wood. How ghastly they looked — poor babes, they had

— 'AN obscure funeral :

No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er their bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation.'

I commenced learning to milk : felt somewhat timid on my one-legged seat, under an animal : could n't get the stream into the pail. My hands became painful, but I was determined to learn : so I exerted all my strength ; when suddenly 'the stars shone : ' I was felled to the earth ; the milk flew, and the pail and stool were trodden under foot. I picked myself up and left. The dairy-maid and man seemed to me mightily tickled at something as I stepped out the door : I did n't inquire as to what.

I noticed one day that some of my cows were lame : they grew worse ; but I could n't tell what was the matter. My neighbors saw them : *they* did n't know ; but thought it was the 'hoof-ail.' I got a cow-doctor, and he pronounced it that disease, for which there was no cure. More were taken lame ; it was evidently going through my whole stock : I was taken myself about this time with a slight attack of the blues, but put on a 'stiff upper lip.' Heard of a large dairy-man who was treating the disease scientifically and successfully in his own dairy : went to see him, and found him engaged at the work. The foot of the animal was drawn up with a rope, which was fastened to a beam ; an assistant steadied the leg, while 'the boss' cut out the centre of the foot. The blood flowed freely, and he was several times thrown down and against the side of the barn. He informed me that it was a very laborious practice, but that he was determined to 'kill or cure.' I could not doubt it.

I concluded not to follow in the footsteps of *that* practitioner : went home and procured 'Youatt : ' found a remedy, and applied it with success. Subsequently I learned that the foot-operator had drawn out half his dairy into the woods, and finished the business by applying a smart stroke of the axe to the head of each animal.

My cows became much weakened by the disease. We kept the valetudinarians in the barn ; and I here first learned the art of lifting an animal in feeble health. My man and I performed that pleasing operation twice a day for some weeks. Gave orders to the attendants on no account to let their patients leave the barn. I came home from the village one warm, sunny day, just as the ground was breaking up, and found three of those in ill-health — out and down. My man was exerting all his strength at the extremity of an animal : he ' could n't come it,' he said : I gave him my assistance : *we* ' could n't make a raise.' I *think* I swore 'somedele,' but I won't be certain.

— ' words well dispost,
Have secrete poure t' appease inflaméd rage.'

Went into the house : wife and girl proposed to help. We raised the animal and stabled her : commenced at the second, and became excited : was not noticing any thing about, and had got her half-way up, when I heard a shout of laughter. My friend the Colonel, with a whole bevy of ladies from the village, were surveying the operation from their carriage. He was anxious to learn how we liked farming ; had come up to make a call, and see how we were getting along. *That* cow was dropped on the spot ; and I told my man to hunt up a couple of fellows and get the animals out of sight, and ' hereafter to obey orders.'

This spring, horses were high : I had used through the winter a pair which a gentleman from the village had wished me to take for their keeping. It was May, and he wanted the animals. Went about the country and endeavored to get a team. Horses were often brought to me for sale, but they ranged too high for *my* purse. One day two men came with a pair ; price two hundred and fifty dollars ; they were good-sized animals, and tolerably well matched. I rather liked their appearance : thought I would purchase : drove them round the lawn and put them before a loaded wagon : they moved it easily ; were only seven years old, and seemed kind and gentle. I was not aware *then* that horses in this region never get beyond seven years of age.

I noticed a peculiarity about the mouth of one of the animals : ' What made that horse's mouth look so ? ' ' *Which* horse ? *where* ? did n't see any thing.' We opened the mouth and found the lower jaw stunted ; it had stopped growing after getting half the length of its mate. The man thought it *did* look a little singular, but never thought of it before. The other man said '*that* was nothing ;' it was ' a *parrot-mouth* : ' quite common in the country, and was sign of a tough beast ; did n't hurt the animal at all, and would never be noticed.' I examined the limbs of both, and made an offer. That team was purchased ' at a bargain ' for two hundred and forty dollars, cash in hand.

I had a rare time with those colts. Poor old fellows! what quantities of air they used: how they labored with the atmosphere: what blasts they blew from their smoking nostrils!

Parrot was a mighty dainty eater of grass; I often saw him down on his knees taking his meals, after he was turned out to pasture. The Colonel called him the 'pious horse;' but he grew thinner, and thinner; and I was forced to keep him in the stable, on oats and soft mashes.

It was the tenth of May: for the last week there had been frequent showers. The sun came out warm, and the great snow-banks of the week before were all gone. Vegetation began to shoot up vigorously; trees were putting forth their leaves; while the robin, the oriole, and phæbe-bird were busy building their nests in the branches, and filling the air with melody.

Our cows were turned out to pasture: they were now perfectly healthy, and in tolerable condition, but gave very little milk. We expected, however, from the change of food, to have a tremendous increase, and then cheese-making would commence. Parrot and his mate were harnessed and attached to one of Mason's best ploughs, and brought round to the garden; and I for the first time really took hold of the handles of that implement with the full determination not to look back; for the spring had opened and farm-work was now to commence in earnest.

And this is the way I commenced farming.

THE MAID OF THE CEDAR.

As bright as Aurora when, sparkling with dew,
The roseate Hours from the Orient lead her,
Or the queen of the host in the astral review,
Is the maiden who blooms on the banks of the Cedar.

Her steps are as light as the steps of the fawn,
As it brushes the dew from the lips of the daisies;
And her thoughts are as pure as the argents of dawn,
When, fresh with its splendor, the mountain-top blazes.

Her cheeks are as red as the daughters of June;
Her eyes, like the dove's, are with innocence beaming;
And her breath is as sweet as the cedars in bloom,
Or the meadows with tulips and butter-cups teeming.

Her voice is as soft as the thrush's refrain;
The songsters of Love and of Truthfulness feed her:
At home with the flowers and the queen of the train,
Is the maiden that blooms on the banks of the Cedar.

LOVE'S RETRIBUTION.

I.

IN her boudoir proudly musing, DORA's lip was curled in scorn,
For the lover lately suing, from her door-way now had gone ;
He had brought a costly present, purchased in no earthly mart,
At her feet he humbly laid it — a warm, throbbing, human heart :
Many precious things within it had been treasured up with care.
Would she take it or reject it ? Untold wealth was centred there.

II.

'T was a gift of priceless value, for within it were enshrined
Tender memories fondly cherished, dawning hopes yet undefined ;
Noble, high-born aspirations, stern resolves to do and dare ;
In the great life-battle truly he will take no coward's share :
Graven on the inmost portals was the name he loved the best —
Hope and Memory sang it ever, lulling present toils to rest.

III.

At her feet he humbly laid it, that warm, throbbing, human heart,
Thence he raised it, sorely bleeding : were the wounds from focman's dart ?
Oh ! how bravely had he borne them — but from one whose love he craved
With such longing that to win it fiercest dangers would be braved.
It was hard to bear that scorning, it was sad to feel that gaze
Withering all the hopes within him, garnered up through happier days !

IV.

So in bitterness they parted, so in grief he turned away,
All his heart-wealth gone forever, turned to face the stern to-day ;
From the dream-loom of the future he must tear one golden thread,
Intertwined through all the texture. Now, how colorless and dead
Seems its dimmed and tarnished glory ; while the music of the past
Haunts his soul with mocking whispers : he will conquer them — at last !

V.

In her boudoir calmly musing, DORA's lip may curl in pride,
From the homage lately proffered, she may turn her thoughts aside.
Love will have its retribution : there will come to her an hour
When a presence now undreamed of o'er her spirit shall have power ;
When a foot-fall on the carpet, or a shadow in the street,
Or a mere word lightly spoken, shall awake heart-echoes sweet.

VI.

Love will have its retribution, and the gift she hath despised,
In the dim unknown hereafter, shall be truly known and prized ;
For the step for which she listens, carelessly shall pass her by,
And the voice whose music soothes her with its far-off melody,
Breathes fond words elsewhere. Her idol shall be utterly destroyed,
And Love, the stern iconoclast, will leave the heart-niche void !

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

TREASON OF CHARLES LEE: Major-General, Second in Command of the American Army of the Revolution. By GEORGE H. MOORE, Librarian of the New-York Historical Society. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, Number 124 Grand-street.

UNTIL we had read WASHINGTON IRVING's *Life of WASHINGTON*, we had derived from the contemporaneous history of this period of our Revolution no adequate conception of the true character of Major-General CHARLES LEE. And even in IRVING's work, it was the force of the *facts* recorded, rather than in any comment upon the same, which gave us the clue to the motives and the aspirations of the sly, treacherous, and therefore most dangerous arch-traitor. Whoso looks upon any picture of 'WASHINGTON Crossing the Delaware,' or the 'Battle of Trenton' or 'Princeton,' should never dissociate from his mind that '*forlorn hope*,' Major-General LEE; loitering in the back-ground, skulking from duty on the basest of subterfuges, and maligning in private letters, written in the height of the great emergency, his patriot CHIEF, who was vainly laboring to bring himself and the troops under his command, to the GENERAL's support, in his imminent peril.

Mr. MOORE, fully competent to his task, has set 'Major-General LEE,' in this unpretending volume, upon a pedestal of infamy, which will make of him an 'example' at least, if not a 'warning.' His essay, which we remember was read by himself before the New-York Historical Society, some few months ago, presents to the world, for the first time, the positive proofs of the treason of General LEE; and fully indicates their relation to the history of the American Revolution. *Fac-similes* are given of the original 'Plan of Treason;' and, for the purpose of comparison, of the letter to General GATES, written by General LEE just before his capture. The first is the document which suggested the important volume before us. 'Its authenticity,' remarks the writer, 'will bear the most thorough investigation.' When it was first brought to him, he informs us, he was not allowed to examine it any farther than was necessary to satisfy himself of its genuineness, 'by those tests with which all scholars are familiar;' a restriction to which he submitted upon the undoubted assurance that the same conditions had been and would be imposed upon every one to whom it had been or would be shown. He purchased the manuscripts a few days afterward, and found himself 'in sole possession of papers of the most startling character; a perfect key to some of the strangest secrets of the Revolution.'

There are two portraits of 'Major-General LEE,' accompanying the volume. The first, which fronts the title-page, a full-blown face, sufficiently pompous and pretentious in aspect and *pose*, appeared in IRVING'S *LIFE OF WASHINGTON*: the second, as 'a study,' would have been a treasure to GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. It is the 'Godebestverzaken' face and figure, to adopt an expressive German phrase, that we ever looked upon. We welcomed it with a guffaw which awoke the echoes of the sanctum, the very first time we saw it; and we have never glanced at it since, with the 'little folk' looking over our shoulder, pointing out concealed graces of outline, without renewing our delectation. It is a caricature, of course, yet so admirably drawn, (by an Englishman 'of great taste in painting, and all the liberal arts,') that it 'was allowed, by all who knew General LEE to be the only successful delineation, either of his countenance or his person.' He looks 'fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils,' if his legs will only support him long enough to commit the 'overt acts.' This portrait alone should create an 'artistic' demand for Mr. MOORE'S extremely interesting and admirably-executed volume.

THE DOOMED CHIEF: OR, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By the Author of 'The Green Mountain Boys.' Philadelphia: J. W. BRADLEY.

THE latest of Judge THOMPSON'S works, 'The Doomed Chief,' is one of his most valuable contributions to the literature of the State and Country. It is of great historical interest, and brings together in the attractive guise of a story, written in his peculiar and acceptable vein, the diffused and scattered materials, not accessible to every one, so as to convey a just idea, and 'hold the mirror up to nature,' as displayed in those rough times. The title of the book, 'The Doomed Chief,' smacks too much of the flash style, for the sober and well-wrought tale, and, as we are informed, is not the author's own choice, but a concession. It should have been King PHILIP, for by that English name the high-souled Indian Chief is best known to us. There are two styles of novel-writing which present peculiar hardships to those who essay therein. The first is the Historical, in which the difficulty is to make the characters stalk out so boldly as to develop the history of the times, and the spirit of the age, without the aid of intervening labored essay and explanation; for in a novel, the plot and characters are the main thing. The action must be stirring, and progress continually with livelier and intenser interest; the historical materials must not be huddled together in separate places, but dexterously interwoven; and the reader must unconsciously absorb a knowledge of the real and true, while hurried along by the interest of that which is only fiction. The other style, which we shall name, affords more resistance still to the conscientious writer, and although much in vogue at this day, we rather decry it, and would prefer to see efforts of this kind expended on the pamphlet. It consists in trying to set forth, not any general moral lesson, but some favorite religious or political idea or theory, the beauties of some particular civil or religious system, or showing some rampant abuses

which ought to be mended, such, for instance, as in the prison discipline.* We never yet had the patience to take up any set of tales designed to illustrate the passions, as Love, Hatred, Revenge, etc. We want something purely natural, and all else must be subordinate to the plot.

The present is a very valuable historical novel, (as we think, the highest kind of fiction,) and although in some places a little retarded for less intelligent readers, yet the disquisitions of the author will be highly appreciated by those of another class, while the interest is abundant for all who are not cloyed by meretricious trifles; and altogether, we have a well-wrought work, which will add largely to his reputation. The assault of the Indian fortress in the swamp, for vivid interest and description, will rank with any thing which we know of in the pages of romantic fiction. The characters are fully and truthfully drawn, so as in nothing 'to extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.' The heroic quality of the Indian, contrasted with the shameful rapacity of the pale-faced men, the stern-visaged Puritan, the dashing Cavalier, are set forth to the satisfaction of all unprejudiced minds.

Judge THOMPSON, himself a Puritan, and, we believe, in the main agreeing with the Puritans in his religious and political opinions, appreciates the Puritan character well, not only in its robustness and solemn grandeur, but in its manifest defects and excrescent probulgeances. Our author has so mastered the errors of the worthy Puritans, as to set their virtues in the more relief, and thus steered clear of all difficulties. We wholly deny that the defects of the Puritans were better than the royalist virtues. Extravagant rhetorical flourishes of this kind we do not appreciate. Defects of any kind never can be better than other people's virtues. And we also deny that it is in bad taste to set forth these defects in historical portraiture. Sir WALTER SCOTT has done it, and acceptably too. When a painter is going to sketch a magnificent oak, if he takes an axe beforehand and chips it down to what he would have it, cuts off all the unsightly knots, gnarled and crooked limbs, and excrescences, makes a smooth trunk and well-rounded crown, and reduces it to the aspect of a tame maple, he not only destroys the picturesque character of the tree, but presents a picture which is untrue. He must paint the tree as it is, and however gloomy, the *shadow* with it, in a howling, social wilderness.

Judge THOMPSON, if we interpret the tenor of his works rightly, has never had a disposition to belie the best features of Puritan character, but on the contrary, with a just pride has delineated their love of liberty, their strong attachment to religious principle, their sturdy and self-denying conduct, and whatever heroic traits they have exhibited in times which 'tried men's souls.' American as we are in feelings, we should be far from finding fault with him, because he has exposed the fraud, injustice, and violence to Indian tribes, which may be laid against us, as a national sin, and which, in some way or other, will bring with it a national punishment. He writes with great care and discrimination. He does not begin until he has mastered the subject, and fully gone over the historical ground upon which his personages are to tread. There is nothing slipshod in his work, yet he is sometimes even too elaborate. He manifests a warm affection for all which belongs to his native soil, as SCOTT loved the heather. His

vocation as a historical novelist, we think was fully fixed and decided on the publication of the 'Green Mountain Boys,' and we trust that he will yet be enabled to enrich our national literature with many contributions, not only those of fiction, over which we all delight to linger, but what is more important still, those of sober history.

POEMS: BY HENRY HARBAUGH: Author of 'The Sainted Dead,' Heavenly Recognition,' 'Heavenly Home,' 'Birds of the Bible,' etc. etc. etc. Philadelphia: LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.

We think our old friend, the editor of the 'Bunkum Flag-Staff,' would object to the last-named 'work,' above indicated: the '*Bards of the Bible*,' by windy GILFILLAN, were bad enough; but the '*Birds of the Bible*' are 'a touch beyond him.' However, it may be assumed, we dare say, that all the 'works' named in the above heading, were communications to some weekly newspaper: for in such ways do poetasters now-a-days establish a reputation for 'authorship.'

But let us do our poet no injustice. What he has done for himself in the volume before us, we will proceed at once to do for him in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. In his book, he has of course 'put his best foot foremost:' he steps forth below in like manner — 'weaving the lofty rhyme' of '*The Mystic Weaver*:'

'At his loom the weaver sitting
Throws his shuttle to-and-fro:
Foot and treadle,
Hands and pedal,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
How the weaver makes them go!
As the weaver wills, they go.
Up and down the warp is plying,
And across the woof is flying;
What a rattling,
What a battling,
What a shuffling,
What a scuffling,
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.
Threads in single,
Threads in double;
How they mingle,
What a trouble!
Every color —
What profusion!
Every motion —
What confusion!
Whilst the warp and woof are mingling,
Signal bells above are jingling,
Telling how each figure ranges,
Telling when the color changes,
As the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

'At his loom the weaver sitting
Throws his shuttle to-and-fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the weaver seems to know,
As he makes his shuttle go,

What each motion,
And commotion,
What each fusion,
And confusion,
In the grand result will show:
Weaving daily,
Singing gayly,
As he makes his busy shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

'At his loom the weaver sitting
Throws his shuttle to-and-fro:
See you not how shape and order
From the wild confusion grow,
As he makes his shuttle go?
As the warp and woof diminish,
Grows behind the beauteous finish:
Tufted plaidings,
Shapes and shadings;
All the mystery
Now is history;
And we see the reason subtle
Why the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

'See the MYSTIC WEAVER sitting
High in heaven — His loom below.
Up and down the treadles go:
Takes for warp the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages,
Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle;
Armies make them scud and scuttle.
Woof into the warp must flow:

Up and down the nations go;
 As the WEAVER wills they go.
 Men are sparring,
 Powers are jarring,
 Upward, downward,
 Hither, thither,
 See how strange the nations go,
 Just like puppets in a show.
 Up and down the warp is plying,
 And across the woof is flying,
 What a rattling,
 What a battling,
 What a shuffling,
 What a scuffling,
 As the WEAVER makes His shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

'Calmly see the MYSTIC WEAVER
 Throw His shuttle to-and-fro;
 'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
 Well the WEAVER seems to know
 What each motion,
 And commotion,
 What each fusion,
 And confusion,
 In the grand result will show,
 As the nations,
 Kings and stations,
 Upward, downward,
 Hither, thither,
 As in mystic dances, go.
 In the present all is mystery;
 In the Past 't is beauteous History.
 O'er the mixing and the mingling,
 How the signal bells are jingling!

See you not the WEAVER leaving
 Finished work behind in weaving?
 See you not the reason subtle,
 As the warp and woof diminish,
 Changing into beauteous finish:
 Why the WEAVER makes His shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle?

'Glorious wonder! What a weaving!
 To the dull beyond believing!
 Such no fabled ages know.
 Only faith can see the mystery,
 How, along the aisle of History
 Where the feet of sages go,
 Loveliest to the purest eyes,
 Grand the mystic tapet lies!
 Soft and smooth and even-spreading,
 As if made for angels' treading;
 Tufted circles touching ever,
 Inwrought beauties fading never;
 Every figure has its plaidings,
 Brighter form and softer shadings;
 Each illumined — what a riddle! —
 From a Cross that gems the middle.
 'T is a saying — some reject it —
 That its light is all reflected;
 That the tapet's hues are given
 By a Sun that shines in Heaven!
 'T is believed, by all believing,
 That great God Himself is weaving!
 Bringing out the world's dark mystery
 In the light of faith and History;
 And as warp and woof diminish
 Comes the grand and glorious finish —
 When begin the golden ages,
 Long foretold by seers and sages.'

That there could be found a person to put down with pen and ink upon a sheet of 'fools-cap' such 'poetry' as this, it is hardly possible to conceive: but how even *such* a person could send it to a printer, have it 'entyped,' read it afterward *himself*, and then publish it to the world, passes our comprehension entirely. After all, this volume could not have been written upon 'fools-cap': it must have been 'engrossed' by a little man, in a little room, with a little pen, and little ink, on a little piece of paper.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D., late Head-Master of Rugby School, etc. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, A.M. In two volumes. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE author of these two volumes, in an exceedingly labored and verbose preface, in which himself, more than his eminent subject, is treated of, tells us that the work has been drawn from various sources: that the 'Correspondence' which it contains has been selected from the mass of letters preserved, in many cases from first to last; giving in his own words, and in his own manner, what he thought and felt on the subjects of most interest to him. 'The object of the narrative,' says the author, 'has been to state so much as would enable the reader to enter upon the 'Letters' with a correct understanding of their writer in his different periods of life, and his different sphere of action.' Mr. ARNOLD's opinions and plans are given in his own words: and in no case, whether speaking of what he did, or intended to do, from mere conjecture of the editor.

LIFE IN SPAIN: PAST AND PRESENT. By WALTER THORNBURY. In one Volume: pp. 388. With Illustrations. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE 'illustrations' of this volume are so small, so 'few and far between,' that they might have been omitted altogether, without detriment to the work; nor do they deserve citation in the title-page. The book itself, however, is light, lively, and gossiping, and altogether very agreeably written. The author 'skins the superficies' pleasantly, and his style is utterly without pretension. He was, as we learn from the London journals, for several years, the art-critic of the London '*Athenæum*;' but the declining circulation and evanishing influence of that meanest, most unscrupulous, yet most pretentious sheet, led to his withdrawal from its columns some months since. Speaking naturally enough, considering his *specialité*, he observes artistically in his preface, that he has taken some care in drawing and paid some attention to detail: 'I tried on the spot for local color and vividness, where vividness could be given without hazarding truth. My notes were taken on cigarette paper, and written with ink made of orange-juice and Spanish liquore.' There is not in the entire volume a better illustration of Mr. THORNBURY'S sketchy manner, than in his very opening chapter, wherein he draws 'companion-pictures' of two steamer-captains:

'I WENT out to the Mediterranean in the *Negus*. I came home in the *Oporto*. They were both steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

'Nothing could be more distinct than the *Negus* and *Oporto* captains. One was a dandy captain; the other an old salt captain. BLOWHARD I found the sailors called the latter, because he liked rough weather, and was always in highest spirits when the wind was highest. If a hurricane rose and grappled with the ship like a wrestling devil with a praying Puritan, then he was calm, sturdy, and unflinching—ready for any thing. Risen from a common sailor, JOLLY (*alias*) BLOWHARD had been pitching and tossing all over the world. His complexion was chocolate-color, and the whites of his eyes were coffee-color. What in other men looked like wet white porcelain, was in him of a rich brown, partly owing to repeated yellow fevers, partly owing to malaria attacks on the coast of Africa. But, in spite of his eyes, and short, squat figure, Captain JOLLY was a real honest sailor; punctiliously cautious of his ship's safety, and sparing no pains nor anxiety to insure us a quick voyage. In all weathers he was upon the paddle-box bridge, glass in hand, looking out for pilots, or the mouths of rivers, or shore, of something; never down to dinner with us, if the navigation was at all risky.

'Of the dandy captain of the *Negus* I cannot say so much. He was too smart in his dress for rough weather, too bright and unimpeachable in his shining French-polished boots; always wearing tight kid gloves; always tripping about like a dancing-master, and flirting with the ladies, old or young; much too dapper, spruce, and *débonnaire* for real use and honest rough weather; too cultivated of taste, and voice, and manner to be much trusted in danger; more fit, I thought, for sunshine than storm. I never could fancy the dandy captain on a raft, or handling nasty tarred ropes, or raising blisters on his white hands by cutting away a broken mast, or surrendering his white cambrie to tie it up aloft for a signal, or sweating at an oar, or pulling at any thing, or hauling any thing. He was much too clean and

gentleman-like, was the dandy captain. But I may have done him wrong, and he may rise to his real stature, and swell out to a perfect NEPTUNE in a storm. Still, I must confess I would rather face a gale with old BLOWHARD of the Oporto, than with THURPPT, the dandy captain of the Negus.

'Well, with one I saw Cape Finisterre, through a glass darkly, and with the other the memorable Cape Trafalgar, in the broad, open, blessed sunlight that capped its undulating brown cliff as we steamed on over the dead hosts that lie below the waves. It was as we steered thoughtfully past that glorious cape that BLOWHARD told me how, off Tarifa, he had helped to lower DAVID WILKIE, the painter, into his deep blue undug grave. From this time I began to look with veneration on BLOWHARD as an historical personage.'

One thing may be safely promised to the reader of this volume: if he is bored at all, he will not be bored *long*. 'Change is written' upon every half-page of its contents.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GENERAL SAM. DALE, the Mississippi Partisan. By J. F. H. CLAIBORNE. Illustrated by JOHN MCLEMAN. New-York: BROTHERS HARPER.

WE like to read of these western frontier men, in our country's history. When four years ago, on an exceedingly hot summer's morning, we were 'transported' over the Ohio River, from the town of Portsmouth, to the Kentucky side of the beautiful stream, ascended toilsomely a conspicuous eminence fronting the city, and for the first time looked abroad upon *Kentucky*, that gallant State, the State of HENRY CLAY, we thought of DANIEL BOONE, and the untrodden wildernesses with which his wandering feet were familiar: and a crowd of thoughts touching the changes which TIME had seen and wrought since his day, almost overwhelmed us. Of such a man is the very interesting biography before us: a fair exemplar of the genuine frontier patriot; modest, truthful, patient, frugal, imbued with religious faith, proud of his country, remorseless in battle yet prompt to forgive, and ever ready to jeopardize his own safety for the helpless and the oppressed; a race of men such as no other country has produced; *wholly American*: a feature as prominent in our social and political history as the grand physical characteristics peculiar to this continent. Gen. SAM. DALE was a man of the same character and stamp, in a military point of view, as MARION and SUMPTER: 'a man who took his initial lesson in frontier warfare, by encountering two stalwart Indians single-handed, while yet a mere child, killing one with a holster pistol, loaded with buck-shot, and playing the 'squirrel-game' of dodging around a tree to avoid the shot of the other, until assistance should arrive!' DALE's character, as displayed in the book before us, is comprehensively stated by the author. He was a man of singular modesty, silent and reserved, who but rarely alluded to his own adventures. He was a man of truth, and possessed the entire confidence and warm esteem of many eminent persons. While he was certainly an uneducated, he was very far from being an ignorant man; a close observer of men and things, with a clear head, a tenacious memory, and always fond of the society of educated men. The sketch of the celebrated 'Creek

War' of 1813 and 1814, is confined to the events with which General DALE was himself concerned: but our author tells us that he has in preparation a work which will give a comprehensive view of the stirring campaigns of that era, embodying personal sketches of the prominent men engaged in the same; the whole to be faithfully compiled from the private journals and correspondence of several distinguished officers. Such a work certainly 'promises' well, and we shall hail its advent with pleasure. In closing this brief notice, we desire to pay an especial tribute to JOHN MCLENAN, who furnishes the illustrations; *an artist*, modest as he is gifted, who is weekly and monthly exhibiting powers which would have made his fortune in '*Punch*,' and which we hope is contributing toward that end, in a neighboring street, where the BROTHERS HARPER have a printing-office second only to our publisher's, whom they are striving to emulate, in the number of their power-presses, and the amount of their issues.

EDGAR A. POE AND HIS CRITICS. By SARAH HELEN WHITMAN. In one Volume. New-York: RUDD AND CARLTON.

THE opinions of this Magazine, as touching the unhappy subject of the volume before us, his personal character, and his intellectual gifts, were frankly and conscientiously recorded in these pages several years ago. It would give us pleasure to add, that Mr. POE's biographers had since given us occasion to change them. In reference to Mrs. WHITMAN's volume, we content ourselves for the present with citing the judicious remarks regarding it, of two able contemporary journals, the one religious, the other secular, the editors of both of which have evidently approached the work in no unkind or querulous spirit. The '*Methodist Protestant*,' published in Baltimore, where POE was even better known than in our own metropolis, furnishes the first extract: the second is in the '*Gossip*.'

'We were glad to learn that a friend of POE, and that friend a talented woman, had assumed to defend his character from the accusations with which for ten years it has been associated. We opened the book eagerly, and read it at a single sitting. Alas! we were disappointed—sadly disappointed. It is a well-meant effort; but it will not do much more than awaken pity for the infatuated man, in whose behalf pity is thus solicited. It contradicts successfully a few of the more reckless assertions of some of POE's critics, but it does not wipe out the inconsistencies and dishonorable records in the biography of Dr. GRISWOLD. It magnifies POE's wonderful genius; exhibits pictures of his singular brilliance in conversation; impresses the reader with a high sense of his exquisite sensitiveness to the beautiful, and his strange magnetic power over minds of kindred tendency; but it does not explain nor satisfactorily account for, his insensibility to moral principle, his utter disregard of truth, his ingratitude to friends, his petty revenges upon literary opponents, his impositions, private and public; in short, it leaves EDGAR ALLAN POE very much where it found him. After reading it, we turned to Dr. GRISWOLD's memoir, and for the first time were able to peruse it without impatience and a sense of wrong to its subject. Mrs. WHITMAN's book will not change the public estimate of the singularly gifted man whose memory she desires to honor. We feel sad and disappointed that more cannot be said in vindication of the wayward career of this singular child of genius.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER TWELVE. — Soon after WASHINGTON IRVING had furnished his first 'Crayon Paper' to the KNICKERBOCKER, in his already-quoted beautiful and characteristic epistle to the EDITOR, he sent us a communication from a friend, who had submitted it to him for perusal, and if he should deem it worthy, to be forwarded to us, with a line from himself, expressing his opinion as to its 'adaptedness' to our pages. Mr. IRVING sent the manuscript to us, with a most cordial letter, on behalf of his friend the writer: wherein he stated that the author was 'a man of elegant tastes, choice belles-lettres acquisition, keen observation, and a refinement as uniform as it was admirable.' The communication referred to, was without any distinctive title, which it was left by the writer for his friend Mr. IRVING to furnish. The story was sent to us, however, without a heading; but with a request that we should 'suggest something which might be appropriate to the subject-spiritual' of the narrative. In returning the proof-sheet to Mr. IRVING, to be forwarded to the author, we marked in pencil upon the margin, '*The Wooden-Legged Ghost*,' a most *material* designation, certainly, but the best which we could think of at the moment. This same '*Wooden-Legged Ghost*' came back to us as

'*The Iron Footstep*:'

a title supplied by Mr. IRVING, and which was most acceptable to the writer, as he indicated upon the proof-sheet which was returned to the office. Let us hope that he never saw *our* title; although it was suggested in a quandary, and more in jest than in earnest.

Be that as it may: this was the first of the many communications which we afterward received from a very frequent and always cordially-welcomed correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER; the late HENRY CARY, Esq., under the *nom de plume* of 'JOHN WATERS.'

And before farther adverting to the initial paper of this favorite correspondent of our Magazine, at the period to which we have alluded, let us say a few words touching the 'Individual Man,' and his marked characteristics, as a friend of long standing and tried worth, and as a writer of preëminent distinction in his peculiar 'walk' of literature.

'JOHN WATERS' was the literary name of HENRY CARY, Esq., formerly an eminent merchant of our city, in which he had grown up, 'man and boy,' some forty years. At the time of his introduction to the KNICKERBOCKER, he was the President of the 'Phoenix Bank,' of which he was afterward, after an extended interval, the 'acting President,' under, or during the absence of, Mr. TILESTON, who was President 'proper.' He was, as we have been given to know, by those whose financial judgment is regarded as 'final' in such matters, a most accomplished man of business; prompt, methodical, and accurate, 'to the tenth splitting of a hair.' His literary reading had been of the selectest kind; his love and appreciation of the fine arts proverbial; and his refinement of taste in all matters, (not by any means excluding the æsthetics of the table,) were readily admitted by the distinguished and congenial circle of friends whom he had the 'nameless charm' to gather around him. He was for a considerable period, even while engaged in the active every-day business of life, a frequent and ever an attractive contributor to the columns of the old '*New-York American*,' under the capable editorial supervision of CHARLES KING, Esq., now the venerable and venerated President of Columbia College; an institution, let us say in passing, into which his administration has infused new life and vigor.

JOHN WATERS' motto was, that 'any thing which was worth doing *at all*, was worth *doing well*.' He acted upon this principle in every thing, even the smallest. His manuscripts, which came to us ribbon-stitched, upon the finest note-paper, were a miracle of neatness; his choice of the words and sentences which 'informed' them internally with life and beauty, were of course still more carefully chosen: and who that ever sat at his hospitable board, surrounded by his selectest friends, but must bear witness to the incomparable flavor, the exquisite *gout*, and quiet, elegant service, of the rare viands and wines which, as the very prince of hosts, he presented, as 'special bounties of a kind PROVIDENCE,' for the due and temperate enjoyment of his always delighted guests? We mention these characteristics, as explanatory, in a good degree, of certain of the brief illustrative passages which it is our purpose to cite 'in this connection.' But let us get back to 'The Wooden-Legged Ghost,' or more poetical '*Iron Footstep*.' Our old friend and umqwhile correspondent, Hon. ROBERT DALE OWEN, has described, in his recent work, many a '*Foot-Fall upon the Boundary of another World*:' but none, we think, more remarkable than the one recorded by the late 'JOHN WATERS,' in his first communication to the KNICKERBOCKER, which we now proceed to consider.

The scene of this remarkable, this 'most astounding, most peculiar' ghost-story, is the island of Dominica: time, when the narrator's mother's 'old cap was new.' Briefly then, thus it was: a veteran Scottish regiment, during a season of great mortality, was stationed upon a high bluff of the island, overlooking the town and the harbor: inland, were several long one-story buildings, hastily erected of wood, for the accommodation of the officers of the corps, with three or four rooms on each end, opening upon a piazza toward the sea, and communicating with each other by means of a side-door, which was occasionally left open for the freer circulation of air:

'In one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major

HAMILTON, Captain GORDON, and a third whose name I cannot at this moment recall. Major HAMILTON's apartment was in the centre. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with iron; and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down this piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at GORDON's door or window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer, exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with dressing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

'The sound of the Major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given by the iron ferule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard; for, although a stout man, he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to-and-fro, so regularly, that there was a certain pleasure in listening to it.

'Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way, affect us more than others. The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The calker's hammer-stroke, as it flies from the dock-yard of the busy port, across some placid bay, into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of this truth: associated with this measured movement of the Major, was his deep cheery voice, that made light of danger and difficulty; whether on the field of battle, or as now amid the sickness, which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was devastating the colony at this melancholy period.'

This sickness proves fatal to several officers of the regiment; and after some time, Major HAMILTON is taken down with it. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, wild with fever and delirium, while endeavoring to speak to his friend Captain GORDON. He was buried under arms at sunset of the same day. What ensues is so effectively narrated, that it is enough to 'thick man's blood with cold:'

'Now it was on the second night after this mournful event, that GORDON, having retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not conscious of any distressing thought or dream, which should have occasioned this shortened slumber, and as he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half-surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and found it only past one o'clock. He turned on the other side, and composed himself afresh. Thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and he said: 'Poor HAMILTON! Well, God have mercy upon us!'

'He felt at the moment that some one near him said 'Amen!' with much solemnity. He was effectually roused, and asked, 'Who is there?'

'There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into HAMILTON's late apartment, and he then remembered that the door was open that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, 'It is all mere imagination,' and again endeavored to compose himself, and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the Major's well-known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were again in life. He heard it first upon the piazza, heard it approach, pass through the door from the piazza into the centre apartment, and there it seemed to pause; as if the figure of

the departed were standing on the other side of that open door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

'GORDON rose. He went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was very beautiful; the moon had gone down; the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dash of the waves upon the rocks at the foot of the bluff was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star, that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocean. All else was still and reposeful. 'It is very remarkable!' said he; 'I could have sworn I heard it!' He turned toward the door that stood open between the two rooms. The Major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguish nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit rose in his mind; and though a brave man, he could not immediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him. He longed for the voice of any living being; and though for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

'He passed out on to the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceiving him, presented arms.

'Have you been long stationed here?' said Captain Gordon.

'Half-an-hour,' was the reply.

'Did you — did you happen to see any one on the piazza during that time?'

'I did not.'

'GORDON returned at once to his room, vexed with himself for having been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed.'

He is now thoroughly awake, and has regained, as he thinks, entire possession of his faculties. 'My old comrade,' he said to himself, 'what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends: why should I have dreaded to meet him, even if such an event could possibly be?' A moment or two after these thoughts had passed through his mind, however, he was almost paralyzed with dread by the recurrence of the same well-known step, that now seemed pacing the dark and tenantless apartment! Appalled at the sound, he exclaims:

'In the name of God, HAMILTON, is that you?'

'A voice from the threshold of the communicating door addressed him in tones that sank deeply into his soul:

'GORDON, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough; it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be successful. Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary for the adjustment of your affairs. Go to London. Take lodgings at No. —, Jermyn-street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into a garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney-piece, and you will there find papers which establish the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son. Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me!'

'Captain GORDON did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the spirit of his departed friend; but when he arose it was broad

day. He dressed himself and went to town; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had had no intention of quitting the colony during that year; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a large estate. Within the ten days he applied for a furlough; but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival having however brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application, in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

'One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation, the sound of the Major's iron step filled his ears.

'He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post-horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached the house in Jermyn-street. He found the papers as he had expected. He relieved the widow and orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death; and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young HAMILTON was patronized by the Queen of England, and early obtained a commission in the army, to which he was attached, at the time this tale was told to me.

'It is also known that Captain Gordon rose very high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer, and a fortunate general.'

Now we always regarded this as one of the best (because least explainable) ghost-stories we ever heard. The rapping of that supernatural 'timber-leg' upon the barrack-stairs and floor, seems to us to out-do *spirit* rappings altogether! As a brief specimen of the still-life pen-painting of 'JOHN WATERS,' take this '*Sketch of a Snuff-Taker*,' a true 'Gentleman of the Old School':

'Now, in the left pocket of my friend's waistcoat was every morning placed a well-filled circular snuff-box, the cover of which was not attached to it by any hinge, but according to a fashion that prevailed before every thing was done in a hurry, was to be first looked at, slightly polished, perhaps, with the coat-sleeve, then gracefully lifted off, and folded under the bottom of the box, to be there held by the inferior fingers of the left hand, while the thumb and fore-finger of the right, in a luxurious and thoughtful leisure, smoothed and sifted over the surface of the fresh and aromatic mixture, powdering up some adhesive lump of particles that had raised an indecorous head above the mean elevation. Then followed the gathering; the heaping; the pinch; the motion that threw back the superfluous quantity; the replacing of the lid; the taste — quick, graceful, elegant, enjoyed by the heart, and by a nose that snuff could never mar; the sigh of pleasure; the eyes were then raised with a deep and refreshed lustre, and the mouth spake.

'During the time that was required for this manual of the box, some proposition had been well considered, canvassed, decided upon; and the answer, if unfavorable, had clothed itself with language that was least like a negative in its effects, and though determined, that never sounded like a repulse. Snuff frequently impairs the voice, but it never touched his organs, which it was like the gratification of

one's own lungs to hear; and the listener felt as if the rich tones came from his own chest, that had only been echoed there with a vibratory sympathy. So that snuff-taking, which is often half a vice in other men, shone in him like a virtue that had come 'one way o' the PLANTAGENETS.'

Much of the poetry contributed by 'JOHN WATERS' to the KNICKERBOCKER was of the highest order of merit. It was mainly of a religious and fervently devotional character: and several of the poems, especially those entitled '*The Pilgrim's Walk*,' '*The Heavenly Visitant*,' '*Nearer to Thee*,' '*John Waters, Hys Springe*,' and '*There Is, that can Part Not*,' were widely copied not only in religious, but in the secular journals. Perhaps we may advert hereafter to certain of these, when we devote an especial chapter to some of the more eminent poetical contributors, in past times, to this Magazine. Meantime, we invite attention to a few passages from an '*Anecdote of a Bottle of Wine*,' as especially indicative of the personal and literary characteristics to which we have adverted. They possess too a dry, quiet humor, which will not be lost upon the reader:

'I CONSIDER the wines of France to bear the same rank in comparison with those of other countries, that the highest order of lyrical effusion sustains in the world of poetry. Ordinary Rhenish wines are its satires and pasquinades; Port is didactic verse; while among the first growths of the Rheingau, of Madeira, and of Spain, are to be sought the SHAKESPEARES, the HOMERS, the MILTONS, VIRGILS and DANTES of the wine-crypt.

'It is in conformity with this poetical disposition of things, that, when I expect a visit from my friends, I descend into my wine-vault, or mount the stairs of my attic. There, with keys in hand, I unloose the spirits of the mighty past, and restore in their happiest temperament and condition, and to their bright and animated destiny, the effulgent glories of the grape.

'Among those few cobweb'd bottles that I have adverted to, upon that upper shelf, in that chamber closet, of that upper story, there might in those days have been discerned one that stood, like a star, APART; the treasured, cherished, garnered bottle that should upon some *alba dies* occasion grace our bachelor's repast. It was twin bottle to one that had been opened for us in that City of Refuge of good wines, Charleston, South-Carolina, in those days not less certainly than now, the abode of the hospitable, the accomplished, and the brave. Our host there had produced its fellow as a specimen that he was desirous his friends should appreciate. 'O STRAPHANO! hast any more of this?'

'When I arrived in New-York after *ten* days and *ten* nights of continuous posting, (the distance is now accomplished I am told cleverly in *three*), the flavor of that wine still regaled my palate; there was a spiritual vineyard flourishing within my heart; the fragrant blossom, the young grape, the purple cluster, the yielding pressure, and the nectareous juice; the autumnal grape-leaf with its magic dyes, and all the long history of joy which it is given to one or two rare specimens of the wines of this life to impart to the spirit of man; to impress upon his nerves; and to be recalled in sensations that make glad the fountains of his heart, and dispense his affections among his fellow-men; all these were present to my senses, and delighted me with a varied, an intellectual, and constantly reviving joy. I had never known so perfect a beverage; and I wrote at once to my friend, offering him in exchange any description of wine that he could name to me, bottle for bottle.

'He returned for answer an expression of regret that one only bottle remained of the batch; and entreating my acceptance of what I prized so highly, sent it on without delay. This was that lonely bottle, that stood, in vague and uncertain light like a Hero of OSSIAN, upon that upper shelf, in that chamber closet, of that upper story. Often did I gaze upon it, often apostrophize it, praise it with a recollected gladness, remember its acquirement, delight in its possession, and wonder when the time might come, and when the friends, that should deserve the peerless, the incomparable offering.

'Upon a certain memorable day, and punctual to the moment, came a chosen party of my most honored and distinguished friends. The dinner was beyond praise, and all the appointments good. No crowd, no tumult, no excuse, no delay in serving, no vacant seat, no chair with small open hexagons of split rattan to disfigure the person of the guest for three successive days when the dress is thin, or to torture him when the weather is cold with pains which he is ashamed to complain of or even to mention — a practice, Mr. EDITOR and all who hear me, still obtaining in some houses in New-York, and at times, especially in winter, more abhorrent to the thoughts than is the martyrdom of St. LAWRENCE, since heat upon a gridiron is in many of its appliances preferable to cold upon sharp rattan. No; each guest had his cushioned chair, 'with ample room and verge enough;' and course after course, and wine after wine, appeared, and was enjoyed, discussed, and quietly disappeared, alike without want or waste.

'Well, the time of the repast came for my selected wines: they were all prepared, and all in the finest order and condition. The series was a perfect one; a veritable ladder of transport; up which the spirits of my guests ascended gracefully, step after step, as each higher and higher flavor presented itself to their gratified and entranced palate. At the last, sole remaining bottle of the list, came my Charleston acquisition. It is certainly in bad taste to expatiate upon one's wine from the chair, but as this was the only bottle of its kind in the world, it seemed necessary to introduce it with a word that should at least perform that ceremony.

'I told the story of its acquisition, and expressed the pleasure it gave me to present on this occasion the one remaining bottle of the world. We had been conversing a moment or two before, I remember, on the comparative advantages in drinking wine, between the *sip* and the *throw*, and had come to the conclusion, (which I think every man of sense must ultimately arrive at,) that the latter is the true way to enjoy the full *aroma* of the beverage, and at once to gain that gratifying descent, and that ascent to the wits; in short, that satisfying blessedness of taste, which the mere sipper of potations of whatever kind must vainly aspire to know.

'The bottle was uncorked, decanted, and the wine came forth, in the profound silence and expectation of the guests, bright as the beam of your mistress' eye! The attention of all present was so absorbed by their interest in this only bottle, that until every man's glass was filled, hardly a sound was perceptible except the gurgling of the long-necked decanter as it distributed its glorious contents and passed with wings from hand to hand around the board and returned drained to the head of the table. Toasts were at that time in vogue; and as soon as I had said, '*Our hospitable friend in South-Carolina, may his own last bottle reward him for the pleasure of this gift,*' each man did ample justice to the wine.

'How shall I recount the catastrophe that ensued! We are all sinful men born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and it seemed as if the wine had also dealt ample and instant justice upon us! Every soul present was struck through the

heart and liver to the spine! All rose instantly from the table, speechless, aghast, and terrified with the effect! There was a napkin or handkerchief over the mouth of each, and if we could have articulated a word, we might have exclaimed with the sons of the prophets at the feast in Gilgal, 'O my Lord! there is death in the pot!'

'But it was impossible to relieve ourselves by words: it was literally in tears and groans that the guests made for the door, vanished from the room, escaped from the house, and left me, appalled, transfixed, incapable of utterance, standing at the head of my deserted table, and feeling that 'No man said, 'God bless him!''

'For a fortnight, three weeks, a month, no one of my guests had his mouth *right*! I was afraid to walk in the streets lest I should meet one of them; there was a paralytic stricture in the countenance of each member of that sad party; in some it wore an expostulatory, an admonitory, in some a remonstrant, and in all the looks of a *much injured person*. I must except one gentleman, whom however I did not get a glimpse of until six weeks had elapsed. He was a well-bred Frenchman, with all the suavity and grace of manner that belongs to his class and nation. I shall ever feel grateful to him for the first kind word I had received since the discomfiture; though I have sometimes had doubts, judging from the reinstated appearance of his lips, whether he had taken more than half a glass: 'My dear Sir,' said he, 'when I had the pleasure to dine with you at your very agreeable party, there was one wine that had flavor very exemplary, *ma foi*!' 'I acknowledge it,' I said. 'I think you did say it was American wine?' 'I did,' I replied. 'What is the name if you please, as I pay much attention to the *sujet* of wines?' I named it. 'Will you be so very kind as write it in my tablet?' I prepared to comply; and telling him that I was not quite certain of the correct orthography of the word, wrote in large characters, the word 'SOUPPERNONG.'

We can hardly resist quoting in this connection, a single brief passage from '*The Old Inn at Namptwich*,' a sketch taken at a retired country-inn, on a bright spring morning, in Old England. The whole is most forcibly illustrative of the close observation and refined appreciation of the writer:

'GENTLE reader, I will imagine thee for the first time seated near the small fire that has been kindled to remove the dampness, and air the parlor, in that charm of a traveller's life, an English Inn. No object about thee seems new, or of late acquisition. The furniture is any thing rather than of modern date: it has been thoroughly used and admirably kept; every thing is in its place, and speaks its welcome; nice, tidy, prepared, quiet, cheery, comfortable.

'The fragrant tea is of thine own mixture, two spoonsful of black to one of green; the sugar is a study of refinement; and the table is furnished with fresh cream: one more glance at the '*Times*' newspaper, and every thing has been noiselessly arranged. A cover is now lifted off, and in the deep well of a blue-edged plate, that contrasts beautifully with what it contains, is disclosed that dream of farinaceous enjoyment, the English muffin. How it fills and gratifies the eye as its snowy margin rests teeming upon the border of the dish, and yields to the gradual suffusion of pink that crowns its upmost surface! And in the same degree how does its consistency change, from a rich, pulpy, fruit-like elasticity, into the most delicate and inviting crispness of resistance!

'It is cut into quarters, as the world was said to be divided when we were school-boys; but the whole of this is thine own! ready buttered for thee moreover, with

grass-fed butter through the plane of the horizon! Thou hast finished it? Thou hast drank thy nice tea, poured out for thee by the hands that are dearest to thee in the world? Thou hast 'lived and hast loved!'

'The waiter to whose noiseless footsteps we were indebted for the constant anticipation of every want during our repast, was a hale and erect person, turned of sixty, much inclined to be corpulent if it had suited his vocation, with white hair nicely combed about a sleek and roseate face, white cravat, a scarlet plush waistcoat, well but carefully worn, drab coat and breeches, buckles at the knees, worsted stockings, and well-polished shoes, tied with strings of black ribbon. 'Hope that you found the sexton's house without difficulty, Sir?' 'Without the least, JOHN: your direction was so exact that we could not miss it.' 'Hope that the eggs are boiled to the lady's taste, Sir?' 'They could not be more so.' JOHN gave another glance at the table, placed a small bell upon it, and vanished. To an American, accustomed from his earliest youth to a bustling and unrelaxed exertion both of body and mind, with hardly a thought of repose unconnected with a state of existence beyond the grave; or even of leisure, without a sensation bordering upon contempt; a quiet breakfast in a still country town, and in a foreign land, is a novelty.'

In announcing, some twelvemonth since, the death of Mr. HENRY CARY at Florence, of which we had but just then heard, although the event occurred some six months previously, we took occasion, as our readers will perhaps remember, briefly to advert to his contributions to this Magazine, and to quote two or three passages from the same, in illustration of their peculiar characteristics. Those, with what we have now presented, scarcely do justice to the varied qualities which the writer, from time to time, and for so extended a period, exhibited to our readers. Our next chapter (p. v.) will be devoted to the consideration and 'exemplification' of a voluminous contributor, in prose and verse, to these pages; who in acute observation, refinement of manner, and the adroit exercise of the *ars celare artem*, may truly be said to 'divide the honors' with rare 'JOHN WATERS.'

'KING ROLF, THE NORTHMAN.'—Aforetime reader of the KNICKERBOCKER, do you remember '*The Old Continental*,' written for this Magazine, which Mr. DANA, in his work on American Poetry, pronounces one of the best and most stirring of all the poems upon the Revolution, and which was widely and generally attributed to the genius and pen of LONGFELLOW? Also, can you recall to mind the 'Philosopher, and Plank-Road Director,' who so moved your risibles in times past in these pages, and whose great wisdom was shown in certain profound '*Fables*,' after the manner of the distinguished ÆSOP? If you say 'Yea,' then read '*King Rolf*,' commenced in preceding pages, for that 'paper' is from the same pen. The burlesque of the *Old Norse Style* will 'tickle the cockles' of all students of ancient Northern Literature; while we are certain that the creation of weird and grotesque 'situations,' and the sublimity of the descriptions of Arctic scenery, will secure the admiration of all lovers of the magnificent and picturesque in Nature. The lone, mysterious majesty of the 'Frozen-Clime' has seldom been more vividly depicted.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING. — Our reminiscences of the beloved and lamented IRVING, which comprise living memories that arise ever and anon to the mind, will hereafter be jotted down in our 'Gossipry' as they may spring from the occasion. We find not a few of them awakened by correspondents in different sections of the Union, who have perused the desultory pencillings which have already appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER. In this way a freshness may be imparted to these 'memories,' which they would lack, when recorded together, in a continuous form. Apropos of our correspondence: an esteemed friend in Washington, (the same obliging gentleman to whom we are indebted for the touching and filial letter from THEODOSIA BURR ALLSTON to Mrs. MADISON, elsewhere in the present number,) has sent us the following *early* letter from WASHINGTON IRVING to his friend Mr. VAN NESS, of Kinderhook. The narrow escape from drowning which the immortal GEOFFREY CRAYON had, 'just above CORLAER's Hook,' will doubtless be as new and as interesting an incident to our readers as it was to us. Do but think for a moment what the world might have lost, had not that little fishing-skiff been near at hand! More than 'CÆSAR and his fortunes' were saved in *that* 'frail barque':

'New-York, Dec. 18, 1809.

'MY DEAR SIR: A few days since, on returning from a long visit to Philadelphia, I found a letter from you which had lain some time at my office. I should have answered it before, but the crowd of engagements that harass a man when he first arrives at home, prevented me from putting pen to paper. As to your portentous dream, which justly occasioned such anxious forebodings, I assure you it was better founded than those sage omens generally are: the only defect was, that you dreamed too late, and I was not absolutely drowned. The truth of the matter is, that I was upset in a small sail-boat, about two or three months ago, in the broad bay just above CORLAER's Hook; and after clinging to the boat about a quarter of an hour, up to my chin in the water, I was kindly picked up by a little fishing-skiff. This is the *real* foundation of your dream; and henceforth you may consider yourself a match for the immortal BUNYAN himself, in the art of dreaming.

'The old Governors' are at length ushered into the world; and I am now an idle man: so if you have any disposition to royster a little, you will find me completely at your service, when you pay your promised visit to the city. You must come down completely the gentleman of leisure: leave your farm and all its cares behind you: put your household under the ghostly superintendence of that evangelical sinner, JESSE MARVIN; and determine to unbend and become one of us boys: and then I'll insure you some pleasant relaxation.

'Our Theatre will remain open for some time yet; and as our company is very good at present, you will find it an amusing resort. We have two excellent new actors, Mr SIMPSON and Mrs. MASON, who were sent out by the Doctor, and have completely retrieved the credit of the Theatre.

'How does my friend PARTRIDGE and his Academy? Do the flesh and the spirit still keep up their hostilities within him? I long once more to visit your little empire: and am only deterred by the austerity of old Winter, from gratifying my inclinations. But next year, when the country is once more in full dress, I shall certainly indulge in a few more rambles about the red lane.

'Remember me with great regard and respect to Mrs. VAN NESS; and let my friend JESSIE know that I still recollect him with great consideration. I shall leave all discussions of domestic and literary topics until I see you, which I hope will be in a very few days. Recollect Christmas should always be spent in the city.

'W. P. VAN NESS, Esq.,

'Kinderhook, New-York.'

'Ever yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Furnished with an excellent glass, we have been looking from an eminence near Cedar-Hill Cottage across the Tappaan Sea, on this clear, bright, transparent Sunday afternoon of March; our focus the spot hallowed as the last earthly resting-place of IRVING: a solemn gray; the 'ground color' the pale tomb-stones near by showing, from our 'stand-point,' like a flock of white sheep scattered over the inclosure. 'This spot,' writes a friendly correspondent, ('C. DE R.,') of Tarrytown, 'is visited daily, even at this season, by persons from near and far, all anxious to view the 'Mecca of the Heart,' where the good man is laid. Young ladies living in the neighborhood bring flowers from the green-houses, and place them affectionately upon his yet fresh grave. I send you,' he adds, 'a copy of the inscription taken from the TABLET lately erected in CHRIST Church, in this village, to the memory of WASHINGTON IRVING: together with a copy of a SERMON upon the same theme, preached in the Second Reformed Dutch Church of Tarrytown, by Rev. JOHN A. TODD.' This Discourse is elsewhere referred to, in the 'Brief Notices of New Publications.' The inscription alluded to is in the following simple and appropriate words:

Washington Irving,

BORN IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK,

APRIL 3, 1783.

FOR MANY YEARS

A COMMUNICANT AND WARDEN

OF THIS CHURCH: AND REPEATEDLY ONE OF ITS

DELEGATES IN THE CONVENTION OF THE DIOCESE.

LOVED: HONORED: REVERED:

HE FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS,

NOVEMBER 28, 1859.

THIS TABLET

IS ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY

BY

The Vestry.

A Westchester correspondent, writing to the EDITOR, in only too kindly terms, from another village on the Hudson, in the neighborhood of Sunnyside, says: 'The feeling and taste shown in your articles upon WASHINGTON IRVING have greatly interested me. The memory of interviews with such a man must be peculiarly inspiring, and as reviving to the heart as a well of water in the sandy

ways of life. His companionship must have been not only a source of great and refining joy at the time, but ever after must have beamed upon the mind like constant sunshine. His gentle writings and his gentle ways were mirrors of each other.

'I was especially pleased that you appreciated so truly what I regard as one of the most winning of Mr. IRVING's sketches — '*Mountjoy*.' I do not think that the exquisite graces of that matchless narrative are *generally* appreciated and valued so highly as they ought to be. It is to be deeply regretted that the sketch was not completed. It would have afforded such admirable opportunities for describing the scenery of the Hudson; for giving so many pleasant pictures of life; so much genial humor, and genuine skill in all the peculiar traits of his genius, that its incompleteness is a great loss. Gathering strength and power in every page as it proceeded, the story would doubtless have formed one of his best efforts. I wish, with all my heart, that ALLSTON had kept more 'wide awake.' There are also some characteristics of '*Mountjoy*' different from all his other works. I will not attempt to say what they are; but the truth is so: and I believe that you have the same opinion. I know nothing of the reason at which you hint, in what you say concerning it: I speak only from its effect upon me. One can indeed understand how it may not have had so striking an effect when read to friends, as some of his other sketches: it is so exquisite and refined as to require a special mood of mind for its true enjoyment.

'How many times the opinions expressed, or taken for granted, of friends, have obstructed the finishing of rare productions, the world will never know. Beside this one of IRVING's, there is an instance in SCOTT's career, of a similar nature: when some friends persuaded him, in an unfortunate hour, to throw aside '*The Black Dwarf*,' or rather to bring it to an abrupt close: the very novel, which completed as it was begun, would have revealed qualities not found in any other of his books; and which, notwithstanding some repulsiveness, that could easily be pardoned for the sake of the merit of the work, would have shown, in a more marked degree than any of his other novels, an almost SHAKSPERIAN analysis of character. As an instance of morbid yet fascinating idiosyncrasy, the '*Black Dwarf*' would have claimed some kin to '*HAMLET*.'

'But I did not mean to enter upon any thing like criticism. It was my good fortune, (or rather it was a blessing to my soul from the Great Source of Goodness,) that I enjoyed a brief interview with Mr. IRVING, on the last Tuesday of his life. When I left him, my heart glowed all over with the genial brightness which his spirit had diffused around me and within me. He had spoken of ALLSTON, with tearful, tender enthusiasm. But no more of this.'

Our correspondent farther advises us of Mr. IRVING's personal kindness and interest in a literary matter which he had in hand, as 'something so gracious, that his heart was at once drawn out to him in gratitude.' But when was it otherwise with the 'good man departed?' No matter how humble the enterprise, a literary aspirant of fair promise had always kind advice, and an encouraging word at his hands: no better example of which could be cited, than the interest which he took in a little book of the writer's, which he suggested in the follow-

ing kindly words, from a letter now before us: 'In regard to your question whether I think a selection from your *Editorial Table-Talk* would form an acceptable volume for publication, I must remind you that I suggested the very thing to you not long since. I think you might make a very taking volume or two out of your 'Gossip;' and I think you would be doing yourself injustice to leave the very clever sallies and touches of tender pathos interspersed throughout it, to be buried among the multitudinous leaves of a Magazine.' And then he named, and stood god-father to the little book, and recommended the preparation of a second, in the same kind. How can we help saying thus much, in the way of grateful remembrance?

The English press, metropolitan and provincial, are echoing the eulogiums upon IRVING which have been so widely uttered in America. The '*Times*' and '*Herald*,' of the London press, have borne brief but cordial tributes to the MAN and the AUTHOR: the ablest indeed which we have seen. THACKERAY, in his '*Cornhill Magazine*,' has an appreciative article upon '*Irving and Macaulay*,' written in the kindest spirit, and warmly eulogistic of the eminent American; 'the good Man, and the good Author:' but it is open to criticism upon certain points, and to correction as to 'fact,' on one or two others. We propose to advert briefly to these in an ensuing number.

We bring this desultory 'TABLE' dish to a close with an '*Anecdote*,' which we shall introduce by quoting the following letter from MR. IRVING to the EDITOR, penned just twenty years ago, dating up to 'this present writing.' It will be seen that both Letter and Anecdote are very characteristic, in more respects than one. Let us premise that Greenbush, from which the epistle is dated, was the name of the town proper, in which at that time 'DOBBS' Ferry,' 'Sunnyside,' etc., were included: perhaps they are so included now: but Mr. IRVING seldom dated his letters to us from 'Greenbush:'

'Greenbush, March 17, 1840.

'MY DEAR SIR: In consequence of not sending to the post-office for several days, I did not receive your letter calling so lustily for help, until yesterday (Monday) after post-hours. I have nothing at hand to send to you; and I fear if I had, it would come too late. We have nothing new in these parts, excepting that there has been the deuce to pay of late in Sleepy Hollow; a circumstance, by-the-by, with which you of New-York have some concern, as it is connected with your Croton Aqueduct. This work traverses a thick wood, about the lower part of the Hollow, not far from the old Dutch haunted church: and in the heart of the wood, an immense culvert, or stone arch, is thrown across the wizard stream of the Pocantico, to support the Aqueduct. As the work is unfinished, a colony of Patlanders have been encamped about this place all winter, forming a kind of Patsylvania, in the midst of a 'witherness.' Now, whether it is that they have heard the old traditionary stories about the Hollow, (which, all fanciful fabling and idle scribbling apart, is really one of the most haunted places in this part of the country,) or whether the goblins of the Hollow, accustomed only to tolerate the neighborhood of the old Dutch families, have resented this intrusion into their solitudes, by strangers of an unknown tongue, certain it is, that the poor Paddies have been most grievously harried, for some time past, by all kinds of apparitions. A wagon-road cut through the woods, and leading from their encampment past the haunted church, and so on to certain whiskey establishments, has been especially beset by

the foul fiends: and the worthy Patlanders, on their way home at night, beheld misshapen monsters whisking about their paths; sometimes resembling men, sometimes boys, sometimes horses; but invariably *without heads*: which shows that they must be lineal descendants from the old Goblin of the Hollow. These imps of darkness have grown more and more vexatious in their pranks, occasionally tripping up or knocking down the unlucky object of their hostility. In a word, the whole wood has become such a scene of *spuking* and *diablerie*, that the Paddies will not any longer venture out of their shanties at night: and a whiskey-shop in a neighboring village, where they used to hold their evening gatherings, has been obliged to shut up, for want of custom. This is a true story, and you may account for it as you please. The corporation of your city should look to it; for if this harrying continues, I should not be surprised if the Paddies, tired of being cut off from their whiskey, should entirely abandon the goblin regions of Sleepy Hollow, and the completion of the Croton water-works be seriously retarded.

'Yours Very Truly,

'WASHINGTON IRVING.

'P. S.: The above story was told me last evening by one of the young engineers who was on a visit to the cottage.'

The anecdote which ensues, and which the *old New-York Spirit of the Times*, in which it appears, pronounces to be entirely authentic, forcibly illustrates IRVING's love of sociability, and his modesty with regard to his literary reputation. It was furnished to the '*Spirit*' by a gentleman of wealth and standing, who was formerly a contractor for building that section of the Croton Aqueduct which passed through Tarrytown:

'Soon after he had erected a rude building for the reception of the tools and of the workmen, and to afford himself a temporary shelter while engaged in his responsible duties, a hearty, elderly gentleman, plainly dressed, and of exceedingly unpretending manners, presented himself one day, and commenced a conversation with our friend. A great many questions were asked, naturally suggested by the then new enterprise of supplying New-York City with water: and after a visit of an hour or so, the gentleman quietly departed. A few days afterward, accompanied by two ladies, he again visited the head-quarters of our friend, and entered into a more detailed conversation, seemingly intent upon finding out all that was to be learned about the proposed aqueduct. These visits finally became a regular affair, and were continued twice a week, for a period of some six months. The conversations were always confined to local subjects; and not a remark escaped the lips of the visitor, which was calculated to inspire curiosity, or suggest that he was other than some plain, good-natured person, with plenty of time on his hands, who desired to while away an hour or two in common-place chit-chat. In course of time, however, our friend finished his labors at Tarrytown; but occasionally met his old friend on the little steamers which serve to connect our suburbs with the heart of the city. One day, while voyaging along the Hudson, and busily engaged in conversation with the old gentleman, the steamer suddenly commenced pealing its bell, and made such a racket that our friend left his place, and hunting up the captain, asked him 'what all that noise was about?'

'"Why," replied that functionary, "we are opposite Sunnyside; and having WASHINGTON IRVING on board, by this notice his servant will be able to meet him at his landing with a carriage.'

'Our friend, in great enthusiasm, exclaimed: 'WASHINGTON IRVING!—*he* on board! Why, point him out to me: there is no man living whom I would more like to see.'

'At this demonstration the captain looked quite surprised, and remarked: 'Why, Sir, you just left WASHINGTON IRVING's company; and from the number of times I have seen you in familiar conversation with him on this boat, I supposed you were one of his most intimate friends.'

'The astonishment of our friend may be faintly imagined, when he discovered that for more than a half-year, twice a week, he had had a long conversation with WASHINGTON IRVING; a person to whom, more than to any other man living, he desired a personal introduction.'

Well do we remember jumping out of Mr. IRVING's little wagon one day, at his suggestion, and stepping into, and standing up in, the great Aqueduct, when it was being constructed past the front of the 'Mansion-House,' in Tarrytown: welcomed, if we remember rightly, by this very contractor. 'How short the time 'twixt now and then,' as we look back upon the past!

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We do n't know that we might not gradually approximate to Hon. JERE CLEMENS' exalted opinion of the character of AARON BURR, if we were to read in succession many such letters as the following, addressed by his daughter, Mrs. THEODOSIA BURR ALSTON, to Mrs. MADISON, imploring her to use her influence to induce her husband, the PRESIDENT, to restore her unhappy father from his exile. Certainly it was not a bad *father* who could elicit such an epistle from such a daughter. We are indebted to an esteemed friend in Washington, J. C. MCGUIRE, Esq., who possesses entire the 'MADISON Papers,' for a copy of the letter, which has never before been published:

'Rocky River Springs, (N. C.), June 24th, 1809.

'MADAM: You may perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from one with whom you have had so little intercourse for the last few years. But your surprise will cease when you recollect that my father, once your friend, is now in exile; and that the President only can restore him to me and to his country.

'Ever since the choice of the people was first declared in favor of Mr. MADISON, my heart amid the universal joy, has beat with the hope that I too should soon have reason to rejoice. Convinced that Mr. MADISON would neither feel nor judge from the feelings or judgment of others, I had no doubt of his hastening to relieve a man whose character he had been enabled to appreciate during a confidential intercourse of long continuance, and whom he must know incapable of the designs attributed to him. My anxiety on this subject has, however, become too painful to be alleviated by anticipations which no events have yet tended to justify, and in this state of intolerable suspense, I have determined to address myself to you, and request that you will in *my name* apply to the President for a removal of the prosecution now existing against AARON BURR. I still expect it from him as a man of feeling and candor, as one acting for the world and for posterity.

'Statesmen, I am aware, deem it necessary that sentiments of liberality, and even justice, should yield to considerations of policy, but what policy can require the absence of my father at present? Even had he contemplated the project for which he

stands arraigned, evidently to pursue it any further would now be impossible. There is not left one pretext of alarm even to calumny; for bereft of fortune, of popular favor, and almost of friends, what could he accomplish? And whatever may be the apprehensions or the clamors of the ignorant and the interested, surely the timid, illiberal system which would sacrifice a man to a remote and unreasonable possibility that he might infringe some law founded on an unjust, unwarrantable suspicion that he would desire it, cannot be approved by Mr. MADISON, and must be unnecessary to a President so loved, so honored. Why then is my father banished from a country for which he has encountered wounds and dangers and fatigue for years? Why is he driven from his friends, from an only child, to pass an unlimited time in exile, and that too at an age when others are reaping the harvest of past toils, or ought at least to be providing seriously for the comfort of ensuing years? I do not seek to soften you by this recapitulation. I wish only to remind you of all the injuries which are inflicted on one of the first characters the United States ever produced.

'Perhaps it may be well to assure you there is no truth in a report lately circulated, that my father intends returning immediately. He never will return to conceal himself in a country on which he has conferred distinction.

'To whatever fate Mr. MADISON may doom this application, I trust it will be treated with delicacy. Of this I am the more desirous, as Mr. ALSTON is ignorant of the step I have taken in writing to you, which, perhaps, nothing could excuse but the warmth of filial affection. If it be an error, attribute it to the indiscreet zeal of a daughter whose soul sinks at the gloomy prospect of a long and indefinite separation from a father almost adored, and who can leave unattempted nothing which offers the slightest hope of procuring him redress. What indeed would I not risk once more to see him, to hang upon him, to place my child on his knee, and again spend my days in the happy occupation of endeavoring to anticipate all his wishes.

'Let me entreat, my dear Madam, that you will have the consideration and goodness to answer me as speedily as possible; my heart is sore with doubt and patient waiting for something definitive. No apologies are made for giving you this trouble, which I am sure you will not deem it irksome to take for a daughter, an affectionate daughter thus situated. Inclose your letter for me to A. J. FREDERICK PREVOST, Esq., near New-Rochelle, New-York.

'That every happiness may attend you, is the sincere wish of

THEO. BURR ALSTON.

'To MRS. JAMES MADISON, Washington, D. C.'

'There spoke the loving Daughter!' - - - THERE is a very laughable scene recorded of a certain surly, ill-tempered English officer, Major —, whose wife and sister were in the habit of visiting him at the 'barracks' where he was stationed. He had given orders, out of spite to one or two subordinate officers, whose families had hitherto enjoyed the like privilege, that 'no females were to be allowed in barracks after tattoo, under any pretence whatever. One night an old fellow, a great 'precisian' in his office, and not a little short and crusty, was sergeant of the guard. They called him 'the General,' from his peremptory 'style.'

'SHORTLY after 'tattoo,' sundry ladies, as usual, presented themselves at the barrack-gate, and were of course refused admittance; at length, to the great surprise of the sentinel on duty, the Major's lady and sister-in-law made their appearance, and walked boldly to the wicket, with the intention of entering, as usual.

'To their astonishment, the sentinel refused to let them pass. The sergeant was called, but he was quite as much of a 'precisian' as the ladies, and his conscience (and his orders) would not permit him to let them in!

'Do you know who we *are*, Sir?' inquired the Major's lady, in a very imperious manner.

'Oh! certainly,' said the 'General'; 'I knows your ladyships werry vell.'

'Then what do you *mean*, Sir, by this insolence?'

'I means no insolence whatsomdever, Marm, but my horders is pertick'ler to let no female ladies into this 'ere barrack after tattoo, upon *no* account whatsomdever: and I means to obey my horders without no mistake!'

'Then you *refuse* admittance, do you, to the lady of your commanding officer? Was there ever —'

'And her sister!' shrieked the second lady.

'Most sartinkly, Marm: I understands my duty!'

'Good gracious! what assurance!'

'No insurance at all, Marm: if your ladyships was princesses you could n't come in a'ter tattoo. My horders is werry partick'ler.'

'Don't you know, Sirrah, that these orders can't be intended to apply to *us*?'

'No; I does n't know nuffin' about *that*: horders is *horders*, and *must* be obeyed: that's what the Major says.'

'Impudence!' exclaimed both the ladies in a breath.

'Impurance or *no* impurance, I must do my *duty*. If my superior hofferer was for to give me horders not to let the Major in hisself, I should be obligated to keep his honor out at the p'int of the bag'net!'

'Finally, the officer of the guard was sent for, and the officer of the guard sent for the orderly-book, which by the light of the guard-room lantern was exhibited to the ladies, with much courtesy, by 'the General,' in justification of his apparent rudeness:

'You see how it is, your ladyships; you can't come in, not on *no* account!'

Imagine the chagrin with which those 'females after tattoo' retraced their steps homeward; and do n't 'forget to remember' what *the Major's* feelings must have been the next morning, when he found his own malice thus turned against himself. 'Curses, like chickens, *will* come home to roost,' is a veritable maxim, though 'somewhat musty.' - - - The friend to whom we were indebted for the interesting personal reminiscence of WASHINGTON IRVING and Mr. ROSCOE, recorded in the February number of the KNICKERBOCKER, mentioned to us this morning an anecdote, which struck us as a most forcible illustration of that blind *Partisan Hot-Headedness*, of which few of our readers are not cognizant, whether they be residents of great cities or small villages, or the broad unvillaged 'COUNTRY' proper. 'These rabid, fanatical men,' said our friend, 'remind me of an anecdote which I heard in England, shortly after the peace of 1815, when the heated passions of the war had only begun to subside. This anecdote related to a state of blind, senseless, and epidemic passion in England, at the period of our revolutionary war. A very distinguished Baron of that period, (of Norfolk, if I remember rightly,) was publicly known to take the side of the colonists on all occasions. He had an intimate friend of the too common psychology and fervor or madness, who boiled over without exhaustion or intermission on

the other side. His name was CASWELL. He occasionally visited the Baron. The latter on one occasion sought to avoid, in conversation, the war and all the questions on which they totally disagreed, but in vain. He proposed a variety of subjects, and expressed a great variety of sentiments, hoping that Mr. CASWELL would concur with him, and that they might have at least a tolerably endurable interview. But Mr. CASWELL's internal heat and steam could not be repressed without extinguishing his life. It must have vent. Controversy was his safety-valve. He accordingly, as if by an instinct of self-preservation, dissented from, controverted, and opposed indiscriminately every point advanced by his calm and good-natured friend. At length the Baron, thinking he might turn the current of this madness by an abrupt apostrophe, said: 'Mr. CASWELL, if you would strike off the C from your name it would be As-wELL.' 'What!' he quickly replied, 'do you mean to insult me?' 'No, my good friend, by no means. But finding that we totally disagreed upon every question, and that you seemed to be very much excited and heated, I thought it would be a kindness to suggest something on which it appeared to me we could not possibly be of different opinions, and I am astonished that it does not appear as obvious to you as it does to me, that if you drop the C, your name would be As-wELL.' This injection of cold water into the red-hot boiler caused, says our friend, 'an immediate and irremediable explosion. - - - The following passage from a lively article in *Hall's Journal of Health* does no more than simple justice to a gentleman to whom we have been a thousand times indebted for professional favors, so willingly and quickly rendered that one had scarcely time to say, 'Thank you,' before 'the thing was done.' We have many times had it 'borne in upon our mind' to award the same tribute which Dr. HALL pays below:

'MANY an editor and book-writer remembers to have seen, in the sixth story of GRAY's Mammoth Printing Establishment, a thin, wide-awake, snappy-eyed, quick-motivated, sharp-faced gentleman, who is cock of the walk in that upper sphere; the lord, ruler, governor, and director of that floor. Always busy, always meeting you with a smile; and yet so picked at and pecked at by TOM, DICK, and HARRY, that we have often wondered how he survived. . . . One day we stopped a moment in wonder at the innumerable twitches at POWERS. What with the bother of proof-readers and doctors, of calls for more copy, and solicitations of compositors to decipher hieroglyphics; to spell out words that never had any spell in them, or to 'make out' words which were of every language under the sun. At length we said to him: 'It's a wonder you do n't go crazy!'

'Crazy! Have n't time to get crazy; too many things to do:' and away he went, with a merry laugh; but his words remained, to be a text for some future article in the *Journal of Health*.

'Have n't time to go crazy; too many things to do.' There is philosophy enough in those dozen words to fill whole tomes of octavos. It's the grand secret of human health and human happiness, to have a plenty to do. 'Go ahead, keep moving!' There's wisdom in that, and health; health of body, health of brain, and a long life. It's the people who have leisure to 'mood' and mope, and hug sharp-pointed memories, who fill our asylums, and not those who have a dozen irons in the fire at the same time; some round, some square, and some in the pig, so as to bring out and exercise, and develop different mental capabilities, thus making all parts of the brain

to grow equally ; not only strengthening it, but by keeping up equal activities in all its parts ; a maturity of judgment and a keenness of discrimination are the result, and these are qualities at the very foundation of human success. The lesson of this article is, as you would avoid an aimless life, a miserable pilgrimage to the land beyond, a mad-house, or a premature grave, avoid leisure, avoid one idea, one only train of thought.'

Let us add a word here, touching the great advantage, the 'great comfort,' which an Editor derives from an active, intelligent, accomplished, watchful, accurate proof-reader. For this blessing we have also occasion almost every day to be thankful. Your proof-sheet comes to you, carefully read ; and on the margin, perhaps, three or four interrogation-points ; indicating a confused sentence, an indistinct expression, an infelicitous word, or a tautological phrase ; which you were careless or 'green' enough to permit to escape *you*, but which your proof-reader was *too GREEN* — too much himself, professionally — to suffer to pass *his* keen supervision. Good reporters, they say, frequently make fair literary reputations for indifferent members of Congress : but not half so often, we venture to say, as good proof-readers (such as our Mr. J. S. G —) assist in making for authors and editors a reputation for care and correctness in their literary compositions. Therefore, 'Honor to *whom* honor,' say we, with a grateful sense individually of how well deserved is this passing tribute. - - - The brief lines which ensue, from the *Providence* (R. I.) *Daily Journal*, came warm from a MOTHER's heart. *Somewhere* — for it seems to us that we *could n't* have lost it — among our unfiled letters is a most eloquent note from 'OLLAPOD,' describing a Father's and a Mother's reflections over 'the unseen Future of their infant WILLIE : ' but they are 'all alike in the dust' now — mother, father, son :

The Baby.

'ANOTHER little wave
Upon the sea of life :
Another soul to save,
Amid the toil and strife.

'Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road ;
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow and the broad.

'Two more little hands
To work for good or ill :
Two more little eyes,
Another little will.

'Another heart to love,
Receiving love again :
And so the baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.'

Every Mother will feel this. - - - A CITY correspondent ('W. B. B.') writes us as follows : 'In a former number of the KNICKERBOCKER you had a '*Reminiscence of General Jackson*.' I wish to add the following, which will go to show your readers that on *one* occasion the General was conquered — but, as far as I know, it was the only time :

'WHILE laboring under a severe attack of illness, during his last presidential term, his physician, Dr. HUNT, ordered *cups* applied to his temples. When the operator

was proceeding to remove the gray hairs from the spot, the pride of personal appearance (the white, venerable locks, by which he was known to so many thousands of his countrymen) was fully aroused; and the old Hero, who had faced a thousand guns, now shrank from the marring of his 'Roman' head and features, by a few incisions of the scarifying blade. In his usual peremptory manner, he said:

'Doctor, don't put those cups on my temples; put them, Sir, on the back of my neck!'

'But it required *two* to make that bargain.

'Dr. Hunt, quite as positive as the old General, both in spirit and manner, issued *his* order:

'Sit down, General, and be cupped where I tell you, or I will not be answerable for your life. Sit down, Sir!'

'The brave old 'Hickory' became a bulrush, and with almost infantile docility submitted to the process, without uttering another word.'

Medical 'Master of the Field!' - - - THERE is a certain imposing Hotel and Restaurant in this goodly metropolis of ours, the proprietor whereof keeps a 'poick,' in the person of an Irish waiter, who extols his establishment in the true 'Groves of Blarney' style. We 'name no parties:' but the last stanza shows what an exalted opinion the *employé* has of his employer:

'Ye Muses, aid me with consultation;
Assist my genius until I expound
The noble praises of this habitation,
Whose light and fragrance does me surround.

'This lofty edifice of great admiration,
Appears completed on palace STORM:
Five hundred cubits elevated,
And well fabricated by THEODORA.

'Two conservatories, well executed,
Both joined and fitted with art and skill—
The octagon spire and golden compass,
Complete the beauty of this hotel.

'That noble stairway, composed of marble,
On which thousands daily doth promenade,
To see the fountain with great resounding,
Its artesian waters are not compared:

'The salmon glancing, the goldfish dancing,
All things advancing in this flowing rill;
The bells are chiming, so organizing,
With notes enticing from this hotel.

'The view extending so very handsome,
All through this palace from that window clear;
The quail and partridge, with deer and turtle,
All things commodious here doth appear.

'The bright AURORA with all his glory,
Or VENUS brighter, cannot compare;
With the lovely beauties of that splendid window,
All representing the solar year.

'If I was able in education,
I'd extol his praises with my slender pen;
Through foreign nations you'll find no equal
To the blooming praises of this hotel.'

'Blooming praises' of a blossoming 'poet!' - - - If our old friend Judge EDMONDS denies the authenticity of the following, we shall perhaps be forced to admit that the story is not 'founded:'

'In one of the little villages of Westchester county lived an old fellow, somewhat fond of his glass of toddy, and of hanging around the bar-rooms of the village taverns, to hear the gossip, and occasionally 'indulge,' and sometimes to an excess of which he was afterward very much ashamed. He went by the name of 'Old Sam,' and was really a very entertaining personage. He had seen General WASHINGTON, and was, according to his own story, the cause of the British evacuating the city. His account of the manner of effecting this object used to make a great deal of sport, and believing in it implicitly, he was never tired of relating it.

'Come, Sam,' some village tavern-lounger would say, 'tell us about your driving the British out of New-York.'

'Well, now, 'Squire, I do n't *exactly* say that I *did* do it, but I'll give you the facts, and you can draw your own conclusions:

'You see, the fact was, I knew the British was in New-York; and I knew, and we all *felt*, that they had been there long enough; and for *one*, I was determined they should n't be there any longer. One night, after we had been talking about it for some time, before going to bed, I said to our folks: 'I shall ride to the city to-morrow morning, and be there before day-break; and I shall *go armed*!'

'I went right out to the stable, with a lantern, three hours before day-light, saddled our old white mare, put two loaded pistols in the bolsters of the saddle, and took my father's 'sward' that he carried at Bunker-Hill, and I got into New-York early in the morning, and — *the British had left*!'

'They had evacuated the city, do you mean to say?'

'I mean to say, they had retreated — gone — run away! Now I do n't mean to say that the British *knew* that I was coming, but I *do* say, that it *looked very much like it*!'

He had told the story so many times, and with such slight variations, that he had actually come to believe that the British troops left New-York, because they had 'got wind' that he was coming, '*armed*,' on his white mare! - - - THE '*New-York Leader*,' a weekly political, literary, and news journal, of merit, speaks with undoubted sincerity of Mrs. WHITMAN's work upon POX, and to kindred effect and purport with the Baltimore '*Methodist Protestant*,' elsewhere cited:

'Few extenuatory biographies have succeeded in removing one stain before affixed, or adding one plume to the wing that may have been denuded of its proper plumage. POX may have been maligned and misrepresented; no doubt he was: but so have been most men who have thrust themselves prominently before the public gaze; and one lesson the world is continually learning: the 'engineer is hoisted with his own petard,' and the bitter critic has his cup presented to his own lips. POX was a great artist: he bewildered, dazzled, blinded; but he touched no one, or but few. His reputation on this point is settled, and added criticism is not at all likely to change it. The circumstances of his social life are less known; but enough is known of them to indicate some sad errors of a lofty intellect. Those do best who most leniently deal with them; but we neither believe that Dr. GRISWOLD was ignorant of the main facts of Mr. POX's life, nor that he was malevolent enough wilfully to have mis-stated them. The honor this well-written little apologetic biography reflects on Mrs. WHITMAN is undoubted: whether it will correct one error, stifle one falsehood, or convict one disbeliever, is more than doubtful.'

The foregoing are the only notices of Mrs. WHITMAN's book which have reached us 'at this present writing.' We need only add, that they confirm our own ideas of the character of the volume. - - - A STRIKING *Lesson for Young 'Courtiers*:' because, to come at once to the point, a young man in Detroit, in the State of Michigan, went into a young woman's room in her absence, and 'took back' a hundred dollars' worth of jewelry which he had given her, 'when she said she would *have* him,' but which he did n't want her to keep, without 'keeping her engagement' with it, instead of using it to 'adorn another man's wife,' an article of domestic furniture which she had deliberately promised to become: and now the poor jilted culprit is on trial for grand larceny! So much for being an

'Indian-giver,' as we used to say in 'Old Onondaga.' The case is somewhat akin to the one mentioned in '*Punch*,' some years ago: wherein a young *loveresse* asks for a return of all the heart-tokens which she had presented to her faithless swain, and all of which he had confided, 'for a consideration,' to the custody of a favorite 'UNCLE.' In his reply, he admits the *gravamen*, but is mawkish in his 'reflections:' for he says:

THAT brooch, which in my breast I wore,
 (The one which was of pearl the mother,)
 Which, when you gave to me, I swore
 For life I'd wear it, and no other;
 Canst thou forget the cheerful morn
 When in my breast thou first didst stick it?
 I can't restore it—it's in pawn;
 But, base deceiver! there's the ticket!

And so the 'poor thing' had to wait upon her inconstant lover's venerable relative, armed with the 'mystic numbers,' in order to receive to herself again the sweet mementoes which in 'happier hours' she had conferred upon the young individual, who at the last pinch had proved so fickle and so 'faulty.' Truly, 'there is a divinity which shapes our ends *rough*,' in matters of the heart: for the great SHAKESPEARE himself says, (and if he had lived in GOETHE's time he would have been considered fully equal to that immense Germanic *Eidolon*,) that 'the course of *true* love never does run *smooth*:' very turbulent therefore must be the course of a *false* love: as has been made, we take it, forcibly apparent in the foregoing sketch. - - - BY-AND-BY our readers will share with us the pleasure with which we announce a forthcoming volume by 'PAUL SIOGVOLK,' author of the admirable series of papers in past *Knickerbockers*, entitled '*Schediasms*,' not one of which, we venture to say, has been forgotten. The new book is entitled, '*Walter Ashton; a Love-Story: by Paul Siogvolk.*' A glance at the unbound sheets assures us, that the publishers, Messrs. RUDD AND CARLTON, will require little advertising, beyond the book itself, after it shall have fairly been placed before the public. - - - SUBSECTIONS of 'Gossipry' upon the '*Death of WILLIAM E. BURTON, Comedian*,' and upon other themes, are unavoidably postponed until our next. The same 'palliation' must be offered in regard to several new publications received from Boston, New-York and Philadelphia publishing-houses. - - - Who is the author of the ensuing lines, '*A Year in Heaven?*' It sounds like, and is worthy of, REV. HORATIO BONAR:

'A YEAR uncalendared; for what
 Hast thou to do with mortal time?
 Its dole of moments entereth not
 That circle, mystic and sublime,
 Whose unreach'd centre is the throne
 Of HIM, before whose awful brow,
 Meeting eternities are known
 As but an everlasting now!
 The thought removes thee far away—
 Too far beyond my love and tears;
 Ah! let me hold thee as I may,
 And count thy time by earthly years.

'A year of blessedness—wherein
 Not one dim cloud hath crossed thy soul;
 No sigh of grief, no touch of sin,
 No frail mortality's control;

Nor once hath disappointment stung,
 Nor care, world-weary, made thee pine;
 But rapture, such as human tongue
 Hath found no language for, is thine.
 Made perfect at thy passing—who
 Can sum thy added glory now?
 As on and onward, upward through
 The angel-ranks that lowly bow,
 Ascending still from height to height,
 Unfaltering where rapt seraphs trod,
 Nor pausing 'mid their circles bright,
 Thou tendest inward unto God!

'A year of progress in the lore
 That's only learned in heaven; thy mind
 Unclogged of clay, and free to soar,
 Hath left the realms of doubt behind.

And wondrous things which finite thought
In vain essayed to solve, appear
To thy untasked inquiries, fraught
With explanations strangely clear.
Thy reason owns no forced control,
As held it here in needful thrall;
God's mysteries court thy questioning soul,
And thou mayst search and know them all.

'A year of love; thy yearning heart
Was always tender even to tears,
With sympathies whose sacred art
Made holy all thy cherished years.
But love, whose speechless ecstasy
Had overborne the finite, now
Throbs through thy being pure and free,
And burns upon thy radiant brow.
For thou, those hands' dear clasp has felt,
Where still the nail-prints are displayed;
And thou before that face hast knelt,
Which wears the scars the thorns have
made!

'A year without thee! I had thought
My widowed heart would break and die,
Ere time had meek quiescence brought,
Or soothed the tears it could not dry.
And yet I live, to faint and quail
Before the human grief I bear;
To miss thee so! then drown the wail
That trembles on my lips in prayer.
Thou praising, while I weakly pine!
Thou glorying, while I vainly thrill!
And thus, between thy heart and mine,
The distance ever widening still.

'A year of tears to me; to thee,
The end of thy probation's strife,
The archway to eternity,
The portal of immortal life.
To me—the pall, the bier, the sod;
To thee—the palm of victory given;
Enough, my heart—thank God! thank God!
That thou hast been a year in heaven!'

Brief Notices of New Publications.

'A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES M. LEUPP.'—In a well-printed pamphlet, from the press of Messrs. WILLIAM C. BRYANT AND COMPANY, we have the above-recorded 'Tribute,' in an Address delivered before 'The Column,' February 10, 1860: by JOSH H. GOURLIE. It is printed by direction of the Club, and with great propriety: for our departed friend, the theme of the pamphlet, regarded that association as the vertebral 'Column' of our beloved metropolis: and it is certain that the estimation in which he held his fellow-members generally, was unanimously felt by them for himself individually. Mr. GOURLIE'S 'Address' is mainly a recapitulation of the facts regarding the life and character of Mr. LEUPP, which appeared in the metropolitan journals at the time of his lamented decease; intermingled with not a few personal details, which impart an added interest to an unpretending, but fervent and well-deserved testimonial to a public-spirited, active, benevolent citizen, a true MAN, and a warm and genial friend. We have on two recent occasions in these pages spoken of our long intimacy with the subject of this 'Address,' and our high estimate of his character, in every phase of his career in our city: and we are not surprised to find that estimate held in common by every person who knew Mr. LEUPP: and no one of his many friends knew him better or more intimately than our mutual friend, the writer of this pamphlet. We segregate from it a few brief passages:

'THE life of our friend, though eminently associated with many of the public enterprises and institutions of the day, was one so essentially domestic and social, that it affords to us but few striking incidents for remark. His character has been best unfolded to us in the quiet retirement of home life, in the social intercourse of affectionate friendship, and in the daily routine of his professional career. In these relations we dwell with satisfaction on the memories which cluster around him, for in these he was eminent and superior, even in the midst of a circle of intellectual and cultivated men, on the one hand, and among sagacious, enterprising, and intelligent men—his competitors in the walks of commerce—on the other.

'Had his tastes and duties led him into a more prominent public career, his natural capacity for usefulness, his high conscientiousness and moral force, would have placed him in a more distinguished position in this community. He preferred the quiet and retiring enjoyments of home life, surrounded by friends, in whose cultivated conversation he found his highest happiness.'

'Our friend possessed the highest moral sensibilities. The example of his employer (GIBSON LEE) was fixed upon his heart, and pervaded every fibre of his being: hence his promise was never stained by unfulfilment: his word carried the force of accomplishment, and in every thought and act of his life he was true to his integrity, and never

sought to shield himself from any responsibility by reservation, equivocation, or technicality. The truth and courage and manliness of his boyhood grew up with him, in all their beauty and strength, and crowned his manhood with the universal esteem and respect of his fellow-men.

He soon occupied an exalted position among the merchants of our city, and for more than twenty-five years labored zealously and faithfully in his profession. Eminently conservative in his views of business, he pursued it, not with a bold and daring spirit of reckless adventure, but with a thoughtful and studious adherence to the legitimate laws of trade. His moral principles and prudence of practical action never permitted him to swerve in the slightest degree. These well-known traits of his business character assured him the highest commercial credit, and placed his name prominently among the business men of our city. Success and fortune naturally followed these habits and principles of his business life.

In business life all concealments and tergiversations were his abhorrence. So in his social life, he never concealed his *dislikes*; and no one, whose character bore a stain or a reproach, could ever receive from him a *hand* or a *welcome*. His sincerity and love of truth were thus made manifest. The truth every where, and at all times, was his standard; and any deviation from it on the part of any one, no matter what his position may have been, or continued to be, in society, met his open and unconcealed disgust. His good opinion once lost could never be redeemed.

My intimate acquaintance with Mr. LEUFF commenced in 1843. At that time he mingled but little with the world, having suffered a severe domestic affliction—the death of his wife, a daughter of GIBSON LEE—which sunk deeply into his heart, and threw a dark shadow over his happiness. A few friends assembled, from time to time, around his domestic hearth-stone, and cheered by their presence and conversation the drooping spirits of their friend. Time, however, dispelled the depression caused by this affliction; and here, in this quiet and happy home, associated with genial companions, he exhibited the noblest traits of his character, and dispensed, with unaffected hospitality, the treasures of his house and heart. The influences by which he was now surrounded, affected and determined his tastes. With an ample fortune, he resolved to devote a portion of his income to the formation of a gallery of paintings, and for the encouragement of the artists of his country. He took an active interest in the subject, and having been elected a manager of the Art Union, devoted time and zeal in carrying out the purposes for which that institution was established. He was also elected, at this time, an honorary member of the National Academy of Design, and had the happiness, a few years later, to render many valuable services to that institution. In a period of its embarrassment, he, in connection with his friend JONATHAN STURGE, advanced to it large sums of money, and was much gratified when the condition of the institution enabled him to retire from the trusteeship he had so usefully and generously filled; leaving it in a condition of prosperity, and surrounded with no obstructions to its more enlarged and permanent usefulness. The private gallery formed by the taste and liberality of Mr. LEUFF, was creditable to him. It contained some of the noblest and best productions of American art, from the pencils of DURAND, WEIR, LEUTZE, COLE, KENSETT, MOUNT, EDMONDS, and other artists of distinction.

In 1845, Mr. LEUFF went to Europe, in company with his friend WILLIAM C. BRYANT. He made two journeys abroad subsequently, with this same distinguished man—in 1849 and in 1852—in the latter, extending his travels to Jerusalem and the Holy Land. These several journeys were to him of great value and interest. The opportunities they afforded him of intercourse and acquaintance with some of the distinguished literary men and artists of Europe, were highly appreciated, and were, ever after, the sources of many pleasant reminiscences. Few Americans had ever visited the old world under more favorable circumstances. The literary reputation of his companion, and his high position as one of the first writers of our country, facilitated his introduction into the society of men renowned in art and letters. These privileges he sincerely valued, and often spoke of them to his friends with grateful pride.

He had long cherished the hope of relief from business cares, and these disappointments had a most unfavorable effect upon his mind. His friends observed, with deep solicitude, the depression of spirits into which he had fallen. The suddenness of his death revealed the depth of that affliction, which neither affection nor friendship could alleviate. The incessant occupations of Mr. LEUFF in the active and engrossing affairs of life, deprived him of the leisure to cultivate his literary tastes to any considerable extent. His reading was desultory, and confined to no particular branch of literature. He wrote but little in the latter portion of his life. He had, however, been a contributor to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, and had written some descriptions of character which were attractive and amusing, and exhibited great keenness of observation. He wrote also the life of GIBSON LEE, published in the *Merchants Magazine*. These, with a few articles con-

tributed to the newspapers, may be said to be all the papers from his pen. With his collection of paintings, and his library, his house became an attractive resort for some of the most distinguished literary and social men of our city. Many were the happy gatherings around his festive board, at which cheerfulness and unostentatious hospitality presided. Whoever may have had the privileges of his home circle, will remember, with pleasure, the cordial welcome and generous reception he always gave to his friends. In *'The Century,'* of which he was one of the founders, he took much pride and pleasure. The friendships he there formed continued always with him, and rendered to him many sources of enjoyment. The universal esteem of its members followed him in life and in death; and there, as with us, his memory will be long cherished by those who knew the excellencies of his character and the genial warmth of his nature.

Such a citizen, such a man, and such a friend, was the late lamented CHARLES M. LEUPP: and these are the chaplets which FRIENDSHIP strews upon his early, his untimely grave!

A MODEL DESCRIPTIVE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CATALOGUE.—We found on our desk this morning an exceedingly neat, tasteful, and 'handy' little pocket-pamphlet 'tome' of sixty-five pages, containing a '*Descriptive Catalogue of the Library of the Sunday-School attached to the First Reformed Dutch Church, Brooklyn, E.D.,*' under the pastoral care of Rev. ELBERT S. PORTER, D.D. It is the work of the Superintendent of the School, and is certainly a monument of labor, close examination, moral care, and literary acumen, which does that officer very great credit: for when it is considered, that here are four hundred and seventy little Sunday-School Books, the character of each, its story, and its story's inculcations briefly but succinctly indicated, it must be seen at a glance that the preparation of such a Catalogue must have been a work requiring no common intellectual and manual exertion. But we suspect it must have been more: it was a 'Labor of Love' for the little children who were to reap its fruits. The subjoined, from the '*Christian Intelligencer*' informs us who the 'SUPERINTENDENT,' the author of this volume, is; a fact which is modestly omitted from the work itself:

'THE books named in this Catalogue were first selected by Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, the Superintendent, from the ample stock which the various 'book-stores of New-York contain, and none accepted by him until the contents of each volume had been subjected by him to a careful inspection. To form a library in this way, required much diligent reading, for the purpose of securing books really suitable to be placed in the hands of the young. When the selection had been completed, Mr. GRAY then proceeded to form a catalogue, in which the subject, character, and aim of each volume are tersely and graphically presented under the appropriate title. We have marvelled at the successful manner in which this labor has been accomplished. All accustomed to write for the press know that the highest attainment in paragraphic ability consists in expressing the utmost possible in the fewest possible words. This sort of skill is as valuable as it is rare; but it is an excellence conspicuous on every page of this descriptive catalogue. Our special object in making this public notice of the production named is, to say that it may be advantageously used out of the school for which it is primarily designed, as a *labor-saving apparatus* for other superintendents. Friends of Sunday-schools all feel that care should be taken in selecting books for their libraries, and yet very few have time to run from store to store to find the best, or to satisfy themselves by a personal examination of the character of the volumes offered. From this catalogue any superintendent could determine in an hour whether or not to order books of a certain grade or quality, and would run no risk of being disappointed in the books ordered. The Catalogue will be sent by mail, for twenty cents. Direct to JOHN A. GRAY, Numbers 16 and 18 Jacob-Street, New-York.'

As we are reading this, in our town-sanctum at GRAY's, we sit 'foraninst' an apartment with upper glass windows, wherein an ENGINE, with noiseless assiduity, is doing its multifarious work: its *own* sound is hushed; but its *power* is felt in the tremulous, deep-rumbling, subdued thunder, which, to the top of the sixth story above us, of this great Building, variously resounds. Thirty power-presses, by its agency, are 'throwing off' the sheets of books, magazines, journals—religious, secular, medical, mechanical, financial, fanciful: to say nothing of the condensed but very busy 'little jokers,' which are industriously engaged in dropping (like bright corn from the 'hopper' of an old-fashioned fanning-mill) cards, labels, bills—in blue, crimson, and gold: types click, and imposing-stones groan, in rooms one above another: the Binder, with his female and male 'aids,'

folds, gathers, stitches, cuts, hammers : the Stereotyper makes ready his cauldrons of hot lead-soup, for the 'forms' which are dropped down upon him by steam — Now how one man, with the daily, personal, *individual* supervision of all these various businesses, could find time to prepare such a condensed yet voluminous 'Descriptive Catalogue' as the foregoing, passes our 'line' of intelligence. Much night-work after much day-work must afford the only reasonable solution.

'COMPENSATION: OR ALWAYS A FUTURE.'—The preface by ANNE M. H. BREWSTER, the writer of this book from the press of J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, would disarm any querulous critic. It thus closes :

'Mrs. NORTON sang, to an ugly child :

'THE loved are lovely, so art thou to me,
Child, in whose face strange eyes no beauty see.'

And thus I feel toward this little book. I commenced it at a season of great sadness — at a period when the very ground on which I stood seemed reeling. Old ties were rent asunder, old faiths, old hopes ; all I had lived, loved, and prayed for, swept from me ; links severed, never to be clasped together in this state of being. To keep my sorrow from feeding on me, I gave my 'serpent a file.' The world has nothing to do with all this ; but my little public may look more favorably on my book-child when they know what an angel of blessing it has proved to me. It has done its duty well ; it has cheered me when hopeless ; given me fresh spring and impulse when failing health and morbid spirits refused their aid. Now its work is finished with me. It will go out into the world to take its chance by the side of lovelier and cleverer ones. I have done all I can for it in return for its good done to me. I am only sorry that my doing has been so weak.'

We find many things in this volume to commend. The writer looks with a loving eye, and describes with an effective pen, the beautiful and the grand, as displayed by the ALMIGHTY, in the 'wonderful works of His hand,' which lend such a charm and such a glory to Italian and Swiss alpine scenery : but the prolonged details of her own various little emotions, and the upholstery, 'JENKINS' style which she adopts in sketching her apartments, and their interior surroundings ; in our view detract from, rather than add to, the interest of her book. The 'peevish miseries' upon which she so frequently dwells, should have been confined to her note-book ; nor would the description of her bed-room luxuries, or the manner in which her maid unlaced her boots, unbuttoned her undersleeves, and arranged her crochéd slippers, have been lamented by her readers, if she had omitted them altogether. We say nothing of the love-story which runs like a fine thread through the book, preferring that the reader shall be attracted to *that*, in a perusal of the entire work.

'THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.'—This excellent 'Annual' should have received earlier notice at our hands : and even the present, inadequate as it may be considered, was intended for our last. An English friend, newly arrived in New-York, asked us, year before last : 'Can you put me in the way of procuring some comprehensive little work which shall afford me authenticated FACTS, in relation to the different States in this country, and matters which relate to each individually ? — such, for example, as I might be asked to speak of at home, by a banker, a merchant, a lawyer, or persons desirous to emigrate from the 'Old Country ?' We had but just read, and noticed, the '*American Almanac*' for the current year : we had the pleasure to hand it to him ; and to learn from him afterward, that in one hour's perusal, he had derived an amount of important information from its suddenly-consulted pages, which it would have taken him months of inquiry and travel to have secured. The '*American Almanac*' has now been published for *thirty-one years* ; and every year it has so increased its claims upon public favor, that it has made itself a *necessity* — a *National Vade Mecum*. The mass of information which has here been carefully collected, arranged and condensed into a duodecimo of four hundred pages is immense, relating to government, finances, legislation, public institutions, internal improvements, etc. The astronomical information is extensive, having been prepared by Mr. GEORGE P. BOND, of the Cambridge University.

This department includes papers on DONATI's comet, the law of storms, the Aurora Borealis, together with tables of eclipses, occultations, etc. A record of the legislation of 1859 is also given, together with an obituary list for the year. The American is the *ne plus ultra* of an Almanac.

'THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.'—Upon this fruitful and almost universal theme, we have received, in a beautifully-executed pamphlet, published by request, '*A Discourse delivered in the Second Reformed Dutch Church, of Tarrytown, New-York, on Sabbath Morning, December 11, 1859:*' by the Pastor, Rev. JOHN A. TODD. It is an eloquent and feeling tribute to the genius and character of the 'Great Departed.' Remarking upon his death, the reverend orator fervently exclaims: 'Dead, did I say? No! He has just begun to live. His spirit has gone up to the enjoyment of a higher sphere, and its power upon the kindred spirit of his race has been consecrated by the solemn mystery of its departure. God has given to him the precious boon of a two-fold life: the life eternal of the Glorified in heaven, and the life of an undying memory in the hearts of men. And can we say of such an one that he is dead?'

'THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD,' and other novelettes, by Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Few writers have more perfect mastery of the art of story-telling than Mrs. SOUTHWORTH. There is in this book little of character-sketch, and no special power of description; yet the comparatively simple stories win and keep the attention, when more elaborate constructions would fail. 'It's a real nice book, father,' said a little girl in our hearing, looking up with a pleased smile from its perusal. We endorse the judgment. T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHER, Philadelphia.

'SONG AND PEN.'—Mr. OLIVER B. GOLDSMITH, the long-established and truly eminent 'Penmanist,' forth from his spacious Instruction Rooms, at Number 862 Broadway, has despatched to us, under the above title, a perfect *bijou* of the caligraphic art: in ornamentation, chaste and tasteful—in execution graceful and elegant. In his long, long experience, he may have taught many pupils to equal him, but none, we suspect, to excel him.

ROLLO, popular Publisher, has 'shelled out,' in a very handsome illustrated volume, '*Kitt Kelvin's Kernals*,' to which we hope to pay our respects in the May number.

NEW MUSIC.

J. H. HIDLEY, 519 Broadway, Albany, has issued '*The Little Gipsy Mazurka*,' by GEORGE W. WARREN, an easy and pleasant piece. '*Star of the Evening*,' duett for two equal voices. '*Away, away with Hearts so Gay*,' boat-song, by W. F. SHEERWIN. '*The Beggar Boy*,' by G. W. WARREN: simple enough for an infant class. '*Serenade Quickstep*,' by HENRY TUCKER. '*Andante Finale de Lucia di Lammermoor*,' arranged for piano by ARTHUR NAPOLEON. Will be useful to advanced players: there is plenty of work for the left hand in it.

WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Andante with Variations*,' for piano: composed by W. V. WALLACE. '*Croyez Moi*,' Romance pour le piano: composée par W. V. WALLACE. '*Pretty Things Young Lovers Say*,' a good song with easy accompaniment and a concluding chorus, by W. V. WALLACE. '*La Plainte du Berger*,' Idylle pour le piano, by W. V. WALLACE. There is probably no composer now living whose compositions are so numerous as those of WALLACE; and no composer who is so well paid for his labor, while his publishers regard their contract with him as a most valuable one. He is greatly and deservedly popular.

FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*La Réveil des Fauvettes*,' par FELIX GODFROID. '*I'm Thinking of Thee, Ellie*,' a graceful ballad, by J. G. MAENDER. '*I Would that I were Beautiful*,' a ballad, by WALDO ALLEN. '*The Musical Bazaar*,' a collection of songs and ballads arranged for the guitar. '*Idol of my Heart*,' song by A. W. BREG.

H O M E INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW-YORK, OFFICE, 112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL, \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, over \$300,000

THIS COMPANY INSURES AGAINST LOSS AND DAMAGE BY
FIRE, ON FAVORABLE TERMS.

LOSSES EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PROMPTLY PAID.

DIRECTORS:

Charles J. Martin,
A. F. Willmarth,
William G. Lamber,
George C. Collins,
Danford N. Barney,
Lucius Hopkins,
Thomas Messenger,
William H. Mellen,
Charles B. Hatch,
E. Watson Bull,
Hosmer Morgan,

Levi P. Stone,
James Humphrey,
George Pearce,
Ward A. Work,
James Low,
Isaac H. Frothingham,
Charles A. Bulkley,
Oephas H. Norton,
George D. Morgan,
Theodore McNamee,
Richard Bigelow,

Oliver E. Wood,
Alfred S. Barnes,
George Bliss,
Roe Lockwood,
John G. Nelson,
Lyman Cooke,
Levi P. Morton,
Curtis Noble,
John B. Hutchinson,
Charles P. Baldwin,
Amos T. Dwight,

Henry A. Harbut,
Jesse Hoyt,
William Sturgis, Jr.,
John R. Ford,
Sidney Mason,
George T. Stedman, Cinn.,
Cyrus Yale, Jr.,
William R. Fosdick,
F. H. Cossitt,
David L. Boyd, Albany.
S. B. Cauldwell & L. Eobe

J. MILTON SMITH, Secretary.

CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-President.

DEFIANCE SALAMANDER SAFES.

ROBERT M. PATRICK,

SOLE MANUFACTURER IN THE UNITED STATES OF THE ABOVE CELEBRATED SAFES, AND

Patent Powder-Proof Impenetrable Defiance
Locks and Cross-Bars,

ALSO,

Fire and Burglar-Proof Sideboard or Parlor Safes,
FOR SILVER PLATE, &c.

THE BEST SAFES AND LOCKS COMBINED, IN THE WORLD. THESE SAFES HAVE TAKEN THE
FIRST PREMIUM MEDALS IN EVERY EXHIBITION

held in the United States during the past three years. SAFES of all sizes, suitable for Merchants,
Banks, Jewelry, Record Offices, Steamboats, etc.; Fire and Thief-Proof Bank Vault
Doors on hand, for sale, and made to order, at the

Depot, No. 63 Murray St., cor. College Place, New-York,
Formerly 192 Pearl Street.

Manufactory, Nos. 60, 62, 64, and 66 Cannon Street, N. Y

STATE RECOMMENDATIONS.

THE AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL SERIES,

PUBLISHED BY

IVISON, PHINNEY & CO., NEW-YORK,

Has been recommended in whole or in part by the present or recent Superintendents of Public Instruction, or the Boards of Education, generally, both in the following States and Territories, comprising nearly all that have adopted a uniform system of School Text-Books since the publication of this Series, namely: Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, New-York, Ohio, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, Kentucky, Minnesota, North-Carolina, Alabama, Kansas, Nebraska.

THE SERIES EMBRACE

Sanders's New Readers, Spellers, etc.
Robinson's Complete Mathematics.
Thompson's Practical Arithmetics.
Wilson's Historical Series.
Wells's (D. A.) Philosophy, Chemistry, and Science of Common Things. All Illustrated.
Wells's (W. H.) Grammar. 280th ed., Revised.
Colton & Fitch's Geographies.
Gray's (Asa) Botanies. Graded. 2500 cuts.
Bradbury's School Music-Books. 10 books.

Fasquelle's French Series.
Woodbury's German Series.
Hitchcock's Anatomy and Physiology. (New.)
Spencerian Penmanship. New edition. Nine books.
O'Donnell's Penmanship. Eight books.
Bryant and Stratton's Bookkeeping. In press.
Schuster's Drawing-Books. Finely engraved.
Ivison and Phinney's School Records, Diaries, Registers, etc., etc.

Descriptive Catalogues, (of 168 pages,) and 'The Educational News,' (quarterly,) with matter interesting to Teachers, descriptions, notices, testimonials, prices, etc., sent free, on request.

Liberal Terms for Specimen Copies and First Supplies for Schools.

IVISON, PHINNEY & CO.,

Publishers, 48 and 50 Walker Street, N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED: MR. HAWTHORNE'S GREAT ROMANCE:

THE MARBLE FAUN; OR, THE ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI.

Two vols., 18mo. Cloth, \$1.50. The eighth thousand has already been put to press.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

'The story possesses a seductive enticement, which few will be inclined to resist. It abounds in sweet and gentle episodes, illustrative of Italian life, vivid descriptions of some of the most celebrated works of art, and profound discussion of æsthetic principles.' — *New-York Tribune*.

'The present book is far more healthy and cheerful in tone than those which Mr. Hawthorne has previously given to the world. He writes with his old power of fascination, but still it seems as though his mind had gained by its long rest something which it lacked before.' — *Boston Advertiser*.

'The Marble Faun' is a book which might well make a new era in novel-writing. It is in all respects superior to any thing which has come from Mr. Hawthorne's pen. . . . The style of the book is full of simplicity and strength; very choice and very good. It is interlaid with fine fancies and rich thoughts, the growth of a wise maturity.' — *Saturday Express*.

'As an exertion of poetic and imaginative power, it takes as high a flight, and certainly a far wider sweep than any of his former efforts.' — *Philadelphia North-American*.

'Every way worthy of the high and peculiar fame of the writer.' — *New-York Evening Post*.

'We are charmed beyond expression with his exquisite pictures of Italian scenery and works of art.' — *New-York Independent*.

'In none of his previous works does he exhibit superior if equal power. Considered simply as a record of a tour in Italy, we doubt if this romance is excelled by any other book of travel. . . . The style of the romance is the perfection of quiet and strength. Its simplicity is the appropriate vesture of its powers. It is ever austere plain and pure.' — *Boston Transcript*.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, Boston.

Knickerbocker Magazine.

LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK & JAMES O. NOYES, EDITORS.

IN order to increase the already large circulation of the **KNICKERBOCKER**, we publish this month a splendid line engraving of FAIRB's picture of '*Merry-Making in the Olden Time*,' which we shall present exclusively to the \$3 subscribers to the Magazine for 1860, whether old or new, including twelve cents extra, in stamps, to prepay postage. The subject represents the pastimes of our ancestors, and is eminently of a genial, domestic character. The plate, engraved in England, at an expense of \$3000, is entirely new, measures 25 by 19½ inches in size, contains thirty-nine figures, and is, beyond comparison, the finest work of the kind ever offered as a premium in this country.

Both the Engraving (free of postage) and the **KNICKERBOCKER** for 1860 will be sent *gratis* to any one who will make up a club of five \$3 subscribers, (\$15.60.) Two copies of each, worth \$12, will be sent *gratis* for a club of eight subscribers, (\$25.) The January **KNICKERBOCKER** and a copy of '*Merry-Making in the Olden Time*,' free of postage, will be sent to any one desiring to act as agent for the **KNICKERBOCKER**, on the receipt of \$1.12, which amount may be deducted from his remittance for subscribers. We refer to the following description of the engraving, kindly furnished for our use by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, Esq:

'Almost in the centre of the picture and a little in the back-ground is a country dance on the green, with a hard-featured fiddler perched on a high seat, and another musician in a tie-wig standing by him, playing with all their might. On the right two bouncing girls are gaily pulling toward the dance a gray-haired man, who seems vainly to remonstrate that his 'dancing days are over,' while a waggish little chit pushes him forward from behind, greatly to the amusement of his spouse, who is still sitting at the tea-table, from which he has been dragged. On the left, under a magnificent spreading oak, sit the 'squire and his wife, whom a countryman with his hat off is respectfully inviting to take part in the dance. To the left of the 'squire is a young couple on the grass, to whom a gipsy with an infant on her shoulder is telling their fortune. Over the shoulders of this couple is seen a group engaged in quoit-playing, and back of the whole is a landscape of gentle slopes and copse.'

THE January **KNICKERBOCKER**, in addition to the usual amount of reading matter, by Hon. George Bancroft, Miss Prescott, H. T. Tuckerman, etc., contains a MEMORIAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING; a splendid steel-plate engraving, portrait of Mr. Irving; *SUNSET*, illustrated. Fac-simile of a three-paged autograph CHRISTMAS LETTER, by Mr. Irving, beautifully lithographed. Washington Irving as an Invalid; with several Original Letters; a BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, ANECDOTES, and REMINISCENCES, by Louis Gaylord Clark, Dr. James O. Noyes, Hon. George Bancroft, N. P. Willis, Theodore Tilton, and Dr. J. W. Francis. These, with similar papers, and illustrations of *SLEEPY HOLLOW*, by T. Addison Richards, in the present No., form a memorial of the beloved and illustrious author that every one must desire to possess and preserve.

TERMS.—Twenty-five cents per number, or \$3 per annum, in advance; two copies, \$5; three copies, \$6. The postage on the Magazine (twenty-four cents per annum) to be paid in all cases at the office where it is received. **NEW** With '*Merry-Making*,' see above.

AGENTS ARE WANTED in every part of the country, to canvass for the Magazine and Engraving. Terms unusually liberal.

All communications connected with the *Business Department* of the **KNICKERBOCKER** should be addressed to

JOHN A. GRAY, PUBLISHER,

16 and 18 Jacob Street, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL BANK NOTE COMPANY,

No. 1 WALL STREET, corner of Broadway,

NEW-YORK.

THIS Company has been incorporated by law, and is prepared, with an ample capital, new and superior designs, materials, and machinery, embracing all the modern improvements and discoveries for the prevention of counterfeits and alterations, to execute orders for plates and printing, in the highest style of the art, for Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Stock and of Deposit, State and Railroad Bonds, and all forms of Mercantile and Official Papers, under the most vigilant and reliable superintendence. Ample security is provided for the safe custody of plates left with the Company.

New and important safeguards against fraudulent Coupons, devised by and peculiar to this Company, are especially recommended.

Government issues of every description, and orders in foreign languages, will receive strict attention. Particular care will be taken to furnish bank note paper of the very best quality.

The National Bank Note Company comprises among its associates artists of acknowledged ability, who have been from fifteen to thirty years in the oldest-established firms of Bank Note Engravers in this country. The Company, in soliciting patronage, feels justified in giving assurance that orders intrusted to it will be faithfully and promptly filled.

TRUSTEES.

ROBERT S. OAKLEY, late Cashier American Exchange Bank, New-York.

JAMES T. SOUTTER, President Bank of the Republic.

SAMUEL STILES,

FITCH SHEPARD,

WILLIAM D. NICHOLS,

JAMES MACDONOUGH,

GEORGE H. DANFORTH,

LLOYD GLOVER, formerly Agent of Danforth, Wright & Co., Boston.

JOHN H. VAN ANTWERP, Cashier New-York State Bank, Albany.

} late with Danforth, Wright & Co., and their predecessors.

J. T. SOUTTER, *Vice-President*

J. MACDONOUGH, *Secretary*.

R. S. OAKLEY, *President*

SAMUEL STILES, *Treasurer*.

January, 1860.

FOR SALE.

THE CELEBRATED '76 STONE-HOUSE AT TAPPAN.

Address, Dr. STEVENS, Tappantown, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1776.

A. BININGER & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF FINE

Brandies, Wines, Liquors, Segars,

TEAS, AND GROCERIES,

Nos. 92 & 94 LIBERTY ST.,

NEW-YORK.

ABRAHAM B. CLARK,

ABRAHAM BININGER,

The only and *Sole Successors* of ABRAHAM BININGER, Sr., who commenced this business in 1776 and which has been handed successively to son and grandsons, down to the present day.

SECOND VOLUME NOW READY.

Life of Andrew Jackson,

BY JAMES PARTON.

In Three Volumes, 8vo. With Steel Portraits. Price,
\$2.50 per volume.

The publishers would announce as now ready, the Second volume of Mr. Parton's invaluable work. In the absorbing interests of its topics, it is believed to be decidedly superior, even to the first volume, which was received with great favor by the press throughout the country; and has been warmly commended by eminent critics.

"There are few men living who could have performed the task of the biography of Andrew Jackson so well as Mr. Parton. With an independence of spirit that shows him to judge wisely and impartially, he paints with the old chronicler's faithfulness, the good and the evil in the character he is illustrating."—*Benson J. Lossing*.

"A worthy commencement of a noble work."—*New York Tribune*.

"Jackson stands out in this work of remarkable graphic power and naturalness, as the lifelike, indomitable and real man he was."—*Memphis Press. Sentinel*.

"That he has written with a conscientious love of truth, and has produced a vigorous and picturesque narrative, does not admit of a question."—*Harper's Magazine*.

"It is in an eminent degree the book of the day."—*Washington States, and Union*.

"Decidedly the most comprehensive, truthful and faithful biography of Jackson ever written."—*Nashville (Tenn.) Banner of Peace*.

"We have his picture painted as Cromwell wished his likeness to be—as he was."—*Boston Post*.

"One of the most entertaining and instructive books we have ever read."—*Russell's Mag., Charleston, S. C.*

"It is beyond dispute that he has given us an account of Andrew Jackson that must be as popular as was the hero himself, who now, for the first time, is presented to his countrymen in his true proportions."—*Boston Traveller*.

The third and concluding volumes will appear in three or four months. The work is sold by subscription only; and any person wishing to procure it will, on addressing the publisher, be visited by an agent.

MASON BROTHERS, Publishers,

5 AND 7 MERCER STREET, NEW YORK

VALUABLE BOOKS
Published by
JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY
NO. 20 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Copeland's Country Life.

By R. Morris Copeland. A complete handbook of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening. Illustrated with 225 Engravings. 1 vol. 8vo. 825 pages. Third edition. Cloth. \$2.50.

Dadd's New Cattle Doctor.

By George H. Dadd, V. S. The most complete work on Cattle and their Diseases ever published. With numerous Illustrations. Third edition. Cloth. \$1.00

The Physiology of Marriage.

By Dr. Alcott. Twenty-fifth thousand. New and enlarged edition. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

The Moral Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage.

By Dr. Alcott. Fifth thousand. New and enlarged edition. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

The Laws of Health.

For Schools and Families. By Dr. Alcott. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth. Fourth edition. \$1.00.

Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders.

Or the Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician. By Dr. Alcott. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

The New Temperance Melodist.

A choice collection of Songs, Glees, and other pieces, for the use of Temperance Societies. By Stephen Hubbard, Esq., Professor of Music. 1 vol. 12mo. 88 cents.

The Pitts Street Chapel Lectures.

Delivered in Boston, by Clergymen of six different Denominations, during the Winter of 1858. Twelfth Thousand. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

Debt and Grace.

As related to the doctrine of a Future Life. By Prof. C. F. Hudson. This is one of the most learned Theological Works of the age. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth. Sixth edition. \$1.25.

Voices from the Silent Land.

Or Leaves of Consolation for the Afflicted. By Mrs. H. Dwight Williams. 12mo. Plain cloth. New edition, revised and enlarged with Steel Plate, \$1.00. Same work gilt, \$1.50

Bishop Butler's Writings.

Edited by Rev. J. T. Champlin, D. D., President of Waterville College. 1. Butler's Ethical Discourses and Essay on Virtue, arranged as a Treatise on Moral Philosophy. 2. Butler's Analogy of Religion, with Analysis and Notes. 2 vols. 12mo. Half morocco. \$1.50.

The Writings of Grace Kennedy.

Containing Dunalian, or Know what you Judge; Father Clement, a Roman Catholic Story; Profession is not Principle; and Decision, or Religion is All or it is Nothing. 2 vols. 12mo. Cloth. \$2.00.

Allen's American Biographical Dictionary.

By Rev. William Allen, D. D. Third edition. 1 vol. Royal 8vo. 900 pages. Full sheep. \$5.00. Half morocco, marble edge, \$6.00.

History of British India, Ancient and Modern.

By Rev. D. O. Allen, D. D., for Twenty-five Years a Resident of India, and Missionary of the American Board. 1 vol. 8vo. Cloth. \$2.00.

The National Edition of Irving's Works.

THIS fine edition of the works of WASHINGTON IRVING (including the LIFE OF WASHINGTON) will be published for SUBSCRIBERS ONLY, in Monthly volumes; price \$1.50 each, payable on delivery. Beautifully printed on heavy Superfine Paper, of the very best quality, and substantially bound in heavy beveled boards.

Each Volume Illustrated with Vignettes on Steel and Wood.

This edition will be sold *exclusively* to *Subscribers*, and will be greatly superior to any ever before issued. A very handsome set of these universally popular works is thus placed within the means of all.

Uniform with the above will be issued a new and beautiful edition of SALMAGUNDI, in one volume.

Canvassers will be supplied on the usual terms, for Cash only. Early application is necessary to secure any particular Territory. Applications should be addressed to

G. P. PUTNAM, Agt., Publisher,
115 Nassau Street, New-York.

Those who wish complete sets at once, can be supplied NOW with

The Library Edition of Irving, Complete.

In Twenty-one Volumes, on fine paper, with vignettes. Price, in cloth, \$28; sheep, (no plates,) \$30; half-calf, \$44; half-calf, extra, or antique, \$47; full calf, extra, \$55; full morocco, extra, \$68.

Irving's Life of Washington,

Complete in Five Volumes. \$7, \$8, \$10, \$13, and in various other styles. See catalogue.

Bayard Taylor's Works, Complete.

TRAVELS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD. By BAYARD TAYLOR. 8 vols. 12mo. With Plates. In a box, cloth, \$10; sheep, \$12; half-calf, extra, \$18; half-calf, antique, \$18.

SEPARATE VOLUMES, namely :

1. VIEWS A-FOOT. (Europe.) With Steel Plate. 12mo. \$1.25 2. ELDORADO. (Mexico and California.) 12mo. Plates, \$1.25. 3. LANDS OF THE SARACEN. (Palestine, etc.) \$1.25. 4. CENTRAL AFRICA, THE WHITE NILE, etc., Plates, \$1.50. 5. INDIA, CHINA AND JAPAN. Two Steel Plates, \$1.50. 6. NORTHERN TRAVEL: Norway, Lapland, etc. Portrait and View, \$1.25. 7. GREECE AND RUSSIA. Two Plates, \$1.25. 8. AT HOME AND ABROAD. 500 pp., two Plates, \$1.25.

'There is no romance to us quite equal to one of BAYARD TAYLOR's books of travel. Fact, under his wonderful pen, is more charming than fiction.' — *Hartford Republican*.

'One of the most enterprising, practical, and charming of modern travellers.' — *New-Bedford Mercury*.

'There is a charm in every thing that BAYARD TAYLOR writes.' — *Boston Evening Gazette*.

'BAYARD TAYLOR, the prince of modern travellers.' — *Maryland Democrat*.

Prof. Greene's Biographical Studies.

IRVING, COOPER, CRAWFORD, COLE. 1 vol. 12mo. 75 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM, 115 Nassau "

HOUSEKEEPERS, READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY,

Which conclusively proves, that

JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS

is the best yet known to the public. It is not only the most economical and best raising article in use, but will save your children from the many diseases which are brought on by the *Baneful Effects* of the common saleratus.

One trial will convince you of the superiority of this over all others. If your grocer has not got it, tell him to get it for you; but see that the name of James Pyle, New York, is on each package, otherwise it is counterfeit.

Columbus, O., Aug. 4, 1859.—I have been selling Jas. Pyle's Dietetic Saleratus for the last year, and find it an article universally approved.

GEORGE McDONALD.

This is to certify that we have sold James Pyle's Saleratus, and it has given most excellent satisfaction to our customers. We believe it to be the best saleratus made.

JACOB & LOUIS ZETTLER.

Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 2, '59.

Salem, Sept. 19, 1859.—We have been selling James Pyle's Dietetic Saleratus for the last year, and find our customers prefer it *decidedly* to any other we have ever sold. We would, therefore, with confidence, recommend it to the trade.

J. L. SCHELLING, J. J. BOONE,

New Philadelphia, O., Oct. 5, 1859.—This is to certify that we have sold James Pyle's *Dietetic Saleratus*, and have always found that where it is once used it is universally called for again, and we have no hesitation in recommending it as far superior to anything used or sold bearing the name of saleratus.

MORROW BROS.

Massillon, O., July 26, 1859.—I hereby certify that James Pyle's Saleratus is superior to anything made.

FRED. LOEFFLER.

Deposit, Broome Co., N. Y., Jan. 26, 1860.

The subscriber takes pleasure in saying that James Pyle's Saleratus has been used in his family for dietetic purposes more than four years. It makes lighter and better bread than any we have ever before tried; and this is the uniform testimony of many individuals, and several grocers to whom we have recommended the article.

REV. L. RANSTED.

Having sold James Pyle's Dietetic Saleratus for the last eighteen months; I can say that it is universally liked among my customers and, I believe, the only pure article in the market.

C. K. WARD, Agt.

Burr Oak, Dec. 7, 1859.

We have sold James Pyle's Saleratus, and can say that we think it the best article in market.

C. B. TAYLOR & SON,

Goshen, Dec. 12, 1859. W. B. TAYLOR.

We have sold James Pyle's Soda Saleratus for the last year and find it the best article of saleratus that we have ever sold; when we sell it to a customer once they invariably call for Pyle's Saleratus when they want more.

PENNY & VAUGHN.

Jackson, Mich., Dec. 24, 1859.

I have sold James Pyle's Saleratus for three years, and I find my customers want nothing else but this kind. If I can sell one pound to a customer I am sure to sell him his saleratus.

A. G. SLOCUM.

Hamilton, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1858.

I am satisfied, from the reports of my customers, that James Pyle's Saleratus is unequalled by any in market.

Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., Sept 7, 1858.

H. H. MOSES.

Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.

Having sold James Pyle's Saleratus and Cream Tartar, we cheerfully recommend them as being unequalled by any other goods in market.

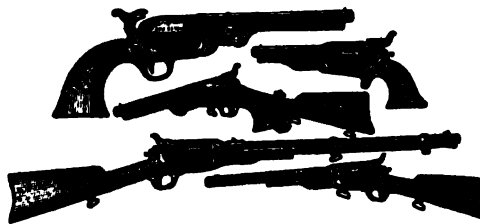
H. H. BLACKMER & CO.

We have sold Pyle's Dietetic Saleratus for some time, and those who buy it once will buy no other.

SAMM & KUEHL.

Hillsdale, Mich., Dec. 5, 1859.

THE PIONEERS OF CIVILIZATION. COLT'S REVOLVING BREECH FIRE ARMS.



PISTOLS, RIFLES, CARBINES AND SHOT GUNS.

Simple Reasons for preferring Colt's Arm to all others.

1. They have been thoroughly tested by all classes of men in every country, and from the first rifle fired in Florida, during the Indian war in 1837, to the present hour they have always responded to the touch of their owners in the time of danger.

2. They have a force and accuracy which have no parallels in the history of fire-arms.

3. They do not endanger your eyesight and brain, as do the arms with patent primers, which fly like shells into many pieces.

4. They do not stick fast, refusing either to open or shut without the aid of an axe when heated, as do the guns which open like molasses gates or nut crackers.

5. They leave no burning paper in the barrel after a discharge, to blow the next cartridge into your face, as do the guns which open from behind.

6. They are simple in construction, and easily taken care of, as any ranger or cavalry soldier will tell you. Treat them well, and they will treat your enemies badly.

7. They are made of the best steel that can be procured for money, and have the strength to resist the explosive force of gunpowder, while the mongrel imitations and cheap arms are clumsily made of cast iron or inferior materials, and are more dangerous to their owners than they are to all others.

8. They are well finished, and as cheap as a good arm can be made by the aid of modern machinery and skillful labor.

9. They are always worth what they cost—in the Far West much more, almost a legal tender! If you buy anything cheaper, your life, or that of your companion, may balance the difference in cost.

10. If you buy a Colt's Rifle or Pistol, you feel certain that you have one true friend, with six hearts in his body, and who can always be relied on.

11. They can be carried loaded and capped, with entire safety. In rain, or when wading or swimming rivers, they remain water-proof.

12. They have no knife edge to cut off the end of the cartridge and the powder, cutting off more and more at every discharge, as the barrel gets heated, and finally getting so dull that they will not cut at all. What old lady will lend her scissors to cut paper with? Ask any ranger who has tried the cutting slide guns, what he thinks of them.

13. Colt's arms have been adopted for the service of the United States by the army board at West Point, in 1858, and for many years previously, as superior to all others. See the printed reports, which fill volumes.

14. Colt's weapons are old friends to many thousands who will read this sheet. See Colt's new rifles before you buy any other, and then decide which will afford surest protection to your family, your life and your property

Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the world.

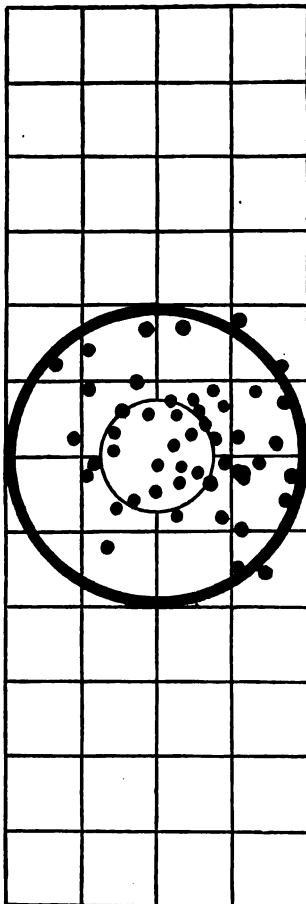
COL. COLT'S

Military and Sporting Rifles.

Captain Randolph B. Marcy, U. S. A. in his recent work the 'Prairie Traveller,' thus speaks of Colt's Breech Loading Fire Arms, page 42.

Colt's revolving pistol is very generally admitted, both in Europe and America, to be the most efficient arm of its kind known at the present day. As the same principles are involved in the fabrication of his breech-loading rifle as are found in the pistol, the conviction to me is irresistible that, if one arm is worthy of consideration, the other is equally so. For my own part, I look upon Colt's new patent rifle as a most excellent arm for border service. It gives six shots in more rapid succession than any other rifle I know of, and these, if properly expended, are oftentimes sufficient to decide a contest; moreover, it is the most reliable and certain weapon to fire that I have ever used, and I cannot resist the force of my conviction that, if I were alone upon the prairies, and expected an attack from a body of Indians, I am not acquainted with any arm I would as soon have in my hands as this.

My own experience has forced me to the conclusion that the breech-loading arm, possesses great advantages over the muzzle-loading, for the reason that it can be charged and fired with much greater rapidity.



Lieut. Hans Busk, M. A. of the Victoria Rifles, England, in his recent work "The Rifle and how to use it," thus speaks of Colt's Arms, pages 45 and 46.

"His cavalry pistols are, in fact, pocket rifles. With one of them I once fired from a rest, at the Erith rifle ground, thirty-six rounds at the enormous range of FOUR HUNDRED AND TEN YARDS! Six bullets struck the butt at distances varying from thirty to thirty-six inches from the centre of the target, eighteen bullets struck within the circumference of a circle seven feet in diameter, and the other six shots at heights varying from ten to twelve feet above the target—satisfactorily proving the capacity of the weapon for a still greater range. As regards the purposes for which they are intended, they may be pronounced in every respect perfect."

In a letter to the inventor, dated 28th April 1859, sending target (attached) he says: "Your rifle is by far the most complete specimen of a soldiers firelock that has yet been produced and considering that I have fired more than 68,000 rounds from my own shoulder, my opinion in such matters is perhaps, worth more than the mere empty praise of a green hand; let any one who wants to know what a Colt can do take my word that for efficiency and strength of shooting nothing can beat it."

Target, 6 ft. by 2 ft.; 8 in. Bull's-eye.

Shot 28th day of April 1859, by Lieut. Busk; Distance 400 yards; No. Rounds, 48; No. Hits, 48; Colt's Regulation Rifle, also Colt's Ammunition.

Opinions in the United States, OF COLT'S REVOLVING FIRE ARMS.

During the past twenty years, the arms now made in the greatest perfection by this Company have been tested as no other arms have ever been, and the following distinguished officers, and many thousands of others have certified to their superiority.

Hon. Lewis Cass, late Sec'y War & State	Major F. T. Lally,	U. S. A.
" Jefferson Davis, " of War,	" M. L. Bonham,	"
Major Gen. Alexander Macomb, U. S. A.	" James H. Carlton,	"
" Zachary Taylor, "	" Phillip Kearney,	"
" W. J. Worth, "	" John S. Simmons,	"
" D. E. Twiggs, "	" D. H. Rucker,	"
" John A. Quitman, "	" A. B. Eaton,	"
" George M. Brooks, "	" O. Cross,	"
" Joseph Lane, "	" Henry Hill,	"
" Gideon J. Pillow, "	" G. Rains,	"
Brig. Gen. C. Gratiot, "	" R. H. Chilton,	"
" Matthew Arbuckle, "	" Edward Deas,	"
" Frank Pierce, "	" L. Twiggs,	"
" W. S. Harney, "	" Henry Wilson,	"
" John Garland, "	" L. Whiting,	"
Colonel, Benj. Huger, "	" G. T. Howard,	"
" B. L. E. Bonneville, "	" R. B. Marcey,	"
" George Croghan, "	" G. W. Kendall,	"
" John C. Fremont, "	Captain M. E. Van Buren,	"
" Jere. Clemens, "	" Samuel H. Walker,	"
" Jack Hayes, "	" H. W. Benham,	"
" Wm. Turnbull, "	" W. W. Tompkins,	"
" J. J. Abert, "	" W. W. Fulton,	"
" John W. Tibbatts, "	" J. P. Simonton,	"
" Wm. Davenport, "	" R. B. Screven,	"
" George W. Morgan, "	" John Page,	"
" Robert E. Temple, "	" A. R. Hetzel,	"
" Ward Burnet, "	" A. Canfield,	"
" George W. Hughes, "	Lieutenant Thomas J. Lee,	"
" Charles A. May, "	" W. H. Emory,	"
Lieut. Col. R. S. Baker, "	" J. T. Sprague,	"
" Geo. A. Cadwell, "	" M. Knowlton,	"
" Nathan Boone, "	" Magilton,	"
" T. P. Moore, "	Commodore, Charles Stewart, U. S. N.	"
" Joseph E. Johnson, "	" Tho's. A. Jones,	"
" J. B. Magruder, "	" M. C. Perry,	"
" J. H. Hook, "	" J. M. McIntosh,	"
" Benj. S. Roberts, "	" J. H. Aulick,	"
" J. McClelland, "	" C. S. McCauley,	"
" R. B. Mason, "	" F. H. Gregory,	"
" James Kearney, "	" Samuel L. Breese,	"
Major A. Mordecai, "	" Joshua R. Sands,	"
" W. A. Thornton, "	" Chas. Wilkes,	"
" Benj. McCulloch, Texas, "	Captain David D. Porter,	"
" J. P. Gaines, "	" J. F. Schenck,	"
" W. H. Polk, "	" W. May,	"
" P. Morrisson, "	" C. F. Beale,	"
" J. J. McCarty, "	" C. E. Id,	"
" John F. Hunter, "	Commodore E. M. ...	"

FOREIGN NOTICES.

The following are selected from among numerous notices of Colt's Revolving Breech Arms published abroad.

Fermoy Barracks, (Ireland,) January 24, 1854.

SIR,—Having lately obtained one of your revolvers, I have much pleasure in forwarding for your information, the result of the trials I have made. I find that the force and precision of the fire exceed that of ordinary pistols of greater length and larger bore. The recoil is considerably less than usual, and a greater number of shots may be fired without fouling. The pistol is very easily and quickly loaded, with the lever ramrod, and when properly capped is water-proof as the following instance will show; I loaded the chambers and capped them; placed the entire pistol under water in a running stream, and left it there till I conceived that every part must be thoroughly soaked. I then took it out of the water, and, without any wiping or drying, fired the round. There was no hanging fire, or any symptoms of the charge being wet. I have since taken the lock to pieces, (a very simple operation,) and discovered no traces of injury from the water. I can load and fire 'without hurry' at least ten shots to every three of a common pistol, and neither in the chambers nor barrel can I find any lead or foulness. Ten minutes are sufficient at any time to wash and clean the pistol thoroughly after use.

Ever your obedient servant,

Col. COLT.

H. BROWNE, *Captain 9th Regiment.*

COLT'S REVOLVERS, *versus* CARBINES FOR THE CAVALRY & ARTILLERY.

To the Editor of Jackson's Woolwich (England) Journal & Army and Navy Gazette.

SIR,—Previous to my departure for the seat of war, I had read with much interest the various opinions expressed in your journal, respecting the introduction and use of Colt's Revolvers. I was induced thereby to purchase one, and try it. I have had many opportunities of so doing, and feel in duty bound, as an act of common justice to you and the ingenious inventor, Colt, to state as far as my experience and observation have served me, that what you have stated is—True!

1st. The weapon is most formidable and efficient.

2nd. The objection raised against the method of cocking, *i. e.*, drawing back the hammer by the thumb, instead of by the pull at the trigger, as in some other weapons, I consider an advantage.

The difference in the rapidity of fire by others is nothing—a skilful person can use Colt's quite as quickly; and the great advantage you get of *one shot more* and sighting with Colt's, over the other method, is undeniable. The long, steady, strong pull at the trigger, necessary to rotate the cylinder, throw back the hammer, and to produce the shot in self-cocking arms, depresses the muzzle and turns it out of range.

3d. The method of loading Colt's arm by the aid of the lever ramrod, thus securing and sealing the charges, is very superior.

4th. The nicety of poise and balance is admirable; the recoil in firing is very trifling, a most material point in ball practice.

5th. In firing about 60 snap shots—quick shots—at thirty yards, many struck the bull's eye, while a large proportion were within a space of twelve inches square. I found that pieces of bullets rebounded back to the spot where I stood.

6th. I am decidedly of opinion that Colt's Revolver might be substituted for a Carbine. For force of penetration and length of range it is nearly equal; and it can be easily cocked and shot *with one hand*—while the Carbine requires two.

7th. Finally, I am prepared to back the opinion of the scientific inventor of the big gun, *viz.*, C. W. Lancaster, who states in his evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons on small arms, 20th March, 1854, that "*Colonel Colt's Pistol is the best Repeating Arm that we have.*"

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

CONTINGENT.

London, (England) August 9, 1854.

SIR,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony as to the superiority of your repeating pistol over all others against which I have seen them tried, both as to accuracy and strength of fire, and safety to the charge during exposure to bad weather, &c. I have been present at some trials at the cape of Good Hope, and the result satisfied me as to the superior performance of your pistols, which I consider very efficient weapons—combining as much accuracy as can be obtained from a fire-arm of that description, with greater general efficiency over all others that I have seen.

I remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

H. D. KYLE, *Lieut.-Col. 27th Regt.*

SIR,—The practice of some of my native officers with the Pistols I brought out is excellent, putting 4 or even 5 shots into the target (6 feet by 2) at 80 yards, beating our carbines out and out.

THOMAS TAPP,

Col.-Commandant Poonah Horse and Cavalry Brigade (India.)

NEW SHOT GUN FOR THE FIELD!

Colt's Patent Revolving Breech Shot Gun.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26, 1859.

DEAR "SPIRIT."—I have just returned from a visit to Col. Sam. Colt's factory at Hartford, Conn., where I have been most agreeably entertained, and being called upon while there to witness some experimental trials with a new breech loading shot-gun on the "revolver" principle, and being an old shot myself, could not refrain taking a hand. I was so well satisfied with the shooting qualities of the above gun, that I have thought proper to pen this article for the information of my fellow-sportsmen. The gun being made at present is not of so large a calibre as those generally in use, although I believe they intend constructing ones of larger bore. But what thorough sportsman wants a blunderbuss for field use? I have always used a small bore gun myself, and am willing to leave the large ones to those fellows who shut both eyes and pull. A great advantage in this peculiar gun is, that while one of the chambers in the cylinder may be loaded with shot of any size, others can be charged with ball, a single turn of the cylinder, (which has five chambers,) bringing the desired one opposite the barrel. I was impressed that they would make a most effective gun for the "Bee Hunter." I have seen an article in use, half rifle and half shot-gun, neither one thing nor the other, besides being very heavy. The gun of Colt's that I have described, is very light and handsome.

Yours, &c.,

"AIM."

(*Spirit of the Times*, N. Y.)

COL. COLT AGAIN PRE-EMINENT. OF INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN.—We have frequently, within the past ten years, been induced by our own desire, to direct the attention of the public in the most proper channels to note some new improvement in firearms by this determined-to-excel manufacturer. We have advocated his rifles in Texas, his revolvers in Nicaragua, his pocket-companions throughout the South, as our editorial labors or avocations have been variously transposed from the white settlements to the borders; and now we are again in a position to communicate directly with thousands of our old sporting friends, who we know will be pleased to learn that the inventive genius of the Colonel has been directed especially to their wants, and that he is now ready to furnish them with the very article they need in the shape of Colt's Revolving Shot-gun. It is a shot-gun on the revolving principle. Upon a late trial of this valuable gun, at a distance of thirty yards, it put one hundred and seventy-five pellets in a circle of twelve inches diameter, penetrating seventy-five sheets of ordinary brown paper; the charge used being $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of No. 6. shot, and two drams of powder to each charge. The gun is a five shooter, and is finished in fine style. The cartridges are manufactured to suit the gun, and are impervious to the effects of water, or dampness. It is well worthy the attention of our sportsmen, and if in general use will create quite a revolution among fowling pieces. (*Spirit of the Times*, N. Y.)

SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—A novel and interesting match took place on Monday, 28th ult., at the Bleak House, Harlem. Mr. Amos Colt, a gentleman of this city, having ventured some remarks as to the efficiency and utility of a new gun (Colt's ducking gun, with a revolving cylinder,) undertook with that weapon "to break forty champagne bottles to be thrown in the air by a disinterested party." The engagement was pretty generally considered as almost impossible to fulfil. Mr. Colt, however, succeeded not only in winning the match, a minor consideration as he said, but as well made good his opinion, which had been received with no little want of confidence. The bottles were not only broken, but in every case, as far as could be judged from appearances, each received whole

DIRECTIONS FOR USING COLT'S Pistols, Rifles, Carbines & Shot Guns.

Before Loading snap off a round of Percussion Caps to blow the oil and dirt out of the Nipples.


Great care should be taken when Colt's Cartridges are not used, that all the Balls are perfect and fit the chambers snugly, otherwise the charges may jar out, and more than one chamber be discharged at once.

For Loading and Firing.

- 1st. Draw back the Hammer to half cock, which allows the Cylinder to turn in one direction freely.
- 2nd. Holding the muzzle erect, place a charge of Powder in, and a Ball upon the mouth of the chamber.
- 3d. Turn the Cylinder until the loaded chamber is under the Hammer and force the Ball with the Lever below the mouth of the chamber, (If the Ball fits, the chamber is then hermetically closed and the powder protected from water, damp, and sparks of fire.)
- 4th. Reverse the Arm and place the Percussion Caps upon the Nipples.
- 5th. Draw the Hammer to full cock, and the arm is ready for firing.

For Cleaning Old Model Pistols, Army, Navy and Pocket.

- 1st. Set the Hammer at half-cock and drive out the Key or Wedge which holds the Barrel and Cylinder to the Lock Frame and remove the parts.
- 2nd. Turn out the bottom and two rear screws which fasten it to the Trigger Guard and Lock Frame, and remove the Stock.
- 3d. Loosen the screw that fastens the Main Spring to the Guard, and turn the Spring from under the Hammer.
- 4th. Turn out the three screws which fasten the Guard, to the Lock Frame and remove it.
- 5th. Turn out the screw, and remove the Double Spring which bears upon the Trigger and Bolt.
- 6th. Turn out the side screws, and remove the Trigger and Bolt.
- 7th. Turn out the Hammer screw, and remove the Hammer with the Hand attached, by drawing it down ward out of the Lock Frame. Clean and oil all the parts thoroughly and restore them to their places in the reverse order of separation.


 In ordinary cleaning, set the Hammer at half-cock, and drive out the Key as far as the screw will allow, remove the Barrel which may be done by the aid of the Lever pressing down the Hammer upon the partitions between the chambers of the Cylinder. Wash the Cylinder and Barrel in warm water, dry and oil them thoroughly, oil freely the Base pin on which the Cylinder revolves, then replace the parts.

For Cleaning Rifles, Carbines and Shot Guns.

- 1st. Set the Hammer at half-cock, press down the Base-pin Catch with the left hand, draw the Base-pin with the right and remove the Cylinder.
- 2nd. Turn out the Tang and rear Guard screws and remove the Stock.
- 3d. Turn out the remaining Guard screws and remove the Guard.
- 4th. Turn out the screw, and detach the Spring from the Stirrup and remove the Main Spring.
- 5th. Turn out the Bear Spring screw from the under side of the Frame and remove the Bear Spring, (for Shot Gun and 56-100 Calibre Arms, the Bear Spring is attached to the Guard and need not be removed.)
- 6th. Turn out the screw and remove the Trigger.
- 7th. Turn out the Bolt screw and remove the Tumbler Cap.
- 8th. Turn out the Tumbler screw, drive the Tumbler out of the Hammer, the Bolt and Hand can then be removed.
- 9th. Turn out the Base-pin screw and remove the Base-pin Catch.
- 10th. Drive out the Key and raise the Lever till the screw is opposite the hole in the Frame, turn out the screw, remove the Lever and Hammer, and turn out the Barrel. Care should be taken to remove the Lever before turning out the Barrel.

For Cleaning New Model Pistol.

- 1st. Turn out the Screw that fastens it to the Frame and remove the Stock.
- 2nd. Set the Hammer at half-cock; press down the Base-pin Catch with the left hand and draw the Base-pin with the right and remove the Cylinder.
- 3d. Turn out the screw, drive out the Pin, detach the Spring from the Stirrup, letting the Spring remain in the Frame and detach the Main Spring.
- 4th. Turn out the screw and remove the Trigger.
- 5th. Turn out the Cap and Bolt screws and remove the Tumbler Cap.
- 6th. Turn out the Tumbler screw, drive the Tumbler out of the Hammer, the Main Spring, Bolt and Hand can then be detached.
- 7th. Turn out the Base-pin screw and remove the Base-pin Catch.
- 8th. Raise the Lever till the Hammer Pin is opposite the hole in the Frame, draw out the Pin from the left side of the Pistol, remove the Lever and Hammer, and turn out the Barrel.

 In ordinary cleaning, remove the Cylinder in the manner described above, clean the Cylinder, Barrel, Base-pin and Frame, oil them and replace the parts. To oil the interior of the Lock, remove the Stock and drop in a little oil.

To carry the arms safely let the Hammer rest upon the pins or cavities between the Nipples on the rear of Cylinder.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MAN'F'G. COMPANY.

COLONEL SAM. COLT, President.

REDUCED PRICES FOR 1860.

Henceforth the prices for Colt's Revolving Breech, Rifles, Carbines, Shot Guns, and Pistols, will be as follows:

POCKET PISTOLS. Plated or Steel Mountings, Calibre 31-100ths of an inch, (92 Elongated or 140 Round Bullets to the pound.)

Three inch Barrel,	Weight 23 oz.	Six Shots,	Five Shots,
Four " "	" 24 oz.	" "	" "
Five " "	" 26 oz.	" "	" "
Six " "	" 27 oz.	" "	" "

BELT PISTOLS. Army, and Navy, Medium Size, Plated or Steel Mountings, Six Shots, 7½ inch Barrel, Calibre 36-100ths of an inch, (50 Elongated or 86 Round Bullets to the pound.) Weight 2 lbs. 10 oz.

With an "Attachable Carbine Breech," plain, extra.

HOLSTER PISTOL. Army, Large Size, Brass or Steel Mountings, Six Shots, 7½ inch Barrel, Calibre 44-100ths of an inch, (39 Elongated or 48 Round Bullets to the pound.) Weight 4 lbs. 2 oz.

With Plated Mountings,

With an "Attachable Carbine Breech," plain, extra,

NEW MODEL POCKET PISTOL. Steel Mountings, Five Shots, 3½ inch Barrel, Calibre 265-1000ths of an inch, (128 Elongated or 200 Round Bullets to the pound.) Weight 1 lb. 1 oz.

Ornamental Engraving on Pocket Pistols. extra.

do. do. Belt and Holster Pistols, extra,

do. do. Attachable Carbine Breech, extra,

Ivory Stock, for Pocket Pistols, extra,

do. do. for Belt or Holster Pistols, extra,

Powder Flasks, for Holster Pistols, each,

do. do. for Belt " "

do. do. for Pocket and New Model Pistols, each,

RIFLES. New Model Steel Mountings, Six Shots, Calibre 36-100ths of an inch, (49 Elongated or 86 Round Bullets to the pound.)

Twenty-four inch Barrel, Weight 9 lbs.

Twenty-seven inch Barrel, Weight 10 lbs.

Thirty inch Barrel, Weight 10 lbs. 8 oz.

Same Model, Six Shots, Calibre 40-100ths of an inch, (38 Elongated or 68 Round Bullets to the pound.)

Twenty-four inch Barrel, Weight 8 lbs. 12 oz.

Twenty-seven inch Barrel, Weight 9 lbs. 12 oz.

Thirty-one and 5-16 inch Barrel, (Army Pattern,) Weight 10 lbs. 4 oz.

Same Model, Six Shots, Calibre 44-100ths of an inch, (28 Elongated or 48 Round Bullets to the pound.)

Twenty-four inch Barrel, Weight 8 lbs. 15 oz.

Twenty-seven inch Barrel, Weight 9 lbs. 2 oz.

Thirty-one and 5-16 inch Barrel, (Army Pattern,) Weight 9 lbs. 10 oz.

Same Model, Six Shots, Calibre 50-100ths of an inch, (20 Elongated or 34 Round Bullets to the pound.)

Twenty-four inch Barrel, Weight 8 lbs. 11 oz.

Twenty-seven inch Barrel, Weight 8 lbs. 14 oz.

Thirty-one and 5-16 inch Barrel, (Army Pattern,) Weight 9 lbs. 6 oz.

Same Model, Five Shots, Calibre 56-100ths of an inch, (14 Elongated or 24 Round Bullets to the pound.)

Twenty-four inch Barrel, Weight 8 lbs. 14 oz.

Twenty-seven inch Barrel, Weight 9 lbs. 11 oz.

Thirty-one and 5-16 inch Barrel, (Army Pattern,) Weight 9 lbs. 15 oz.

CARBINES. New Model, Rifled Barrels, 15, 18, or 21 inches long: Steel Mountings, Six Shots, Calibre 36-100ths of an inch, (42 Elongated or 86 Round Bullets to the pound.) Weight 8 lbs. 8 oz.

Six Shots, Calibre 44-100ths of an inch, (28 Elongated or 48 Round Bullets to the pound.) Weight 8 lbs. 12 oz.

Five Shots, Calibre 56-100ths of an inch, (14 Elongated or 24 Round Bullets to the pound.) Weight 9 lbs. 8 oz.

SHOT GUN. Twenty-seven inch Barrel, Weight 8 lbs. 12 oz. Five Shots,

Patent Powder Flasks, for Carabines and Rifles,

Ordinary do. do. " "

Globe Sights, For Rifles,

Telescope Sights, For Rifles,

Bayonets, For Rifles,

Sabre Bayonets, For Rifles,

All Pistols, Rifles, Carbines and Shot Guns, are furnished with a Bullet Mould, Screw Driver and Nipple Wrench free of charge.

Pistols are put up assorted or otherwise, in packages of 10, 20, and 25 each.

Rifles, Shot Guns, and Carbines, are put up assorted or otherwise, in packages of 5, 10 and 20 each.

For smaller quantities reference is made to the retail trade.

TERMS. Cash in New York Funds.

All Communications should be addressed to

"COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MAN'F'G. COMPANY.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A."

By Order of the Board of Directors,

W. M. R. HARTLEY. Sec'y.



COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MANUFACTURING CO.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A.

NDON AGENCY, O. F. Dennet, Esq. 14 Pall Mall.

RELIGIAN AGENCY Baron von Obere. L. de. B. de. L.

vocation as a historical novelist, we think was fully fixed and decided on the publication of the 'Green Mountain Boys,' and we trust that he will yet be enabled to enrich our national literature with many contributions, not only those of fiction, over which we all delight to linger, but what is more important still, those of sober history.

POEMS: BY HENRY HARRBAUGH: Author of 'The Sainted Dead,' 'Heavenly Recognition,' 'Heavenly Home,' 'Birds of the Bible,' etc. etc. etc. Philadelphia: LINDSAY AND BLACKISTON.

We think our old friend, the editor of the 'Bunkum Flag-Staff,' would object to the last-named 'work,' above indicated: the '*Bards of the Bible*,' by windy GILFILLAN, were bad enough; but the '*Birds of the Bible*' are 'a touch beyond him.' However, it may be assumed, we dare say, that all the 'works' named in the above heading, were communications to some weekly newspaper: for in such ways do poetasters now-a-days establish a reputation for 'authorship.'

But let us do our poet no injustice. What he has done for himself in the volume before us, we will proceed at once to do for him in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. In his book, he has of course 'put his best foot foremost: ' he steps forth below in like manner — 'weaving the lofty rhyme' of '*The Mystic Weaver*:'

'At his loom the weaver sitting
Throws his shuttle to-and-fro:
Foot and treadle,
Hands and pedal,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
How the weaver makes them go!
As the weaver wills, they go.
Up and down the warp is plying,
And across the woof is flying;
What a rattling,
What a battling,
What a shuffling,
What a scuffling,
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.
Threads in single,
Threads in double;
How they mingle,
What a trouble!
Every color —
What profusion!
Every motion —
What confusion!
Whilst the warp and woof are mingling,
Signal bells above are jingling,
Telling how each figure ranges,
Telling when the color changes,
As the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

'At his loom the weaver sitting
Throws his shuttle to-and-fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the weaver seems to know,
As he makes his shuttle go,

What each motion,
And commotion,
What each fusion,
And confusion,
In the grand result will show:
Weaving daily,
Singing gayly,
As he makes his busy shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

'At his loom the weaver sitting
Throws his shuttle to-and-fro;
See you not how shape and order
From the wild confusion grow,
As he makes his shuttle go?
As the warp and woof diminish,
Grows behind the beauteous finish:
Tufted plaidings,
Shapes and shadings;
All the mystery
Now is history;
And we see the reason subtle
Why the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

'See the MYSTIC WEAVER sitting
High in heaven — His loom below.
Up and down the treadles go:
Takes for warp the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages,
Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle;
Armies make them scud and scuttle.
Woof into the warp must flow:

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

It A Compound of Coconut Oil, etc., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness it is without an equal.

It prevents the hair from falling off.

It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.

It is not greasy or sticky.

It leaves no disagreeable odor.

It softens the hair when hard and dry.

It soothes the irritated scalp-skin.

It affords the richest luster.

It remains longest in effect.

It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle.

The following testimonials are conclusive of its efficacy in cases of baldness and dandruff.

Loss of Hair.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:

Boston, July 18th, 1877

'I can not refuse to state the salutary effect, in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil, (Cocaine.)

'For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. My skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair-oils, which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.

'By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared; the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others similarly afflicted will be inclined to try the same remedy.

'Yours, very truly,

SUSAN B. POPE

Dandruff.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:

Boston, Oct. 30th, 1877

'GENTLEMEN: I have used your Cocaine about six weeks, and its effect is as marked and extraordinary that I deem it my duty to state it to you.

'My worst complaint for several years has been Dandruff, with itching and irritation of the scalp. After brushing my hair, my coat-collar would be covered with the white scales (dandruff), which looked like a shower of snow.

'My barber tried various applications without effect. His abuse of your Cocaine, and his obstinate refusal to use it, provoked me to procure and try it.

'I have used less than a bottle. The dandruff, and the irritation which caused it, have entirely disappeared, and my hair was never before in so good condition.

'Your obedient servant,

A. A. FULLER

To Preserve and Dress the Hair.

One of the best dressings for the hair ever invented is BURNETT'S COCAINE. It is well known that there is a principle in Coconut Oil, owing to which the hair of the natives of the South Seas, who use it, remains glossy and never falls off. Burnett has greatly improved this oil by chemical purification, and it now not only thoroughly cleans the hair, forming a lather when rubbed on, but keeps it glossy, slightly damp, and in form as brushed for a long time. Ladies dressing their hair elaborately, for the evening, will find that it will keep it in shape for hours. Its qualities as preventing the hair from falling are truly remarkable. — Philadelphia Bulletin.

Burnett's Cocaine.

A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be the best and cheapest Hair-Dressing in the world.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and for sale by all dealers, generally, at Fifty Cents a bottle.

THE Knickerbocker.



NEW-YORK
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1860.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN A. GRAY, 163 N. ELDER STREET.

Small text line, likely a printer's mark or address.

LONDON: JOHN CHAPMAN, 25, Abchurch Lane.

Small text line, likely a printer's mark or address.

Small text line, likely a printer's mark or address.

gentleman-like, was the dandy captain. But I may have done him wrong, and he may rise to his real stature, and swell out to a perfect NEPTUNE in a storm. Still, I must confess I would rather face a gale with old BLOWHARD of the Oporto, than with TRIPPER, the dandy captain of the *Negus*.

'Well, with one I saw Cape Finisterre, through a glass darkly, and with the other the memorable Cape Trafalgar, in the broad, open, blessed sunlight that capped its undulating brown cliff as we steamed on over the dead hosts that lie below the waves. It was as we steered thoughtfully past that glorious cape that BLOWHARD told me how, off Tarifa, he had helped to lower DAVID WILKIE, the painter, into his deep blue undug grave. From this time I began to look with veneration on BLOWHARD as an historical personage.'

One thing may be safely promised to the reader of this volume: if he is bored at all, he will not be bored *long*. 'Change is written' upon every half-page of its contents.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GENERAL SAM. DALE, the Mississippi Partisan. By J. F. H. CLAIBORNE. Illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN. New-York: BROTHERS HARPER.

We like to read of these western frontier men, in our country's history. When four years ago, on an exceedingly hot summer's morning, we were 'transported' over the Ohio River, from the town of Portsmouth, to the Kentucky side of the beautiful stream, ascended toilsomely a conspicuous eminence fronting the city, and for the first time looked abroad upon *Kentucky*, that gallant State, the State of HENRY CLAY, we thought of DANIEL BOONE, and the untrodden wildernesses with which his wandering feet were familiar: and a crowd of thoughts touching the changes which TIME had seen and wrought since his day, almost overwhelmed us. Of such a man is the very interesting biography before us: a fair exemplar of the genuine frontier patriot; modest, truthful, patient, frugal, imbued with religious faith, proud of his country, remorseless in battle yet prompt to forgive, and ever ready to jeopardize his own safety for the helpless and the oppressed; a race of men such as no other country has produced; *wholly American*: a feature as prominent in our social and political history as the grand physical characteristics peculiar to this continent. Gen. SAM. DALE was a man of the same character and stamp, in a military point of view, as MARION and SUMPTER: 'a man who took his initial lesson in frontier warfare, by encountering two stalwart Indians single-handed, while yet a mere child, killing one with a holster pistol, loaded with buck-shot, and playing the 'squirrel-game' of dodging around a tree to avoid the shot of the other, until assistance should arrive!' DALE's character, as displayed in the book before us, is comprehensively stated by the author. He was a man of singular modesty, silent and reserved, who but rarely alluded to his own adventures. He was a man of truth, and possessed the entire confidence and warm esteem of many eminent persons. While he was certainly an uneducated, he was very far from being an ignorant man; a close observer of men and things, with a clear head, a tenacious memory, and always fond of the society of educated men. The sketch of the celebrated 'Creek

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Vol. LV.

MAY, 1860.

No. 5.

THE RUINS AT PÆSTUM.

THE trip to Pæstum, vernacular Pesto, is not on the beaten track. Every American does not find it inevitably in the worn round contemplated in the popular notion of a trip to Europe; and is not informed, as he is of the thousand-and-one other places he might chance to have neglected, in some evil hour, that without seeing this special spot, his whole journey is in vain; 'missed the very thing,' about which unvisited object there is to hang a perennial mystery; and this for not following Murray to the letter.

If there could be a place without the inevitable guide, where this same Murray relaxed his sway, it would be the very place to see, just for novelty. We had found it; a spot we could visit, that once, where the everlasting red book would not mortify our timid learning, where we could air our classic lore uncowed, and turn our yearnings for antiquity loose in an unhedged field. The old Neapolitan territory was to Murray then, barbarian ground, blighted, excommunicated, though now it has found favor in his eyes, and we now have 'Murray's Hand-book for Southern Italy.' We were then travelling in the dark ages of this region, and with excited feelings at finding ourselves on an exploring expedition, we were off for our ruins.

We started on one of the 'ancient ways' that we had a notion would be quite pathless, but in the outset antiquity faded before us; the way was all modern. Journeying to this decayed capital of a forgotten people, where we were longing to breathe the air of the past, to ignore the too much newness of the nineteenth century, and to know and be known only of the things that were, in the threshold of this journey to the past, we had to admit the present; the cunning of the men of to-day provides the means that gets the traveller off from Naples towards the old temples; and as if in mockery of the past, it is by an every-day rail-road. With an allowance for this obtruding symptom of the present, we dreamed ourselves safe at last

from common places; we were not prepared at all for the shock we suffered, for the cruel sacrifice, as it seemed, of all the unities of present and past, as the lazy Italian conductor called out in his laziest way, 'Ercolano.' It was the common-place manner of the whole thing. Herculaneum! To us it brought up eighteen entire centuries, with old Vesuvius belching, and all the lava running, Romans, melted streets, engulfed houses and buried togas, that could be reasonably crowded into one improvised picture. Why was not every body excited? why no rush to the windows—no feverishness? But every body else was calm; nothing but a station on a rail-road. Directly again, 'Pompeii!' in just as every-day a way as our conductor at home says, 'Brighton,' and all the heads would then and there have been buried in those exterminators of the eye-sight on rail-roads, newspapers, if such an institution had been known there, or in the country at all, which it certainly was not. This was seriously stupid; it was trifling with all the sacred things of school-days, and could only be avenged by voting the whole race a set of lazzaroni, as they truly were without much fiction.

We were utterly disgusted with the rail-road, and when the time came, gladly rushed for places in that all-capacious, social thing, the omnibus, there being no feature about that style of vehicle to cause one to despise the things of the past as slow affairs. This pieces out the rail-road to Nocera. Again we changed, as is the chronic custom in journeys through that country, and this time we gained a shade or two of antiquity in the time-honored diligence, slow but trusty, less capacious, less cosmopolitan, but combining the more substantial merits unknown to the moderns, of safety and freedom. Nothing but this expanded old wagon disturbed the harmonies of the mediævo-classic road to old Salernum, and so we lumbered into that ancient crest-fallen town, once one of the faithful cities of the empire, contributing its part to the nurture of the imperial vipers, a full-blown capital of the middle ages; and through a university that blared up out of the receding shadows of the dark ages, a mighty propagandist of the learning of *materia medica*; a beautiful bay, second only to the first in the world at Naples, with mouldering, slimy houses creeping on its rim, swarming with beggarly drones and filled with fleas, habitations and inhabitants a perpetual apology for each other's filth; a square or two filled with market-women peddling in the music of their own native language, surrounded with cords of oranges, the income of the spring, and crops of donkies for domestic and foreign servitude, made up all this; a fair picture of Salerno as it then was, its glory and its shame. We could have 'done' Salerno in a shorter time than we took, but it was necessary to go through with preliminaries here before we could get to Pæstum. The word 'we' in this humble narra-

tive is not editorial, but in the royal style, a sort of algebraic formula for a dozen sovereigns from this land of free and enlightened democracy, straggled together we could not well tell how, but drawn at meeting by the irresistible sympathies of fatherland among strangers, and quick to league together on any adventure where we could by numbers make the American name terrible to the harpies that here prey on travellers, and despise to our heart's content all that belonged to the miserable race around us. Having despised then this old town, as our wont was, sufficiently, we proceeded to business. A little 'past meridian' found us at barter, 'going to-and-fro, and walking up and down' in the ancient squares to find an honest vetturino. It was as useless an errand as ever the lantern of Diogenes went on. Our most successful diplomatist attempted the flinty heart of the proprietor of the genteel vehicles in vain; could not think of it. At last there was a lively bidding among 'the supply;' it gradually leaked out that there was a dearth of business, and finally one of the third-rate financiers of the party secured two unambitious carriages at about one-quarter of the original price, and at not more than twice their worth, for the trip, which was a point gained in that country. In due time our caravan started.

The air of the past hung over that lonely ride to the old ruins. Live Romans may have owned the orange groves and lemon-trees that lined the way, and been then lurking somewhere about in good classic togas; and the Lucanian freebooters been still the dominant spirits in these precious wastes, for all we saw of the signs of mortal men: Neptune, in whose ancient domains we were, and who had reigned here in the hearts of the long-passed-away sons of men, had it all his own way. The desolate track wound along within the never-ceasing sound of the 'far-sounding sea,' and his great presence was not to be forgotten. But what cared we for the hoary claims of the god of the sea? In Yankee land we only knew him as the slave of trade, and his modern worshippers are the sons of mammon, whose homage is bought by the round dollars he nets to commerce. So different from the ancient religion! We voted the Romans ancient fogies; and in oblivion of them laughed and told over the familiar jokes of our native land.

All at once we found a Rubicon in our way. On the banks of the little Silurus that crossed our path, where centuries before Spartacus of the gladiators was so thoroughly defeated by Crassus, we came upon the brink of the same ignominy. As we neared the wretched stream, we saw — could not be mistaken — soldiers! and not the shades of those venerable fellows of Crassus, but actual, filthy Neapolitan soldiers. Before we could well guess what new tortures these grim servants of tyranny were to practise upon their usual victims,

strangers, the word 'passports' startled us. We smiled at the old trick, for we knew they were all right; but alas! they said nothing about Pæsto. Our laughter became hollow, and our jokes withered. It was in vain we reported what the police said as to a 'vise' in the dominions. If the government did stultify itself, it was no business of intruding strangers. No, we must go back; not one step farther toward Pæstum. To no purpose we brought out our best sophistries; argued and entreated: our ruins were fading fast from us. But O foolishness of men! We feared frail Neapolitans; we had our 'open sesame' with us for such men as these, and had forgotten to use it. Strange to forget a power that has rarely failed among the children of men; a power that controls the forces of this world, and with which Archimedes — pity he was so stupid — might have made an impression on it, that he vainly sought in mechanics; the only power that the Neapolitan State knows from the throne to the duane, and which could keep in ceaseless slavery the entire kingdom. Such is the power of the vile stuff Iago believed in. We slipped the shining *douceurs* into the temporizing palms of the enemy, and O potent spell! the stern bravery of these true champions of a rotten dynasty melted away, and fiery Mars became a bleating lamb! Verily there is a power among men 'mightier' than both 'the pen and the sword.' Our die being cast in luck, and we safely over our Rubicon, we had more orange-groves, more solitude by the sea, and in the programme time we strained our eyes upon sundry gray tops and gray columns that grew into our temples.

We had learned a lesson or two as travellers, and one was, that travelling was a regular business, to be looked after as any other hard work in this probationary state, and that it is sound policy in the traveller to be internally all right. True to our philosophy and to certain instincts not so ethical, that owed their vigor to four hours' jolting, we went directly into the details of that anomaly, incident alike to excursions and picnics, a cold collation; and we ignored all ruins, until we had done the business for the kindly viands in our baskets. It was a dangerous system of tactics, perhaps, in sight-seeing; we heard of an instance where it proved fatal. The story was told of some amateur pilgrims to one of our battle-fields at home, who perhaps not wisely but too really, suffered the sun to go down on their preliminary banquet, and alas! cruel stint to the memory of heroes, had to see the glories of the field by the foolish light of a lantern! But with the long hours of an Italian day, Pæstum was saved to us. We approached the three huge structures, and stood in their great shadows in awe of them. It was like standing in the presence of Antiquity herself, and we looked upon them as the venerable representatives of the past, more august than any thing of pure art that exists

upon the face of the earth. Almost three thousand years old! What can we realize of such a stretch of time in a land where cities are made in place of yesterday's Indian huts, and where a little old smoked building of 1600 odd is a wonder of age; and yet this old masonry we are contemplating has come down from the Latin kings. The temple of Neptune is almost as perfect as when the great architect left it. From a dozen different points you look at it, and a pure Gothic structure, true and more complete than the Parthenon, stands before you; scarcely a piece has fallen, except here and there a fragment or a block from cornice or entablature, and the ragged travertine of which the temples are built has only become more eaten by the moth of time. Enough remains of the other two buildings to show their whole outline and character. The columns of the Temple of Neptune are seven or eight feet in diameter, and twenty-nine feet in height, and with the fixed ratios to the diameter and the severe proportions of the Greek ideal about it, it is easy to judge of the massiveness of a piece of architecture that may well be a pure classic model when the Parthenon has crumbled away. And these huge pillars and capitals and bases have kept their faith to the giant building, and not yielded a jot to the insinuating advances of time. The eye may run along the cornice and over the score of capitals that surround it, and not one stone is out of true in all the long row, in all the line that level and plummet made centuries before! O ye McFlimseys of modern builders! who build your pretentious structures on the unsteady ten per cents of the tenants in this world, how will your buildings stand the test of two thousand years, though of marble or from Quincy's granite? and though your pillars and pediments imitate the temples of the gods, in the business marts? And where will they be beside the creations of the poor unchristian Greek, who knew naught of stocks and bonds, steam or telegraphs, of the sea or the dry land? Every race that has come and gone, so far in the divine polity, has had its specialty, and to the Greek genius were intrusted the precious triumphs of art. Among the glories of the Augustan age there was no Parthenon or Pæstum or *chef d'œuvres* of the native chisel. Plenty of war, literature and luxury, but their temples were imitations or corrupt copies, and the people of Rome sent to Athens for their sculptors.

Of the two other ruins, one is a smaller temple, small only in comparison with pillars still standing, but with cornices and gables ragged and fallen; the other is a square kind of structure or inclosure, for some of the specialties of the old worship, perhaps the Rathhaus of Pæstum, for the assemblage of the people, from which you miss some of the great gray travertine pillars, and find chasms where you must supply capitals and long blocks in the entablature; and yet, where

the masonry stands out, yielding inch by inch only to the enemy of all created things, with all the breeches that time's battering rain has forced into these bulwarks of travertine, not forgetting that their roofless state is owing not to the caprice of time, but to the instinct of the architect, who thought the blue canopy the only fit covering for these temples of the gods; and some two thousand years have dealt very kindly with these creations of man — better than with the fame of the builders or architects. The thing made has outlasted the very memory of the maker. The dolphin and the syren, standing out in relief on the key-stones of arches still standing among the ruined walls, anomalously enough keep alive the superstitions of a race that have themselves, all but their ruins, passed to oblivion. There are still visible in the travertine of the pillars, perfect forms of petrified reeds and leaves, once flourishing in a quiet and homely vegetable state ages before these sons of the gods were born. Here is a 'sermon in the rocks,' to read on ambition! Every vestige of the men who made these places, or needed them for the sublimities of any invented worship, has clean gone forever — race, tribe, stock, language, wholly rooted out; no living habitation within stadia; no shelter except a brace of shiftless Italian barns. Such a present to account for such a past!

The Oscans have a tradition that *Æneas* landed on these shores. Perhaps the wandering Trojan stumbled on these temples, or more heroically himself, the pious son of a goddess had these solid testimonials reared to Neptune, in dogged payment of some fitful vow to the powers of the sea. Five miles from here they tell of a temple built by Jason when exploring for that aurean myth, the legend of which has inflamed the youth of generations. Perhaps the crew of that ancient craft, the '*Argo*,' came to their senses hereabouts, and, cured of the gold-fever, of which richer subjects in the enlightened ages have got well, found fame by the solid creations of their Greek genius more enduring than gold, more 'paying' than fleece. The classic fancy might run riot in building over again these mysterious ruins. No mortal can now tell whence these builders came, or whither they went, except under the sod — the goal of all us. The mark of the race only is here; the stock that built the Parthenon made Pæstum; and if they did not scratch their names on the stones, they left their indelible traces behind them:

'Si monumenta requiris
Circumspice.'

Moralizing over these things, we searched around for the proper relics to adorn the deserted hearth in fatherland; the relics which it is part of the traveller's religion to lug away with him from every spot that is

thoroughly 'done:' and the ready guide bartered to us ugly, shapeless coins and images, purporting to vary in age from two to four thousand years; manufactured no doubt in gross in the curious factory of some Italian Yankee; and the spurious pieces are now actually among the Penates, with kindred stuff from other shrines of the past. With wavering credulity, the fruit of countless impositions, we crammed into the knapsack, to wither, one or two of the few roses of Pæstum, that, as Virgil says in our old copy of the 'Georgica,' bloom twice a year:

'FORSTAN et pingues hortos quæ cura colendi
Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Pæsti.'

Then leaving the old ruins to their loneliness, we came back by moonlight the same deserted road by the sea. In the freshness of morning, we were bearing along on that never-to-be-forgotten sail from Salerno to Amalfi, creeping along in the shade of the ragged, classic cliffs, with Italian boatmen, passably clean, singing the airs from Verdi, and interluding with the just as enjoyable music of their own tongue. It was the very way to approach Amalfi; floating into the slimy old city, from the waters she ruled so long in the listless pace of all things Italian, with Italian music to dream back the decayed romance of the middle ages that hangs about it, and to people the rich old buildings that grow up at your approach. After a sturdy breakfast in the famous old town, where we put our boatmen upon a tub of macaroni, to enjoy a sight of that Italian specialty, eating macaroni with the fingers — we left Amalfi in a more subdued state of mind, and threw away our poetry and romance upon miserable donkies. The usual wrestling with the beasts and toil up the mountain-sides, brought us to that Pischah of these profane parts, where we had at once before us the promised shores of Naples, and the one bay of all the world; and behind, the far-stretching bay of Salerno, with the cities we had left in the distance. Here, before this scene, the German wanderer would have laid down his staff, in obedience to a saying of fatherland, and yielded up the ghost:

'Neapel zu sehen und dann sterben.'

This sight of the gala city warrants the whole extravagance of the thought. But we, your practical Yankees, still pattered on down the hill-sides through streets of drying macaroni in the villages, down into Castel-à-mare, a name that melts in the mouth; and finally aired our national spirit, before being locked into the cars of the last train for Naples, by a characteristic race of our fleet donkies through the shouting and staggered crowds of indolent Italians, who had, and have, and always to the end of time, will have nothing else to do.

T H E W O L F - C H A S E .

A LAY SUNG AT A SUSQUEHANNAH TARGET-MATCH.

Now rest your rival fires a space, and, patient to my strain,
Come gather round, ye marksmen bold, and list each ruddy swain :
For I would sing a wondrous tale, as yet in song untold,
A venerable legend of the merry days of old ;
The merry days when dark-eyed stags, with antlers branching wide,
Came bounding o'er the frosty hills to sip Swatara's tide ;
When farmers hale with hound and gun would sally forth at morn
To track the burly bear along his path of trodden corn,
And when amid the jovial hunt the horn's shrill-echoing sound
Oft called the blithe brigade of chase some forest terror round,
And panther-fight and wolf-belay the day's adventures crowned.

It was a rare December dawn ; the air was sharp and clear,
When mustered at their rendezvous the hunters of the deer.
A sturdy crew of stalwart port and hardy visage brown ;
Of steadiest hand and keenest eye, all marksmen of renown.
Bold BLUDGEON of the Bottom, famed for rifle long and true ;
And CHUNK, whose eye his comrades swore could bore a mill-stone through :
And BULRUSH BOLT, the strong of arm, whom lamps of evil fire
One night delusive lured astray, and left knee-deep in mire ;
And SCROP who spied a bear at eve a-crouching in his rye,
Drew sight, let fly, and came in time to see his cart-horse die ;
And DORNUCK, noted forest scout ! a deadly shot was he !
Some say off-hand at fifty yards he hit a skipping flea !
(Apart he stood, and chewed his quid and looked complacent on,
While cheerful 'neath their shaggy brows his steady blue eyes shone ;)
And PAT, the jolly chopper's son ; and BUSHK quick and ware ;
With BANDY, who, when cooning once, was caught in possum-snare.

Not yet the morning sun had lit the mountain summits gray,
When posted up the mountain's side the hunters lurking lay ;
Close crouched along the narrow paths through which the rambling deer
Were wont to seek the grassy swards, or tumbling torrents clear.
Far up the rugged heights advanced, where rose the knotty pines,
And reared the ash his leafless limbs, o'ercrept with tangled vines,
Low ambushed in the underwood, stout SCROP, with wary eye,
Surveyed the pathway's trodden length, th' approaching deer to spy.
Stern through the dark-green laurel leaves uprose his trusty gun,
And brightly through its tattered sheath his hunting-whistle shone :
His heart beat high with grateful rye, and inly oft he swore,
That when a deer should pass his fire, the Devil must run on four.

While thus he vauntful vowed, he saw the distant laurels move,
And two ferocious eyes glare down the pathway from above,
And sudden with a savage bound a creature sprang to sight,
And down the path with rapid trot approached the hidden wight.
Cold ran the startled blood of SCORP, and pale his visage grew,
And to his beating heart thick fears and dread misgivings flew.
Such eyes, such fangs, on harmless beast did ever mortal see?
A *wolf* — a ravenous, murderous *wolf* the creature sure must be!
With trembling hand he raised his tube, the fatal spring let fly —
The bullet missed its deadlier aim, but grazed the creature's thigh,
And, howling loud, with desperate bounds the wounded wolf sped by.

Then up sprang SCORP with nimble haste, and raised a huge halloo,
'A wolf! a wolf! shoot, BLUDGEON, shoot! Do n't let the varmint through!'
Immediate BLUDGEON also roared, and BANDY sped the cry,
And, bull-like, bellowing, BUSHEL, PAT, and CHUNK and BOLT reply.
Then fast as ran the frightened wolf the gauntlet of his foes,
In crashing chorus rifle-crack on rifle-crack arose;
And from his bushy covert forth each hunter ardent leapt,
And down the path in mad pursuit tumultuous shouting swept.
All save the veteran forest-scout, who saw the wolf limp by,
And instant lowered the deadly gun he half had raised on high,
And stared apace with wondering gaze, then chuckling turned away —
Nor once again was he beheld on that illustrious day.

Nigh to a bubbling deer-spring, stretched a prostrate sapling o'er,
The hunters found the lifeless beast, his hair all stiff with gore.
With loud hurrahs they hailed the sight, and eager drew around,
And straight with fresh-cut hickory twigs his sinewy legs they bound:
A sturdy pole they stuck between, and thus with shout and song,
On homeward track they bore their spoils triumphantly along.
Each house they passed poured forth a crowd the grizzly prize to see,
And all the country echoed with their noisy jubilee.

The train drew up at BLUDGEON's door, where SCORP with whittle keen,
Soon from the stiffening body trimmed the *varmint's* shaggy skin;
And next, to gain the wondrous fat for magic virtues known,
CHUNK carved the carcass breast and back, and shaved the flesh from bone.
BLUDGEON into a roasting-pan the chosen morsels stored;
PAT fed the fires, and in a horn the precious extract poured.
Meanwhile upon the jaw-bones BOLT his anxious labor spent —
The jaw-bones rich with charms against all sorcerous devilment.
No amulet has e'er been known to match the wolf-tooth's might;
Mad dogs and snakes will fly the man who holds it up to sight:
Not e'en the horse-shoe, tempered thrice and pierced with cross-head nail,
Can so o'er all the spells and rage of evil powers prevail.
BOLT quarried out the ivory horde, and, on a shoe-latch strung,
Beneath his vest around his neck the potent trophy hung.

JACK SPLINTER was a jovial soul who loved his dog and gun,
 And led the tune in any kind of rough-and-tumble fun;
 But now he sat before his door with dark and moody brow,
 And oft he ripped an oath aloud and oft he muttered low.
 A fortnight since, while scouting out before the break of day,
 A vagrant fox had lured his best and bravest dog away;
 To-day his three young hounds had tracked and brought a bear to stand;
 The rascal beast had fought for life, and whipped them all off-hand.
 Blithe JACK was sore distressed at heart, and vexed with adverse luck;
 The bear he cursed for standing fight, the hounds for want of pluck.
 Much he bemoaned his JOWLER's loss — the dog without a peer!
 'Had but his tail been there,' he vowed 'the bear would now be here!'

Just then before him DORNUCK stood, and thus in greeting cried:
 'News, Jolly JACK! a wolf's been shot, and BLUDGEON has his hide!
 A famous beast, with brindled hair, and ears a-slouchin' o'er:
 I saw the critter pass and thought I seed him once afore.
 Now let your JOWLER wag his tail — a wolf's a wolf ye know;
 If you would speer a curious sight, straight down to BLUDGEON's go.'
 There was a cunning twinkle in the hardy hunter's eye,
 And SPLINTER felt its secret hint and reckoned mischief nigh.
 He started up, and from his stall his fleetest nag he led,
 The saddle strode, and down the road in furious gallop sped;
 Sped on around the saw-mill dam and through Swatara's flood,
 Nor stopped until at BLUDGEON's door his panting sorrel stood.
 Then down he sprang with reckless haste, and rushed into the hall,
 Where like a gallant trophy scowled the wolf-hide on the wall.
 Around an oaken table broad the doughty hunters sat,
 A-drinking punch, and singing songs, and holding merry chat;
 But as before them JACK appeared, they sudden all grew still,
 For by his cheek and by his eye they guessed he came for ill.
 All heedless, SPLINTER crossed the hall with large, impetuous stride,
 And fixed his gleaming eye direct upon the brindled hide.
 'Now by the living powers!' he roared, and furious turned around,
 'You'll pay for this! ye mole-eyed skunks! and dearly, I'll be bound!
 I thought as much, but oh! great snakes! to find it all come true!
 You'll pay, my boys! or, by my boots! I'll lam ye black and blue!'
 'Pay what?' cried SCORP; 'I guess you're mad! That skin belongs to us:
 What's ours by right, we'll hold fast tight, in spite of all your fuss;
 That skin 's the wolf's we killed —' 'The wolf's!' the wrothy SPLINTER cried,
 'The wolf's! — as though I did n't know my poor lost Jowler's hide!'

They took the hide of JOWLER down, and cast it on the fire;
 Ten dollars, and a soothing punch, appeased JACK SPLINTER's ire.
 The hapless BULBUSH from his neck removed his grinning trust,
 And with a rusty hammer beat the amulet to dust:
 While in the silent hour of night forth stole the sober PAT,
 And far into the saw-mill dam he pitched the horn and fat.

C H E E R F U L N E S S .

'Io giudicherei ottimamente fatto che noi, si come noi siamo, quella festa, quella allegrezza, quello piacere che noi potessimo, prendessimo.'*

I SHOULD think it best for us that, as we are, we take such enjoyment, such merriment, such pleasure as we can. Such is the sentiment which Boccaccio puts in the mouth of the fair Pampinea, speaking amid the horrors of plague-stricken Florence. If her six gay companions accepted it as wise and practical, how much more does it commend itself to us now and here.

We live in a world pronounced good when made, and if it have deteriorated somewhat because of the hard usage we have since put it to, still it is very far from being the dull prison-house that well-meaning but mistaken asceticism and devout dyspepsia would represent it. The morning stars sang together in solemn gladness over the finished work. Still the sun shines down upon it, and the ripe harvests and meadows gay with flowers, return the smile, while through them run the laughing brooks, and the leaves, kissed by the toying winds, 'clap their little hands in glee.' While not complaining of, or shutting our minds to, the lessons taught by stormy skies and scowling heavens, we shall not then do unwisely to improve the holy sunshiny days; to seize all passing occasions of enjoyment, thankfully making the most of them. These occasions, if we will but be on the outlook for them, are not at all rare. Close by the thorn that wounds, oftenest grows heart's ease that cures, which it were better to pluck and apply than to dolefully count the slow drops of blood; where the path is steepest and roughest, thence, if we will look up, we may catch glimpses of a fairer promised land; bright threads of hope are shot through the very pall of sorrow; the rainbow is painted on the storm itself. Little joys enlarge by close observation as little sorrows do; held near enough, will quite overshadow these last. Use it thriftily, and you find that

'ONE loving hour

For many years of sorrow can dispense:

A dram of sweets is worth a pound of sowre.'

As Richter happily illustrates when treating of the little pleasures: 'Let the gnats upon the wall amuse as well as irritate you.'

Far be from me the folly of an unbecoming levity on the occasions of seriousness that life so often furnishes. A tear for the departed friend; mindful consideration for the feeling of others mourning the loss of one, when they go like one in the dark, vainly groping for some support; solemnity in God's house, though it be but for form's sake in

* *Il Decamerone, Giornata Prima.*

want of a better motive. But in general, though life is a battle, yet shall we give none the less lusty strokes if we march singing to the conflict; if we make merry around the home camp-fire when the journal strife is ended. By the good gifts of memory, perception, and anticipation, our mysterious being is multiplied as it were three-fold. This is not a strikingly novel proposition, but I must think an intelligent recognition of it would be as good as new to some who make the common confusion of long familiarity with knowledge. For they are forever playing the sexton to the joys of the past instead of leaving it to bury its own dead; or their anticipations are overhung with weeping-willows, or the image of death is attendant physician to their sickly pleasures; with them the present is but a standing-point whence they look back with regret and forward with dread; and they tremble to feel their foothold slide from under them; as in German etymology, the *gifts* are become poisons. But really, this present is a free space in which to cherish grateful recollections, to enjoy matured fruitions, to hope for better things. It is of no good, selfish or absolute, to mourn lost friends always. The affections that rested on them may turn to others. Surely they are still to be remembered, but rather for the long time of their lives than in the moment of their deaths; rather by what was gained, and is still held from them, than by what was lost in them. Let their images be set up forever in the memory, but do not for that turn memory into a graveyard. If, as poets sing, they may still be about us, our prolonged sadness cannot add to their spirit's peace. Shall I let pass the good things of this world that with such zest we were used to share together, because thou, dear friend, art gone to a better? Perhaps very long sorrow at our loss is not the finest tribute of friendship. A sympathy with others in their affliction has stood always in high repute, is always commended and recommended. But there are sympathies of all kinds. If I weep with those that weep, shall I not rejoice with those that rejoice? and so, adding to the amount and prolonging the season of my neighbor's entertainment, help my own digestion the while.

A notion prevails that there is an antagonism between gayety and religion or wisdom. For this notion's prevalence we have partly to thank those dear old Puritan grim-wigs of blessed memory. They indeed had small cause for merriment in this world; their cast-ironness of nature was, in their circumstances, desirable, and remains admirable. But my dear Sir, or Madam, why should you, surrounded with all physical comforts, take the matter so gravely? Bearing in mind that we are weak and evil — and looking as sour as verjuice, does not strengthen or sanctify us — we should be awed and humbled; but again, bearing in mind that, although we are weak and evil, there are ways

provided, we should be right wisely glad. Surely our religion has its bright as well as its dark side; more pity that any good men should wrong themselves and prejudice others against a cause they would recommend, by acting the part of those 'fools' of whom Fuller speaks, 'who to persuade men that angels lodged in their hearts, hung a devil for a sign in their faces,' who seem to walk the heavenly road, as it were, backward, their eyes and imaginations forever turned on the other place. Such should remember that worthy Mr. Perkins mentioned by the same author, 'who would pronounce the word damn with such an emphasis as left a doleful echo in his auditors' ears for a good while after;' yet mark; 'on the least acquaintance he was merry and very familiar.' Clergymen in the pulpit — out of it, so far as my small but valued acquaintance extends in that direction, they are as hilarious a class of men as any other — are expected always to be grave; I do not comprehend why. The solemnity of most of the topics on which they treat demands, of course, solemnity of manner; still,

* — 'quanquam ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?'

The D.D.s might sometimes be *blandi Doctores* without desecrating their office; they would rather strengthen their proper influence by occasionally giving *crustula* of humor and wit to their hearers. Wit and humor have been the most potent arms directed against Christianity by its comparatively weak assailants; why not direct them in return against the adversary? As has been said, the devil ought not to have all the best tunes. Little sins will fly before ridicule that strut defiance to grave denunciation; stern reproof, too disproportioned to the offence, overshoots its mark, where the lighter shaft of satire strikes home. But I wander from my province. The conscientious clergyman exposed, in his unresting, laborious profession, to the most unreasonable criticism from an audience differing in its wants, tastes, judgments, has enough already to find fault with him.

Morose noodles are fond of quoting in a snarling way, Goldsmith's line in the 'Deserted Village,' that, following the description of the ale-house, reads:

'Where the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind.'

They give it an application that the good-natured man never dreamed of, and would not thank them for suggesting. Supposing what they would imply were true, that laughter does betoken an habitually vacant mind. This entire emptiness were better than the perennial dolefulness of the Misses and Messrs. Wickhams, which indicates a stock of harmful rubbish in the head, whence exhale bad humors that smother and begloom intellect and sensibilities; wherein are gener-

ated crotchets, maggots, whims, conceits, all peevish, carking, baleful. Nothing is more beneficial to the mental powers than to grant them an occasional vacation, relax the over-tension, restore the elasticity and reinvigorate them for new exertion ; and nothing so well brings about all these desirable ends as a good thorough-going laugh. It reaches to all parts, body, soul, and intellect. Firstly, it promotes digestion, and, as a consequence, internal peace. It is Bacon, I think, who says that rebellions of the stomach are the worst in their kind. This organ, by the way, has more to do with the morals of half the world than their consciences, as I intend showing in a future essay. To return to the laugh. What Burton says of the effects of sleep may be said of it, for it does, as it were, 'moysten and fatten the body ;' he instances the good case in which dormice awaken from their long hybernation ; I adduce the waists of most merry men. Then it shakes out the wrinkles from the heart, leaving no crannies for corroding anxiety and malice and all uncharitableness to cling in ; blue devils scamper away before it ; it dispels the fogs that hang over the intellect, as Jove's thunder purifies the atmosphere, leaving perception and judgment clear. In fine, as one says who speaks with authority, having laughed much himself, and been the cause of much laughter in others, who bearing his many trials not patiently but jestingly snapped his fingers at what others would have groaned over ; as Hood says, 'it expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and 'like a trumpet makes the spirits dance.'

'THERE are a sort of men, whose viages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit.'

And sometimes they do obtain such a garment as they desire. I think that this kind of people could not indeed do better — verily, speaking would be their undoing. This appearance, as if they were like that owl we read of, which 'kept up a devil of a thinking,' is rather a narrow base for a reputation to rest on ; its steady, perpendicular maintenance is excusable. But it is still the truth that Trophonius' cave is no temple of wisdom in any kind ; gravity no necessary sign, test or product of it. Here come willing witnesses to support the proposition. There is Democritus, the Bacon of antiquity, a constant laughter among the foolish Abderites. Socrates, though deformity and a shrew were against him, was any thing rather than a gloomy man. Martin Luther played softly on his flute, and drank his glass, and blithely sang :

'Who loves not women, wine, and song,
Liveth a fool his whole life long.'

nor ever dishonored his notes. Cromwell loved his bout and jest with his soldiery; no weak men, he nor they. Nay, Milton, the inspired, wrote 'L'Allegro' almost not inferior to his greater poem. Wisdom may dress in motley as well as in black. Rabelais, Richter, Sterne, are sound moralists in their way, as sound as though they were quite unreadably dull; and I will add Swift, although he was diseasedly cross and dirty sometimes; and Boccaccio, who gives me my text, as he has given me many other things, directly or remodelled by other poets, although sometimes he grows somewhat too gay for innocence.

Emerging from a forest, the King reined up his steeds for a moment. A steep iced slope was before him, descending to a valley. In the valley was a river. The stream was frozen at the foot of the slope, but a mile above a cataract was visible where a tributary torrent issuing from the forest delivered its waters into the broken bed of the river through a gulf, frightful with rocks and ice. Perhaps half that distance below the bed of the main stream itself sank, and one standing where the King's steeds halted, looked off over the brink of a

STANZAS: 'ALONE.'

No hand doth pluck for me the golden flowers,
 Since thou art gone, my noble lord: alone
 I count the going of the slow-paced hours,
 And still do hope, though my sweet hope is flown.

Adown the path no foot but mine doth brush
 The early dew from off the lush, rank grass:
 Within the flowering peach, the tawny thrush
 Doth break the air with music, as I pass.

And all the golden joys of other times
 Come back in the still hushes of his song:
 I hear again your voice repeat the rhymes,
 The graceful rhymes that to those days belong.

And in my pain, I shriek your name aloud:
 I cry: why did you go, my love, my lord?
 Why should you stay, O man, so brave and proud?
 Grown strange and cold at one reproving word.

Come back, my love: all that you ask I give,
 From red-mouthed kisses rained upon your eyes,
 To endless faith, if I may only live
 In the sweet bliss your presence now denies.

A. K. B.

ated crotchets, maggots, whims, conceits, all peevish, carking, baleful. Nothing is more beneficial to the mental powers than to grant them an occasional vacation, relax the over-tension, restore the elasticity and reinvigorate them for new exertion; and nothing so well brings about all these desirable ends as a good thorough-going laugh. It reaches to all parts, body, soul, and intellect. Firstly, it promotes digestion, and, as a consequence, internal peace. It is Bacon, I think, who says that rebellions of the stomach are the worst in their kind. This organ, by the way, has more to do with the morals of half the world than their consciences, as I intend showing in a future essay. To return to the laugh. What Burton says of the effects of sleep may be said of it, for it does, as it were, 'moysten and fatten the body;' he instances the good case in which dormice awaken from their long hybernation; I adduce the waists of most merry men. Then it shakes out the wrinkles from the heart, leaving no crannies for corroding anxiety and malice and all uncharitableness to cling in; blue devils scamper away before it; it dispels the fogs that hang over the intellect ~~as Jove's thunder nurlifies the atmosphere of vapours,~~ plunging furiously, and flinging their heads high aloft, notwithstanding two sturdy grooms hung on each bit.

The King sprang into the sledge, and gathered the reins into one hand. 'Let go, you rogues!' he cried, bringing his lash down thrice with all his might indiscriminately over the flanks of horses and hostlers; 'Let go, will you?' The steeds leaped into the air in dreadful rage, dashed the grooms under their feet, bounded forward, jerked the sledge over the prostrate hostlers, and tore out of the castle like sons of the whirl-wind, the long lash of the King, merciless Norse Jehu that he was, describing fearful circles over his head.

Still hung the moon in the mid-heaven, and still the great northern stars shone gloriously in the deeps of darkness. The watchman on the tower of the King's gate stood looking at the awful brilliance of those orbs, and in his heart did reverence to them, the champions that girt themselves with fire and confronted with serene guardianship the evil ones, enemies of men, that have their abode in the outer blackness of darkness. The King's horses thundered through the portal and roused the watchman from his musing. 'King Rolf is loose,' he said, 'and drives toward the Gulf of the North Fires. All the north-land will be awakened, and high time for it too.'

Away, away, flew the horses of the King. Winged lions were they for speed and fierceness, 'swallowing the ground' in wrath. Far over the plain they sped like a scud of drifting snow, driven by the fiercest gust of winter, and the charioteer — Jehu Barbarossa that he was — standing in the sledge, whirled his lash and shouted as if he were a demon from the infernal hippodrome. The Forest of Firs

1860.]

nor ever dishonored his notes. Cromwell loved his bout and jest with his soldiery; no weak men, he nor they. Nay, Milton, the inspired, wrote 'L'Allegro' almost not inferior to his greater poem. Wisdom may dress in motley as well as in black. Rabelais, Richter, Sterne, are sound moralists in their way, as sound as though they were quite unreadably dull; and I will add Swift, although he was diseasedly cross and dirty sometimes; and Boccaccio, who gives me my text, as he has given me many other things, directly or remodelled by other poets, although sometimes he grows somewhat too gay for innocence.

Emerging from a forest, the King reined up his steeds for a moment. A steep iced slope was before him, descending to a valley. In the valley was a river. The stream was frozen at the foot of the slope, but a mile above a cataract was visible where a tributary torrent issuing from the forest delivered its waters into the broken bed of the river through a gulf, frightful with rocks and ice. Perhaps half that distance below the bed of the main stream itself sank, and one standing where the King's steeds halted, looked off over the brink of a second cataract into an abyss, hideous with its heaps of stranded ice, while the iron walls of a mountain rose sheer into the air on one side, and precipices, to the very verge of which the fir-forest crowded its giant timber, overhung the other. The mountain opposite and above the King was of a dark and forbidding appearance, and extended in a curve with the white floor of the river at its base, till at the point where the eye's tangent touched its circumference, the inclosing wings of the forest seemed to cross the river and join the mountain's side.

The royal charioteer paused but a moment, and then the steeds ran headlong down the slope and crossed the river diagonally to the very corner of the lower and greater cataract. Here a precarious road-way was disclosed in the side of the mountain. Nothing doubting, the horses galloped down the slippery path, finding perhaps their only safety in the very madness of their speed. In a moment they stood at the bottom of the abyss, with the frightful Arctic Niagara thundering about their hoofs. Silently towered the iron wall of the mountain above their heads. But on the opposite side a crag, not smaller than one of the old world's ancient cathedrals, pierced by the wedge of the frost, broke in a seeming agony from the cliffs, and in one bound plunged to the watery abyss with all its load of growing timber, churning the deep as though the chasm were a cistern.

Once at the bottom of the ravine, the King saw, what before was not apparent, a narrow pass opening in the mountain, and into this the steeds turned. It was a deep, winding gorge. But the horses rushed through the defile as furiously as before, whirled the sledge

around the arching precipices, and suddenly sprang into a vast, open space. The monarch drew the reins with all his might, but did not check the headlong course of the horses till they stood on the very brink of a chasm of appalling obscurity, to which no bottom could be seen. Then they started back in affright, and Rolf, rough Jehu that he was, leaped from his sledge into the midst of them, and laid about him with both hands, cuffing and boxing till he fairly tumbled the whole six heels-over-head backward from the gulf. He then stood for a moment, as if to survey the place which he had so abruptly entered. It seemed at first sight a portion of a vast, obscure amphitheatre, inclosing a gulf. One would instinctively cast his eyes over the chasm at the first to catch the outlines of the opposite wall, if any there were, but vision failed to pierce the shadows which overhung that fearful pit. He might believe himself standing on the coast of the universe, with the illimitable Blackness of Darkness before him. Just at hand, it is true, were walls of stupendous magnitude, with their curve visible for many leagues, sweeping around as if to inclose the chasm with a rim; but being presently lost in the darkness, it could not be known whether the circuit was completed.

Horrible was the gulf for its blackness and unimaginable depth. It seemed the very shaft of hell, for truly the mouth of the infernal mines could not be blacker or wider or deeper. One leaping from the wall, except above the platform or gallery upon which the visitant and his horses stood, would fall plumb down — down — whither?

There was something passing strange about the obscurity which prevailed in the space. In the world without, it was high Arctic noon-day, the moon broad and wealthy, and the stars shining with clear brilliance. But the orb which without hung from the top of the sky and lighted the whole North with its white lamp, here was seen betwixt two pinnacles of the mountains, a dead, heavy globe, almost lustreless. There were no stars above the gulf, or beyond it. It seemed almost as though a trunk of darkness rose from it to the sky. One entering this fearful place would look to see the prince of fallen angels standing on the brink of the gallery, and spreading wide his vans, before he dropped his mighty bulk into that throat of hell.

King Rolf blew a loud blast upon his trumpet. The sound ran along the wall, but of the thousand echoes which the cliffs returned, none came from beyond the gulf. Thereupon, there arose from below, one of aged yet almost fierce aspect, wearing a robe and girdle, and bearing in his hand a rod.

‘Hail! Old Fire-master,’ the King said.

‘I heard thy horn, Rolf of Northall,’ the other said, ‘and therefore I have arisen.’

'You would have heard it, old wizard, if you had been in your coffin,' said the King. 'By all the gods! I can rouse the graveyards with it if I will.'

'King Rolf,' the Master of the Northfires said, 'thou shouldst have heard Thor of Valhall when he stood here long ago and blew his wooden horn. Such a blast as the Norse god then blew, the world never heard before. Yonder cliff was rent from top to bottom.'

'Who is mightier than Thor of Valhall?' the King said.

'Yet the world will one day hear a more dreadful blast, King Rolf, at the which even the great Thor in far-off Valhall will start for wonder! Where got you your horses, Rolf?'

'Snow-born! storm-born! old Fire-master!' the monarch said, 'and they almost galloped into your cursed pit. They raced through that crooked pass as though they were mad. I did barely rein them in on the gulf's brink; a yard further, and I would have gone down to thee bodily.'

'Well was it for thee, King Rolf,' cried the wizard, 'well was it for thee that thou didst not. None less than the King of high Valhall can know the secrets of that gulf. Full well I know that the princes of your race never die, but that when the messenger from that far country brings them the silver lash, then they drive their horses across the gods' bridge straight to the halls of heaven, but not even to them is it permitted to behold the depths of this pit. A thousand years ago, Harold, the son of Biorn, ruled the north, and he held revels in the north building with all his lords. And in the midst he arose and said: 'By all gods and devils! I will go down into the Gulf of the Northfires this night. Let him who dares follow me!' So saying, he sprang into his sledge, and a hundred of his lords took their horses and followed him. I stood here and heard them coming through the pass. They rode by me swifter than the whirlwind, and leaped into the gulf, shouting and blowing horns. 'Go down to your damnation, ye fools!' I said. No eye above the earth has seen them since that night, King Rolf. Only the princes of the north heavens and I, the Master of the Northfires, know what has befallen Harold and his lords. What would you have of me to-night, Rolf?'

'Fire! fire! ancient master,' the King said; 'fire to be remembered as long as the flood; to frighten the living, disturb the dead; till the whole earth shall believe that hell is bursting his prison, the day of wrath dawning, the damned in rebellion. Burn up the whole night, old wizard; I would have you make the sphere a hollow furnace till the moon drips like melting iron. Empty your cursed gulf of every thing in it—fire-devils, whatsoever you keep at the bottom there. Good master, you have never denied me all I asked of you. Fail me not to-night.'

The Master of the Northfires said nothing, but threw his rod into the gulf. Thereupon, in the depths was heard a distant sound, as of a strange barbaric music. Suddenly a flame, thin and straight as a sword, shot up from the chasm, glanced high in air, and vanished. For an instant all was dark, and only the sound of music was heard far below. Then a score of flames like the first shot up, pierced the mid-heavens and vanished. The sounds below waxed louder and louder. They seemed like the clanging of cymbals when the gate of some barbaric city opens and an army rushes forth.

'Gods of all Heaven!' cried the King, 'what is this?' The whole vast throat of the gulf glowed like a furnace seven times heated. The mountain walls round about the King were as lurid from a mass of electric flame, which thus gave warning of its uprising from the chasm, as the very battlements around the city of Dis. Swiftly the dreadful volume rose and erected itself in one tremendous trunk, high, high in air, even to the summit of the sky, and seemed like a red pillar supporting the roof of night. For a few moments the column stood unmoved; then, as if by some terrific inner force, it was burst asunder. Vast sheets of flame spread to the right and left, and swayed like curtains. Millions of arrows were scattered through the heavens, and balls of the subtle fluid flew off to the zenith of kingdoms in the south and canopied their capitals with crimson. Then from the uttermost quarter of the sky the flames returned, gathered themselves together, and once more the stupendous red pillar supported the black dome of night.

Once more the column was rent, and lo! vast arches of fire were thrown off as if to bridge the gulf of unimaginable blackness. Far stretched the courses of red piers, and awful to behold, beyond this mighty fire-way a portal loomed up, all flaming with light. Towers of glowing bronze guarded the gateway, and immense, interminable as the Andes, those dull-burning walls that engird the empire of Lucifer swept from the right and left of the portal, till lost in the regions of immensity.

Behold! the city vomited the hosts within it. Armies rushed forth upon the bridge; multitudes innumerable as the sands of the sea; horsemen swifter than eagles; chariots rolling as clouds before the storm. Emperors, and captains, and mighty men stood erect in their cars, while archers bending their bows shot arrows afar, that glimmered among the stars of the southern skies.

And then a gleam of the keenest and deadliest lightning tore through the vision. All was destroyed with unutterable destruction. The bridge brake into myriad fragments, and all the multitudes, with the men of might and the horsemen, fell into the abyss with ruin too terrible to look upon. The interminable, dull-burning walls wavered

as a flag stirred by the wind, and slowly floated away. With the portal still glowing, and the flanking battlements waving wing-like on either side, it seemed like some infernal bird flying over the abyss beyond the universe.

The soul of the ancient Fire-master exulted in the spectacle. He raised his arms and cried out in an unknown tongue in his fierceness. 'Seest thou the people of the Gulf, King Rolf?' at length he cried. The King looked, and lo! thousands of elfs were sporting in the flames. They were hardly distinguishable from the flames in which they were playing. Clinging to the gleams like sailors to a ship's cordage they rode up to the sky, then dove into the gulf, ascended again on huge bubbles like balloons, and when the globes burst in the air, away they shot, to Canada or the Hebrides on the splinters.

'Will you go up, King Rolf?' the Wizard said.

'I will,' the doughty monarch replied.

'Lay hold of my girdle, then,' said the Master of the Northfires.

The King did as he was bidden. The Master stepped into the flames, and the two rose skyward. And as they rose, the wizard cried out to the red spirits like a sea-captain to his ship-boys: 'Wake up, ye sleepy villains! Do you call this good service? You are duller than slugs, and as clumsy as the babes of the she-bear. Fly, fly, ye flame-born. Shoot skyward, eastward, westward; hang my fires from the moon; fling a net around the bear; burn up the world. There are my live red boys once more; shake out more canvas aloft there. Lively, my lads! Ho! ye mutineers, reef yonder red sheet; it flaps like a merchantman's sail in a monsoon. Here we are, King Rolf, with the world underfoot. Behold kingdoms, isles, cities, the ocean.'

The King saw beneath him his own realm and the whole northern region with its ice and snow. Far in the south were the great lakes and forests of dark hue and ranges of mountains. There was the open ocean. Ships were going to-and-fro upon it, both vessels that spread sails to the wind, and steamships that left black trains of smoke, and clove with bullying prow the winter's surges. There too were his own icebergs innumerable, standing southward in a huge armada.

People stood in the streets of cities on the ocean's shore, looking at the red north. Mariners on the decks of their vessels, and mountaineers in the doors of their cabins watched the lurid spectacle. Sentinels pacing the walls of old fortified towns muttered of wars and drums, and prisoners at the grates of castle-windows, seeing the sky all a-blaze, cried out that surely Heaven gave to men a sign that vengeance awaited rulers for murder and falsehood, and would no longer tarry. Yea, verily, in yonder brother-world rushing on its course like

a ship driven by tide and tempest, did not men looking off over the ocean of night behold these terrible flames, and think that some fellow-orb wandering in the same black seas was wrapped in conflagration, as when seamen clinging to the cordage of their ships by night watch with fear and horror some mighty steamer enveloped in flames ere it goes down into the belly of the abyss?

And dreams and visions came upon all men sleeping. They entered lonely cabins in the wilderness; they invaded cities and ships on the sea; they walked through palaces and camps; they even pranked in the brains of animals, for chargers in the stables sprang as though the trumpet sounded, and hounds bounded from their kennels in terror. Men saw seas rising from their basins; wars raging in the sky; the firmament rent in twain. Kings guilty of the blood of martyrs cried out in their sleep when they sank with all their hosts into chasms which also swallowed up their fleets and blood-bespattered capitals; or perhaps they saw armed men breaking into their chambers, gigantic of stature, and dreadful of visage as the myrmidons of Lucifer, so that they fell on their faces in affright.

'By all the gods, old Fire-master,' the King said, 'earth never saw such a sight as this before!'

'One day it will see a greater, King Rolf,' the Master said.

IV.

ROLF'S DAGGER.

How Herr Yarl, the terrible and tremendous Goblin, was delivered from the cavern of the winds, is a matter which the historian need not trouble himself to relate. It is sufficient for me to assure the student of history that the Viceroy of Labrador was duly delivered from that cavity. If any body is still incredulous after this solemn assurance, and surmises that to get rid of a mischievous varlet, we have abandoned him in the bowels of the earth, here comes the illustrious gentleman himself to put all skepticism to silence. The scene of his reëpppearance is on a sea-coast. The Goblin leaps from the Ancient Mariner's canoe to the shore, and cries: 'Pass around, Old Pilot, to the Dane's cove, and wait for me.' Yes, 't is he, there can be no mistake about it, and it is gratifying to see that he has been nowise damaged by his late misfortunes, but on the contrary has come forth like gold from the refiner's furnace, and is eminently 'on hand.'

The Pilot turned the prow of his canoe, and the Messenger ran swiftly up into the land. It was a snowy, silent land, and the Goblin on his silver skates ran into a region of wild mountains. A silent land indeed was it. The moon's light rested on long, white peaks, and on ramparts of heaped-up snow, and no living creature was there to disturb the quiet of the solitude. How do the bright skates of the

Arctic Mercury twinkle; how do the fringes of his jacket clink; how do his sturdy legs buzz like the spokes of a chariot-wheel as he shoots down the gleaming glaciers or darts along the frozen floors of the gorges.

'Where can my Lord Dukes have gone with their noisy rabble?' he muttered more than once as he glanced into the ravines or paused an instant on some pinnacle to look around him. 'Ah! here they are,' he cried, darting from a defile into a hollow inclosed by tremendous mountains. And truly there were the tough-sided Dukes of Greenland romping with their whole households. Such an extravagant revel neither man nor Kobold has often seen. Some of my Lords, with their henchmen, and butlers, and retainers of every degree clambered to the icy summits and slid down to the bottom of the hollow on sleds or snow-shoes, bounding over the cliffs, and darting far down the opposite defiles like arrows. Others loosened avalanches, and sent them thundering down the declivities to bury their comrades below; and others in imitation of the daring sliders, bore pine trees on their sturdy shoulders to the summits, and there a crowd of them sitting on the rude raft, rushed down with a roar and a crash, dashing their float to pieces, while they themselves pitched headlong into the gorges all in a promiscuous heap. It was a merry scene indeed, to see these Greenland varlets shouting on the crags, or floundering under the avalanches, or riding from the summits on their great rafts, all shouting with the might of their lusty lungs.

The Messenger's whistle rang wild and shrill in the frosty moonlight. The romping populace paused in the midst of their sports. Again Goblin Yarl sounded his whistle. Thereat the whole multitude came tumbling from the precipices as fowls flutter down from their perches when the ruddy farm-maiden enters their dormitory with unexpected crumbs.

'To Northall! to Northall! O skating Lords and red-faced rabble!' cried the Messenger, as the crowd gathered around him with their fierce Norse faces glowing from exercise. 'Off to Northall, my Lord Dukes. Behold Rolf's dagger.' The rabble raised a great shout and set off on a run down the defile. The swift Goblin continued on his course.

He ran up the glaciers to the peaks above the hollow. Afar off he saw the black ocean. He came to a precipice by the sea-shore. Here he found another congregation of sturdy dukes and tumultuous retainers. They tore up huge boulders and rolled them over the precipice, and they cracked icy crags from the cliffs, and looked over to see them splash the water. 'To Northall, to Northall, stout dukes. Behold Rolf's dagger,' the Messenger cried. And these also raised a great shout and ran toward the King's castle.

Below the cliffs was the Dane's cove ; a dark tarn walled by precipices. Here sat the Ancient Mariner in his skiff beside a great whale.

'Oh!' cried the Goblin, 'what gay youngster is this talking delusion to the fair niece of a bottle-nosed whale? Fie! fie! Old Pilot, to whisper compliments in the ear of a maiden whale! Fair fish, I kiss my hand to you.'

'Get in, ape,' said the Old Pilot, and Master Yarl sprang into his old quarters in the canoe.

The Mariner whisked deftly his paddle and the skiff darted over the ocean swifter than the sea-fowl which flies close to the surface of the water, and now dips a wing into the wave and now buries his breast in some billow's foaming top. They passed unwieldy icebergs that heaved heavily in the waters, while their crystal pinnacles flashed in the moonlight. They rode through schools of spouting fishes and bounded over the breakers that roared among reefs in the mid-ocean.

At length the voyagers saw before them an island, a low, bare, white island. There was on it a city. It was a strange, quaint city. Antique walls studded with queer turrets surrounded it, and at the angles stood sturdy, obstinate towers, looking like pikemen of the low countries standing sentries after having partaken of extra rations. Behind the walls could be seen the pointed gables of the citizens' houses, and high above all rose the roofs of a strange old town-house and the High Burgomaster's mansion.

'Borgoland is yonder, Master Yarl,' said the Pilot.

'I see,' the Messenger replied. 'And there are the burgers, too, up to their girdles in the water. Faith, Old Pilot, we have happened here in a bad season. The fish have come to the shoals, and whether the choleric townsmen will not drive a harpoon into me for interrupting them, is more than I can say.'

Truly it was an odd spectacle which the voyagers beheld as they approached the shore. The water for a league from the beach was shallow, intersected with channels of deep water. A large herd of whales had become entangled in these shoals, and were floundering about and spouting, and flounced from the shoals into the channels, and from the channels to the shoals, in the most frantic confusion. The town had poured forth its entire population to make war on the huge fishes. Men short of stature, but astonishingly thick and square, waded out into the midst of the herd, drove harpoons into the backs of the whales and dragged them to the shore despite their struggles. The strength of these short broad men was absolutely amazing. Each one dragged his game to the beach, laid hold of its jaws, slung it on his own back, and stooping forward, actually walked up to the city-gate with his gigantic prey, the fish's belly being upward, its tail dragging on the ground, and itself floundering violently, as if out-

raged by its helpless and ignominious condition. At the city gates Leviathan was slain, and broad women with their kirtles tucked up like prudent housewives, cut him in pieces and boiled him in immense iron pots.

'Here is old Vongerbrock,' said the Goblin. 'See him grapple with that bull-whale. Good! When a bull is to be taken by the horns, or a grampus by the jaws, commend me to old Vongerbrock. See them fight, Pilot. Old Vongerbrock, if the whale is afloat at last that can bruise you at the tenth round, you will be banished from Burgoland. Two to one on the grampus! Who bets on the Burgo-master?'

The canoe was in the midst of the *mêlée*. Close by, a burgher had broken his harpoon, and unwilling to lose his game, had grasped the jaws of the whale. The latter floundered desperately, and burgher and whale rolled in the shoals together. The latter could not rid itself of its enemy. The burgher clung to his game like a bull-dog to the nose of an ox, and by degrees dragged him toward the shore. Unluckily one of the deep channels with which the shoals were intersected lay in their course, and in the heat of the struggle the burgher, forgetting the fact, plunged into it. There the whale had it all his own way, and presently the burgher arose from the water, almost black in the face from strangling, while his antagonist rushed down the channel as if he had just escaped from the Old Harry himself.

The Messenger blew his whistle. At the shrill note the populace stopped in the midst of their labors. The raised harpoon was dropped, the whale fell from the shoulders of the staggering burgher, and the housewives ceased to stir the water in their huge kettles.

'What do you want with us now, you villain?' cried a choleric townsman, standing up to his waist in the water. 'Speak quickly, for you see we are busy.'

'Doughty burghers of Borgoland,' the Goblin cried, 'Rolf, the high and impregnable Prince, desires you to buckle on your cuirasses and broad-swords, and take your pikes and come speedily to the Northall. War, doughty burghers, glorious war is the royal purpose this night.'

'A tam pretty piziness, a tam pretty piziness,' cried another choleric townsman, 'to send for us when there pe a tousand whales in the shoals.'

'I'll stick my harpoon into thee, thou fagabond,' cried another.

'A tam pretty piziness, a tam pretty piziness,' cried others; 'stick a harpoon through the fakapone.'

The commotion among the fishermen was violent. They swore and strode through the water to the canoe, regardless of the channels into which they plunged in their rage, and the women, no less agitated

than their lords, ran down to the shore brandishing their ladles and screaming: 'Bring hither the villain and spoil him in a pot.'

'Reverse the engine, Old Pilot, or we will be boiled in blubber, fried, stewed, eaten up, for aught I can tell. How cross the gentlemen are this morning,' said the Messenger.

'Be off — be off, thou scoundrel!' cried one.

'A tam pretty pizness, when there be a tousand whales in te shoals. Tick a harpoon into te fillain!' cried another; and the women on the shore scolded and flourished their ladles in a manner exceedingly fearful.

Then old Vongerbrock raised his voice high above the clamor: 'Silence, ye dastards! Be still! Stop this noise and hear me. You disgrace yourselves, ye lubbers. Your behavior is shameful. What are a thousand whales, or ten thousand whales, compared with the good name of Burgoland? Will you return answer to the King when he sends for you to go to war with him, that you must catch whales and cannot go? No, by Saint Peter the fisherman, so long as I am High Burgomaster, no such disgrace as that shall befall us. Go ashore every one of you; get your pikes and march to Northall forthwith. I'll hang every laggard in eelskins at the town-gate!'

The burghers thereupon went ashore and moved toward the city. Some seemed heartily ashamed, and went up briskly to make amends for their indecorous anger, but others sulked and moved at a snail's pace, till old Vongerbrock came up and kicked them soundly, at which they very suddenly increased their speed, and went to the gates with alacrity most gratifying to contemplate.

'Old Vongerbrock is a driver,' said Yarl to the Pilot; 'I'll engage that he will march those heavy burghers to the royal house as if they were thistle-tops flying before a hurricane. Take me to the Norway coast, ancient man.'

The Pilot again turned the prow of his canoe and paddled to the Norway cliffs. The Messenger summoned the hale huntsmen who chased the stag and the wild boar in the mountains; and afterward borne to various coasts by the old boatman, or running over various lands on his skates, summoned the innumerable hosts of the King — the dragoons that raced to-and-fro on the backs of weird reindeer; the idle herdsman that lay basking in the moonlight, while their antlered cattle lazily chewed their cud; the gentle shepherds who fed the royal flocks on the snowy mountain-sides — lords, viceroys, generals, all he found and bade haste to the great Northall. In the ocean were rocky fortresses, against which the waves dashed, and where sea-birds made their nests. Captains, grim of visage, stood on the shattered battlements, and received with hoarse laughter the royal summons.

The Messenger landed on the shore of a large island which lay

partly without the Arctic circle — a wild, chaotic island, on which were mountains from whose blasted peaks smoke was rising. Along the sea-shore were habitations of men. There, by their own bright fires, sat the brave Icelanders. But the Goblin tarried not here. He ran swiftly up the rugged mountains, passed the boiling fountains, leaped the chasms, and, without pausing, sprang into the crater of the volcano. He fell into a great cavern, where were heard rumbling noises and sounds as of metal beaten with hammers. And truly, when the Messenger looked about him, he saw gigantic smiths standing by their roaring forges, and smiting the iron on their anvils with enormous hammers. They were goodly giants to look upon. Their beards were black, and their faces, though somewhat grim, were not forbidding, but only brave and manful. How the bars of iron glowed when the smiths drew them from the flame; how the anvils rung when the brawny giants hammered the yielding metal, and how strongly resounded the staves of an old Norse song which they shouted from their rough throats as they blew the bellows or stirred the blazing coals. There were melting furnaces too, and other workmen poured molten iron from kettles into the moulds, and cast huge wheels and bars, which seemed to be pieces of machinery. For there was tremendous machinery in the cavern. Mighty cranks and pistons of vast girth, and whirling rollers, were trampling and rumbling, and the thunder of gigantic engines in the depths of the volcano made the mountain to tremble.

A black-bearded giant, taller and stronger than the other giants, was the master of these Icelandic work-shops. He strode from forge to forge talking in a deep, strong voice to the workmen, sometimes uttering commands, sometimes hailing them in his bluff way, and having a joke with them, thumping them good-humoredly on their backs, and laughing from the bottom of his chest a laugh so hearty and loud that it was a wholesome thing to hear him. Occasionally he would find some clumsy lout pounding the King's iron like a lawyer, now hitting it here and now there in a manner disgraceful to any blacksmith. Him would the giant cuff roundly, and then taking in one hand the huge hammer, would shape with rapid strokes the bar of iron which the bungling wight had been mauling, as exquisitely as a lady could curl a bit of golden wire for a trinket.

'Hail, Eric of Iceland!' said Herr Yarl, approaching the grim master-smith; 'hail to thee, master of all workers in iron, cunningest of giants who hast made all engines from the mighty sword of Rolf the King, and the thunder-balls of the tempests, down to the tomahawk and whistle of me, Herr Yarl, the most illustrious as well as the most magnanimous of goblins.'

'What now, Master Whiffwhistle?' said the smith in a gruff voice.

‘Business of state, tall Eric.’

‘Ho! ho! Business of state, is it? Let me assure the Ministro Plenipotentiario and Envoy Extraordinary from the North Pole of my distinguished consideration. What did the King put the state on your shoulders for, little gentleman; do n’t it make them ache? Only think, a gentleman a yard high with the whole frigid zone on his back.’

‘Not a bit, tall Eric,’ the Messenger said; ‘I can carry it, ice and all, like a bag of corn.’

‘Bring it to my mill and I’ll *grind* it, ice and all, like a bag of corn,’ said Eric. ‘Gad, you may heave a hundred ice-bergs into that hole yonder, and they will be ground up in a second, so that you can’t find a cob of them: all ground up, Master Whiffwhistle, all ground up. Perhaps you would bring me a grist. Ho! ho! ho! a grist of ice-bergs, ho! ho! ho! I see Kobold Yarl bringing me two bushel of ice-bergs on his back and carrying an extra bag for the bran! Ho! ho! ho!’ and the giant gave a journeyman who stood beside him a thump on the back that would have staggered an elephant, and roared with laughter.

‘I know the miller,’ said Yarl, ‘and he cheats about his tolls. I’ll not bring my grist here.’

‘Yarl,’ said tall Eric, ‘how is your wife? Ho! ho! see him blush. Give my compliments to her ladyship.’

‘I might hurt you with my tomahawk, Eric, and I will unless you beware. I have no wife, as you well know. I’ll tell you my errand. Rolf the King is going to war this night, and he bids his loyal forgermen and smiths get their weapons and follow him.’

‘Good!’ said Eric; ‘I’ll bid the boys get their irons immediately, and we will have some fun.’

‘That is the King’s business, tall Eric,’ the Messenger continued. ‘But furthermore, I have a little business of my own. Do you not remember, O black-bearded man! how I once did for you an errand to a monstrous Jötun, who, for a joke — save me from such jokers — tucked me under his thumb-nail and called me a louse? Did you not promise to make me for that a bell — a golden bell? Where is my bell, tall Eric?’

‘Ho! ho!’ roared tall Eric; ‘a bell! A church-bell would answer for such a gigantic town-crier as thou, I should suppose, or wilt thou have for a toy such a bell as hangs in the Kremlin of Muscovy?’

‘Yes, yes,’ the Kobold replied, ‘a bell! a bell! The bell you promised me, false Eric!’

‘Well, two hundred weight,’ returned the giant, laughing. ‘Go to old Snorro yonder, who sits at the bench, and ask him if perchance he hath a certain bell which I bade him make for a certain large and

ill-favored villain called in the King's proclamation, commanding the taking dead or alive all piratical characters between the height of eight and twelve feet, Yarl, *alias* Herr Yarl, *alias* the Viceroy of Labrador. And be careful, young master, that you speak civilly to the old goldsmith, for he is not in the best of humor at present. Nicholas, the Christmas peddler, a rascally old palavering Dutch Yankee, half-fuddled all the time, was here not long ago to buy stock for the winter, and paid the old man in bad coin.'

The Messenger crossed the cavern to the quarter of the gold and silversmiths, and stood beside the bench of old Snorro. The ancient goldsmith sat on a stool and held by a pair of forceps an exquisite little piece of machinery not bigger than a nut-shell, through some almost invisible aperture of which he was passing a slender hair of wire. Glass-cases and metallic frames, and arches of fanciful color and device rose before his bench, in which were displayed all manner of ornaments of gold and silver, and also toys and miniature engines of wondrous beauty and ingenuity, which it dazzled the eye to behold. 'Ancient Snorro,' said the Goblin modestly. The old man seemed not to hear him. 'Good Snorro,' the Goblin again said, but the old goldsmith did not notice him more than at first. 'Ancient Snorro, where is my little bell,' the Goblin said a third time. No reply. Four, five, six times the Messenger addressed the old artisan. Now, it happened that the latter was engaged in a labor so delicate that he hardly dared to draw his own breath. He was a testy and irritable old smith, and when the Kobold stood at his elbow, speaking never so modestly, it disturbed him. His hand began to tremble! When the sixth 'ancient Snorro' came to his ears, his disturbance of temper became rage. Dashing the toy to the floor, he picked up his stool and sprang with a howl at the startled Goblin. Master Yarl turned, put his hands to the back of his head, shrugged his shoulders and attempted to escape. But the old man was too quick for him. Ifo

In death I leave you Love's sad tears.

I have so loved you, that I think
God will not part us evermore:
And that a fuller life of love
Awaits us on the starry shore.

Your life will very lonely be,
At first: but you are brave and strong.
I know you will forgive your wife
Where she has wayward been, and wrong.

The flowers I loved will bloom again,
And the great world-heart throb the same:
And soon, how soon will die away
The faintest echoes of my name!

It will not matter. I shall be
Where doubt and weariness shall cease :
From life's hot tumults safely kept,
In the cool shadows of His peace.

How the red clouds fade ! It seemeth strange !
And the west wind is growing chill :
Kiss me, my darling ! Do not weep
A death so painless and so still !

E L E C T I N G A P O P E .

BAETOLOMMEO ALBERTI CAPPELLARI, reigning as Pope GREGORY XVI., breathed his last on the first of June, 1846. He had filled the papal chair since February, 1830. The Senior Cardinal took charge of affairs until the election of the new Pope. He led the grave College of Cardinals into the death-chamber of the defunct ruler of the Vatican, to make sure by such witnessing, it was really the Pope who lay dead. In their presence the Regent broke the ring, the signal of succession to Peter the fisherman. In the name of the States he set a seal upon all the effects found in the papal apartments. The personal effects of the Pope fell to his retainers. These rushed in to secure the booty. Portions of his garments were sold by his servants to serve as amulets and charms against disease.

The body of the Pope was transported in a litter guarded by obsequious horsemen, rattling along the streets to the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament. There on a grated bier, in full pontifical robes, it was exposed to the populace. The feet protruded through the iron grating, that the crowds of the faithful might kiss the sole of the sacred slippers. For nine days, with changing rites, the funeral obsequies were continued with the utmost pomp and pageantry. For the greater portion of this time the body reposed beneath a colossal mausoleum built after the ethereal type of Florence architecture. All that a church governed by a filial feeling could do, was done to heighten the grandeur and make imposing the solemn ceremonies. Solemn ceremonies performed by the highest dignitaries to secure the repose of the departed soul floated their incense up to heaven. When all this pageantry was over, the body of Gregory was deposited in the plaster sarcophagus just vacated by his successor Pius VIII., and hoisted to a resting-place over the doors of St. Peter's, there to remain until his successor seeking the place for his own dead body shall crowd him from thence into his final tomb.

The Cardinals were now gathered to elect the new Pope. On the

fourteenth of June the procession of Cardinals passed within the doors of St. Sylvester, which closed firmly after them. Assembling in the Pauline chapel, they swore to observe all the rules of the sacred conclave. They then mutely entered the cells prepared for them, and received visits from the agents of almost every civilized government in the world. Accomplished diplomatists strove to influence the election of such persons as would further the ends of their own governments; what bribes, what worldly promises passed there, we may never know. The clock struck the hour when all these visitors must retire. All persons not members of the conclave withdrew. Every avenue but the principal door was walled up. The key of this only door of entrance was held in safe keeping by the marshal of the Holy See. The cells to be occupied by the electors were situated along the corridors of a building prepared for their use. Nine turning boxes served as means of communication with the outer world. Through these the Cardinals received their victuals from their servants, and held communication with visitors. They could hold no communication, however, without witnesses.

All things being in readiness, mass was performed in solemn tones. Cardinal Macchi, who presided, explained the order of the proceedings. The vote of two-thirds was necessary to a choice. Each elector taking his seat, the voting by secret ballot commenced. The Cardinals seated on fifty-two thrones, entered heartily upon their work. At the right of the altar stood a stove in which on each failure the ballots were consumed. The oft-repeated smoke at the chimney-top declared to the multitudes the fact that the voting was still going on.

The most likely candidate was Lambruschini the minister of Gregory XVI. The college expected his election on the first balloting. But it appears there was a secret dread of his Jesuitism, which terrible enginery he held in his insatiate control. A committee had at the commencement been chosen to count the votes. It fell to the lot of Mastai to announce the name on each ballot. Mastai was a devoted bishop, who, not having become corrupted, was a man possessing large humanity. He was almost a radical; this was not then known, however, for he was a quiet man who had won the esteem of many by his natural amiableness.

The electors came forward ten at a time, took ballots, and filling them, sealed them up. Taking this between his thumb and finger, and raising his arm over his head, each one went and kneeled before the altar and pronounced these words, *Testor Christum Dominum qui me judicaturus est mi eligere quem. Secundum Deum judico elegi delere et quod idem in accessu præstabo;* and casting his ballot into the chalice, bowed reverently before the altar, and returned to his

place. When all had voted, the ballots of the five Cardinals who lay sick in their cells were brought in by a committee, and deposited in the same manner.

After the finishing of the first balloting, Mastai began to read the names. Never was there to be opened to a convulsive crowd a more portentous book of fate! Every heart beat tremulously! Mastai called the name of Lambruschini fifteen times, his own name thirteen times: the remainder were scattering. What could this mean? Who were these that had presumed to give Mastai votes? He was the last man who could expect such a favor. A most strange incident now took place. Mastai had hardly pronounced his own name the thirteenth time, when a dove, flying into the high window of the chapel, fluttered around the astonished Cardinal's head. It startled the whole assembly. They took it as a manifestation of Heaven's approval.

The fate of European politics was swinging in the balance. Not lightning from heaven falling upon the head of Lambruschini could have stunned him more than the result of this first ballot. Before this he had had little doubt of his election. He strove to appear calm; he played the amiable to the old men of the college; he strove to catch the signification of the whispers that buzzed around the room. On the second balloting it became his duty to collect the ballots of the sick. He went to the cell of the grum old Cardinal Micara.

'Well, my good deacon,' said Lambruschini, striving to speak in good humor, 'the struggle has begun; can your Eminence see the issue?'

'Well, Eminence,' said the good-humored Micara, as he deposited his vote for Mastai, 'if the good God makes the election, Mastai will be Pope; if the devil mixes himself up with it, it will be either you or I.'

'Ah! very good, very good!' muttered Lambruschini, as he turned away, crushing down his pent-up rage.

The smoke of burning ballots went up to the sight of the people outside as a signal of suspense in the conclave. Reports of all kinds were flying outside. The fire of revolution that burst out in 1848 was already smouldering. The Romans, many of them, were resolved that no tyrant should rule over them. At last a report spread that Cardinal Gizzi, the people's candidate, was elected. A courier flew off to the home of Gizzi with the news. The Cardinal's native city was illuminated. Custom had given, on such an event, the late servants of a new Pope a claim to all his personal property. The servants of Gizzi drank up his wine, and gave a magnificent entertainment. A few hours and another courier brought news of the true state of affairs. The mistake cost Gizzi six thousand dollars, and the first courier came near losing his head.

Three ballotings passed: the hopes of Austria and Lambruschini, which were one, grew dark. The second balloting gave Mastai seventeen votes, Lambruschini thirteen. On the third trial the votes for Mastai ran up to twenty-seven, for Lambruschini down to eleven. The fourth trial opened at three o'clock on the sixteenth. Mastai was at his post pale and sad. What new honor was this that was hovering over him? It was an overwhelming destiny to one who two days before had not even dreamed of this new position of affairs.

He passed the intervals of the ballotings in solemn prayer. What thoughts filled his mind, whether of heaven or of earth, we can never expect to know. The ballots were once more prepared, and for the fourth time thrown into the chalice. The opening began in breathless silence! Mastai read his own name on the first, the second, the third, the fourth, fifth ballots, and thus on to the seventeenth without an interruption. His voice became tremulous; his hand could hardly hold the ballots. He opened the eighteenth, and seeing his own name, he implored the Conclave to release him from the task of reading. This could not be permitted. He read on, until over forty times his own name rang tremulously on the silent walls! Cardinal Macchi came forward and first performed adoration, and bent in allegiance to the new Pope. All others followed. The window fronting the anxious outside crowd was thrown open, and Macchi proclaimed the new Head of the Church. The vacillating crowd joined in acclamation, echoing over Rome Pio Nono — the title of the new Pope.

The ceremonies of coronation came on. The officials of St. Peter's received the Pope at the door of the Cathedral, and preceded him up the nave, chanting '*Tu es Petrus*'—'Thou art PETER.' Fans of peacock-feathers waved before him. Turning toward the concourse, Pius IX. waved his blessing over the people. A light pile of flax was set before him, and as the procession stopped, it blazed up for an instant and sank into ashes. A loud soprano voice chanted: '*Sancte pater sic transit gloria mundi*'—'Holy Father, thus passes the glory of the world.' This ceremony was repeated three times. Each Cardinal advanced and kissed the Pope's foot and hand, and received the kiss of peace.

The crown was placed upon his head. He gave the Papal blessing to his universal Church. The clangor of the bells of Rome, and the booming of artillery, proclaimed the coronation of the new pontiff. Signal guns along the Mediterranean signaling to one another sent out over Italy and the world the news that the Church had received her blessing from her new Bishop.

Sic transit! A new POPE reigns!

T O W E I M A R .

BY H. G. HOLLAND.

Thy lovely banks, most gentle Ilm,
Whose shaded walks and classic bowers
Remind me of that golden time
When Genius, through immortal powers,
Both taught and sang in forms sublime,
Hallowing thine every scene:
I love thee well for what thou art
No less than what thou once hast been,
As here in silent groves my heart
Deep feels thy power itself to win.
I would thy walks in reverence tread,
For in them speak the immortal dead.

GERMANIA slumbered deep and long,
Whilst BRAGA's lyre on willows hung,
And dry was the polemic lore
That in her halls of learning rung.
But lo! from slumber she awoke!
A soul of fire glowed in her breast;
In music and in verse she spoke,
By creed and tyrant unoppressed.
The world and nature caught the glow
When GOETHE and when SCHILLER spoke,
And truths that lay in being's depth
Their sacred silence freely broke,
And over the earth the echoes ring
All clear and sweet as the voice of spring.

Ye Athens of the German realm,
Where GOETHE, WIELAND, SCHILLER dwelt
Where KARL AUGUST, in generous pride,
To high-born genius favors dealt;
Thy fame is not a warrior's boast
O'er victims fallen in the fight
Where moved the fatal conquering host
With banners gay and helmets bright;
But flowing from the deathless mind,
It on the page of truth must be
Long as the waves obey the wind,
Long as the Ilm shall seek the sea.
Thy GOETHE is the king whose reign
Is bounded not by mount or main.

Still, as into thy past I look,
A hero rises on my view ;
A braver ne'er his sceptre took
Nor e'er his sword in combat drew.
As o'er the land swept battle's storm,
Through years of anguish and of woe,
The Duke of Weimar's valiant form
Was terror to the vengeful foe.
The Swedish Monarch strong in arms,
No nobler ally had than he,
And long as valor keeps its charms
Shall BERNARD's name remembered be.
He battled with a soldier's might,
His aim, the mind's eternal right.

From morning and from evening skies
A golden artist have I seen
In mildness spread his gorgeous dyes
O'er cloud and spire and hill-top green ;
In many a shell left by the sea,
In many a flower in woodland shade,
In many a hue of birdling free,
In many a form by passion swayed,
Did I the unknown painter trace,
In hope that subtle art to know
Which e'er the world adorns in grace,
And makes it an æsthetic show.
The boon for which I long had prayed
Seems in thy CRANACH's pictures laid.

We read that powers occult and fine
Each one unite to things around,
That in each place we live or move
An influence falls ; the tree, the ground,
The house, the way, the mead, the shore,
Are with our spheres filled evermore.

This truth I feel in WERMAR's pale,
Which seems alive with those that were ;
Their shadows walk at morn and eve,
Their words are in the balmy air.
Here GOETHE's stately form appears,
Here gleam those eyes that ne'er were dim,
And here, ere morning dries her tears,
With sun-beam writes her golden hymn.
In life he seemed the sum of all :
A tower of strength on every side !
Too great for parties large or small,
With Nature as his Spirit's bride.
When Jove the great man deigns to make
The whole creation must he take.

He knew the world, its good, its ill,
 The varied mixture of our life,
 The sway of providence and will,
 Each error, virtue, frailty, strife.
 All zones and climates in him met,
 Finding accord :nt range and space,
 Cold, ardent, distant, social — yet
 Forever true in time and place.
 A temple where the gods oft met,
 Their counsels grave and sports to hold ;
 A dome wherein the stars were set
 In constellations manifold ;
 A mount that cleaved the cloudland wars,
 And seemed to bear the eternal stars.

And like some mystic mountain stream,
 Bright flashing in its grand descent,
 Coming from out the world of dream
 With life and beauty its intent,
 Flowed SCHILLER's song ; or fountain bright,
 Ascending from the inner earth,
 And playing to the orbs of night
 Till day received his golden birth.
 Reverent, pure, ideal, wise,
 Within a sweet and joyous light,
 He bears us to those finer skies
 Where Faith is half dissolved in Sight.
 A poet born, and crowned by art,
 In fancy, thought, and feeling great,
 His empire is the German heart
 O'er which he reigns in royal state.
 Though thrones and sceptres hopeless fall,
 His kingdom shall survive them all.

Farewell to thee ! As a bright gleam
 From out the high and stormless heaven,
 Will I thy scenes in memory keep
 E'en as a dream by spirits given.
 I have thy palace chambers trod,
 And heard the voice of SCHILLER's lute,
 Have seen where passed from earth to God
 His spirit calm and resolute.
 By statues fair in GOETHE's home,
 Which, judging, look on all who pass ;
 Where Italy, Greece, and ancient Rome
 Are each reflected in the glass
 Of purest art ; and by the tombs
 Where rest the two immortal ones,
 Have stood, amid the vaulted glooms
 That here o'erspread APOLLO's sons.

I thought me of the poet-king
Whose reign ignores the night-bound grave,
And heard the eternal voices sing
The praise of heroes truly brave.

Deep calmness, like a spirit, reigns
Where'er I look, where'er I tread ;
O'er Weimar's rural, verdant plains
O'er earth and skies its hues are shed.
I hear the angel of the past
Declare in accents mild and clear,
That Weimar shall the ages last
Because to Genius ever dear ;
That Athens from her grave of Time,
And Stratford where the Avon flows,
Shall with the hymn of Epochs chime
As Change his endless circuit goes.
Whate'er the place APOLLO owns
Outlasts the fame of gold-starred thrones.

Weimar, September, 1860.

T O C — H — .

DARLING CLARA, how much brighter
Than the gilded cross and mitre
Are thy hazel eyes and laughing,
While thy devotees are quaffing
At thy shrine, thou little airy,
Brilliant, dazzling, floating fairy !

Quaffing much, but thirsting often,
Hoping yet thy heart to soften ;
Listening for the faintest sound
Of liquid love from depths profound,
To bless the eager lip and ear,
Elate with hope, now faint with fear.

CLARA, CLARA ! have a care,
Tempt them not with smiles so fair ;
Love is sweet, is rich and rare :
Thou mayst need it yet. Beware !
Love is heavenly in its birth,
Worship ne'er was meant for earth.

C. J. M.

TROUT-BOOK OF THE YEAR.

CHAPTER ONE.

WHEREIN THE GENTLE READER WILL FIND AN ACCOUNT OF GREAT LUCK IN FISHING AMONG THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL OBSERVATIONS BY THE WAY.

TROUT-FISHING in brooks and rivulets, according to my experience, is rather unsatisfactory now-a-days in these parts. Although the population is busy the year round with the main thing, and you would not suppose that many would have time to trifle away in angling, yet in the wildest and remotest spots among the mountains I have found the streams well thrashed and the fish scarce. The melting snows impart to them an icy coldness up the first of June. In July the heat begins to be excessive, the gnats and flies chastise those who go about with a rod in their hands, and the fish are left nearly undisturbed. A few inefficient laws are made for their protection, but nature has left no creatures without defence. Thus, as the poet Anacreon sings, Bees have stings, bulls horns, fretful porcupines have quills, skunks or essence-peddlers, 'liquid-damnation,' but fish, the more ferocious kinds excepted—tender, elegant, refined trouts—what have they? PROVIDENCE has provided them with 'troops of friends.' On the edge of the stream Gad-Fly buzzes about, quite blue, and eager for blood. Captain Gallinipper, his legs encased in pepper-and-salt breeches, marshals his squadrons, who blow their horns, and keep up a great hum in the camp. Corporal Gnat is not to be outdone with his legions.

As the winter, therefore, is so long, the summer so short, and so little of it is available, (only that portion which lieth between corn-planting, and dog-days,) I resolved last year to fish if possible to some purpose, and boast of something better as the result of a day's work, than ten or fifteen little creatures, no larger than sardines; instead of dropping a hook into the ripples and cascades of little streams which run down so fast from the mountains, that they soon run away, to push farther off still into the wilderness, and sometimes try the lake-trout in their profound fastnesses. Listen, then, to a chronicle of piscatorial triumphs, which I am pleased to entitle 'TROUT-BOOK OF THE YEAR.' It is intended to be a diary of excursions made at intervals, in the course of twelve months, among the Green Mountains of Vermont, in case I should think it worth while to fulfil my design and write out my *memoranda*. I am not a professed angler, and indeed have little tact or skill, such as should be possessed by those who write such books, yet I am alive to the genial influences of nature. The

commonest things of life may be interesting, if narrated with simplicity, for

‘NEVER any thing does come amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.’

Without farther apology, I will start off on Journey Number One. It was on a hot and sultry morning in the month of June. ‘There was no breeze upon the fern.’ My obliging friend, George L——, who knows all the roads, by-roads, lanes, and short-cuts for twenty miles round, drove up with a pair of stout farm-colts, while I was sipping a cup of coffee at breakfast, and proposed to carry me some twenty miles up the mountains. I told him that the day was too hot; that we had better keep quiet, and that his horses would drop. His reply was: ‘I think not: *I shall go.*’ Whereupon I resolved to accompany. After a search for old shoes, old clothes, and over-coats—never travel, even in dog-days, without a thick over-coat, for you will want it—having stuffed into a carpet-bag changes of raiment, especially an extra pair of breeches, I was off with my cicerone. In an hour or two, when we had ascended to a much higher level, the air became agreeably cool, and the horses travelled with ease. Some scouts of Major-General Horse-Fly occasionally hung upon their flanks, were snapped off by a dexterous use of the lash, returned to the suction, were pushed off with the whip-handle, came back, inserted their probosces. The fly has perseverance, his only virtue. Hold! I will at any time get out of a carriage to mash one of these creatures flat on a horse’s neck or haunches, where his whisking tail cannot reach. The blue heads of the blood-suckers are as hard as glass beads, and their pumping apparatus is after nature’s most approved model. No Yankee patent can be compared with it. Slap! slap! there fall two bottle-flies; slap! slap! two gad ditto. Wait a moment, until I wash my hands in this way-side rill. Pass on.

A few hundred feet higher up brought us to a ridge whence we looked upon a prospect of wide extent and extreme wildness. We were travelling opposite a high-way just laid out in Vermont by the engineer, called Eagle-Ledge Road. Far down we saw in the forests several small ponds, which looked as black as ink, overshadowed by old hemlocks, but we could not visit them. The last habitation which we approached was a log-hut by the way-side. A little girl, of about twelve years, stood at the door, but shyly retreated. An old woman advanced to the wheels of our wagon, who was loquacious, a bulletin of the wilderness. She said, the man had gone far off to get out logs, I think to ‘Bald Mountain,’ to be away four days; the little gal was left with her to do ‘chores,’ and to be company; she had to take care of the keow, and feed the pig, and she did n’t like it. ‘For, said I to him,’ said she to me, as he went away, ‘says I to him, come back

's quick 's you kin, and ef he done come back when he said, 'cause he said he would, I 'm goin' to take Lyddy Ann hum, and leave the keōw, 'cause I can't do the work.' More she said, but 'enough said.'

I desired another sight of the little girl; leaped out of the carriage to ask for a cup of water, and approached the hut. She stood barefooted, with a shawl drawn over her head, in the manner of a hood, jauntily, and in a shy, retreating attitude. She was a beautiful child. Her features were delicate and very regular, her complexion was fair, her hair light, her eyes were singularly wild in expression, while their pupils dilated and expanded as if she was out of her wits. She appeared like a frightened fawn on the edge of a thicket:

——' non sine vano
Aururum, et siluæ metu.'

She replied to a few questions in a peremptory manner, instantaneously, in a voice keyed to the most piercing alto, glaring about as if just ready to leap from a cliff.

'Will you not tell us what your name is?'

(*With almost angry energy and quickness:*) LYDIA ANN LE B——.'

From the grace and style of the little thing, I was not surprised that there was some infusion of French blood in her veins. It will show itself from generation to generation. The distinctive characteristics of races cannot be lost, and I thought of this when *la petite* Le B—— drew her little foot back, and upon the spur of the moment arranged her hood, with its many kinks and indentations, so appropriately that no milliner in Paris could have changed it for the better. And I saw this little fairy, who had been transplanted far away, among the wild mountains of Vermont at the door of a log hut, yet she was as distinctive in natural, undefinable *je ne sais quoi*, as a flower whose ancestors once bloomed in the gardens of Versailles; if it should be met with in the bleak wilds of Nova Zembla. That idea is scarcely true expressed by a quaint old author, I think Waller, but caught from something in one of the Greek Poets:

'Tell her that 's young,
And loves to have her graces spied,
That had she dwelt,
In deserts, where no men abide,
She must have uncommended died.'

But it would have been wrong to stand long transfixing with our glances as with so many cruel darts, the poor child of the wilderness. We quaffed a cup of water and passed on. The way-flowers which beguile us are sometimes more attractive than the main objects of a journey. The charm of fishing-excursions is comblended with many things. Beside the gorgeousness of the country when in full

leaf, which at each new step is like looking at another picture in another frame; 'the pomp of groves and garniture of fields,' there are infinite details to inspire one with the delights of rural life as set forth in the Idyls of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and in Virgilius, his Eclogues. The lights and shadows on the distant mountains, and upon the *αλθρα δεινποεννα* the woody vales, the differing degrees of green in a forest, the sun shining through clouds, the kine recumbent on the sunny slopes, the bleating lambs—— but it is time that I began to fish. After attaining to a considerable elevation above the valley, we descended into a wild cleared land, where a stump orator would readily have found a platform, and the desired lake or pond appeared in 'sight.' It was oval in form, about a half a mile in length, lying between steep, wood-covered hills and made by damming up a brook whose former course was discernible by the dead alders which once lined its banks. At the upper end of it was a saw-mill and a small house. At the door of the latter stood the tenants, a young man and his wife.

'Can you take care of us if we stay over night?'

'Yes, if you can put up with our fare.'

We 'guessed we could;' whereupon baskets, boxes, and fishing-rods were taken out. It was about twelve m. We were soon in fisherman's rig. The raft on which we were to embark was of the roughest kind, composed of heavy logs, and one end, from being water-soaked, a little canting. Two candle-boxes served for seats, and a big stone for a sinker. We pushed off with great expectations. O Izaak! what a contrast! the surrounding shores, Titanically wild, with the smooth blooming meadows of the River Dove! Yet in this solemn pool, which was full of floating logs, some of such regal size as to deserve the name of King Log, the speckled people were as brilliant and vivacious as in the crystal brooks of England, yes even here amid the sticks, (Styx,) they were instinct with the same life.

We cast anchor, sheathed our barbs in the poor wriggling earthlings, and threw our lines far out, hoping that they might fall in 'pleasant places.' There,

'As I sat with patient skill,
A-watching of my trembling quill,'

an electric shock came down the rod to my wrist, and struck me to the very heart as with a bolt. My eyes! in mid air, struggling with all the energies of undiminished life, flashed there a most refulgent creature. On the next instant he was in my hand, and out of it. In fact, the principal catching of him was done upon the raft. At last I quelled his too exuberant spirits. He had gulped down the hook even to his rosy gills, and as with too cruel eagerness I tore it from

his bleeding mouth, and he uttered a faint cry of pain, like that of a musical mouse, my heart reproached me. There was a pathos in that very feeble yet very piercing piscatory note, as sweet, but more painful than the lamentations of a dying swan, while he was as beautiful in death as a little dolphin, and there was a streak of rainbow upon his back. Compunctionously I thrust him through the square hole of the basket, and flushed with hope, probulgent with pride from having caught the first fish, with ensanguined fingers I impaled another worm, and threw out again. It was soon manifest that for once at least we should not have need of *patience*, 'that little plant which does not grow in every garden.' Good luck! how I do like good luck! but it seldom comes to me, nor have I ever strayed upon the banks of Pactolus, whose sands are flaked with gold. Now, *O Dei majores*, I was to have a taste of it. More exhilarating is it, when you have girt your fisher's coat about you, to see a cork dance tremulously upon the wave which flashes, in the sun-beam, than in the light of unhealthy lamps and in the impure air of a theatre to gaze on a dancing Cerito. I nearly tumbled off the raft in my struggles with the quivering half-pounder. First I got the better of him, then he of me. He was in my lap, on my knees, on the raft, in the water, plucked out of it by his gills; in the tub, and there conquered. It reminded me of the contest of an old woman, which I once witnessed on a hot Sunday morning in Washington Square, with a beer-bottle. The cork popped out and it effervesced with all the force of imprisoned fermentation. She hugged it and she grabbed it, and presently got her thumb over the mouth, when, instead of going up into the willow-trees as it at first did, it fizzed off laterally into her eyes, and although I was on my way to church, and within half-an-hour of hearing one of the Doctor's most eloquent sermons, I could not get that beer out of my head.

But it is rather like handling a sky-rocket, to hold a new-caught trout.

We knew by its sandy bottom, as well as by the alders, the course of the brook, which like the river Alpheus coursed along, still distinct and separate, under the dark pool, cool and relishable as the springs whence it flowed. The younger trouts glided out of the adjacent waters to this sub-marine rivulet, and the dignified old fellows who lay slumbering in deep retirements, sometimes accompanied the juvenile brood. We hooked up one or two of them so as to get a glance of them, when with admirable tact they extricated themselves, and got away, carrying hooks and snells with them. They pulled like whales, but their weight might have been any thing between five pounds and a half-pound. We had already half-filled our baskets in a sandy hole near by, where three logs were arranged in the form of a triangle, when we drifted along, and came to anchor immediately over this brook. By the continual bobbing up and down of corks,

(first they trembled, then they were just visible, then out of sight,) we were convinced that we were on a favorable grazing spot, and so it proved. I have sometimes in the transparent waters of a brook seen a trout with his nose almost touching my bait, poisoning himself exactly, as the magnetic needle does, when, a little disturbed, it oscillates toward the pole. But I could not basket him, and he has wearied me out fairly in gazing upon one spot. Now the bites were rapid as those of the scaly, yellow, slimy, broad-as-they-are-long sun-fish. In all my experience of trout-fishing among the mountains of Vermont, I had never met with any thing near so exhilarating. It chanced that all circumstances concurred in our favor. The stifling heat of early day had become attempered, we were in the shadows of mountain forests, a good congregation of dark clouds was overhead, a crisp breeze had sprung up, ruffling the apparently stagnant waters of the pond, (although no pond is stagnant through which a limpid brook rolls,) we were not disturbed by insects, and we sat upon the raft pulling in the trout as fast as we could, when we saw Juli-Ann, the tenant's wife, step out upon the hill, and putting her lips to a tin-trumpet, she blew a little blast.

Juli-Ann blew her trumpet again, stepping out to a more out-jutting promontory, *à la angel*, and with repeated toots warned as plainly as a trumpet could speak, 'Dinner is ready.'

But although we had taken nothing with us upon the raft, and independently of what Julia-Ann had prepared, we had on shore a champagne basket containing a finely cured ham, bread in abundance, rolls of yellow butter, a large lump of ice, and other good things, and were hungry to boot, we would not even for an epicurean feast have left the spot. Our baskets began to be heavy with something larger than sardines. We were excited and interested with the good sport. As the day advanced, the fish were leaping up all over the pond. My companion began to try them with fly, and with excellent success. He had a very quiet way of killing his game, whether large or small. Thrusting his thumb under the gills to the spinal column, he broke the neck, dropped the fish in his basket without saying a word, baited his hook, and went at it again. Less experienced myself, each new capture was in the nature of a demonstration, at the risk of tumbling ke-souse into the pool. The sun had sunk down behind the forests, and we still toiled like a pair of Peters. Some hours of daylight remained, for in this latitude and at this season you can read a newspaper at half-past eight P.M. There were certain sullen, black spots just under the steep banks which had not been tried. We up anchor and resolved to drop in there on our return, slowly coasting along in hopes to pick up something by the way. Big bull-frogs reside in this pond, where they are never disturbed, for there is no market for their

legs, and now with their green eyes peeping out among floating bark and trash, or squatted down with their flabby, slimy bodies on the end of a log, like decayed fungi upon it, they began with their prodigious voices, swelling out with a probulgence rarely equalled, and never excelled. Some noises are apparently mighty, but there is nothing in them. Compare a gong, that rude, barbaric disturber of the hotel's inmates, with those grand waves of sound rolling along with oceanic fulness, when 'Big Tom' from the cathedral tower speaks aloud, or with the fire-bell out-booming at dead of night, when the liquid air so lately placid, is upheaved into stormy commotion, and if that ethereal flood were visible, we should see it rolling through all the city's thoroughfares, dashing against the church-spires, recoiling from hard walls, and fairly foaming about the roofs. And how massive, substantial and majestic is a lion's roar, which is worthy of the great wilderness. And then compare some orators of the stump with the noblest of the rostrum! What are they? A mere bag of wind to a full organ. Though the bull-frog seems to be loud, there is no strong, genuine quality of base in him. His voice is like his eyes and body, and the rest of him — all bloated.

How strange that he should be found in the same watery parlors with the delicate, refined trout. The one, loutish, lumpish — an amphibious toad — if by the goodness of his lungs, and dormant habits, he can live a hundred years, he uses less vital action in his few hops a day, when he goes with a dull, plumping sound into the wave, than a trout would expend in his electric dartings in a single hour. How wonderful are the works of God in the orders of creation! Oh! for knowledge to apprehend for what distinct purposes they were made, those in the air, on the earth, and in the waters; for what the solemn owl, the beetle, the gad-fly, the snake, the toad, the marsh-loving bull-frog. What is science? The eager ornithologist shoots down and collects all kinds of birds; and again we see cases filled with well-varnished bugs, and in another room of the museum perhaps there are vials full of most repulsive reptiles. Yet take the minutest insect which the microscope can detect, if his peculiar organism and habits could be traced out like those of bees, a life-time would not more than suffice for the study, and his biography would be interesting as that of any *man*. Thoughts like these came up while preparing my hook for a two-pounder, and they were suggested by the sepulchral notes of a bull-frog, for without reflectiveness, I should consider a day lost in mere fishing.

But so should I in only reflectiveness, when I have set out to go a-fishing. Always carry out your main purpose. You are indebted for your thoughts to it. Do not be ungrateful. How many ideas of the philosopher and the poet have been suggested when he was bent.

upon what we call mere trifles. I think I saw a sneer upon the lips of that professing man, Mr. Matter-of-fact Commonplace, when in the morning he observed us jogging along with a bundle of fishing-rods sticking out of the wagon, while Genial Common-Sense, Esq., saluted us in his usual pleasant way, and wished he was going with us. And we should have enjoyed his company; but as to Commonplace, he would not distinguish between a trout and a catfish, the croaking of a bull-frog and the song of a nightingale.

But not to interrupt the narrative, we now pushed the raft some considerable distance directly opposite the promontory on which Juli-Ann stood. Some large hemlock trunks lay together, the water was deep, and the place looked trouty; but my desire was, as the two fishing-baskets were full, and the evening shades fell fast, to go ashore. A short naval consultation ensued, when it was decided to experiment for ten minutes by the watch. They elapsed, and not a bite. I was glad of it. 'Three minutes more.' 'Very well, but not longer; I could eat a cooked grindstone.'

I unjointed my own rod, encased it in its bag, wound up the line, took out my watch. A half-minute left. 'Let us go, there are no bites; this is tedious.' Hardly were the words out of my mouth, when I heard a walloping sound, and out came a fish, or rather he was only at first brought up to the surface, where he threshed about violently, lashing the water into bubbles. He was a beautiful creature, replacing all the colors of the sunset, weighing a pound and a half, and it required main force to hold him down.

I rejointed my rod, unwound my line, put on a new worm. Infirm of purpose! success is tempting, and it lures us on, from minute to minute, from hour to hour. After patient waiting, however, we caught no more. I was glad when we pushed up the unwieldy raft upon the soda, and got out with only a wet foot, for it was getting dark.

Juli-Ann had the table set, and a good fire in the kitchen-stove. While we washed and made our toilet, she put some fish in the pan. Released from our fishing-gear, unbuckled and unbound, 'neat, trimly dressed,' we awaited the coming good cheer with the double hunger caused by bodily exercise and healthful excitement. Our first course was of fish, so good as which are scarcely offered in the market, nor could we help complimenting Juli-Ann upon the cooking, while appreciating their firm and ruddy flesh and delicious flavor. Nor did the roasted potatoes, cold ham, and other condiments come amiss. We sat long at the board, until we felt 'the fulness of satiety,' when retiring to the outer porch, and indulging in a few whiffs of tobacco, we began to overhaul our day's work, to scoop out by handsfull the well-lubricated trout, and to admire some of them particularly, for

they differed in beauty as in size. Some were of a quakerish plainness, only silver-speckled, but others were decorated as with Joseph's coat of many colors. Next we saw them dressed. They were opened and cleansed, placed in broad tin platters, a pinch or two of salt was sprinkled over them, after which they were left beneath a jet of cool spring-water for the night. Altogether they numbered a round hundred, but their precise weight in pounds when placed in the scale, I have forgotten, although I could find it out. My friend keeps a regular Trout Journal, from which the idea of mine is borrowed; but his is mainly statistical, a short record, mentioning the day when, the place where, the persons with whom, the number of fish caught, and how much they weighed. If my trout-book should be continued, I may hereafter present some of his figures. He is very precise and systematic in his arrangements. He keeps an inventory of things wanted, corrected from time to time, and his box is supplied with every essential down to a small file to sharpen hooks, and needles and thread to mend a rent in the breeches.

A word upon pond-fishing. Almost all the ponds in this region which used to abound in fine trout, have been worsted or destroyed by the entrance of pickerel. Hence a few venerable trout who were able to fight against the foe on their own hook and off it, have been left unmolested to grow and flourish, and sometimes in the early spring when the angler ventures to try his luck for a half-hour in the old haunts, he takes a prodigious fellow, somewhat like that for which, as Juvenal tells us, a council of state was convened in Emperor Domitian's days to know where they should find a dish to serve him upon at some court-dinner, *admirabile spatium rhombi*.

I prefer pond-fishing, because it does not require so much art or nicety of skill, when you only watch the indications of the cork, as when in a transparent brook you see a trout behind a stump, suspiciously watching the bait, coquetting for a long time, and unless an *Izaak redivivus*, it is ten to one that you will be outwitted.

At the same time in most of the mountain-lakes you need an experienced guide to conduct you to the proper grounds. Some years since I took a friend from a distant region to Peacham Pond. His expectations were very high. His apparatus was exceedingly good; his rods, lines, snells, hooks were according to the best patterns. Aurora Mallory, who is known in all these parts for his piscatory skill, was to meet us, but the arrangement failed. Aurora did not dawn upon us, owing to some misunderstanding; we could do nothing without him, and after catching a few horned pëout, from a scow, we retraced our steps, after taking a last look at the remarkable scenery, at the thick green woods, intermingled with multitudes of half-fallen, dead and blasted pines or hemlocks, which stick out at all angles, some

of them stripped clean of bark as the masts of a ship, others with broken, splintered limbs, around the rarely-frequented Peacham Pond.

It was ten o'clock now, and the night was cool. We sat under the horse-shed while Juli-Anne and her husband stood in the door-way and listened to our edifying discourse. We were at last shown to our loft, where was a very soft feather-bed sufficient to contain two. I spoke for the floor, preferring to lie hard. My companion said he would be happy to take the bed, which he did, and in a few minutes began to snore. Placing some blankets under me, and a carpet-bag beneath my head for a pillow, I slumbered profoundly until woke up, but by what cause I will tell you when we meet again.

THE DEAD WATCHER.

I.

On a wet and mossy stone,
Shelving from the ocean shore,
Sits a maiden, still and lone,
While around the billows roar.

II.

Outward o'er the water's deep,
Gazes she with straining eyes,
Steadfast as the stars that keep
Vigil in the solemn skies.

III.

She is dead! — that maiden fair —
Marble is her pallid brow,
On her stony shoulders bare
Noteless fall the tresses now.

IV.

Sightless are those earnest eyes,
Dried the fountain of her tears,
Stilled the heart's consuming sighs,
Banished all her hopes and fears.

V.

Outward o'er the ocean wide
Reach her white, uncovered arms;
Thus, imploringly, she died
In the fulness of her charms.

R E M E M B R A N C E S .

VIII.

OVER THE WAY.

WE called it 'the other house.' It was directly opposite to us, and always in the winter-time we could see the bright lamp in the parlor, throwing a kind of flickering light on the snow, and trying playfully to catch the rays of our lamp which was burning in the western parlor. Sometimes, as they danced along upon the snow, the two rays would come near mingling with one another, but just as they were wavering, and hesitating, and running about here and there, some great lumbering sleigh would come along loaded with milk-cans, and break in on all that the two rays were going to tell one another.

We cannot see the light from the other house in the summer-time. Buds and blossoms and leaves hide it away; but we know that it is burning, for in the summer friendly faces come and go through the darkness, and sit and talk with one another at the open window.

There is a large party 'over the way' to-night. I have drawn down the shades and unloosed the curtains, but somehow they do n't keep out the sound of merry voices; one of the windows is open, and laughter and music, and little snatches of song creep in under the curtain, and floating all about the room, ask me to go over for a little while.

Why should I? Over there all is life and joy and gayety; over here there is nothing but remembrances; over there are light hearts and laughter-ringing voices; over here where I am writing all is still and quiet; over there are flowers blooming out of season, carried about in silver holders, or planted in sand on little tables; over here, with the curtains down, there is nothing, save only the remembrances of the black cloth, which the sexton folded down from the coffin-lid, so that during the service he could sprinkle the ashes on the polished mahogany.

Yet is there no light coming to me, as it did from the lamp over the way in the winter-time? Ah! yes, for in the room just next to me (the door is open between us) the two little girls arm-in-arm are fast asleep, and their gentle breathing so sweet and calm, sheds a light far down into the soul; one of those bright rays that no man knows of, *and can't know*, unless he himself has two little girls lying arm-locked in the evening time, unless he himself can lie down with the thought that on waking, he will be greeted in the breakfast-room

with 'Good morning, dear papa,' or perhaps with 'Papa, only think, Gettie has dressed and washed all this big doll before breakfast.'

I must tell you something about this house over the way ; it's only a plain substantial country-house ; it has neither a freestone front nor marble steps. They do n't keep any man-servant to open the door, but whenever you ring the bell, Susan comes, and you can always rely on her telling you the truth about the ladies being at home, so falsehood never lies hid under a blue coat with buttons. They know what comfort is, over the way. They always sit on the best chairs, and lounge on the best sofas. They do n't cover up the furniture, or shut up any of the rooms ; so you never meet with that peculiar damp smell one finds in so many country-houses.

Sometimes they give quiet little sociables, and as you come up from your office (we live in a country town) you will find a little note lying on your dressing-table ; coming to you every week or two, you get to be familiar with these notes. There is a peculiar fold about them that you can't mistake ; you know just where the note wants you to go before you open it. You wear gloves, of course, but do as you please about a dress-coat, and the idea of a white cravat never enters your head ; you will have the lancers, and the quadrille to the good old-fashioned music of the piano ; and will never have to go either into the basement or nursery to hunt up chairs for the German cotillion.

In the morning, just after breakfast, poor women and little girls come round to the back-door of the house over the way ; crumbs are always falling down from the table. There is no lock on the gate leading up from the street, and so Faith passes in every morning with an empty basket, and afterward she and Charity come down the gravelled walk together.

There is great comfort inside of that house. There are no riches in the parlor and poverty in the kitchen ; there is enough every where, and to spare. The great wood-fire always burns bright ; the servants are contented, and do n't give warning at the end of the month ; they live there so long that they almost seem to be a part and parcel of the family.

The hall is large and wide in the house over the way, and just on the left-hand side as you enter you can, if you choose, pass into a little chapel, which windows of stained glass seem at first to light but dimly. Yet all is so arranged, that the light falls on the heads of choristers, and then creeping along the wall, rests on the picture of the Last Supper, and even in the darkest day you can read (by some strange light) underneath : *'Amen dico vobis quia unus vestrum me traditurus est.'*

The light does not go beyond that picture — I am mistaken, it does; it breaks directly across the room and falls on a picture of *JESUS* after His resurrection, and all that is written beneath this picture is the simple word, 'Mary.' Every thing would have been incomplete if the light had not gone *beyond* the picture of the Supper.

So as we gaze on this last picture, we can no longer wonder why the name of Mary, common as it is, has never lost its sweetness. She was both at the cross and the sepulchre, and I believe hers was the first name dropped from holy lips on the first bright Easter morning. . . . Just when evening shadows begin to fall upon the pictures, the family go into the little chapel off the hall. Is there any fitter place to take leave for a while of the family over the way?

II.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

ALMOST any kind of a story will please children. Lions and tigers will do very well for a week-day, and on Sunday evenings you can tell them the story of David and Goliath, two or three times over. Some how or other, children have an affection for giants; it's hard to tell how they get it, but I think the 'Child's Own Book' must have a hand in the matter. My little girls have just finished reading the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' and the two are divided in opinion. The elder likes the 'Swiss Family' the best, and the other favors 'Jack the Giant-Killer.' I do n't know what to do in the matter. . . .

One afternoon some five or six years ago, while *she* and I were walking up and down on the piazza, watching for the night-boats to pass, whose humming noise we heard far down the river, she stopped, and breaking off a little piece of honeysuckle, said, as she gave it to me: 'Now promise something.' So I said: 'What is it?' 'Promise that the two little girls shall never be separated.' So there, with the boats coming up and the moon creeping in among the vines, I pledged her. I did not know then, that while our train was rushing along homeward, some one else had been walking with her on the piazza, but she did, and I suspected it afterward; and now, looking back, I can tell just where the angel met her at the first; it was the night we passed in the cars coming down from A ——. I remember as well as though it were yesterday, how the sleet and the snow beat against the window, how the cold night air rushed through whenever the door was left open at the station; what a damp smell there was about all the overcoats of the men; how, when I once got up to shut the door, I found the angel with the folded wings had slid into my seat, and was talking to her, (this was before he came to claim her, as I told you of last month.) He was only making his arrangements. He left the seat as

I reached it. He perhaps had other missions on that cold, damp night when we came down from Albany. . . . You may not believe it, but I have got that same piece of honeysuckle yet ; there is nothing left of it but the thick end of the stalk where it was broken off, all the leaves and flowers have crumbled away, and they only look like snuff when you open the little tin box where I keep them. Often since the pledge was given, I have been asked by kind voices and loving hearts to let them take one of the little girls ; but no, they cannot have either of them until the stalk crumbles away ; and not even then, not until I turn up the little box and empty out the ashes of the flowers.

Speaking of dead and faded flowers, did you ever know that bright, brilliant, blooming ones are sometimes a good 'divining-rod ?' It does not make the slightest difference whether they grow in well-kept borders, or whether up among the hills of Hamilton county, you find them planted in old pieces of broken pitchers : and here I would give this advice to all good fishermen, no matter how wild the country, or how common-looking the house, wherever you see plants on the piazza, you will find not only a welcome inside, but a good, kind hostess ; you will meet a lady somewhere underneath that house-roof, not the one you left in the city, but one brought up among green trees and hills. Every thing will be clean inside of that house. You may rely on finding a snug little parlor somewhere ; it may be small, but lying on some little table by themselves you will find prettily-bound annuals, some old magazines, and a great many daguerreotypes of the family relations ; beside this — if there happens to be a tannery any where about, which I hope there is not — you will see the handiwork of the landlady, either in the covering of a little basket, or on the frame of a picture, with leaves and flowers cut out of leather ; the beds will be clean and sweet, and so you will be lulled to sleep by the murmurs of the stream that you are going to fish in, in the morning. If you will only trust to this divining-rod of flowers, no matter where you see them, you cannot be led astray. More than two-thirds of those you see in the windows on the avenue are tended and cared for by delicate hands, and the servants have nothing to do with them. I have always loved the flowers, and though she who loved them even better than I, is dead, yet even now, up here in the country, I have got blooming in the green-house varied-colored hyacinths and crocuses, and far down in one corner, where the sun always strikes through the glass, there is one little blue forget-me-not. That little violet always reminds me of the 'CROWNED WISH' :

'I DID wish her home like Eden,
Bright with flowers all around,
That the casket might be worthy
Of the jewel I had found.

'But the chilling blast of winter
Touched the fairest flower of all,
Touched and changed it, as the Frost-King
Changes leaves in early fall.

'And an angel to my hearthstone
Came and called my gentle one,
Turning all my day to darkness
When its dawn had just begun.

'Came and beckoned, as I watched her
In the silent twilight hours,
Holding in her hand the roses,
Gazing on her cross of flowers.

'Oh! the weary, weary waiting
For the music of her tone,
When the evening lamp was lighted
And I sat and read alone.

'Now a seraph 'mid the angels,
Gathered round the Throne of God,
From a world that was not worthy,
Points me to the path she trod.

'Thus my wish has met fulfilment,
High, unspeakable, untold —
Where the city's walls are sapphire
And the streets are paved with gold.'

It has been raining very hard all the morning, so I sent down to the office for my papers, and now there are three packages lying on my desk here at home, tied with very doubtful-looking red tape; each of these packages has got to pass through a species of 'circumlocution office' before any definite result can be arrived at. In the mean time, I am going down to the parlor.

'Here comes papa. Now he will tell us a story.'

So one of the little girls gets a lighter from the vase on top of the Franklin — their grandmother always saves the letter envelopes, so the vase is never empty — and lighting my segar, I ask them what kind of a story they would like; and here again there is a difference of opinion, the younger has a leaning toward the fabulous, and the elder wants a 'real true story.' So sitting down on the sofa, I was just thinking how — to please both — I could mingle the false with the true, and had just made up my mind to tell them something about the 'Death of the Dog,' when Kate — who has lived with us now for eight years — puts her head in the door and says, 'Are you ready?' and right away the little girls get up from the sofa and say: 'Good-night, Grandmother; good-night, Papa. Auntie, will you come up

and hear us our prayers?' So I can't tell them about the 'death of the dog' until to-morrow evening. . . .

I have just gone into the room to look at the little girls. You do n't know how quietly they are sleeping, yet we have to watch the elder one very carefully: we do n't let her go down to school on damp days; she knows the reason, and so do n't object to going 'down to the foot.'

The first thing she does in the morning is to run to the window and see if there is any blue sky; if there is a great deal of blue sky, she claps her hands and says, 'Good;'; if there is only a little blue sky, she plays with her paper-dolls, and pretends to take them out walking. If the sun happens to come out warm in the middle of the day, she takes a little basket on her arm and goes up to the barn to look for eggs; she knows just where every hen lays, and just when they want to set. If she finds one that wants to set, she comes in and borrows my pencil, and then pokes round in the pantry and marks twelve or thirteen eggs, with the day of the month and the color of the hen; then rushing up to the barn again, she lays them all down evenly in the nest; and when the man—who all this time has been quietly holding the hen—puts her down on the new fresh eggs, the little girl, swinging the basket in her hand, says: 'By-and-by she will have dear little chickens.' . . . This little girl is a great lover of flowers.

T H E L O V E R .

I UTTERED words of love;

I listened to low replies;

I fondly gazed into the depths

Of passion-lighted eyes.

And all I spake was true;

Yet false were the words I said;

For I loved as the heart of youth can love,

And the love I breathed is dead.

A deeper passion moves me,

And evermore shall move;

Till now my words were empty and vain,

For till now I knew not love.

A deeper passion moves me

Than that I felt before,

For the heart of youth is tender and true,

But the heart of man is more.

I sing to my golden lyre

Strains breathing a subtler lore;

For I burn with a fiercer fire

Than ever I felt before.

I pant with a wilder desire;

I throb with a deeper love;

With a love that is broader and higher

That the starry heavens above.

J. A. D.

THE 'TICK' FAMILY.

'A LITTLE nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.'

It came into our heads last evening, while taking a little healthful exercise in the passage, that a descriptive list of the numerous members of the 'Tick' family, now living, might not be uninteresting or unentertaining; so after due deliberation and investigation, we proceeded to arrange them thus. Being unable to discover the remote lineal ancestors, we are forced to trace out all the collateral branches; and therefore head the record with a venerable and respectable couple who have stood from time immemorial. For the better classification we divide the sexes, and give to each a separate list. The first contains the names and characters of the 'lords of creation:'

Males.

ARC TICK, one of 'the oldest inhabitants,' is a gentleman of cold, impenetrable exterior, who presents the same freezing aspect to all, even in the dog-days of summer.

BALD TICK, a near neighbor and relation, comes next, being associated with our earliest recollections. Some wag once advised him to wear a wig, but he indignantly repelled the idea. Oh! how the memory of whippings from the schoolmaster comes over us, whenever we unluckily forgot the name and neighborhood of the hoary old man.

The Right Reverend ECCLESIA TICK 'speaks for himself.' His exemplary character and benevolent exertions for the good of mankind are too well known to require comment, but I am very sorry to say have hitherto failed to produce any impression on the obdurate.

SCEP TICK, who is an unbeliever bordering on infidelity, and will give credit to nothing but what he sees with his own eyes.

PROGNOS TICK is never satisfied with things as they are, and chiefly employs himself in diving into futurity, with his wife PROPHE TICK, who never does any thing else.

PLAS TICK and ELAS TICK so nearly resemble each other that it is somewhat hard to distinguish between them. Though only distantly related, they might be taken for twin brothers, and are chiefly remarkable for a certain pliancy of disposition which may be moulded to the will of any body of stronger mind than themselves.

Messrs APOPLEC TICK and DYSPEP TICK, are unfortunate sufferers, at present under the hands of the physicians, and put upon a strict regimen by Dr. CATHAR TICK.

CRI TICK and CAUS TICK are two brothers who take especial delight in fault-finding. The former sets up for a literary character, and thinks himself entitled to abuse every new publication. He has a powerful auxiliary in SARCAS TICK, who imagines himself a wit, and makes cutting, alias ill-natured, remarks upon people and things in general.

OP TICK is an indispensable member of the family, as we could not even perform the most common actions of life without his assistance; he also shows us many things of which we should otherwise be ignorant, and opens stores of knowledge to our view.

FRAN TICK and IDIO TICK are generally to be found in company with some of their crazy female cousins, and are dreaded by most people, although the last-mentioned is perfectly harmless.

ENTHUSIAS TICK and ROMAN TICK have long been contending for Miss POE TICK's good graces, and receive about equal encouragement.

ERO TICK is a most susceptible youth, apt to be caught by every pretty face. He has met with many rebuffs from the fair sex, and may 'finish his journey alone,' unless the tender-hearted Miss PATHE will take pity on his forlorn condition.

ACROS TICK is particularly attached to his own name, and fond of publishing it at full length to the world. He is now dancing attendance upon Misses EPIGRAMA and DRAMA, coquetting with both alternately.

ARTIS TICK is a decided genius, and frequently aids Miss POE TICK with his powerful pencil, setting before us in *glowing colors*, the fine scenes so well described by her. His talents are just now employed in perpetuating his family upon canvas.

ATLAN TICK occupies more space than all the rest of the family put together, and is as restless and changeable as he is unwieldy. His appearance is often very prepossessing, and the expression of his eyes, (which some assert to be of a sky-blue color, others the very shade of the monster jealousy,) calm and serene. But beware of this treacherous outside, for he is subject to sudden and *stormy gusts* of passion, and in one of these would think no more of swallowing a man-of-war and crew than of eating an oyster. For fear of my readers doubting this report, I will add the corroborating testimony of

AUTHEN TICK, who is well acquainted with the aforesaid gentleman, and may always be believed.

PEDAN TICK is by far the most learned of the set, although very dry in conversation. He has made himself useful by keeping a school to which all the children are sent; but alas! for the barren soil of

RUS TICK's brain; there the young idea could never be taught to shoot, and the poor pedant turns away with disgust to a more promising subject;

SCHOLAS TICK, who has quiet, gentlemanly manners, and profits so well by Mr. PEDAN'S instructions that the pupil bids fair to excel the master.

BOMBAS TICK is just emancipated from the aforesaid seminary of learning, where he has picked up a few flourishing speeches, and is fond of displaying his store of elocution on uncalled-for occasions.

FANTAS TICK is a decided oddity, and prides himself particularly on an *outré* style of dress.

GIGAN TICK is not remarkable for any thing but his prodigious size. He certainly towers above the rest of the world, and being very awkward in his movements, has lately been taking lessons in feats of agility from

GYMNAS TICK, who possesses those qualities in an extraordinary degree.

MONAS TICK is a gloomy recluse always doing penance for imaginary sins. The most severe fastings have almost reduced him to a shade, but — though he once had many imitators — mankind is now too wise thus to lose all the pleasures of life in a mistaken idea of preparing for death.

MAJES TICK'S dignity and grace of manner prepossesses every beholder, and he is especially the favored suitor of the haughty and fastidious ARISTOCRA.

DOMES TICK strictly obeys the scriptural injunction of keeping at home, and is entirely immersed in the business of raising the finest pork, beeves, wheat, corn, etc., and thus outdoing all his neighbors.

There are some adventurers who perhaps should be mentioned, as they claim to be branches of the same great race, although their descent has never been proved and they are not generally acknowledged by their cousins. The numerous family of

SEED TICKS, for instance, who, while they are really a low, creeping, and insignificant class, yet persist in annoying and fastening themselves upon the most respectable and influential members of society, thus frequently obtaining more notice than they deserve.

TICK DOLOREUX is another, who (by right of his mother, he says) has assumed this name. He is a wretched invalid, whose complaining tone and fretful fancies make him universally shunned. We will close with the large family of

TAC TICKS, who are unrivalled in prudence and foresight. They divide among themselves the most important offices of state, and have the army and navy peculiarly in their keeping. One of these, Major DRUMS TICK, is a conspicuous military character, and has already made considerable *noise* in the world. With this hero we will close the list of masculines, and take up the feminine branches, apologizing

to the fair sex for keeping them so long in the background. The aged partner of old ARC TICK stands first on the record of

Females.

AUNTARO TICK (as she is familiarly designated by the younger members of the family) is in character the exact counterpart of her husband.

MISS TICK, as the elder sister, claims the next place. She is a mysterious personage, always interpreting signs, and speaking in riddles, accompanied by oracular nods and winks.

RHEUMA TICK, PARALY TICK, ASTHMA TICK and PLEURI TICK are greatly to be pitied on account of their many infirmities, to relieve which the efforts of the best physicians have been vainly employed.

EMPHA TICK has a very positive way of speaking, and her assistance is frequently required by the reverend ECCLESIAS TICK to enforce his admonitions.

DOGMA TICK is somewhat like her preceding sister in manner and disposition, only a little more positive in the former and obstinate in the latter.

HERE TICK and SCEP TICK are kindred spirits; she having likewise withstood the thunders of ECCLESIAS TICK for many years.

ARISTOCRA TICK will doubtless feel herself slighted at so many others standing above her, as she claims to belong to the F. F. Vs. Her pride of birth and lofty bearing are well known, and in her own opinion at least entitle her to the highest place. She has many suitors, none of whom come up to her standard, and are therefore scornfully rejected. Her younger sister,

DEMOCRA TICK, she eyes with peculiar disdain, and unfortunately the feud between the two ladies is much fomented by a third,

POLI TICK, whose chief delight is to gain partisans for either side, and then bring them to open war. Her boisterous manners and meddling disposition make her dreaded and abused by all, yet she has great influence, and creates incalculable mischief.

DIPLOMA TICK is employed to negotiate between all parties, and goes about soothing the spirits, and healing the wounds inflicted by her quarrelsome sister POLLY.

FANA TICK and LUNA TICK, some think, should be sent to an insane asylum, as they are laboring under a mental delusion, which renders their remaining at large dangerous.

POE TICK is decidedly the family genius. Her melodious tones and tender sentiments make her a universal favorite. PATHE TICK, her intimate friend, excels her, if possible, in these respects. 'The sympathizing tear' is often seen to course slowly and sadly down her cheek, when the woes of others are recounted.

EPIGRAMA TICK and DRAMA TICK are highly gifted ladies, and always speak in numbers.

PERIPATE TICK and ERRA TICK are ('lady-like' as Mr. CAUS TICK says) never to be found at home. They wander together over the world in search (some ill-natured people assert) of a help-meet. This surmise can only be accounted for by the irresistible propensity some have to traduce the character of others.

AQUA TICK and HYDROSTA TICK conduce much to the health and comfort of mankind, when their prescriptions are not followed to too great an extent. The merit of these good ladies has only lately been acknowledged, and some people are quite *carried away* (it is *currently* reported) by the *stream of Hydropathy*, a favorite practice of theirs, with which they are trying to indoctrinate the world. I will insert here, as we are on the subject,

ADRIA TICK, a distant relative of ATLAN TICK's, who possesses his most prominent characteristics, though of course in a modified and feminized degree.

EME TICK is a most repulsive, disagreeable young lady, and we sadly fear must continue in single blessedness to the end of her life; indeed, it would be contrary to her nature to unite with any thing! In complete contrast we present the fair

AROMA TICK, whose sweetness of appearance and character is extolled by all. She is the *essence* of every thing delightful, and whatever she breathes on in nature and art, becomes instantly as fragrant as herself.

ANN TICK is one of PEDAN TICK's few female scholars, and too full of fun and frolic to think of learning. The gentleman lectures and looks grave in vain; no sooner is his back turned, than ANN is again at play, and to restore order, he is frequently obliged to call in her governess,

ARITHME TICK, who requires a rigid adherence to rules. This lady is possessed of many useful qualities, to *multiply* which makes up the *sum* of her happiness. In *addition* to these merits, she is the mother of that scientific girl MATHEMA who *figures* below.

MATHEMA TICK properly succeeds her mother, and is noted for her skill in calculation. She will solve the most difficult problem and reconcile the most obvious differences; having been even known to prove that 1 is equal to 2! This method is highly extolled by those who understand it, but is thought above the comprehension of common minds.

PRAGMA TICK, and her sister PHLEGMA, are to be classed among the old maids of the family, for which, however, we may conclude they are not to blame, as the former is famed for manœuvring. Like others

of their relations, they allow their tongues perhaps rather too much liberty, and indulge in very severe remarks.

SPLENE TICK hardly deserves a place here. She has no pleasure in life but that of venting her ill-humor upon others. Being very disagreeable, we shall dismiss her with little ceremony, to make room for the far more attractive

ECSTA TICK, whose lively, engaging manners win all hearts. She is charmed with every thing and every body, and though sometimes a little extravagant, is altogether a fascinating girl.

ENERGE TICK and ATHLE TICK are perfect Amazons in strength and activity. The former deserves much credit for her untiring industry, which conduces greatly to the success in life of all who will be guided by her precepts and example.

ANALY TICK has the curiosity of the family, and cannot rest without finding out the parts and properties of every thing. From a bride's wardrobe down to an apple-dumpling, nothing escapes her prying eyes.

SYSTEMA TICK concludes the list, and receives our hearty thanks for her valuable and efficient aid in the conduct and arrangement of this, our first and last effort at enlightening mankind.

A S O N N E T .

Who hath not marked the young, imperial rose
 On which the morn's first sunbeam, newly caught,
 Lies drowned in drops of dew, which night hath brought
 To deck the sweetest, fairest flower that blows?
 Rose of thy native city, round thee glows
 A light as pure, in every heavenly thought,
 That plays along those glowing features, fraught
 With the calm grandeur of the soul's repose!
 Oh! it is well, that there are pleasant flowers
 For the poor wanderer of the waste to cull;
 And it is well, that, through the darkest hours,
 There gleam some visions of the beautiful:
 While such as thou are blooming in our bowers,
 Earth is no wild, life ceases to be dull.

T. H. U.

A POPULAR FALLACY EXPOSED.

QUAINT Charles Lamb, in the very last of his 'Essays of Elia,' has given us a chapter on 'Popular Fallacies.' It will at once be evident to a thoughtful individual, that, in the last chapter of any book, which chapter must necessarily have an end, no complete enumeration of fallacies could be given; yet it is singular that Lamb did not embrace in his carefully-selected list that metrical saying of Tom Moore, accepted by half the world as eminently orthodox, and entering into the reveries of most disappointed sinners, to wit:

'This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given.'

Now, we love the truth. We have suffered for the truth 'in the days that are no more,' and which maturer 'age remembers with a sigh' when through the tube of retrospection again we behold 'those preserves' so carefully stored away in places dark, by our maternal mother; places haunted by the ghost of the adolescent Beech, so prematurely cut off; and 'preserves' which to this day enable us to testify that 'stolen fruit is sweet' in the eating. If, then, we have suffered for the truth, may we not vindicate it, and expose error?

We object, then, to the acceptation of the foregoing Moore-ish couplet, which consists of two unqualified assertions, the last being based upon the first. By reference to the couplet 'before mentioned,' as the lawyers say, it will be seen that the assertions are:

First: That 'this world is all a fleeting show;' and

Second: That this show is 'for man's illusion given.'

Now, if we disprove the primary assertion, the last must fall for want of a proper base. Let us proceed, therefore, to the argument: and that every thing may be properly done, we will question the couplet in manner as follows:

Is this world a *fleeting* show?

Is this world a *show*?

Is this world given for man's illusion?

We affirm that this world cannot properly be called a 'fleeting' show, or a fleeting any thing. Fleeting signifies transient, passing rapidly away, according to the testimony of Noah Webster, LL.D., M.A.P.S., F.R.S., Esq., etc. etc. Hugh Miller, in his lecture on the 'Palæontological History of Plants,' says: 'It is a marvellous fact, whose full meaning we can as yet but imperfectly comprehend, that *myriads of ages ere there existed a human mind*, well nigh the same principles of classification now developed by man's intellect in our better treatises of zoölogy and botany, were developed on *this earth*

by the successive geologic periods.' The creation of man, (not the world,) according to the Hebrew text of Scripture, happened 4004 years B.C. From the year A.D. 1, to the election of James Buchanan, Esq., to the Presidency of the American Republic, there are eighteen hundred and fifty-six years; and from that time to the present, A.O. 1*, are about four years; making in all, from the Creation to the present time, five thousand eight hundred and sixty-four years. Now, if to this recorded period of time be added the unrecorded 'myriads of ages ere there existed a human mind,' Mr. Moore's 'fleeting' will certainly afford sufficient time for Old Wardle's Joe† to take a patriarchal nap. Fleeting indeed!

We imagine that we need bring no other proof to show that this pseudo show is not a 'fleeting' one. We are aware that if we had merely shown that the world was and is just no 'show' at all, it would have answered the purpose, as a confutation of Mr. Moore's statement, very well. But we wish to proceed in a manner, and with a precision that shall leave not even a wreck of the fabrication with which we have to deal. We will take line from line and precept from precept. And in continuation, we come to this question, the question of prominence in this discussion:

Is this world a show?

Now a show is a spectacle, an exhibition, in the sense intended by the author; and if the world is a show, it must possess a majority of those characteristics which pertain to exhibitions in general. If the world is a show, it is one of the large kind, and the large kind usually pay their printer's bills—but does the world? They usually perform half they agree to—but does the world? Does the world assure us in the small bills, referred to in the posters, that music will be furnished, in consideration of any compensatory sum, for those who would love to flirt awhile with Terpsichore after the fall of the last curtain? Is a single front-seat reserved for the ladies?—always excepting the Rev. A. Nette, B.B., (†) P. Kerr, P.B., (†) etc. Who, we ask, ever bought a ticket of admission into this so-called show? We triumphantly assert that the man cannot be found. It did not cost Adam a single 'red;' and Adam lived before the days of *caput mortum*.

It is not our business to show what the world is, but merely to prove that it is not a *show*. This, we think all candid minds conversant with the subject will admit we have done. It only remains for us to notice the dependent assertion, that the show is given for man's illusion: and we do this, not from necessity, but rather because we

* Anno Oswatomie.

† See Pickwick Reps.

would leave no straw for a drowning wretch to catch at. We now put the last question :

Is this world given for man's illusion ?

Now, it is not to be admitted that a world that has existed longer than all animal life, and furnished food, and drink, and fig-leaves for hungry, thirsty, blushing mortals for five thousand eight hundred and sixty-four years ; it is not to be lightly supposed that such a serviceable, matter-of-fact, every-day world is given for illusion. In fact, the world is not given to us : we are given to the world, and must serve the world in serving ourselves. The illusion may be said to be 'all in your eye.' The earth has lived to see the day when, courtesying in her equatorial hoop, she can lay her hand on her ample breast and say of the vanished Moore, one of her youngest children :

'THERE sleeps the bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of APOLLO's shell.'

If we are to live, this earth is certainly useful. Imagine it taken from under us, for a moment, and the laws of gravitation still in force ! You would immediately start on a four thousand miles journey to meet your dear friend, John Chi Naman, and John would leave home in great haste to meet his dear Yan Kee Doodle. Not being able to wholly control your impatient haste, your head arrives first, and in the forced obeisance hits your dear friend John Chi Naman in the vicinity of the floating ribs. Do you suppose you could 'see through' your friend ? At such a time one or both would admit the world — the earth — to be very convenient and useful to stand upon. For such a purpose it is superior to dignity. Now the useful is opposed to the illusory, or let us give our deductions a proper form, thus :

1st. The useful is the opposite of illusion ; and

2d. The world is very useful ; therefore,

3d. The world cannot be for illusion. Now, my friend Tom Moore lied.

We sincerely hope those who accept the gospel according to the couplet under consideration, will read our arguments and arrive at our conclusions, as they should. We are convinced that if this paper could be generally known, a vast amount of Dyspepsia would be cured without the aid of Pepsin or Kennedy's liquid patent. We can produce the best of evidence from a maiden aunt and a grandmother and others, that our celebrated A. A. A. (American Argumentum Ad-hominem) is a pleasant and efficient remedy for sense-of-duty 'coughs,' African 'colds,' didactic 'asthma,' and Plym-ostic 'consumption.' We are not a retired physician, and if our sands of life are run nearly out, we purpose to tip the glass. Our object is not to collect three-cent stamps to pay the postage on printed circulars. Oh ! no, by no

manner of means not at all! We are in tolerable health and condition, and would love to see others delivered from that suffering which results from being crammed with assertions. Therefore, if any gentleman or lady wishes to try our 'specific,' let him or her forward eight red stamps and a blue one to the old gent, whose cat sleeps on the cover of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and immediately on the receipt thereof the said specific will be forwarded to their address, post-paid.

N. B.: None genuine unless it has the signature, in small caps, of
Northern New-York. F. SELTM.

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

COME, ARIADNE, a suitor awaits thee,
 Jove-born IACCHUS, a suitor divine:
 Weep no more tears for the false-hearted THESEUS;
 Welcome the ivy-crowned lord of the wine.
Come, ARIADNE.

Fair ARIADNE, the pine-groves of Naxos
 Echo the songs of a jubilant train,
 Singing the praises of brave DIONYSUS,
 Author of joy and dispeller of pain.
Come, ARIADNE.

Satyrs and Bacchantes in wild dithyrambic
 Greet thee as bride of the god of the vine,
 Lover most dutiful, BACCHUS the beautiful,
 Fair ARIADNE, would gladly be thine.
Come, ARIADNE.

Bind up thy golden locks, fair ARIADNE,
 Chaplets of roses are weaving for thee;
 Queen APHRODITE regards thee benignly,
 Look no more sadly on shore and on sea.
Come, ARIADNE.

See, ARIADNE, the waving of thyrses,
 Hark to the Bacchanal shout and the beat
 Of cymbals and drums as exulting he marches,
 Spoils oriental to lay at thy feet.
Come, ARIADNE.

Fair ARIADNE, the fates have decreed it;
 Star-gemmed in heaven thy chaplet shall shine,
 To mark to the wondering ages and nations
 The love of the rosy god, BACCHUS divine.
Come, ARIADNE.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND VOLTAIRE.

THE KING AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

To the west of Potsdam are the palace and garden grounds of Sans-Souci. This palace was the favorite resort of the Great Frederick, and it was here the no less celebrated Voltaire had his apartments, during his literary intimacy with one of the greatest monarchs of the world.

Duhan, a Frenchman, and a military adventurer, who was encountered by the father of Frederick in the trenches of Straslund, has the credit of giving in early youth, a decidedly French bias to the mind of his young pupil, the Prince-Royal. It was from him, and his interesting manner of imparting instruction, that young Frederick derived all that enthusiasm manifested by him, during his whole life, for French literature. The old King, Frederick William, had a perfect contempt for the study of the dead languages: and a story is quite often told at this day in Berlin, how the King once entering the Prince's chamber as Duhan was explaining to him some passages from the celebrated Laws of the Empire, known as 'The Aurea Bulla,' and hearing the sound of Latin, addressed the tutor quite fiercely with the words: 'You scoundrel, what are you doing with my son?' Duhan replying, 'I am only explaining the 'Aurea Bulla' to him, your majesty,' the old King shaking his cane over him, screamed out: 'Attend to your business, you villain; I will 'Aurea Bulla' you, you rogue, if you do n't leave Latin alone.' Of course Latin instruction ceased from that hour. French was equally despised by the mad old monarch, but that was taught perseveringly in secret, and to such neglect of the German, that to his dying-day, Frederick the Great never could either spell or express himself grammatically in his native tongue.

After the gloomy days had passed away, which, owing to the misanthropy, not to say insanity, of Frederick William, were filled with terror for the Prince; and freed from parental tyranny, the young man was rejoicing beneath the tranquil skies, and amid the shady walks of Rheinsberg, the man who appears to have excited the strongest interest in his youthful mind, was Voltaire, at that time in the very height of his literary fame in Europe. It was from this charming retreat, which even now retains much of its pristine beauty, that Frederick, then in his twenty-fourth year, addressed his first letter to Voltaire, then in his forty-second, testifying his high admiration, and offering his friendship. The portrait of Voltaire, which the tourist now beholds in the Chamber of Art in the old Schloss at Ber-

lin, was at that time suspended over his writing-desk in his library at Rheinsberg, and as he often declared, constituted the chief charm of his retreat. This portrait he was fond of comparing with that of Memnon in its life-giving properties.

Frederick's first meeting with the French philosopher, took place shortly after the young Prince had mounted the throne. It was at Mayland in Cleves, that the King and the Philosopher first met. Voltaire at the royal summons flew from Brabant where he was then residing. The youthful monarch, just recovering from a severe attack of fever, was so enfeebled by disease, that he apologized for not receiving so great a genius as he deserved. He appears to have been as much charmed at the time with the man as he had been with his works, for in writing a letter to Jordan shortly after this meeting, he enthusiastically says: 'Voltaire is as eloquent as Cicero, as agreeable as Pliny, as wise as Agrippa, and unites in his single person all the virtues and talents of the men of antiquity. He has just read to us his noble tragedy of Mahomet. I could only admire and be silent.'

But soon war and the cares of empire, doubly increased by an insatiate love of glory, kept for a while the King and the philosopher apart. Peace, however, had no sooner waved her magic wand, than we find the enthusiastic monarch writing to Voltaire: 'You are like the white elephant, for whose possession the Shah and the Great Mogul war with one another, and which forms one of the titles of him who may be fortunate enough to win it. Only come to me, and you shall stand at the head of my titles, and the world shall then read: 'Frederick, by the grace of God, possessor of Voltaire, King of Prussia, Elector of Brandenburg, etc. etc.' How, after so flattering and importunate a letter, could the vain philosopher resist? He speedily accepted the invitation, and the next summer finds him a permanent resident at Sans-Souci, with the titles of Lord Chamberlain, Knight of the Order of Merit, and in the receipt of five thousand thalers per annum. The King paid him the most flattering homage, while Princes, Field-Marshal, and Ministers of State vied with each other in courting his favor and securing his esteem.

The apartments that Voltaire occupied at Sans-Souci are still pointed out to visitors, and are said to be in the same state as they were when the furious philosopher left them, swearing vengeance on the King. They are not remarkable for their size or elegance, and save in the glorious views presented from their windows, not in anywise note-worthy.

For a while literary activity and social enjoyment mingled their attractions, and the King and the philosopher seemed inseparable. But this happy state appears to have been short-lived, and Voltaire soon found to his mortification when too late, that if a man is suffi-

ciently rich to be master of himself, neither his liberty, family, or country should be sacrificed for a pension. Voltaire himself, in alluding to his brief residence at Sans-Souci, says: 'Astoga did not meet a kinder reception in the palace of Alcina. To be lodged in the same apartments that Marshal Saxe occupied, to have the royal cooks at my command when I chose to dine alone, and the royal coachman when I preferred to ride alone; these were but trifling favors.'

This state of things was too pleasant to last long. A disgusting law-suit in which Voltaire became engaged with a Jew merchant, for the first time awakened in the King's minds suspicions of his integrity. The Jew accused Voltaire of having imposed upon him with false jewels, and although the decision of the Court was in the philosopher's favor, it was more than suspected that its judgment arose more from fear of the King's influence, than from any impression on the minds of the Court as to the merits of the case. At length Voltaire so far forgot himself as to hold intercourse with foreign ambassadors, in such a way that Frederick's patience was exhausted, and he exclaimed: 'I shall want him at most for another year; we squeeze the orange, and then throw away the peel.' The King's physician, who hated the supercilious Frenchman, did not forget to repeat this fine apothegm, an apothegm worthy, as the philosopher well said, of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse.

From this time Voltaire seems to have looked after 'the orange peel.' A bitter sarcasm of the philosopher appears to have been the first open cause of rupture; and the burning of one of Voltaire's sarcastic poems on 'Maulpertuis,' the royal notice to quit. The sarcasm certainly had a serpent's sting about it. A general on the King's staff called on Voltaire for the purpose of having him revise a poem he had just completed; at the same time, a servant arrived with one of the King's poems ready for revision, when Voltaire dismissed the general with this severe speech: 'My dear friend, come some other time: don't you see your master has just sent me some of his dirty linen; I will wash yours afterwards.' But when the philosopher from his windows at his lodgings in Berlin, beheld the hangman burning one of his works ignominiously in the public square, he could not brook such unheard-of ignominy. After the utterance of the sarcasm above noted, the King appears to have treated him publicly with contempt, but all this he could bear; and it was not until this marked contempt publicly cast upon his works, that he packed up his pension warrant, order, and chamberlain's gold key in a parcel, which he sent back to the King, and on the wrapper of the parcel wrote these lines:

'I now restore each token
For which I once had fondly strove,
As one whose heart is broken
Returns the likeness of his love.'

After the philosopher left Berlin, he took refuge at Ferney, near Geneva, in Switzerland, which he only left to have a brief triumph at Paris, then sink into the tomb.

Sans-Souci, where these brief hours of happiness were spent by Voltaire, is as far as the adornment of the grounds and scenery are concerned, a most charming spot. The views round Potsdam, presenting as they do bold sheets of water deeply embosomed within shady groves, with rippling streams that seem to sport round the basis of each wooded height, form certainly a most delightful oasis amidst the sandy flats of Mark Brandenburg. From the time when Frederick first came to reside there, the princes of his house have never ceased to heighten the charms of nature, by the cherishing and ordering hand of art. Grassy lawns encircle the town. Palaces and villas now adorn both hill and dale; exhilarating and refreshing odors are wafted far and wide on the zephyrs: but the palace of the great King remains untouched; and to this day recollections of him seem borne on every breeze that sweep the winding terraces. Frederick associated with the name of 'Sans-Souci' a hidden, deeper meaning. Beside the palace, he had constructed a vault which was one day to receive his mortal remains. It was lined with marble, and its purpose playfully veiled by a statue of Flora reclining on a polished slab. This vault, of the existence of which no one dreamed, was, properly speaking, that to which the name Sans-Souci alluded. He once mentioned this in conversation to a friend, and said, alluding to this vault: 'Quand je serai là, je serai Sans-Souci.' From the windows of his bed-chamber he could daily gaze upon the guardian of his grave, the goddess Flora.

The palace buildings are rather low, and built in the most uncouth style of architecture, a fault, however, rather common in most of the Prussian palaces. In the rear of this palace is a semi-circular colonnade, within which, when the infirmities of his last sickness pressed heavily upon him, the old King was accustomed to take exercise. His decline was gradual and easy, and he never for a moment lost the natural vigor of his mind, continuing every inch a king to the last. One day to his favored colonnade the old monarch was brought in his arm-chair, surrounded by his favorite dogs, to bask in the sun. 'I shall be nearer to him by-and-by,' said the dying King as he gazed toward the declining luminary. In a few days after, he had gone to the land of departed heroes. A few days more the iron gates swung open to let his coffin pass, and have never been opened since. He sleeps now by the side of his stern old father in the plain vault behind the still plainer pulpit of the Garrison Church of Potsdam. On each side of that vault hang the eagles and standards, battered, dented, and torn by the iron hail of battle, captured from the French by the Prus-

sians at Waterloo — a most fitting retribution and atonement to the insulted shade of their great hero, whose sword Napoleon carried off, on the top of the sarcophagus, where it had rested so long. When these captive standards are pointed out, care is always taken to make the stranger understand that they are suspended here as trophies of the vengeance Prussia took upon the violator of the sanctity of the grave of Frederick the Great. It was in this vault that William of Prussia and Alexander of Russia, grasping hands over the coffin of Frederick, and in the presence of the beautiful Queen Louise, took the solemn oath never to lay down their arms until this insult to Prussia had been avenged. How faithfully that oath was kept! The bristling lines of Blücher's heroes, as they swept on over the half-lost field of Waterloo to Napoleon's complete overthrow, most significantly bear witness.

LOVE-COMMUNINGS.

I.

When thou art by my side,
Thine arm around me thrown,
My head upon thy bosom,
Thou calling me *thine own*,
In all the wide old earth,
Beneath the glorious sky
No maiden is so blest,
So truly blest as I.

II.

When thou art by my side,
A cottage or a palace
Were all the same to me.
From out a golden chalice,
Deep draughts of love and hope,
With lavish hand, and free
As the red wine can flow,
Is poured for thee and me.

III.

When thou art by my side,
All the old dreams of mine
Fade in the holy light
Of love like the Divine;
Fade all the olden dreams
Of fame and high emprise,
As the light mist at morn
Fades from the sunny skies.

• T H E M O U N T A I N .

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

BEHOLD the mountain monarch on his throne
Of granite, robed in mist, and crowned with light!
The sea, which sighs forever at his feet,
Showers kisses on him, from the lips of shells,
And breaks like a great heart upon the shore.
Coquetting clouds, flushed with the tints of morn,
Fold their soft arms about his ample neck,
And on his shoulders weep delicious showers,
While he like a stern gallant stands unmoved.

When thunder smites him with a lance of fire,
When hail, shot from ice-batteries in the clouds,
Breaks on his unprotected head, as though
The sky were an exploding shell; when storms
Assail him rudely with invisible wings,
And tumble avalanches down his sides,
Like moons, rolled from their orbits into night;
He leans against the clouds, and quiet looks
Beyond the storm, where heaven is calm, serene.
Giant of earth! Offspring of this orb!
Upon thy rocky pages, let me read
The history of nature's workmanship;
Imperishable records of the past
Are chronicled in granite here, secure
In the GREAT AUTHOR's own chirography.

I will ascend this stairway of the sky,
To the bald peaks where eagles build their nests,
And wild goats browse amid the dangerous crags.

Thy awful shadow chills my ardent blood,
And haunts the valley like a Titan ghost.
Up, step by step, I slowly wend my way,
Until I reach the summit, which looks down
On vales below, 'wide-spread and beautiful.'

This noble mountain lifts me from the world
In its white arms, beyond the stooping clouds,
Where I can freely taste the virgin air,
Unstained by fevered lips and foul-mouthed tubes.
The ocean, lashed by winds, creeps from the shore,
Like a huge monster, bellowing with rage;
Torrents unwind from shining spools of hills,
About into the fertile plain, which seems
Another sea, whose grassy billows mock
The undulations of the adjacent deep.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

DOCTOR OLDHAM AT GREYSTONES, AND HIS TALK THERE. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS is a remarkable book for the things said, the manner in which, and the person by whom; although, of the latter we are only left to conjecture, as no name is given; yet we think we know him. His individuality is too marked, which being comblended with the healthful geniality of a large-souled man, and the learning of a thorough-bred scholar, to those who have had opportunities, it cannot long be doubtful to whom such thoughts, so expressed, belong. The book smacks not at all of book-making, but is written from a full mind. It is one of the freshest and most vigorous which the press of the present day has produced, and if it does not cause a sensation in the literary world among the more educated class of readers, we shall be surprised. But it will be received with different degrees of regard, and perhaps with a few back-handed compliments, while the sour and acrimonious, who see all things as through a glass darkly, will turn away from such a lively, sparkling current of thought, because it dances under the bright beams of the author's genius. While they would fairly be put to their trumps to *prove* a single statement in it which denies what is called orthodox, yet, not to have the conversation all one way, there is here and there something to startle the suspicions of very suspicious people, and make some very pious, excellent old ladies almost tear their cap-strings. The mere dogmatist may not be pleased, for the writer of this volume is not encased in a strait-jacket, but thinks boldly and talks freely, as one would, face to face with a friend; and if we have eyes to see and a heart to feel, he is imbued with the largest, freest, noblest spirit of humanity and Christian philanthropy. He has no story to tell, it is true, but is eminently readable, for he writes most forcible, idiomatic English, is never dull in his didactics, never twattles, is learned without pedantry, and although the topics treated are so diverse, yet there is a natural consecutiveness from first to last, and no abrupt transition. Although some think this book is flavored a little with STERNE, others a little with SOUTHEY, we trace little similarity and must call it *sui generis*. The good Doctor OLDHAM ad-

mits you into his library, and a choice one it is; makes you an inmate, for the time being, of his family, where you cannot fail to catch the spirit of a pure domestic life; places a chair for you as a guest at his square-cornered, oblong table, where you may listen to such intellectual converse as you will not hear every day; and even if you must sometimes protest against the utterances of the excellent philosopher, you will stand a chance of being made a happier and a wiser man. Next to being bodily present in that mansion at Greystones, which is pictured in the frontispiece, and a ground-plan of which is afterward given, we admire to have the privilege of reading his talks, which are as if taken down on the spot by some stenographer, so genial, fresh, and natural are they. He here discourses of the starry heavens. Listen to him:

'TEA was served (as it always is) in the library, at a little table near the bay-window. We sat looking out upon the golden sun-set, and the gorgeous hues of the horizon on the tops of the hills across the Hudson, until the last gleam of day-light and twilight faded away. But it would not be true to say, as in COLERIDGE's lackadaisical (wilfully lackadaisical) sonnet, that 'Eve saddened into Night.' For the night was any thing but sad. The sky was cloudless, and the air was just in the right state to give the stars the brightest possible twinkle, as they came out one after another. We stepped out upon the lawn to get a larger view of the brilliant sight. The whole concave, from horizon to welkin, was studded with glittering lights.

'What a sight,' said the Doctor; 'so glorious yet so still! How silently they shine.'

'Not without voice, though,' replied the Professor.

'WHAT though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amid these radiant orbs be found,
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice —
Forever singing as they shine:
The Hand that made us is Divine.'

'That's grand, is n't it? That's the old Greek idea of the music of the spheres — the divine harmony of PYTHAGORAS.'

'Hardly that,' said the Doctor, 'since it is far from clear that the Pythagorean music of the spheres — which was a mathematical harmony of numbers — had any thing but an impersonal principle for the ultimate law of the universe, or rather for the ground out of which it was evolved in a purely necessary way: which would not be a very orthodox idea of God according to ADDISON's view of the matter. Still there is no doubt but this idea of the music of the spheres, which comes from the harmony of the heavenly motions, is very old; and it is as poetic and beautiful as it is old.'

'But who has expressed it like SHAKESPEARE in that moon-light scene in the 'Merchant of Venice':

— 'Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick beset with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest star which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.'

'That's finer than your verses, grand as they are.'

'Why, I recollect now,' said the Professor; 'that Doctor Vox, in his celebrated lecture on the *Cavalier*, introduced both those passages, and praised the latter as the finest.'

'Yes,' replied the Doctor, 'I recited them to him one day as we were speaking of something that led me to think of them and put them in contrast. 'Grand!' said Doctor Vox. 'I'll bring them into my lecture on the *Cavalier*.' I heard him repeat his lecture afterward, and found he had brought them in. Their logical connection with his subject was not remarkably strict, but they were delivered with an air, and made a good rhetorical point that told well.'

'But what exquisite grace, what simple idiomatic perfection of language, in that passage of SHAKESPEARE's! What a picture it presents to the mind's eye; and what a proof of the superiority of word-pictures over form and color-pictures, or rather, I ought to say, of the wider reach and greater variety of the power of words for the expression of the

conceptions which the poetic imagination gives form to: yet the secret of their power in the use of them is ever in using them as SHAKESPEARE does — not as something fine in themselves, but merely as instruments of expression, and the simpler the better, so they be fitly chosen; and who chooses them like SHAKESPEARE? Words! Wonderful things are words — half-spirit, half-sense, so flexible, so various in their power! The poet can body forth to the fancy or to the imaginative faculty in words almost every thing the sculptor or the painter can in form and color, and a great deal that form and color cannot embody. What painter could give adequate form to the picture that SHAKESPEARE in these words puts before the mind's eye?

'But sculpture and painting can sometimes do more than poetry can do,' said the Professor; 'they can give us at a glance, vividly and perfectly, many things which words can only imperfectly express, and that not merely delicate varieties of outline and light and shade, but also thereby of moral expression, for instance, of a countenance.'

'True,' replied the Doctor, 'and it is another advantage of sculpture and painting (as also of music) that they are, as my friend WIR says, more catholic arts, in one point of view — their *language* is universal; they not only speak to the mind and heart of humanity every where in the matter of what they speak, (which all art does,) but their language is one that is read and understood alike by the people of all different nations and tongues.'

'Still the proper effect of true art is rather to suggest the ideal to the mind's eye, than to reproduce the actual to the eye of sense; and besides, the poet, in embodying his conceptions of action or passion, thought or sentiment, is not limited like the painter and sculptor, to some fixed point in space and to some indivisible moment of time; and so I speak of poetry as having a wider reach and greater variety of power than the other arts. But I intend nothing invidious. All the arts are alike in their object, the expression of the beautiful; they are heterogeneous in their means of expression, and so in some respects cannot be justly put into comparison: *heterogenea non sunt comparanda*; a lily cannot be said to be whiter than a rose is sweet. I am sure, however, you will agree with me in saying that no painter can paint the picture which those words of SHAKESPEARE paint for the mind's eye. The listening cherubs — form and color might picture them; but that would be far from telling the whole story.'

'I think you are right,' said the Professor.

'Mrs. OLDHAM had remained behind a moment or two when we came out. She is liable to neuralgia, and was afraid to be out, even on such a dry warm evening as this, without her hood and shawl: so she had stopped to get them; and in her womanly carelessness had brought along also the gentlemen's hats. She now interposed:

'O you men! said she, 'talking abstract talk about pictures with such pictures before you as the sky presents! If you must speculate, let it be about the stars. Think of them — such a multitude of worlds.'

'There are as many on the other side of the equator,' said the Doctor, 'which we never see; and the dwellers on that side never see ours; and from both us and them the sun hides more by day than the night reveals.'

'Then to think of them,' said Mrs. OLDHAM, 'as such great worlds hanging on nothing, and moving about in such vast circles — so far from us that the light (though moving at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles a second) takes nearly three years to get to us from the nearest fixed star! I was reading about it to-day.'

'Where is that star?' asked the Professor.

'There it is,' said the Doctor, pointing to it. 'It is the brightest of those stars in the constellation called Centaur. And look, there is another star of the first magnitude — in the constellation LYRA — that very bright star; it is called Vega, and is so far off that it takes twelve years for a ray of light from it to reach our eyes.'

'And how far would that make it from us?' asked Mrs. OLDHAM.

'More than seventy billions of miles,' replied the Doctor. 'But the light from a star of the sixth magnitude is ninety-six years in coming to us, and is nearly six hundred billions of miles distant; and from a star of the twelfth magnitude (seen only by a telescope) the light is four thousand years on its way to us, and has to travel twenty-four thousand billion miles.'

'And beyond that you suppose still other worlds which no telescope can reach; do not you?' asked Mrs. OLDHAM.

'Yes, a billion billion miles beyond the farthest star which we behold, there are doubtless other worlds and systems — and so outward and outward — worlds upon worlds, systems upon systems.'

'Husband, where does the universe end?'

'No where, my dear.'

'Is infinitude filled?'

'Yes and no.'

'Why yes?'

'We cannot but think of that which we behold as a part and a type of that which exists in the infinite abyss beyond our view.'

'Why no?'

‘Because the infinite is infinite, and no sum of finites can equal it.’

‘Are those worlds inhabited, do you think?’ asked the Professor.

‘I have no doubt of it,’ replied the Doctor.

‘I read a very profound and learned book,’ said the Professor, ‘that came out three or four years ago, going to prove the contrary, or, at least, that there is no good reason for the common faith.’

‘And it proved neither the one nor the other,’ said the Doctor; ‘all it proved was, what every body knew before—that the dwellers in those heavenly bodies must be differently constituted from those that live on our earth in order to exist there: and so, because there can be no human dwellers there, the author inferred that there are none at all—an irresistible inference, indeed, provided it be taken for granted that God could not make living and rational creatures adapted to those worlds as easily as He has done so here; which is a principle the writer does not prove and which I do not grant, so his argument goes for nothing with me: and on the other hand, the fact that God has filled our earth so full of various forms of life adapted to such opposite conditions, is a presumption He has done the like in the other worlds. It is repugnant to my mind to suppose that our little globe is the only abode of reasonable beings; I rather believe that the countless myriads of orbs that roll in the boundless depths of space, are full of dwellers of like order and many probably of higher degree than those that inhabit our earth.’

‘And to think, husband, that He who made all those worlds and filled them with dwellers, should watch over and care for each individual of us all, with that constant special care He bids us believe He does.’

‘Costs Him nothing, my dear; it is as easy as if the universe were a twenty-acre lot, and you and I the only children of His care.’

‘But why suppose such minute individual care?’ said Professor CLARE.

‘Because,’ replied the Doctor, ‘it is best to consider God as at least equally as good as a good earthly father.’

‘Let us go in,’ said Mrs. OLDRAM.

One other selection will suffice to give our readers a smack of the book, which is not a very large one. The Doctor visits Mrs. ROSSVILLE’s school, and tells his wife what he said to the little folks there.

‘I HAVE been up to Mrs. ROSSVILLE’s school,’ said the Doctor to his wife one evening. ‘It was a sort of anniversary, when the children get each a present of some nice book suitable to their age and intelligence. Why, Mrs. ROSSVILLE and the other ladies have gathered together more than sixty children, in that outlying district, who would otherwise be very poorly off for needful instruction.’

‘What did you say to the children, husband?’

‘Well, I dare say it would have seemed very queer talk to many persons; it would have made Mr. GARR look more grim, and Miss PARR more prim, if they had been there. But I told the children I was glad to see them so glad about their books; that children did not formerly have so many books as they have now, but I was not sure they were any the worse off; for the few they had were better read, and so did them more good; while now they had so many there was danger they would read more than they could read in a way to make their minds grow; that it was a great deal better to read a few books over and over, again and again, than to run hastily through a great many; and, besides, there were a great many books for children now-a-days, written with a very good intention, that were very poor stuff—not half so good for them as some of those old ones which some very wise people now think so foolish: that ‘Mother Goose’s Melodies,’ and ‘Cock Robin,’ and ‘Jack o’ the Bean-Stalk,’ and ‘Jack the Giant Killer,’ and ‘Cinderella,’ and ‘Beauty and the Beast,’ and ‘Æsop’s Fables, with the Cuts,’ and ‘Berquin’s Children’s Friend,’ and the ‘Treasury of Choice Old Fairy Tales,’ and the ‘Story of Poor Joseph,’ and ‘Robinson Crusoe,’ and ‘Sinbad the Sailor,’ were a library for little folks which none of the wise modern books could make up for the want of; and I was glad to see them among their books; though some of the new books were indeed as wise and good for them as any thing that could possibly be imagined; such as ‘Hans Andersen’s Stories,’ and ‘Masterman Ready,’ and the ‘Settlers in Canada,’ and ‘Sir Edward Seward’s Narrative,’ and that exquisite little book, ‘A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam,’ and other equally beautiful stories by the same hand, and the ‘Boy Missionary,’ and the ‘Ministering Children,’ and some others that I could name, and I was glad to see them among the books to-day; only this they must remember, that the more they read such books as the last two, the more dead their consciences would become, and the harder their hearts, if they did not try in some way, according to their opportunities, to imitate the good examples which touched their tender feelings so deeply; and as to the rest, they must have nothing to do with such books as ‘Professor Sayvethought’s Truth Brought Down,’ his ‘Philosophy Made Easy,’ and ‘Great Things Made Small,’ nor with Mr. SILLER’s series: the ‘Child’s Book of Physiology,’ of ‘Natural Theology,’ and the rest; nor with ‘Mrs. Softly’s Childish Hymns;’ nor ‘Mrs.

Scarem's Awfulness of Infant Sin,' and 'Sad Fate of the Little Sabbath-Breakers,' nor Miss Sharp's Profitableness of Piety,' showing the wisdom of serving God because He pays better than the Evil One; that they must never look into those books; and, in fine, they must speak the truth, obey their parents, love their brothers and sisters, be kind to every body, say their prayers, and remember always that they were God's children and not the devil's; and that God loved to see them play if they played fair, and loved to have them have a good time playing as often as they could get it, provided they did not neglect any duty or do any thing wrong; that they should always try to do right because it was right, and not merely for any thing they might hope to gain by it, whether from God or from others; and never to do wrong because it was wrong, and not merely from fear of what might come of it either here or hereafter; that the good Lord loved them dearly, and had not a thought or a wish about them, but to have them good, and happy here and forever, and they should therefore live as His dear children, and try to please Him out of love; that they could not be good without His help, any more than they could lift themselves over the river in a basket; that it was sometimes hard to be good, harder for some than for others, because their nature was not as favorable, (some being naturally more prone than others to get angry or out of patience, or to be sullen or resentful, or vain, or proud, or selfish and self-willed, or idle and unsteady,) but God did not think any the worse of them on that account, provided they honestly tried to be good; indeed, the harder they found it, the more God was pleased with them, if only they tried the more earnestly; and they must not be discouraged, or afraid of God, if they should sometimes stumble and fall into wrong, (as most likely they would,) but be sorry, and keep on striving to do right, and be sure that God would then love them just as tenderly, and forgive them, and make all allowance for them, just as loving fathers and mothers always do, and they would certainly succeed at last, for God's good Spirit was in all their hearts to help every one to become good that honestly tried, and kept on trying.

"There, Mrs. OLDEHAM, that is the substance of my talk to the little folks; not a phonographic record, but a pretty fair report; and how do you like it?"

"I think it is very good," said she, "but it sounds very different from Mr. GRIM's preaching. He speaks of God in such a way as to frighten children from trusting Him, and so makes it impossible for them to love Him; they cannot help thinking of Him as austere, morose, and terribly strict—a foe to all innocent mirth and merriment."

"It is all along of his mistaken notions of goodness," replied the Doctor, "and partly of his natural temper, and partly of his unhappy instruction, that he has such mistaken notions. He mistakes sanctimony for saintliness, strictness for religiousness; and so it is nothing strange he should have a God after the fashion of such ideas. His way of representing God was once characterized by one of a company of soldiers, after I had been speaking to them of God's love for them notwithstanding the low rank they held in the estimation of men, and however deeply they might have fallen in moral degradation. The man thanked me for what I had said, observing that most of those who preached to them, spoke as if CHAOS might be their friend, but they must beware of God."

"I told him I was sorry they should ever be so taught."

"Sir," said he, "they make God a *Police Sergeant*!"

"That was the poor fellow's own title and function at the post where his troop was stationed."

"What is the function?" asked Mrs. OLDEHAM.

"To keep a sharp look-out on the men, and bring them up for punishment for all neglect or infraction of orders," replied the Doctor.

"But how good God is. At first thought it would seem one of the mournfullest things in the world that the little folks should be deprived of the sweet influence of right instruction; the blessed sense that they are God's dearly loved children, and subjected to such teaching as Mr. GRIM's; made to think themselves the children of the Evil One, and sure to fall into his clutches at the last, unless they happen to be among the elect, which it is ten to one they were not. One would think their young life would be overshadowed and chilled to its very centre, by the great black horror of such a creed. But God takes care it shall not be so. If you chance to come upon a troop of those little ones out of doors at school recess, you will see them running, and scampering, and kicking up their heels like young colts let loose, and filling the air with the merry ring of their shouts and laughter. A strange spectacle and a frightful one—in a right logical consideration of the creed they are taught—to see the doomed little wretches so joyous and thoughtless amidst the terrific chances of their fate! But God, the true loving God, is stronger in their hearts than their Catechism, setting forth a God worse than none, by all the difference between a bad one and none. Let us rejoice it is so. Let us be thankful that such unwholesome instructions enter so little into the life-circulation of children's hearts, but roll off, for the most part, like the little pellets of hail from the windows, without any adhesion at all."

"But, husband, do you think that the parents and elders really hold any such terrible doctrines?"

"Well, they think they do; some of them only think they do, but in reality do not;

they hold only the words; some perhaps hold the doctrines, but without seeing or believing in the consequences. Which is another blessed thing. Then, too, being fathers and mothers has a wonderful influence: it is one of God's contrivances in behalf of little children. He takes care that there shall be a blessed inconsistency between a mother's head and a mother's heart, between a father's creed and a father's love: and so through God's love in them and their parent's love surrounding them, the little ones get a chance for a joyous childhood, unless in the midst of very unhappy outward circumstances. Oh! when will all those be friendly? I never think of the social life of highly civilized nations, with so much sorrow for its evils in any of its other relations, as in its bearing upon the unfolding of childhood.'

'Mrs. OLDEHAM had been sitting for some time in silence, her scissors busily running in and out the indented edge of a collar she was trimming for LILLY. FANNY and his sister were on the other side of the table, each absorbed in reading, the one 'Ivanhoe,' the other Miss YONGE's beautiful tale of 'Heart's Ease.' The Doctor was looking over the newspaper.

'Husband,' said Mrs. OLDEHAM at length, casting her eyes upon the children, 'how different the feeling among good people now from what it used to be about novels and works of fiction.'

'Yes,' replied the Doctor, 'they did not understand, in the days of your grandmother, that it is through the world of fiction children first enter into the divine and eternal world.'

'Dear me! husband, I am afraid I do n't understand you,' returned his wife.

'I beg your pardon, my dear; I was absurdly transcendental in phrase. I mean that it is from true fiction, from the living products of the creative imagination, children get their first ideas of the wonderful, of a world out of nature, the supernatural and divine. True and pure fiction is the purest truth, the natural and necessary aliment for the young imagination, through the quickening of which faculty alone the other faculties of mind and heart are best unfolded, even if they can be at all unfolded in any other way.'

'A sad time then, in those old days, for the unfolding of the young mind and heart,' said Mrs. OLDEHAM; 'almost a hopeless case.'

'So one would say at first thought,' replied the Doctor; 'but God watches over the little ones. He contrives compensations and protections where they are concerned. He does not let monstrous doctrines and pious absurdities of prejudice altogether prevail over common-sense and the impulses of love in parents' hearts.'

'In those days children were indeed made to study the 'Westminster Catechism' for their Sunday (or as they called it Sabbath) lessons. 'Robinson Crusoe' would have been much better Sunday reading for them; they would really have gotten something from it; something good and quickening to true religious feeling in their hearts. But then, God be thanked, neither the children nor, for the most part, their parents understood the Catechism: so the harm was small; rather in the good they did not get than in the harm they did.'

'But (as I said) there were compensations for the little people. For the younger ones the primer, which contained the catechism, contained many things besides; things that young and healthy minds could contrive to grow upon. There was that wonderful alphabet with its picture and couplet of verses to each letter, of which I remember nothing bad but the opening:

'IN ADAM'S FALL,
We sinned all.

'This might have done the children harm if they had understood and believed, or tried to believe the meaning it was framed to convey, or at least it might have perplexed and troubled their young thoughts. But I do n't think they got any insight of that meaning, and so no harm; nor would they, I think, if the couplet had been turned into a quatrain by adding, what might with equal truth be added:

'IN CAIN his Murthur,
We sinned further.'

'There too was the moving ballad of the burning of JOHN ROGERS, and the still more moving picture of his wife and nine small children around him at the stake; the children's heads going down just like the steps of stairs from biggest to least, except the littlest one that was carried at the mother's breast. Other things there were too in that primer which (without any purpose or consciousness, you may be sure, on the part of its makers) had the genial effect of good fiction on the childish mind and heart.'

'Then, too, the children, both younger and older, had the range of the Bible, perhaps the great Family Bible, containing sometimes most remarkable wood-cuts or engravings, and even perhaps the Apocrypha, a marvellous addition to their treasures, although some of them were not allowed to read it on the Sabbath. The Bible! full of stories, all nov-

els and tales to children, some of them indeed not so suitable and salutary for children as 'Robinson Crusoe' and other novels that might be named, but very many of them of such beauty and interest as no other book can surpass: the stories of JOSEPH; of ECTA; of little SAMUEL; of DAVID and GOLIATH; of DANIEL; of JONAH; and those parables of our LORD, the 'Good Samaritan,' and the 'Prodigal Son,' which make little people's eyes fill up and run over with sympathetic tears, so much do they quicken the imaginative faculty and touch the heart.

"Then for week-days there was the blessed nonsense of 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' which the good LORD (I cannot but think) took special care, through his hold on the instincts of mothers' hearts, that no black doctrines of predestination and decrees, and no puritanical sourness of sanctimony should deprive the little ones of; and as they grew bigger, there were 'Æsop's Fables,' with those wonderful wood-cuts, in the spelling-books, where were stories too, such as the story of Poor JOSEPH (who had so many children to feed and so little to feed them with) and his little boy, who thought he would not eat his share of the bread, but die and go to God, that there might be more for his brothers and sisters; a story that has drawn many a tear from many eyes; and other stories, more than I can mention; all of them novels and tales and romances to the young. Besides this, and it seems to have been a special 'dispensation of Providence' in favor of the young, it almost always happened, in some mysterious way, by nobody's procurement in particular, there went circulating through every neighborhood, stray copies of 'Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper,' 'Beauty and the Beast,' the 'Transformation of Indus,' 'Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp,' and 'Sinbad's Voyages,' which somehow the pious fathers and mothers failed to see belonged to the class of books prohibited; and so the little ones got those ideas of the wonderful and supernatural which, entering the childish mind through the imagination, in the garb of fiction, prepare it for divine eternal truths. Then too, God be thanked, there were but few children, in New-England at least, that did not in some way, through His contrivance, get hold of 'Robinson Crusoe,' the most fascinating of human books to children at a proper age; of the reading whereof observant persons would find proof in numberless islands, not surrounded by water, where shipwrecked little people built huts and played at 'Crusoe' and his 'man Friday' with great delight, while their minds unfolded and grew in the joyous activity of their play.

"So it may be seen what providences and what compensations there were for children in those days when story-books were few, and good people's thoughts restrictive and austere."

In conclusion, we would urge it upon the Doctor to write another volume to be the companion of this, which will have many admirers. We stand in the attitude of 'OLIVER asking for more.' Good, genial Doctor OLDEHAM, open the doors of your snug library again, and discourse, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, although you do not do justice to yourself in that motto, for it might apply to the rambling, incoherent talk of the prolix, but not to your own 'all-hang-together-ness.'

HARPER'S GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS. Cheap, accurate, and elegant Editions, for the use of Schools and Students, carefully reprinted from the best Editions.

HORATIUS EX RECENSIONE. A. J. MACLEANE, A.M. 18mo. Flexible binding.

ÆSCHYLUS EX NOVISSIMA RECENSIONE. F. A. PALEY, A.M. 18mo. Flexible binding.

THESE are exquisite editions, with red-edged leaves, suitable to hold in the hand or carry in the pocket. We have applied in vain at the booksellers for an edition of 'ERASMUS.' Will not the HARPERS supply that want?

UNDERTOW OF A TRADE-WIND SURF. By GEORGE H. CLARK. In one Volume: pp. 200. Hartford, Connecticut: CHARLES G. GREEN, Publisher: Messrs. CASE, LOCKWOOD AND COMPANY, Printers: 1860.

SELDOM are we called upon to welcome a more beautiful volume from any American press than the present: nor indeed can we truly affirm that any issue from the London press, which has come under our notice, is its superior in respect of beautiful externals. The paper is fine, thick, and delicately tinted, after the style of the elegant English edition of LONGFELLOW's poems: the printing is upon types large, clear, and open, the whole smoothly pressed, with a margin so liberal that the page has truly an imperial look. Thus much we feel in duty bound to say, in justice to the printers of the work: nor are the internal features of the book less marked and transcendent. Very many of the poems, indeed much the largest portion of them, were contributed originally to our pages; and whether as appearing from the pen of 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' or from the quill of GEORGE H. CLARK, they never failed to be warmly welcomed by our readers. As a writer of humorous verse, we hardly know Mr. CLARK's superior among the several American writers who are eminent in that department of poetry. His wit sparkles like HOOD's, while his rhythm is as mellifluous as that of HOLMES, and his 'sly insinuations' are as effective and adroit as those of SAXE; yet is he entirely original: his style being entirely his own, 'and nobody else's. But to our mind the pathos of certain of his poems is even more remarkable, and inexpressibly winning. Read the subjoined, as one example. The lines seem actually to *sob* with emotion; and our word for it, tears accompanied the composition of every stanza which it contains:

Chilblain.

'O softly blows the southern breeze,
Beneath the window-blind,
And plumes its winnowing wings for one
It never more may find.
The birdling that you seek, O wind!
In your *Æolian* play,
Some wondering scraph, stooping, saw,
And bore to Heaven away.

'You took your flight, O southern breeze!
When Summer's sheaves were bent,
And there was sorrowing round my hearth
When your sweet joyance went;
Ah! little did I know how much
Of happiness was left,
Until of that new love of ours
My sad home was bereft.

'He went when Autumn's golden light
The glowing world o'erspread,
And left behind a night of gloom
And rayless dark instead.
Life was not life to me, unless
His presence formed a part,
For he was the irradiate light
And day-spring of my heart.

'At sound of my familiar step
How brightened all his looks;
Down went the playthings, and away
Went all his pictured books;
His little hands, like fluttering wings
Were tremulous with joy,
And, happy in each other's arms,
The father clasped his boy.

'We lived and loved — a blessed life!
As we shall live no more,
For angel pinions bore him off
From this despairing shore:
The cloud that shut him from my sight
Cast back a fearful spell,
And made my quailing spirit shrink
Where its dark shadow fell.

'Blow softly, gently, southern breeze,
Amid the buds and bloom,
And let your odor-laden airs
Search all the quiet room;
You cannot find his sweeter breath,
Nor his red lips restore,
And though you gladden other hearts
You wring my own the more.

'I read aright the moaning sigh
Beneath my window-blind —
It is the loving sprite who seeks
For one it cannot find;
For one whose bright and starry eyes
Are distant now and dim,
While Memory fills its vacant halls
And corridors with him.

'O God! that such a world as this,
So beautiful and brave,
Should be of all our fondest loves
And dearest hopes the grave:
That in one bitter hour, a blight
Should change its glorious hue,
And wither beauties, which no showers
Nor spring-time can renew!'

As we read these touching lines, MEMORY travels backward over more than a score of years; and the form of a dear little boy — 'too lovely,' almost every body said, even when he was in perfect health, 'to be long spared to us' — arises to the view, whose innocent, infant soul exhaled to Heaven, on the autumnal night air, in a 'House by the Sea,' never thenceforth to be forgotten by us. He 'passed away with the tide,' (while the sea and land were aglow with the 'heat-lightnings' of an August night,) into the great ocean of eternity!

As affording a fair specimen of Mr. CLARK's felicity of manner in a very different vein, we present

'The Rail-Road Bond.'

'It is a very pretty thing,
And charmingly engraved;
As neatly gotten up a cheat
As ever broker shaved,
And I have quite a lot of them,
All safe and snug at home,
Enough to make a picture-book
As large as Gibbon's 'Rome.'

'I thought I bought them very cheap,
At only eighty-three.
Indeed, we higgled quite a time
Before we could agree;
'What! Eighty-three for ten per cents?
Dear Sir, you must be crazed;
Yet, I shall have to let them go,
For money must be raised.

'Before that blessed week was out
I smelt a sort of rat,
For I was told that I could buy
For even less than that.
My neighbor bought for seventy-six,
I never asked him how;
But I am far from sad to learn
That he has got them now.

'Those thousand dollar promises
Are printed by the ream!
And being secured by mortgages
How very safe they seem.

Moreover, I reserved the right
To change them into shares,
Whose income by-and-by would be
A fortune for my heirs.

'The coupons — those delicious things!
How temptingly they look:
As beautifully lithographed
As OLNEY's copy-book.
Yes, there they are; not one cut off;
The ranks are perfect yet,
And like to be, for all that I
For them shall ever get.

'The boy who shows for half a dime
Six rattlesnakes alive,
Was urging me, the other day,
To view his precious hive:
'I say, Sir, want to see the snakes?
One on 'em's eat a toad:
I'll let you see 'em for a Bond
Of that 'ere Western Road!'

'Ah well! the dream is over now,
And so I sit and sigh,
And curse the day when oily tongues
Persuaded me to buy:
I spend my time with tearful eyes,
O'er their delusive charms,
In singing sad lugubrious hymns
And penitential psalms.'

In the same vein is *'The Menagerie,'* indicating, beside, that close observation of the 'little ways' and sayings of children which thousands of parents notice, but yet which not one in a hundred naturally describe, when they attempt to do so:

The Menagerie.

'Ddn you ever! No, I never!
Mercy on us, what a smell!
Do n't be frightened, JOHNNY dear —
Gracious! how the jackalls yell!
Mother, tell me what 's the man
Doing with that pole of his?
Bless your precious heart, my dear,
He 's stirring up the beastesses.

'Children, do n't you go so near:
Heavens! there 's the Afric cowsees:
What 's the matter with the child?
My! the monkey 's tore his trowsees.
Here 's the monstrous elephant —
I 'm all a tremble at the sight;
See his mighty toothpick, boys;
Wonder if he 's fastened tight?

'There's the lion—see his tail!
How he drags it on the floor;
Sakes alive! I'm awful scared
To hear the horrid creature roar.
Here's the monkeys in their cage,
Wide awake you are to see 'em;
Funny, an't it; how would you
Like to have a tail and be 'em?

'JOHNNY darling, that's the bear
As tore the naughty boys to pieces;
Hornéd cattle! only hear
How the dreadful camel wheezes!
That's the tall giraffe, my boy,
Who stoops to hear the morning lark;
'Twas him who waded NOAH'S flood,
And scorned the refuge of the ark.

'There's the bell! The birds and beasts
Now are going to be fed;
So my little darlings, come,
It's time for you to be abed.
Mother, 'tis n't nine o'clock;
You said we need n't go before;
Let us stay a little while—
Want to see the monkeys more!

'Cries the showman: 'Turn 'em out!
Dim the lights! There, that will do;
Come again to-morrow, boys,
Bring your little sisters too.'
Exit mother, half-distraught,
Exit father, muttering, 'bore!'
Exit children, blubbering still,
'Want to see the monkeys more?'

Our author dedicates his volume of 'Fugitives from justice, resurrected from Magazines and newspapers,' to 'the Public who may read or buy it.' We think we can assure the writer *one* thing, and that is, that whoever *does* buy it, will read it, and read the whole of it, too; and whosoever shall read it, in the library of another, will *desire* to buy it for his own choice library collection, if he possess one, or to enrich an indifferent one, if he should not be so fortunate.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL AND PERSIUS, WITH ENGLISH NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY, FROM THE BEST COMMENTATORS. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL, PERSIUS, SULPICIA AND LUCILIUS. Translated literally into English Prose, with Notes, Chronological Tables, Arguments, etc. By the Rev. LEWIS EVANS, M.A., late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. To which is added the Metrical Version of JUVENAL AND PERSIUS, by the late WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE above authors, from the fragmentary character of some of them, (in the case of JUVENAL from uncertainty as to arrangement, owing to the manner in which he composed, revised and corrected his satires,) from peculiar brevity, compression of style, abrupt transition from figure to figure, and general toughness, have always presented considerable difficulty to the learned commentator, and without him are as unintelligible as RABELAIS to the ordinary scholar. Professor ANTHON, for reasons which he does not mention, but which may easily be surmised, has contented himself with giving the text alone of PERSIUS, but all the resources of his indefatigable scholarship and industry are brought to bear in his commentary on JUVENAL, which is none too full for the necessities of the student; indeed we wish that it were even a little more elaborate, as with the filling up of a few breaks, and with a very few additional notes, it would amount to a complete translation, and obviate the trouble of referring to other books, by those who wish to revise their classics. We are by no means opposed to helps, or even translations, in the study of the ancient authors, as even with the best which can be obtained, the path to real learning is not so very easy; the careless and negligent will not be placed on a par by the use of them; there is ample room for the exercise of the ingenuity in seeking for better synonyms, and for

all the processes of study which in the acquisition of languages tend to improve the taste and to form the judgment. In all the various classical works of Doctor ANTHON, which have taken the place of the old Delphin editions, although they do not relieve the pupil from a good degree of application, yet they afford the most substantial aid, nor can it be laid to his charge that he gives gratuitous assistance where not needed, but where any actual difficulty presents itself, is mum. Of such commentators the boys may well say '*non tali auxillio.*' We well remember in our school-boy days the comfort afforded in preparing a lesson of HORATIUS or SALLUSTIUS, by his notes. As we ran our eye along the text, and after various examinations of old AINSWORTH, for the use of words, not knowing any better authority at the time, nor having FACCIOLATI, when we could not get the passage into correct shape, and turned to the notes at the end of the volume, we invariably obtained a satisfactory and lucid exposition.

We have next to notice an edition of the same authors, including also fragments of SULPICIA and LUCILIUS literally translated into prose, and the truthful and excellent metrical version of JUVENAL and PERSIUS, by the late WILLIAM GIFFORD. It contains also a full chronological table, a paper on the date of JUVENAL'S '*Satires*,' an Essay on the Roman Satirists, arguments and copious notes, thus combining within it every requisite for a full elucidation of the difficult text of these writers. As PERSIUS is generally left untouched, SULPICIA and LUCILIUS have been unknown, and JUVENAL himself for the most part heretofore has been very imperfectly digested by those in our universities and colleges, from scanty help and an occasional hour in the recitation-room, we regard this publication as specially seasonable. The old translation by MADAN, to which we were wont to refer with good success in digging out the sense of this author, is a very true one, (and we must in justice remark, that his knowledge of the text, and the real aid which he gives to the student can scarcely be excelled,) yet the present translation by EVANS reads better, is equally faithful, and is in all respects an improvement. It is true that we judge mainly from a perusal of Satire I., but from the distinguished source whence it proceeds, as well as from years of study devoted by a Fellow of a College of Oxford to the subject, it may be safe to say, *Ex uno disce omnes.*

We conclude these remarks with a single passage from the prefatory Essay: 'When we consider the unnatural vices at which JUVENAL directs his indignation, and reflect at the same time on the peculiar qualities of his mind, we shall not find much cause perhaps for wonder at the strength of his expressions. I should resign him in silence to the hatred of mankind, if his aim, like that of too many others, whose works are read with delight, had been to render vice amiable, to fling his seducing colors over impurity, and inflame the passions by meretricious hints at what is only innoxious when exposed in native deformity: but when I find that his views are to render depravity loathsome; that every thing which can alarm and disgust is directed at her in his terrible page, I forget the grossness of the execution in the excellence of the design; and pay my involuntary homage to that integrity, which fearlessly calling in strong description to the aid of virtue, attempts to purify the passions, at the hazard of wounding delicacy and offending taste. This is due to JUVENAL.'

WALTER ASHWOOD: A LOVE-STORY. By PAUL SIGGVOLK, author of 'Schediasma.' In one Volume: pp. 296. New-York: RUDD AND CARLTON, Number 130 Grand-Street.

THE series of desultory and varied papers, by the author of this exceedingly handsome book, entitled '*Schediasma*,' all of which appeared in former volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER, will serve to commend his present literary venture at least to the favorable regards of *our* readers. But, independent of such an adjunct, '*Walter Ashwood*' will commend *itself*, for various merits, to a wide circle of love-story admirers. The sub-title, a 'Love-Story,' might convey to some minds an idea of undue sentimentality; but such should remember that love is the controlling element, or at least one of the strong controlling elements, of the best novels that have ever been written. This work, however, cannot be termed a *novel* proper. It is literally what it professes to be, a 'love-story.' The hero and the heroine, as their characters are gradually developed and contrasted, make up the principal attractions of the book, rather than a succession of startling incidents. It is an *emotional* story, and as such depends greatly for its interest upon the minute and varied analyses of individual natures which it presents. The style is uniformly smooth and flowing: the descriptions of the two great scenes in nature of the tale, Niagara and the Alps, are fine, and evince an appreciative heart and a loving eye: two faults of the story, however, will, we think, impress many readers: the emotional parts seem too minute, and the 'conversations' sometimes unnecessarily prolonged. The whole is informed with feeling, to be sure; yet it is not always possible to make the *minutiae* of human emotion acceptable to the 'story'-lovers. 'Lovers' proper, howbeit, may regard these portions of the work with different feelings; and these will constitute, we suspect, a large proportion of our author's audience.

EXTEMPORANEOUS DISCOURSES, DELIVERED IN THE BROADWAY CHURCH, NEW-YORK. By E. H. CHAPIN, DD. First Series. In one Volume: pp. 358. New-York: O. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

'EXTEMPORANEOUS,' we frankly admit, had a charm for us, in the very title-page of this volume of Discourses. It implied naturalness, fervor that sprang from the occasion, and feeling that 'must out, and would have vent.' And all these characteristics the book fully exemplifies. It has never been our good fortune to hear Dr. CHAPIN speak in public, except upon one occasion, and that occasion was *The Booksellers' Dinner at the New-York Crystal Palace*. Somehow or other, it seemed, at the time he arose, that there was an 'awful pause' in the proceedings: the vast edifice was filled with waiting listeners, and some were impatient listeners, too. Mr. CHAPIN stood up, at the head of the centre-table, amid applause that shook the Palace. He paused a single moment, looking through his spectacles at the audience, and with distended nostrils, from which there seemed to come a kind of snort, and in a voice like the sudden tearing of a strong rag, he began. *Electric* is the only word

which can express the effect which he produced. He was speaking of the *Printing-Press*—of the power of types. Just at this period the Crimean war was at its height: and to this he especially alluded, saying: 'I like the roar and the rumble of the Power Printing-Press, better than the thunder of Artillery: I like the click of types in the composing-stick better than the click of the cocked musket: and well do I know—well do you all know—that the leaden messenger from the composing-stick, swifter than a bullet, and more sure of its aim, *will reach its mark, though it be a thousand years ahead!* The Malakoffs and Redans of vice and iniquity fall powerless before it!' Quotation from the volume before us, we regret to say, is not within the compass of our present space.

KIT KELVIN'S KERNELS: IN A SERIES OF TWENTY SKETCHES: with Illustrations. In one Volume: pp. 270. New-York: ROLLO, Publisher.

The motto which appears upon the title-page of this unpretending volume modestly expresses the writer's own estimate of this his first literary 'venture,' in the form of a printed book:

'THE earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And these are of them.'

In the opening of his somewhat *too* epigrammatic preface, '*Words at the Thresh-old*,' the writer remarks: 'There are two requisites to make a book: the first is *garniture*, its general appearance: this invites: the second is *interest*: this entraps.' The initial requisite, here code-ed by our author, his little work certainly presents: his publisher is an honest and liberal publisher, and has done himself and his author justice in all the *externals* of the book: and the initial story in the volume, '*Gregory Ashton*,' is so crowded with incident, (variety and combination of incident,) that the '*interest*' which a production so dramatic must involve, should be enjoyed in a perusal of the whole, rather than of a part. Effective segregation, or connected quotation, would not be 'convenient,' nor prove to edification. 'Read the *whole* story:' it is not long: and is as change-ful and 'situation'-ish as CHARLES READE'S '*PEG WOFFINGTON*.'

A large proportion of the sketches and stories which form the contents of the volume before us, were contributed, in not remotely past years, to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. A 'practised pen' the writer did not and could not boast. He was mainly desirous, in '*his way*,' as he expressed it, to point some moral, in each and every one of the desultory papers which appeared in our work. That he did this, and did it to general acceptance, we believe will be admitted by our readers. But there is much in the handsome volume under notice which did *not* appear in the KNICKERBOCKER; and to this portion of the book we desire our readers to be attracted by a remembrance of what *did* so appear: knowing full well, that a vivid reminiscence of '*Tom Bolt's Nery*,' '*Landlord Wype*,' the '*Autobiography of Bill Money Dollars*,' and other kindred sketches, will suffice to scatter KIT KELVIN'S '*Kernels*' broad-cast before those who may heretofore have been interested in his communications. Let all such 'gobble 'em up;' for the 'corns' will expand easily, and form a full 'crop.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER THIRTEEN. — We proposed, in concluding the chapter of this 'Narrative-History' which appeared in our April number, to occupy a portion of the next one, in the consideration and exemplification of a voluminous and long-continued contributor, in prose and verse, to these pages; and we ventured to hint, that in acute observation, refinement of manner, and the adroit exercise of the *ars celare artem*, he might be held to 'divide the honors' with rare 'JOHN WATERS,' whom we had been especially considering. This contributor, so alluded to, was Mr. FREDERIC S. COZZENS, author of three volumes, collected from his writings at different periods in this Magazine, with smaller selections from one or two other sources: '*Prismatics*,' beautifully published (under the literary name of 'RICHARD HAYWARDE') by MESSRS. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, illustrated by DARLEY, KENSETT, HICKS and ROSSITER: '*The Sparrowgrass Papers*,' or '*Living in the Country*,' less attractively issued by MESSRS. DERRY AND JACKSON; and '*Acadia, or a Month among the Blue-Noses*,' from the same book-selling house. 'RICHARD HAYWARDE' began early to write for the KNICKERBOCKER: and from the first, his communications, whether in prose or verse, were not only always acceptable, but were always warmly welcomed. His first contribution to our work appeared some fourteen years ago, in the shape of a brief poem, entitled 'Worship,' which indicated the 'promise of his spring;' a poetical promise, that was thereafter more than fulfilled, as we shall take present occasion to show. We shall mention here a few farther specimens of 'RICHARD HAYWARDE's' earlier effusions, for the purpose of illustrating the possession by him, so long ago, of the same literary trait which distinguished Mr. HENRY CARY, or 'JOHN WATERS': namely, the evident '*lime labor*;' the care with which he gathered and grouped together the minute effects, which, combined, were to constitute a forcible and truthful picture. And we can say here to our young would-be-bards, that if they would give to deep thoughts, to felicitous ideas, to happy, fanciful conceits, the best garb in which they would have them appear, let them not regard the care and the labor which are required to produce such a result. Even men of the greatest GENIUS — that 'God-given gift' — who 'threw off things at a heat;' men like BYRON, for example, have not scorned to prune, revise, condense; alter, amend and emend. Remember the one sublime verse in CHILDE HAROLD, of which the

terrible manuscript, with BYRON's 'awful' corrections, remains extant in exact fac-simile. But this in passing.

'*Thoughts from the Top of Trinity*' was a prose-sketch, and the next in order, from Mr. HAYWARDE's pen. We think that in the two or three short passages which we subjoin, will be remarked the germination of a style of 'observation and record' which 'Mr. HAYWARDE,' 'Mr. SPARROWGRASS,' and Mr. 'BLUE-NOSE ACADIAN COZZENS' have made exceedingly individual. In that regard, if in no other, they are worth the scanning:

'WHEW! what a great stone-quarry the city is! — all rude, misshapen squares and angles. Methinks I would rather see the little red-tiled roofs of the ancient Belgii nestling down there amid the patriarchal trees than all these mighty monuments of art. What toil, expense and anxiety; what heart-burnings, bankruptcies and chicanery; what quarrelling of heirs, estrangement of friends, and fraternal feuds; what demollishment, rebuilding, discontent, casualties, and vexation of spirit has it cost to produce this crude, 'deformed, unfinished' bantling! — and the only redeeming thing about it, after all this great labor, is sweet Nature, twining her white arms in the shape of two rivers lovingly around it,

'*Even as a tender mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care.*'

'By the mass! but this cross is no child's toy! — my arm aches with holding on. See poor humanity below; there struts the proud, there goes poverty, bowing its lowly head; from the poor sempstress, in her worn and faded gown, through each successive mutation, up to the flounced and white-gloved lady in the crape shawl, who rustles along with a conscious dignity, as if she felt 'every sprig in her new silk dress;' from the poor pavior earning his daily bread with his stone mallet to the occupant of the elegant carriage who rolls over the street which his fellow-mortal is perfecting that he may be more at his ease; each with the little bundle of care, desire and anxiety packed up in its skull, winding off with much toil the mighty reel of life. What are they to me, the solitary watcher from this lofty spire? About as interesting as the animalculæ in a drop of water, or the figures in a phantasmagoria. . . . How the world has advanced during the last few centuries! — what mighty discoveries Science has revealed! — how piercing the vision which discovers a *World* in illimitable space, that in silence and darkness has been encircling the sun, unknown till now! The winged messengers on yonder wires travel faster than light itself! How great is man! Yet I declare to you, that if my dearest friend was at the base of this tower, I would not know him from ADAM! — and it is but two hundred and eighty feet high!

'Do you wish to depose me, ungentle zephyrs? or why thus beat the '*reppel*' with my coat-flaps on my sheep-skin? Rather let me ask why men wear these terminations, instead of short jackets? Is it not reversing the order of nature? Doth not the tadpole merge into the perfected frog by *dropping* his nether appendage? And should not humanity in like manner, growing up from the ground with much trimming, like unto a thrifty plant, develop at last the jacketed, perfected man?

'Think of this and reflect. Hark! the chimes! A fine hand this stone shaft makes for the great earth-clock. How unerringly it moves through space! Let me sit here for an hour, and from point to point we shall have travelled above a thousand miles. Before yon steamer with its tiny spume of white vapor reaches the High-

lands, we describe a segment stretching as far as the top of Saint Paul's dome, London!

'The chimes again!—another quarter gone. Gone with the past. Truly, my stone hippogriff travels through time as well as space. And I too with it; I too must soon become the denizen of a silent city like that we see amid the shadowing trees below; for I am old! Yes:

'RICHARD is old: the morning-land of life,
Threaded with sunny streams, purified with flowers,
Where erst was love, and joyance, and sweet May,
Now in the purple shadows of the west
Lies lost forever! Summer too has come,
Budded and blossomed, and the ripened fruit
In the expectant lap of autumn falls,
As the full-sphered life, three-quarters gone,
Slow rises on a white and wintry night.
Years have departed; where the acorn lay
Upstairs his sinewy arms the aged oak,
Stricken and leafless! Falls the April rain,
Comes the warm sunshine, bringing life to all—
To him no more: a rent and sapless trunk
Casts its unfruitful shadow on the ground,
And lo! the woodman and the axe are here!

'But I must descend from my 'pride of place.' If this little cord by which I am suspended between heaven and earth break, these would be among the posthumous works of RICHARD HAYWARDE. My literary remains would be gathered up from the stone pavement. So! softly! till I gain the casement.'

In '*Trout-Fishing, by an Amateur*,' the scene of which, the 'South-side' of 'Old Long-Island's Sea-girt Shore,' is a *locale* that has elicited much praise, in various graceful ways, from the writer's pen, the reader will trace the colloquial characteristics of the 'Blue-Nose' sketches. It was Mr. COZZENS' second prose article in the KNICKERBOCKER. The 'party' had been a-fishing the great part of a summer's day, without the encouragement of a bite; the pangs of hunger 'gat hold upon them;' and they sought the shore to assuage them:

'Nor far from the pond stood a cottage, whose windows, adorned with strings of dried cayenne-pods, rusty jews-harps, papers of pins, fly-spotted festoons of faded tape, and skeins of thread, damp-looking candies in topless jars, and cases of old ginger-cakes, of a pale and bilious complexion, gave fearful indications of a 'country store.'

'There was a little pinched-up face peering through the door-way as JOE came up; one of those faces peculiar to places situated in the vicinity of a 'salt-ma'sh.' It seemed as if the features had become impregnated with the saline effluvia, so dried and withered were they. Around the face was tied a little yellow-white cap; it might have been a night-cap, or a day-cap, or both; and on the tip-end of the nose a pair of plated spectacles hung suspended: the silver was nearly all gone; they were decidedly antiques; but the eyes within were as sharp and new as if they had just been made by some cunning jeweller and inserted that moment in their little orbits. There was a dun-colored calico gown belonging to the face, with a black bombazet apron in front; one of the hands held a snuff-box, and the other the lower half of the door.

'Can you give us dinner, Ma'am?' said JOE.

'Waäl, I guess not,' said the woman.

'We won't be particular, if you can give us something to eat; and as there is no other house within hail, we do n't know what to do unless you will be so kind,' said JOE, insinuatingly.

'Waal, I'll try,' said she; 'come back in abeout tew hours, and I guess we can give you *so'thin'*, any way. . Three on you?'

'Yes, Ma'am.'

'At the appointed hour the fishermen were on the spot, and the dinner was ready. *Imprimis*: a plate of balled salt-beef; *secundo*: a platter of boiled beans, each particular bean being as large as a pea-nut and twice as hard; then there was a round bowl of brown sugar, and a yellow tea-pot of tea, and some fresh ginger-bread, and some damp bread, and some dry salt butter. The eldest of the two men had been endeavoring to make an impression upon the beef with the carving-knife, but in vain. 'Madam,' said he, (and the big drops stood upon his brow,) 'have you any thing that will cut this beef?'

'Here's a shoe-maker's knife; we du make ebout best with that, sometimes,' said Madam SALINA.

'With this new weapon the attack was re-commenced, the outworks were fairly carried, and the beef 'gin in.'

'How much do you intend to charge, Ma'am, for this dinner?' said the spokesman.

'That depends upon heow much you eat.' (A pause.)

'Pray, Madam, may I ask what you paid for this beef?'

'Waal, I think I paid ten dollars a bar'l for it.'

'Ten dollars!—is it possible! What a shave! Why, they only ask seven, at the most,' said PISCARON.

'That mought be,' said SALINA; 'I bought that beef mor'n three years ago, and I ruther guess it was higher then than it is neow.'

'After a serious attack upon the viands, followed by copious libations of tea, they rose to depart.

'Hostess, what must we disburse to remunerate you for the sumptuous banquet you have provided for us?'

'Heow?' said SALINA.

'What is the grosse sum that we owe you? How much to pay?'

'Waal, I guess three shillin's won't be tew much.'

'For each?'

'No, for all.'

'Cheap enough, in all conscience! We bid you farewell, Madam.' And so they wended their way homeward, sadder but wiser men.

'*The Stone House on the Susquehannah*,' a narrative-tale, was continued in chapters through several numbers of the Magazine. It contained many fine descriptive scenes, and was altogether well written: but the author, to use a homely yet expressive phrase, 'got stuck,' and the 'Stone-House' was never completed: 'This man began to build, and was not able to finish: 'leastways,' he *did n't*.

If the reader will turn to the paper on '*Alliteration*,' in Mr. COZZENS' '*Pris-matics*,' he will get an inkling of the knowledge which he possesses of the manner in which musical *effects* in poetry are often produced. And no better exemplification of the fact that the writer 'practises what he preaches' could be found, than his own examples of exquisite versification. '*Bunker-Hill, an Old-Time Ballad*,' was bold, picturesque, and striking: but the *labor* was less concealed than in

many other of his poetical effusions. The '*Babylonish Ditty*,' for instance, is a perfect gem of versification; and as we have many readers who have never read the '*Prismatics*,' and certainly thousands among them who did not read them 'in the original' in our pages, we give ourselves the satisfaction, and them the certain pleasure, of quoting the '*Ditty*' entire:

A Babylonish Ditty.

'More than several years have faded, since my heart was first invaded
By a brown-skinned, gray-eyed siren, on the merry old 'South-Side';
Where the mill-flume cataracts glisten, and the agile blue-fish listen
To the fleet of phantom schooners floating on the weedy tide.

'T is the land of rum and romance, for the old South Bay is no man's,
But belongs (as all such places should belong) to Uncle SAM;
There you 'll see the amorous plover, and the woodcock in the cover,
And the silky trout all over, underneath the water-dam.

'There amid the sandy reaches, in among the pines and beeches,
Oaks, and various other kinds of old primeval forest trees,
Did we wander in the noon-light, or beneath the silver moon-light,
While in ledges sighed the sedges to the salt salubrious breeze.

'Oh! I loved her as a sister — often, often times I kissed her,
Holding prest against my vest her slender, soft, seductive hand;
Often by my mid-night taper, filled at least a quire of paper
With some graphic ode, or sapphic, 'To the nymph of Babyland.'

'Oft we saw the dim blue highlands, Coney, Oak, and other islands,
(Moles that dot the dimpled bosom of the sunny summer sea,)
Or 'mid polished leaves of lotus, whereso'er our skiff would float us,
Any where, where none could notice, there we sought alone to be.

'Thus till summer was senescent, and the woods were iridescent,
Dolphin tints, and hectic hints of what was shortly coming on,
Did I worship AMY MILTON, fragile was the faith I built on,
Then we parted; broken-hearted, I, when she left Babylon.

'As upon the moveless water lies the motionless frigate,
Flings her spars and spidery outlines lightly on the lucid plain,
But whene'er the fresh breeze bloweth, to more distant oceans goeth,
Never more the old haunt knoweth, never more returns again —

'So is woman evanescent; shifting with the shifting present;
Changing like the changing tide, and faithless as the fickle sea;
Lighter than the wind-blown thistle; false than the fowler's whistle
Was that coaxing piece of hoaxing — AMY MILTON's love to me:

'Yes, thou transitory bubble! floating on this sea of trouble,
Though the sky be bright above thee, soon will sunny days be gone;
Then when thou'rt by all forsaken, will thy bankrupt heart awaken
To those golden days of olden times in happy Babylon!

If it were in our power to repeat poetry as HALLECK reads it; if we could convey, as *he* conveys, almost a new enjoyment of a favorite author by his exquisite enunciation; we should like to pronounce aloud the foregoing poem to our readers. But its melody of language would 'speak for itself,' though it were proclaimed from the top of a dry tree, on a windy day, by a hoarse crow. We would recall to our readers' recollection, in the '*Prismatics*,' 'Aunt MIRANDA,' 'Orange Blossoms,' and 'The Last Picture,' as affording frequent examples of similar melody in numerous unmeasured prose sentences which pervade those sketches. The reader need not look, however, for the same characteristics in the

essays '*On the Habits of Irishmen*,' and eke '*On the Habits of Scotchmen*.' SATIRE (unminced) here growls and bites.

The '*Sparrowgrass Papers*' and '*The Blue Noses*' have been made so familiar to the public in these pages, and in recently-published and widely-circulated volumes, that reference to, or quotation from either, would be regarded as unnecessary and adscititious. We take our leave of '*Mr. HAYWARDE*' with a single extract from '*Captain Davis, a California Ballad*,' which still farther illustrates the truth of what we have advanced on a preceding page :

'ALL the heroes that ever were born,
Native or foreign, bearded or shorn,
From the days of HOMER to OMAR PASHA
Who mauled and maltreated the troops of the Czar,
And drove the rowdy Muscovite back,
Fin and Livonian, Pole and Cossack,
From gray Ladoga to green Ukraine,
And other parts of the Russian domain,
With an intimation exceedingly plain,
That they'd better cut! and not come again!
All the heroes of olden time
Who have jingled alike in armor and rhyme,
HERCULES, HECTOR, QUINTUS CURTIUS,
POMPEY, and Pegasus-riding PERSEUS,
BRAVE BAYARD, and the brave ROLAND,
Men who never a fight turned backs on;
CHARLES the Swede, and the Spartan band,
CORIOLANUS, and General JACKSON,
RICHARD the Third, and MARCUS BRUTUS,
And others, whose names won't rhyme to suit us,
Must certainly sink in the dim profound
When Captain DAVIS's story gets round.

'Know ye the land of mines and vines,
Of monstrous turnips and giant pines,
Of monstrous profits and quick declines,
And Howland and Aspinwall's steamship lines?

Know ye the land so wondrous fair?
Fame has blown on his golden bugle,
From Battery-place to Union-square,
Over the Park and down McDougal;
Hither, and thither, and every where,
In every city its name is known;
There is not a grizzly Wall-street bear
That does not shrink when the blast is blown:

There DIVES sits on a golden throne,
With LAZARUS holding his shield before,
Charged with a heart of auriferous stone,
And a pick-axe and spade on a field of *or*.
Know ye the land that looks on Ind?
There only you'll see a pacific sailor,
Its song has been sung by JENNY LIND,
And the words were furnished by BAYARD TAYLOR.

'Seaward stretches a valley there,
Seldom frequented by men or women;
Its rocks are hung with the prickly-pear,
And the golden balls of the wild persimmon;
Haunts congenial to wolf and bear,
Covered with thickets, are every where;
There's nothing at all in the place to attract us,
Except some grotesque kinds of cactus;
Glittering beetles with golden wings,
Royal lizards with golden rings,
And a gorgeous species of poisonous snake,
That lets you know when he means to battle
By giving his tail a rousing shake,
To which is attached a muffled rattle.

'Captain DAVIS, (JONATHAN B.),
 With JAMES McDONALD, of Alabama,
 And Dr. BOLIVAR SPARKS were *thar*,
 Cracking the rocks with a miner's hammer;
 Of the valley they'd heard reports
 'That plenty of gold was there in quarts :'
 Gold in quartz they marked not there,
 But p'intz enough on the prickly pear,
 As they very soon found
 When they sat on the ground,
 To scrape the blood from their cuts and scratches;
 For a rickety cactus had stripped them bare,
 And cobbled their hides with crimson patches.
 Thousands of miles they are from home,
 Hundreds from San Francisco city;
 Little they think that near them roam
 A baker's dozen of wild banditti;
 Fellows who prowl, like stealthy cats,
 In velvet jackets and sugar-loaf hats,
 Covered all over with trinkets and crimes,
 Watches and crosses, pistols and feathers,
 Squeezing virgins and wives like limes,
 And wrapping their legs in unpatented leathers :
 Little they think how close at hand
 Is that cock-of-the-walk — 'the Bold Brigand !'

'Music,' says HALLECK, 'is every where ;'
 Harmony guides the whole creation ;
 But when a bullet sings in the air
 So close to your hat that it moves your hair,
 To enjoy it requires a taste quite rare,
 With a certain amount of cultivation.
 But never music, homely or grand,
 GUST's 'Norma' or GUXEL's band,
 The distant sound of the watch-dog's bark,
 The coffee-mill's breakfast-psalm in the cellar,
 'Home, Sweet Home,' or the sweet 'Sky-lark,'
 Sung by Miss PRIN, in 'Cinderella ;'
 Songs that remind us of days of yore,
 Curb-stone ditties we loved to hear,
 'Brewers' yeast !' and 'Straw, oat straw !'
 'Lily-white corn, a penny an ear !'
 Rustic music of chanticleer,
 'Robert the Devil,' by MEYERBEER,
 Played at the 'Park' when the Woods were here,
 Or any thing else that an echo brings
 From those mysterious vibrant strings,
 That answer at once, like a telegraph line,
 To notes that were written in 'Old Lang Syne ;'
 Nothing, I say, ever played or sung,
 Organ panted, or bugle rung,
 Not even the horn on the Switzer Alp,
 Was half so sweet to the Captain's ear
 As the sound of the bullet that split his scalp,
 And told him a scrimmage was awful near.

'Come, O Danger ! in any form,
 'The earthquake's shock or the ocean-storm ;'
 Come, when its century's weight of snow
 The avalanche hurls on the Swiss chateau ;
 Come with the murderous Hindoo Thug,
 Come with the Grizzly's fearful hug,
 With the Malay's stab, or the adder's fang,
 Or the deadly flight of the boomerang,
 But never come when carbines bang
 That are fired by men who must fight or hang.

'Had I BRYANT's belligerent skill,
 Would n't I make this a bloody fight ?

Or ALFRED TENNYSON's crimson quill,
 What thundering, blundering lines I'd write!
 I'd batter, and hack, and cut, and stab,
 And gouge, and throttle, and curse, and jab;
 I'd wade to my ears in oaths and slaughter,
 Pour out blood like brandy and water;
 Hit 'em again if they asked for quarter,
 And clinch, and wrestle, and yell, and bite.
 But I never could wield a carnivorous pen
 Like either of those intellectual men;
 I love a peaceful, pastoral scene,
 With drowsy mountains, and meadows green,
 Covered with daisies, grass, and clover,
 Mottled with Dorset or South-down sheep —
 Better, than fields with a red turf over,
 And men piled up in a Waterloo heap.
 But, notwithstanding, my fate cries out:
 'Put Captain DAVIS in song and story!
 That children hereafter may read about
 His deeds in the Rocky-Cañon foray!'

'But would n't I like to spread a few pages
 All over with arms of the middle ages?
 Would n't I like to expatiate
 On Captain DAVIS in chain or plate? —
 Spur to heel, and plume to crest,
 Visor barred, and lance in rest,
 Long, cross-bilted brand to wield,
 Cuirass, gauntlets, mace, and shield;
 Cased in proof himself and horse,
 From frontlet-spike to buckler-boss;
 Harness glistening in the sun,
 Plebeian foes, and twelve to one!
 I tell you now there's a beautiful chance
 To make a hero of old romance;
 But I'm painting his picture for after-time,
 And do n't mean to sacrifice truth for rhyme.'

Some time, when it is quite 'convenient,' we should like any one of our poetically-disposed readers to try to *imitate* the skill which entered into the construction of these lines: the faultless rhythm, the spirit, the complete *naturalness*, both of thought and execution. Meantime, if the court please, on this point 'we rest.'

THE recent death of Mr. WILLIAM E. BURTON, Comedian, (with all the particulars relating thereto,) has been made known to our readers in every part of the country. To speak of him as an actor; to say that he was irresistibly effective in the personation of his comic characters; that his 'TOODLES,' his Captain CUTTLE, and other the like personations, were matchless *individualizations*, would be simply to say what every theatre-goer knows, throughout the length and breadth of the land. He was well educated; was an easy, pleasant writer; thoroughly 'well read' in the English classics; and loved SHAKESPEARE almost to idolatry. More than a score of years since he contributed a series of papers to the KNICKERBOCKER, which extended through many numbers, and formed a marked feature in the 'Original Papers' of the work. '*An Actor's Alloquy*,' especially, was replete with interest and amusement; and it is but simple justice to the literary memory of Mr. BURTON, that we should permit him to represent *himself* in the 'Historical Narrative' of a periodical, in which he first essayed to gain an *American* literary reputation. We quote from the '*Alloquy*' two

capital anecdotes of CHARLES KEAN, and certain other amusing passages, which indicate Mr. BURTON's skill as a word-painter :

'WHEN the committee and performers of Drury Lane Theatre resolved to present KEAN with a magnificent cup, Mr. PETER MOORE, one of the committee, asked MUNDEN, the celebrated comedian, for his subscription. Now the parsimonious habits of 'Funny Jox' are no secret. Indeed, he never parted with his cash under any consideration. 'Subscription, Sir!' said he, twisting his mouth more upon one side than ever, buttoning up his breeches pocket, and drawing his coat down over it, like an experienced general determined to defend his *capital* from all attacks; 'subscription, Sir! — for what?'

'To express our opinion of this inimitable tragedian.'

'Sir, I never liked tragedy.'

'But, Mr. MUNDEN, you are a member of Drury Lane Theatre; Mr. KEAN's talents have saved the establishment, and we wish to present him with a gold cup.'

'A gold cup!' said JOE, rolling the words about in his capacious mouth; 'what dreadful extravagance! You know what SHAKESPEARE says: 'Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredients are — devils!''

'But this cup, Mr. MUNDEN, will be an honor to all concerned.'

'The ingredients are devils, Sir; I'll have nothing to do with the mixing. Can't Mr. KEAN have his cups, without my paying for them?'

'A memento, Mr. MUNDEN; an honorable memorial —'

'Not at my expense; you are very welcome to *cup* Mr. KEAN, but I'll be hanged if you shall *bleed* me!'

'When playing at Exeter, in the height of his popularity, KEAN was invited to dine with some gentlemen at one of the principal hotels. He drove there in his carriage. The dinner was announced; the table sumptuously decorated; and the landlord, all bows and submission, hoped that the gentlemen and their distinguished visitor found every thing to their satisfaction. KEAN stared at him for some moments, then said: 'Your name is —?'

'It is, Mr. KEAN; I have had the honor of meeting you before.'

'You kept, some years ago, a small tavern, in the outskirts of this town?'

'I did, Mr. KEAN. Fortune has been kind to us both since then. I recollect you, Sir, when you belonged to our theatre here.'

'And I, Sir,' said KEAN, jumping up, 'recollect you. Many years ago, I came into your paltry tavern, after a long journey, with my suffering wife and a sick child, all of us wet to the skin. I asked you for a pint of beer. You answered me like a dog, and refused to trust the liquor out of your hands, till you had received the pence, its value. I left my family by your inhospitable fire-side, while I sought for lodgings. On my return, you ordered me, like a brute, to take my wife and brat from your house, and abused me for not spending in drink, the money I had not for food. Fortune, as you say, has done something for us both, since then; but you are still the same, I see — the grasping, griping, greedy money-hunter. I, Sir, am still the same. I am now in my zenith — I was then at its nadir; but I am the same man, the same KEAN you ordered from your doors, and I have now the same hatred to oppression I had then: and, by — I'll not eat nor drink in the house belonging to so heartless a scoundrel. Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for this outbreak, but were I to dine under the roof of this time-serving, gold-loving brute, the first mouthful would choke me, I am sure.' *Aussi tôt dit aussi tôt fait.* KEAN kept his word, and the party adjourned to another hotel.

'JOHN FAWCETT, the strictest and best stage-manager Covent Garden theatre ever boasted, gave TOKELY some good advice on the subject of drink. TOKELY was an excellent comedian, and could he have conquered his bibulous propensities, must have reached a lofty eminence; but he sunk beneath the vice, and added one more name to the long, long list of men of mind who have yielded to the triumphs of rum. FAWCETT admired his talent, and did his best to wean him from his practices, but in vain. TOKELY came drunk to rehearsal more than once, and FAWCETT, irritated at his conduct, spoke him thus: 'What a beast you must be, to swill in this way, so early in the morning! Look at yourself, and if the liquor has not drowned every feeling of shame, blush while I draw your picture. Unwashed hands and face, a long beard, foul linen, and dirty boots; a fiery and loathsome breath, an unsteady gait, and the countenance of an idiot. You have become an object of pity to your friends, of derision to your enemies, of annoyance to your manager, a curse to your family, and a disgrace to the profession you otherwise might honor. This is what you gain for a momentary gratification. If you must drink—and nothing seems able to stop you—at least get drunk like a gentleman, and never drink till you have dined.' TOKELY was too blue to remember any thing of this sermon upon temperance but the last line. The next morning he was called to rehearsal at ten o'clock. He reeled in from the gin-shop, and stood before FAWCETT, most obviously swipesy. The manager shook his head, more in sorrow than in anger; but TOKELY, cocking his hat, and buttoning up his coat in all the seeming confidence of right, said, with many hiccoughs: 'It's all right, Sir—I have followed your advice—it's all right: *I've dined!*'

'BETWEEN the manager, licenser, and actors, a dramatist in England may occasionally find himself in the situation of a painter, who having employed an engraver to copy a favorite picture, has it returned with these remarks: 'I have made two or three little alterations, which I think you will find very much to your advantage. That young lady, now, upon whom you have bestowed so much attention—was she not too conspicuous? I thought she would interfere with the development of that donkey there; and as I am a good hand at donkeys, I cut out the lady, and brought the donkey a little more forward. You will excuse my changing your setting sun to a full moon: moons take well now, and it has not materially altered the shading. Don't you think your hero was too insipid? I have taken the liberty of giving him whiskers, and something of a martial air. By the way, what made you place your scene in Ireland? Italy, my dear Sir, is much better; so I have put in a few ruins of temples and some brigands there, instead of that mountain in the back-ground.' Many plays have been produced upon the stage, bearing as much resemblance to the author's original intention, as the above alterations would produce in the engraver's copy of the painting.'

'No one need envy the manager whom many authors try to please. I was once engaged in the former capacity, and the quires of rubbish that I was compelled to wade through, absolutely sickened me of even the sight of a manuscript. I was forced to remember some of the points of each piece, for the scribblers knew every line by heart, and asked my opinion of such and such passages: 'How did this character come out!' 'Was not that situation in the fourth act new and good?' etc. I do believe, from the number of pieces presented to that theatre alone, that every man, and every other woman in the world, have, during some portion of their

lives, been concerned in the fabrication of a dramatic piece. I remember quieting one fellow, who would not be convinced that his tragedy, in *six* acts, called 'THEMOPYLE, OR THE PHENOMENA OF BRAVERY,' written in Alexandrines, was not calculated to advance the interests of the theatre by its production.

"Have you ever read any thing like it?" said he.

"Never."

"Would it not create an immense sensation, if performed?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then why not produce it?"

"We should perhaps find it difficult to allay the sensation."

"I see; you are afraid it would fail; you surely do not understand my tragedy," said he, with an arrogant air.

"My dear Sir," said I, bowing, 'I confess that I have not presumption enough to take such a liberty.'

'Singers are the greatest nuisances that authors have to deal with. DIBDIN tells some queer anecdotes of them in his *Reminiscences*. A mere singer never knows the words of his or her parts, and even in the poetry of the songs, will make very strange mistakes. An eminent HENRY BERTRAM, in the finale of the opera which ought to run thus:

'If you deny us your applause,
We've neither right nor might,'

always says, instead of the last line:

'I'm neither right nor tight.'

I have heard a man sing the ballad of 'Will Watch,' the bold Smuggler, with thrilling effect, — yet instead of singing:

'He was borne to the earth by the crew he had died with.'

he altered it to

'The crew he had *dined* with!'

'SINCLAIR continually makes a strange mistake in 'Rob Roy'. FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE has to say: 'RASHLEIGH is my cousin; but, for what reason I know not, he is my bitterest enemy.' SINCLAIR uses a different punctuation, and says: 'RASHLEIGH is my cousin, but for what reason I know not; he is my bitterest enemy.' Not singing the original song in 'Guy Mannering,' one night, he gave the following speech as a cue to the leader, to strike up the symphony of the substituted song: 'Here I am, all alone on this cursed heath, without sixpence in my pocket, like — 'Love among the Roses!'' Miss FORDE, a vocalist of some pretensions, played BARBARA in the 'Iron Chest:' when her lover is torn from her to be tried for his life, she ought to sing the very pretty and pathetic ballad of 'The Willow;' but this young lady said: 'Poor WILFORD! he goes to certain death, I fear; but never shall I forget — Merrily oh!' etc., and off she went, at a hand gallop, into the lively and patriotic song of 'Merrily every bosom boundeth.'

'A young lady who was pretty and intelligent, lately played OPHELIA, and sang the snatches of song in the mad scenes with much sweetness and effect. The newspaper critics advised her to try *DEADEMONA*, and sing the original ballad. Her 'John Jones' at the opposition theatre caught the idea, and instantly played the part, but not knowing the original, she introduced 'Give me but my Arab Steed,' and 'The Bonny Wee Wife.' This is absolutely a fact.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—A friendly correspondent, from whose letter concerning WASHINGTON IRVING's story of *'Mountjoy'* we quoted a passage in our April number, in a second note to the Editor, writes feelingly and truly, as follows: 'What a treasury of interest and delight might be gathered from the recollections of those who have read Mr. IRVING's works, in different parts of the world; who associate some book of his with strange scenes abroad, or with incidents of personal history! No doubt to many the sight of some of his volumes will recall hours of enjoyment spent in the company of friends, who live only in memory. Will not the *'Sketch-Book'* recall to some mind a vision of some face, long since gone from the living, whose varying expression showed with what interest kind ears heard the pages read by familiar lips? Or will it not bring back to the memory the music of some voice never more to be heard on earth? How true it is, that charming as genial books are, they may derive a new charm, and often a most touching spell, from some gentle association. Favorite books hold the keys of some of the dearest treasures of memory. Vividly can I bring back the place of reading for the second time, the *'Conquest of Granada.'* It was on the deck of a vessel bound homeward from the Mediterranean. And the time was the pleasant month of May, when that sea and the sky above it were in all their glory; and the passengers gathered upon the quarter-deck, and one read for the pleasure of all. We were close to the Spanish shore. The wind was fair and gentle; and we could look up, when we would, and see rising from the plains of Andalusia the snowy mountains, to which allusion is so often made in the book. Three of my fellow-passengers had recently visited Granada; had wandered over all the strange and mysterious halls of the Alhambra; and I had myself visited Malaga, and looked often upon the lofty fortress where the warlike Moors made their last effort of defence in the siege. What an absorbing interest was added to the book, when on the mention of some romantic stronghold of old Granada, eager lips would at once describe its present appearance; and, when the glories of the Alhambra were set forth, as IRVING only could do it, how inspiring it was to have the glowing pictures of the printed pages confirmed by the enthusiastic testimony of living voices. In the *'Conquest of Granada,'* Mr. IRVING seems to excel himself in vivid description. If one could have the heart to find any fault with so intensely interesting a volume, it would be only to express a doubt, whether IRVING duly valued the moral grandeur of that Conquest; whether he does not sometimes, while describing its scenes, permit his exquisite irony to play too sharply with the motives and reasons of that first decisive rejection from Europe of Mohammedan usurpation. To my mind two of the most impressive events of modern history are, the celebration of the *TE DEUM* over the restoration of Granada to Christian sovereignty, and the kneeling of COLUMBUS on the shore of the new world. It is certainly very striking, that the very power which was the first to break Mohammedan sway in Europe, should also have been the first to disclose the new world to the old. I have also read some one of IRVING's books on the shore of

the Mississippi, and of the far-distant Missouri, at a place not long ago an outpost of civilization; also within view of the long-rolling waves of the Pacific; and again, high up among the Andes, with snowy peaks visible on every side. You may judge, then, how greatly I prize his books, not only for themselves, but for the varied associations of their perusal; and more than all now, for that halo of the loving kindness of his living presence which they will ever wear.' Whenever I read him, I shall see him.' - - - LITTLE do the thousands upon thousands of American ladies, who sit down to operate *I. M. Singer and Company's Sewing-Machines*, know of the mystery and magnitude of their manufacture. That the machines are in universal demand, and are conceded to be the best made in the United States, is sufficiently well known and well attested. But never have we visited a manufactory, of any description, with more interest than Messrs. SINGER AND COMPANY's establishment in Mott-street, in our city. It is a vast six-story fire-proof structure, one hundred feet front by four hundred deep, in a style of architecture not surpassed in beauty by any similar edifice in the metropolis. The following description, by the New-York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Daily Press* 'tells the whole story' of the aforesaid six stories:

'DESCENDING by iron stairs to the sub-basement, we reach the engine-room, the floor of which, covered with a neat oil-cloth, looks neat and tidy enough for a lady's boudoir. Here an engine of eighty horse power runs with noiseless and admirable precision, driving the many-wheeled and infinitely complicated machinery distributed throughout the building. On other parts of this floor are piled up in cords, as farmers in the country 'cord-up' their wood, huge pigs of iron, of which from seven to eight tons are melted and run through the furnace daily.

'The floor above is used as a moulding and casting-room, and in this murky smithy some sixty or seventy men, roofed with quaintly-shaped newspaper caps, and clad in garments of 'deepest, dingiest azure,' are kept constantly at work, moulding and casting the iron parts of the machines.

'The first, or street floor, is occupied as a store-room for the machines when finished and ready for sale or shipment. On this floor, also, is a large apartment wherein are stored vast quantities of thread and silk, spun expressly for use on these machines. The silk is manufactured principally at Northampton, Massachusetts; the linen thread is imported from Ireland. Adjoining this is what is called the 'Experiment Room,' from which strangers and employes are usually excluded. Here an ingenious gentleman is kept sedulously employed making improvements — each fresh step forward usually suggesting another.

'The second floor is called the main shop, where most of the different parts of the instrument are manufactured. Here may be found every variety of tool for cutting, boring, planing, smoothing, and polishing — lathes of all kinds, wheels of every conceivable sort; huge cutting-machines, noisy trip-hammers, drills, augers, and borers innumerable. The loud whiz and hum is like that of a very Babel; yet all is done 'decently and in order,' and with the accuracy of the multiplication-table.

'The third story is devoted to making the smaller parts of the machine, such as require more delicate manipulation and higher finish. A considerable portion of this floor is divided off by a wide screen, and used as a shop for repairing tools and machinery.

'In the fourth story the machines are adjusted and tested. Not one is taken thence until thoroughly tested in every particular. Each little part of the machine, on being placed in its proper position, is carefully examined, and the whole instrument afterward subjected to thorough trial. It would not pay to send out an imperfect machine.

'The fifth floor is as quiet as the third and fourth are noisy. Here the machines are

painted, varnished, and gilded. On benches extending along the entire front of the building, men are busy ornamenting the iron work of the machines with flowers and curious devices in gold and silver leaf, and the rapidity and neatness with which they do it is surprising. At one end of this room are two large iron vaults, as large as an Irishman's shanty, heated to a high temperature, inside of which are iron racks whereon the machines are placed and the paint and varnish rapidly dried.

'The sixth story is occupied by the pattern and frame-makers, and the attic for storage. Each floor is amply provided with water-closets, cleanly kept, and every thing requisite for the comfort and convenience of the men. Each floor is kept brightly scrubbed, and the ventilation of the whole building carefully attended to.

'The number of workmen employed in this iron temple of industry and inventiveness is over six hundred, whose wages average from ten to twelve dollars per week. Yet large as this number is, enabling the manufactory to turn out about seventy machines per day, the proprietors have erected in Delancy street a building three times as large, capable of working eighteen hundred men.'

Such are the places where are manufactured, to an extent unsurpassed in the world, the famous machines of SINGER AND COMPANY. The superiority, in all respects, operative and external, of these efficient and beautiful machines is fully attested by these pregnant facts. DEMAND is the one expressive monosyllable, which is very 'satisfactory.' - - - WHEN HORACE AND JAMES SMITH wrote the 'Rejected Addresses,' they did not resurrect ADDISON or GOLDSMITH for imitation. Their style was too pure for travesty. So it was with IRVING, then at the height of his popularity in England. But when the 'Rejected Addresses' themselves were imitated in 'Warreniana,' an inferior pen *did* attempt a parody of GEOFFREY CRAYON's sketch of ROSCOE, in the opening of the Sketch-Book. Let us see what was made of it :

'As, for this reverential purpose, I was once buying a pot of blacking, at number 90 Strand, my attention was attracted to a person who was seated, in a state of deep abstraction, behind the counter. He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by care, perhaps by business. He had a noble Roman style of countenance, a head that would have pleased a painter; and though some slight furrows on either side his nose showed that snuff and sorrow had been busy there, yet his eye still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling shop-boys around him.

'I inquired his name, and was informed that it was WARREN. I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This, then, was an artist of celebrity; this was one of those imaginative spirits, whose newspaper advertisements had gone forth to the ends of the earth, and with whose blacking I had polished my shoes, even in the solitudes of America! It was a moment pregnant with emotion; and though the popular graces of his poetry had made me familiar with the name of WARREN yet it could not diminish the reverence which his immediate presence inspired.

'As I quitted his abode, the recollection of this great man gave a tone of deep meditation to my mind. I recalled what I had heard of his character, his lowly origin, and subsequent elevation; his unconquerable diligence, and rich poetic fancy. Nature, I internally exclaimed, appears to have disseminated her bounties with a more impartial profusion than our vanity is willing to allow. If to one favorite she has assigned the glittering endowments of rank and fortune, she has com-

pensated the want of them in another, by an intellect of superior elevation. Such has been the case with Mr. WARREN. Though humble in origin, and suckled amid scenes repulsive to the growth of mind, he has yet contrived to hew himself a path to the Temple of Fame, and having become the poetical paragon of the Strand, has turned the whole force of his genius to manufacture and to eulogize his blacking. This prudent concentration of his faculties has been attended with the most felicitous consequences. The stream of his fancy, that before flowed over a wide, ungrateful surface, by contracting its channel has deepened its power, and now rolls onward to the ocean of eternity, reflecting on its bosom the rich lights of poesy and wit.

‘Independently, however, of his imagination, this mighty manufacturer has shown how much may be effected by diligence alone, and how attractive it may present itself in the columns of a newspaper, the placards of a pedestrian, or the sides of a church-yard wall. The memoranda of his name and profession display themselves in alphabetical beauty at every department of the metropolis. They have elbowed Doctor SOLOMON’S Elixir, pushed DAY and MARTIN from their stools, and taken the wall of that interesting anomaly, the Mermaid. Such is the triumph of genius. Doctor SOLOMON is dead and gone, and there is no balm in Gilead; but WARREN’S blacking will be immortal. Its virtues will insure its eternity; for not only doth it irradiate boots, shoes, and slippers with a gentle and oleaginous refulgence, but while it preserves the leather, it cherishes, like piety, the old and stricken sole.

‘In America, we know Mr. WARREN only as the tradesman; in Europe, Asia, and Africa, he is spoken of as the poet; and at the Canaries, on my voyage to England, I was told by a Hottentot of his having been unfortunate in love. I was sensibly afflicted at the intelligence, but felt that the illustrious invalid was far, far above the reach of pity. There are some lofty minds that soar superior to calamity, as the Highlands of the Hudson tower above the clouds of earth. WARREN has a soul of this stamp. His majestic spirit may feel, but will not bow before the strong arm of adversity. The blighting winds of care may howl around him in their fury, but like the oak of the forest, he will stand unshaken to the last. Beside, it may, perhaps, be to this very accident that his advertisements owe their charm; for the mind, when breathed over by the scathing mildew of calamity, naturally turns for refreshment to its own healing stores of intellect.

‘I do not wish to censure, but surely, surely if the commercial residents of the Strand had been properly sensible of what was due to Mr. WARREN and themselves, they would have evinced some public mark of sympathy with his misfortune. They would have shown him those gentle and unobtrusive attentions which win their way in silence to the heart, when the more noisy professions of esteem stick like Amen in the larynx of MACBETH. Even I, stranger and sojourner as I am in the land, can heave the sigh of pity for his sorrows; what then should be the sensibility of those who have seen him grow up a bantling, as it were, of their own; who have marked the plant put forth its first tender blossoms, and watched its growing luxuriance, until the period when it overshadowed the Strand with the matured abundance of its foliage?

‘But it is an humbling reflection for the pride of human intellect, that the value of an object is seldom felt, until it be forever lost. Thus, when the grave has closed around him, the name of WARREN may be possibly recalled with sentiments of sincerest affection. At present, while yet in existence, he is undervalued by an invidi-

ous vicinity. But the man of letters, who speaks of the Strand, speaks of it as the residence of WARREN. The intelligent traveller who visits it, inquires where WARREN is to be seen. He is the literary land-mark of the place, indicating its existence to the distant scholar. He is like POMPEY's column at Alexandria, towering alone in classic dignity.'

Now read Mr. IRVING's sketch of ROSCON, and compare the two. The salient points, for imitation or travesty, of a pure, transparent style, are 'few and far between.' - - - We rejoice, in common with thousands of our countrymen, that the beloved and lamented IRVING has at length been honored by a TRIBUTE which renders adequate justice to his life, his writings, and his genius. It was most fitting that such a pen as BRYANT's should be employed in the masterly portrayal of the personal traits and literary career, and eminent, blameless life, of our most illustrious American author. Our ex-cellent friend, the Ex-President of our Good *Saint Nicholas*, (we write on PAÏS Monday,) Ex-Governor of our State, Mr. KING, in moving a vote of thanks to Mr. BRYANT for his eloquent address, well and truthfully observed: 'The persuasive eloquence of the orator strongly moves me to express my sentiments with reference to that address. It was eminently worthy of him who made it. It was a delicate and beautiful tribute to a friend, such as it rarely falls to the lot of any man to receive. Kindred in the powers of their mind, each having received, as they deserved, the praise of their countrymen, and the approval of those wherever they are who can appreciate the finished efforts of finished minds, it was eminently becoming upon this occasion that he who survives in all his strength and power should bear his testimony to the gentle character and literary fame of him whose course is run. It has been well remarked, as a matter of coincidence worthy of note, that the same pen which described with matchless ability the courage and enterprise of the sagacious discoverer of this western continent, had also with equal ability portrayed the life and character of WASHINGTON, the great and good, who in after years, upon the same continent, founded the first republic of equal rights the world has ever seen. May it be perpetual, and with it the poetry and writings of its distinguished sons.' The entire proceedings before the Historical Society, the speeches from distinguished orators present, and the letters from men of eminence who were unavoidably absent, will soon be published in an enduring form. We shall not permit the pamphlet, with its valuable contents, to escape the knowledge of our readers.

Mr. EDWARD EVERETT worthily followed Mr. BRYANT: and one passage of his brief speech is so characteristically eloquent, that we cannot resist the inclination to quote it in this place: 'At the darkest hour which preceded the dawn of our national literature, the first purple gleam of IRVING's fancy began to blush in the east. Soon the sky was seen to redden and glow with the coming splendors; hope and expectation strained their waiting eyes toward the glorious light, and anon the sun of his resplendent genius arose, with healing in his wings, and moved with steadfast glory up to the meridian. Then, like the sun on Gideon, it stood still — a long and gladsome noon — shedding light and joy through the world of letters, till it went down at length with unclouded beams to the golden west. His fame and his favor grew with the growth and strength-

'The apothecary came, not to be consulted, for his lordship was physician-general in his own family, but to obey orders; to 'bleed the patient copiously,' 'shave his head,' 'clap a large blister on his back,' and 'give him a powerful dose of physic!'

'After a few days of this treatment, when the fellow emerged weak and wan as the severest illness could have made him, he was met by the lord, his master, with:

'Hah! honest JOHN! I'm truly glad to see you alive. You have had a wonderful escape, though, and you ought to be very thankful indeed, *very* thankful. Why, man, if I had n't passed by and spied the plight you were in, you would have been dead before now: but JOHN,' lifting up a warning finger, '*no more of these Fevers!*'

He was not sick again! - - - 'ONCE upon a time,' and it was a pleasant summer morning, we were standing chatting with our late lamented friend, CHARLES M. LEUPP, in the 'vestibule' of the great 'Leather House,' number ~~words, crossing an i to make it a t, or distinguishing between an i and a j,~~ probably did not occur to the Teutonic translator, and the manufacturer's printer 'followed copy.' We only wish that the reader could have before him the original lithographed label (or *libel*) itself:

'Anweisung.

'Diese magnetischen Gegenstände werden in Wasser sehr schnell nach der beliebigen Leitung des beiliegenden Stabes schwimmen. Eben so schnell werden sie zurück schwimmen, wenn der Stab ihnen umgekehrt vorgehalten wird. Die Fische bei welchen sich gewöhnlich Haken oder Angel befinden, können mit denselben gefangen und aus dem Wasser gehoben werden.'

'Instruction.

'Les objets magnetiques, nageront dans l'eau très-vite, suivant la direction du bâton accompagné ils retourneront aussi vite si l'on renverse le bâton. Les poissons sont pêchés au hameau ou à l'ameçon, qui sont ordinairement ajoutés.'

'Instruction.

'If these magnetic toys are put in water and you hold the point of the little stick which is added to them just before them, they will follow it exactly in every direction but if you will use the other end of the stick they will go backward. The fish may be caught and lakenout of the water with the angle or hook, which is commonly sold with them.'

It is a high recommendation of these magnetic '*Fische*,' that even if 'lackenoul' of the water, they will not expire! - - - DURING the exciting campaign of 185-, in Illinois, a prominent politician made a disunion speech at Quincy. After he was through, and before the crowd had dispersed, a man who styled himself '*The Aforesaid M.D.*,' was called for. He was lifted upon the platform, so drunk that he could not stand without holding on to something. He said:

of course that some valuable document, or deed of property, rich jewelry, or costly plate would be found in it. But what did they find? They found the toys of his little child, who had gone before him. Richer to him were they than all the world's wealth — richer than his coronet: brighter than all the jewels that sparkled on its crest. Not his estate, not his jewels, not his equipage, nothing glorious and great in this world; but the dearest objects to him were the toys of his little child.' - - - 'Do you remember a Ghost-story,' writes a town-correspondent, 'which COLERIDGE mentions in his '*Table-Talk*,' as having been told to him by WASHINGTON ALLSTON, in London? It is quite as 'striking'

ous vicinity. But the man of letters, who speaks of the Strand, speaks of it as the residence of WARREN. The intelligent traveller who visits it, inquires where WARREN is to be seen. He is the literary land-mark of the place, indicating its existence to the distant scholar. He is like POMPEY's column at Alexandria, towering alone in classic dignity.'

Now read Mr. IRVING's sketch of ROSCON, and compare the two. The salient points, for imitation or travesty, of a pure, transparent style, are 'few and far between.' - - - We rejoice, in common with thousands of our countrymen, that the beloved and lamented IRVING has at length been honored by a TRIBUTE which renders adequate justice to his life, his writings, and his genius. It was most fitting that such a pen as BRYANT's should be employed in the masterly portrayal of the personal traits and literary career, and eminent, blameless

Our reporter could hear no more, for the roars of laughter which ensued, as the 'Doctor' fell from the platform. - - - We have never seen Mr. ROBERT BONNER, of the '*New-York Weekly Ledger*;' we never have written to him; never exchanged a line with him; and were we to meet him this moment, we should not, as they say out west, 'know him from a deep hole in the ground,' or 'recognize his hide in a tan-yard:' but although we do not know him personally, we know *of* him: we know that he prints a good and interesting paper, which, *because* it is such a paper, has attained an unparalleled circulation. All his eminent correspondents are as familiar to our readers, through their original productions in these pages, as they are to his: and we rejoice in the reputation which the editor and his coadjutors have imparted to his handsome sheet. There appeared some time since, in the KNICKERBOCKER, against our strenuous protest, and against the wish of the publisher, an article reflecting upon the '*Ledger*,' entitled '*Edward Everett writes for Bonner*.' In a subsequent number, in quoting a most kind letter from Mr. EVERETT to the EDITOR, written long before, we endeavored to make the *amends honorable* both to the Ledger and to Mr. EVERETT. We mention these facts at this time, that the act of an associate, who had temporary charge at that time of the 'body' of our work, may not be laid at our door, or that of our publisher. - - - The following '*Cure for Intemperance*,' which we find in one of our portfolios, is a rich specimen of very odd but very effective 'medical treatment.' Not to put *too* fine a point upon it, it smacks somewhat of 'sharp practice:'

'An eccentric English nobleman had an established and peremptory law 'obtaining' in his house, which was, that any servant who once got drunk should be instantly discharged. No pardon was to be granted, no excuse listened to. Yet an old & gray-haired butler, who had lived with him many years, would sometimes indulge in a pot of our national literature, the first purple gleam of IRVING's fancy began to blush in the east. Soon the sky was seen to redden and glow with the coming splendors; hope and expectation strained their waiting eyes toward the glorious light, and anon the sun of his resplendent genius arose, with healing in his wings, and moved with steadfast glory up to the meridian. Then, like the sun on Gideon, it stood still — a long and gladsome noon — shedding light and joy through the world of letters, till it went down at length with unclouded beams to the golden west. His fame and his favor grew with the growth and strength-

'The apothecary came, not to bleed the patient copiously, in his own family, but to obey orders; to 'bleed the patient copiously,' head, 'clap a large blister on his back,' and 'give him a powerful dose of physic!'

'After a few days of this treatment, when the fellow emerged weak and wan as the severest illness could have made him, he was met by the lord, his master, with:

'Hah! honest JOHN! I'm truly glad to see you alive. You have had a wonderful escape, though, and you ought to be very thankful indeed, *very* thankful. Why, man, if I had n't passed by and spied the plight you were in, you would have been dead before now: but JOHN,' lifting up a warning finger, '*no more of these Fevers!*'

He was not sick again! - - - 'ONCE upon a time,' and it was a pleasant summer morning, we were standing chatting with our late lamented friend, CHARLES M. LEUPP, in the 'vestibule' of the great 'Leather House,' number twenty Ferry-street, in the 'Swamp,' when *some* one, passing by at the time, and looking up, said: 'LEUPP, why do n't you take down that old sign, 'GIBSON LEE?' It's all worn out: the wood has dropped away from the letters, and the paint has eena'most rotted off o' them? Why do n't you take it down and split it up?' LEUPP looked at his interlocutor, with that watery-blue, full-pupil'd, interior German eye of his, and with a motion of his hand waved his questioner on his way, without saying a word in reply. Mr. GOURLIE has told us how precious was the memory of that name in the heart of Mr. LEUPP. And there it is still, in the old place. Signs are very curious things, in a great city.

Down in Murray-street, at the corner of College-Place, there are some rusty, dingy, forbidding-looking iron chests, which we see every day as we take our way to the boat: but like GIBSON LEE's sign, they are types of something worthy to be remembered: they are 'Defiance Safes,' that have been tried by fierce flames for hours upon hours together, and yet delivered their precious and otherwise wholly irrecoverable contents unharmed. And in West-street, toward the Battery, there is another 'case in p'int.' a ship-chandler's sign, an anchor, that 'held wonderful onto a schooner,' in a celebrated September gale, and a 'block-and-tackle' that seemed coëval with SOL GIL's Midshipman-sign so revered by himself and Captain CUTTLE. - - - In the '*Extemporaneous Discourses*,' elsewhere noticed, occurs a passage which many a mother will thank us for quoting: 'A dear child is taken away: how valueless and secondary all things else become! It is a great lesson, teaching us that this world is not the highest good, when a bereavement such as this will make all things secondary.

I was much struck in reading about a nobleman who died not long since in England. He had an iron safe, or chest, all locked up, but marked, '*To be removed first, in case of fire.*' When he died, his friends opened that chest, supposing of course that some valuable document, or deed of property, rich jewelry, or costly plate would be found in it. But what did they find? They found the toys of his little child, who had gone before him. Richer to him were they than all the world's wealth — richer than his coronet: brighter than all the jewels that sparkled on its crest. Not his estate, not his jewels, not his equipage, nothing glorious and great in this world; but the dearest objects to him were the toys of his little child.' - - - 'Do you remember a Ghost-story,' writes a town-correspondent, 'which COLERIDGE mentions in his '*Table-Talk*,' as having been told to him by WASHINGTON ALLSTON, in London? It is quite as '*striking*'

as the admirable ghostly narrative of 'JOHN WATERS,' quoted in your last number: 'It was, I think, in the University of Cambridge, near Boston, that a certain youth took it into his wise head to endeavor to convert a TOM PAINE-ish companion of his by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed. Upon first awakening and seeing the apparition, the youth who was to be frightened, A., very coolly looked his companion, the ghost, in the face, and said, 'I know you. This is a good joke; but you see I am not frightened. Now you may vanish!' The ghost stood still. 'Come,' said A., 'that is enough. I shall get angry. Away!' Still the ghost moved not. 'By ——,' ejaculated A., 'if you do not in three minutes go away, I'll shoot you.' He waited the time, deliberately levelled his pistol, fired, and, with a scream at the immobility of the figure, became convulsed, and afterward died. The very instant he believed it to be a ghost, his human nature fell before it!' - - - As this last sheet of the present number of the KNICKERBOCKER is passing to the press, the daily journals announce the death, at Hyde-Park, on the Hudson, of Mr. JAMES K. PAULDING, one among the earliest of the distinguished contributors to this Magazine. Of this event, and of the literary and personal characteristics of the deceased author, and 'True American,' we hope it may be our province to speak hereafter. A few days previous to WASHINGTON IRVING's death, Mr. PAULDING, in a friendly letter to him, spoke of their declining years, and added the subjoined sentence: 'IRVING, we are running a race; and it remains to be seen which of us shall win the prize.' Too soon was that 'Game of Life' decided! - - - SEVERAL new publications, received too late for notice in the present number, will 'have despatch in our next. Will our friends, the Publishers, both here and elsewhere, oblige us by sending early copies of their works, addressed to L. GAYLORD CLARK, Editor KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, care of Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, Publisher and Proprietor, Numbers 16 and 18 Jacob-Street, New-York.

NEW MUSIC.

WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Voices, Lingering Voices*,' a duet for soprano and contralto, by WALLACE, of very moderate difficulty, but very effective. '*Variations on Melodies of J. R. Thomas*,' by CHARLES GROBE; of the six pieces of this series we have received '*One Cheering Word*,' and '*The Banks of the Genesee*.' '*Remember and Forget*,' by WALLACE: a song of which the words, by J. C. CARPENTER, are somewhat above the average of those usually set to music; and the melody is worthy of them. '*Rebecca Waltzes*,' by Signor MUZIO. '*The Shepherd's Roundelay*,' a pastoral sketch, by WALLACE, a long piece, and not difficult. '*Poems of Amittie*,' Polka Mazurka, par CHARLES FRADEL. '*Sweet Evening Star*,' song by WALLACE.

J. H. HIDLEY, 519 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., has issued '*Songs of Praise the Angels Sang*,' one of a series of six motets, by T. S. LLOYD. '*When the Swallows Homeward Fly*,' transcribed for piano by FRED. DAVIS, requires a very rapid and delicate touch. '*Transcription Brillante de la Barcarolle des Vêpres Siciliennes pour Piano*,' par A. W. BERG. '*I am Thine*,' by KARL MERE, a very short, very easy, and very good ballad. '*Jubilate Deo*,' soprano solo and chorus, by T. S. LLOYD. This piece requires greater executive skill than can usually be found in voluntary choirs. '*True Love*,' a favorite Tuscan melody, varied for piano, by A. W. BERG. '*Silver Night Mazurka*,' by G. W. WARREN. '*Thy will be Done*,' a Sabbath evening song, by S. LAWRENCE: simple and artistic.

MUSIC VALE SEMINARY.

It is with pleasure that we copy the following notice of this highly popular and excellent institution, located at Salem, Ct., from *Ballou's Pictorial*:

'Its object is to make thorough theoretical and scientific pianists in the shortest time possible; and to give a good knowledge of music to young ladies, in the limited period allotted by custom for their education. In order to secure so desirable a result, the founder of the institution, Hon. O. Whittlesey, has adopted, as a motto, the memorable words of Pitt: 'If it be that I have done so much, it is that I have done one thing at a time.' Music is the only science taught in the institution. It is located in a remarkably healthy and agreeable district. One is struck on approaching it with a home-like, yet beautiful exterior—plain, unostentatious, yet pleasing, with rose-vines clambering over the veranda and shaded by trees. You would not fancy it a school, if you did not hear the sound of mingled music from the various instruments. And a 'boarding-school' it is not, in the common sense of that word. It is more like a home, the pupils receiving the greatest care, so that among the hundreds of pupils it has numbered during the twenty years of its existence, there has never a single death occurred, while many who have come there in ill-health have been made well. It possesses the advantages of a retired situation, and consequent safety from all diverting excitement; and is near the consecrated ground selected by that favorite author, Ik Marvel, for the conception of those wonderful reveries; where still may be seen the 'old arm-chair,' in the 'grove on the knoll,' and the brook running by it. The Board of Examiners, (composed of gentlemen of the highest musical talent,) in their last annual report, commend this institution as eminently worthy of patronage. They say that the acquirements of the pupils were elucidated orally, and upon the piano and the blackboard, with a rapidity and method so creditable to themselves, so honorable to the institution and its officers, so convincing to every one present of the utility and excellence of the principles upon which this institution is founded, and of its wonderful adaptation to a rapid improvement of the pupil, as to deserve, in the opinion of the committee, their highest commendations. Twenty years of unrivaled success have established the usefulness of this institution in the scientific and musical world. Its graduates are found occupying posts of honor and emolument as teachers of music in many of the States of the Union.'

In addition, we can assure our readers that MUSIC VALE SEMINARY is the place to learn music. The pupil receives a *greater amount of instruction*, and *more lessons* are given there in one quarter than are usually given in the ordinary method in one year, and, besides, is under constant supervision, which prevents bad habits and malpractice. This institution, having for its object a thorough musical education, needs no special praise at our hands. Yet from our confidence in the certain benefit and advantage that accrues to the student who bends the entire energies of the mind to one object, and having witnessed the operation of the unit system, or 'one thing at a time principle,' at Music Vale Seminary, we feel compelled to say a word in its favor, and commend our readers to its interests. For particulars, address as above, and ask for a catalogue.—*From Beadle's Home Monthly.*

H O M E INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW-YORK, OFFICE, 112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL, \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, over \$300,000

**THIS COMPANY INSURES AGAINST LOSS AND DAMAGE BY
FIRE, ON FAVORABLE TERMS.**

LOSSES EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PROMPTLY PAID.

DIRECTORS:

Charles J. Martin,
A. F. Willmarth,
William G. Lambers,
George C. Collins,
Sanford N. Barney,
Lecius Hopkins,
Thomas Messenger,
William H. Mellen,
Charles B. Hatch,
B. Watson Bull,
Hosmer Morgan,

Levi P. Stone,
James Humphrey,
George Pearce,
Ward A. Work,
James Low,
Isaac H. Frethingham,
Charles A. Bulkley,
Ophias H. Norton,
George D. Morgan,
Theodore McNamee,
Richard Bigelow,

Oliver B. Wood,
Alfred S. Barnes,
George Bliss,
Eos Lockwood,
John G. Nelson,
Lyman Cooke,
Levi P. Morton,
Curtis Noble,
John B. Hutchinson,
Charles P. Baldwin,
Amos T. Dwight,

Henry A. Hurst,
Jesse Hoyt,
William Sturgis, Jr.,
John E. Ford,
Sidney Mason,
George T. Stedman, Cms.,
Cyrus Yale, Jr.,
William R. Feedick,
F. H. Comsitt,
David I. Boyd, Albany.
S. B. Cauldwell & L. co

J. MILTON SMITH, Secretary.

CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-President

DEFIANCE SALAMANDER SAFES.

ROBERT M. PATRICK,

SOLE MANUFACTURER IN THE UNITED STATES OF THE ABOVE CELEBRATED SAFES, AND

**Patent Powder-Proof Impenetrable Defiance
Locks and Cross-Bars,**

ALSO,

**Fire and Burglar-Proof Sideboard or Parlor Safes,
FOR SILVER PLATE, &c.**

THE BEST SAFES AND LOCKS COMBINED, IN THE WORLD. THESE SAFES HAVE TAKEN THE

FIRST PREMIUM MEDALS IN EVERY EXHIBITION

held in the United States during the past three years. SAFES of all sizes, suitable for Merchants,
Banks, Jewelry, Record Offices, Steamboats, &c.; Fire and Thief-Proof Bank Vault
Doors on hand, for sale, and made to order, at the

Depot, No. 63 Murray St., cor. College Place, New-York,

Formerly 192 Pearl Street.

Manufactory, Nos. 60, 62, 64, and 66 Cannon Street, N. Y

BROWN & TAGGARD

HAVE IN PREPARATION

CARLYLE'S ESSAYS, Revised, Enlarged, and Annotated by the author. The work will be in four volumes, printed at the Riverside press, on fine tinted paper, in the style of the Boston edition of the "*Curiosities of Literature*." It will have a copious Index and new Portrait, and will be altogether the finest edition of Carlyle ever issued on either side of the Atlantic. Price \$1.25 per vol. Ready April 1st.

LORD BACON'S WORKS. The complete works of Francis Bacon, in 15 vols, crown octavo. Reprinted from the recent London edition. Edited by JAMES SPEDDING, M.A., of Trinity College, ROBERT LESLIE ELLIS, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, and DOUGLAS DENOR HEATH, Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow at Trinity College, Cambridge. It is the design of the publishers to issue these works in the highest style of manufacture, and thus supply a want which has long existed for the popular and standard works of our literature, produced in a style fully equal to their merits.

SMELLIE'S PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY. A New Edition, with extensive and important additions, by Dr. JOHN WARR. Illustrated by over fifty engravings on wood, engraved by Andrew.

ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA. Fourteen volumes, 8vo, in various styles of binding. B. & T. having purchased the stereotype plates and sheet stock of the above valuable work, now offer it to the public, and solicit orders from Town Libraries, School Committees, and all wanting a complete Encyclopedia at a moderate price.

PARLEY'S CABINET LIBRARY. By Hon. S. G. GOODRICH, a gentleman who, as Peter Parley, has made his name a household word in two hemispheres. In 20 vols, 16mo, 500 beautiful illustrations. The whole forming a complete Library of Biography, History, Philosophy, Art, Science, and Literature, embracing subjects of the most important kind, such as every one in this age of progress should know, and which can only be obtained elsewhere at great expense of books and time.

BOSTON PRIMARY SCHOOL MANUAL. For use of Teachers in Primary Schools throughout the United States. By JOHN D. PILBRICK, Superintendent of Public Schools in the City of Boston. Ready July 1st.

EATON'S PRIMARY ARITHMETIC. A beautiful book intended to precede "*Warren Colburn's First Lessons*." Illustrated with many Engravings. Ready July 1st.

SUMMER-HOUSE STORIES. A new volume of this charming series.

NELLY'S FIRST SCHOOL-DAYS. Being vol. 2d of the Nelly and Martin Stories.

RECENTLY ISSUED.

MARGARET FULLER'S WORKS.

LIFE WITHOUT AND LIFE WITHIN. An entire new volume of her unpublished manuscripts. Edited by her brother, Rev. ARTHUR B. FULLER.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MEMOIR OF MARGARET FULLER D'OSSOLI. Two vols, 12mo, cloth.

WOMAN OF THE XIXth CENTURY.

ART, LITERATURE, AND THE DRAMA. Being the complete works of that much esteemed authoress, Margaret Fuller. Published uniform, and furnished separate or complete.

DR. HAYES' ARCTIC BOAT JOURNEY. An intensely interesting narrative of Arctic life. Fourth thousand in press.

SARGENT'S ARCTIC ADVENTURE, by sea and land, from the earliest date to the finding of the remains of Sir John Franklin's party.

MOTHERS AND INFANTS. Translated from the French of Dr. Al. Donne — a capital book for young mothers, and all interested in young children.

THE UNIVERSAL SPEAKER. By N. A. CALKINS and W. T. ADAMS. Third thousand in press. Price \$1.

BOSTON PRIMARY SCHOOL TABLETS. Consisting of 20 Tablets, printed on 10 sheets of extra heavy binder's board—recently adopted for use in all the Primary Schools of the cities of Boston and Chicago.

The Publishers solicit correspondence from any persons interested in the above, or other of their publications.

BROWN & TAGGARD, 25 & 29 Cornhill, Boston.

THE NATIONAL BANK NOTE COMPANY,

No. 1 WALL STREET, corner of Broadway,
NEW-YORK.

THIS Company has been incorporated by law, and is prepared, with an ample capital, new and superior designs, materials, and machinery, embracing all the modern improvements and discoveries for the prevention of counterfeits and alterations, to execute orders for plates and printing, in the highest style of the art, for Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Stock and of Deposit, State and Railroad Bonds, and all forms of Mercantile and Official Papers, under the most vigilant and reliable superintendence. Ample security is provided for the safe custody of plates left with the Company.

New and important safeguards against fraudulent Coupons, devised by and peculiar to this Company, are specially recommended.

Government issues of every description, and orders in foreign languages, will receive strict attention. Particular care will be taken to furnish bank note paper of the very best quality.

The National Bank Note Company comprises among its associates artists of acknowledged ability, who have been from fifteen to thirty years in the oldest-established firms of Bank Note Engravers in this country. The Company, in soliciting patronage, feels justified in giving assurance that orders intrusted to it will be faithfully and promptly filled.

TRUSTEES.

ROBERT S. OAKLEY, late Cashier American Exchange Bank, New-York.

JAMES T. SOUTTER, President Bank of the Republic.

SAMUEL STILES,

FITCH SHEPARD,

WILLIAM D. NICHOLS,

JAMES MACDONOUGH,

GEORGE H. DANFORTH,

LLOYD GLOVER, formerly Agent of Danforth, Wright & Co., Boston.

JOHN H. VAN ANTWERP, Cashier New-York State Bank, Albany.

} late with Danforth, Wright & Co., and their predecessors.

J. T. SOUTTER, *Vice-President*

J. MACDONOUGH, *Secretary*.

R. S. OAKLEY, *President*

SAMUEL STILES, *Treasurer*.

January, 1880.

FOR SALE.

THE CELEBRATED '76 STONE-HOUSE AT TAPPAN

Address, Dr. STEVENS, Tappantown, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1776.

A. BININGER & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF FINE

Brandies, Wines, Liquors, Segars,

TEAS, AND GROCERIES,

Nos. 92 & 94 LIBERTY ST.,

NEW-YORK.

ABRAHAM B. CLARK,

ABRAHAM BININGER,

The only and *Sole Successors* of ABRAHAM BININGER, Sr., who commenced this business in 1776 and which has been handed successively to son and grandsons, down to the present day.

THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE,

AND

Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America.

This Magazine was commenced in January, 1867, for the purpose of furnishing a medium of inter-communication between Historical Societies, Authors, and Students of History, and supplying an interesting and valuable journal—a Miscellany of American History. With the first of January, 1880, it enters on the fourth annual volume, with the support and aid of a large body of intelligent readers, and the assistance of the foremost historical writers in the country.

The contents of the HISTORICAL MAGAZINE may be generally classed under the following heads:

- I. Original Papers, involving points of research in historical studies, presenting new facts, or the discussion of National and Local topics of interest—of the whole country—in Essays by writers versed in American History.
- II. The Collection of Original Letters, Correspondence, Diaries, etc., hitherto unpublished, of Americans of eminence.
- III. Biographical and Obituary Notices of Persons distinguished in the service of the country, whether in office, political life, literature, or science.
- IV. Accurate Reports of the proceedings of the numerous American Historical, Antiquarian, Geographical, Numismatic, and other kindred societies.
- V. Notes and Queries of curious and important topics, new and old, with Replies, by a large body of contributors.
- VI. Reprints of rare and interesting Tracts, Old Poems out of print, etc., etc.
- VII. Miscellany and Anecdotes.
- VIII. Brief Notes on new Historical Books.
- IX. Historical and Literary Intelligence, New Announcements, etc.

The HISTORICAL MAGAZINE is printed on extra quality of paper, (small quarto form,) and published in monthly numbers, at Two Dollars a Year. Specimen numbers sent, upon receipt of fifteen cents in postage-stamps. Copies of Volumes I., II., and III. furnished, bound or in numbers.

American Historical and Literary Curiosities.

IMPERIAL QUARTO. SECOND SERIES.

Its contents range through the entire period of American History, beginning with De Bry's Engraving of Columbus, never before copied, Documents of interest relating to the various colonies, and many Original Mementoes of the Revolution, with a variety of Relics, Antiquities, and Autographs; edited and arranged, with the assistance of several autograph collectors, by JOHN JAY SMITH, lately Librarian of the Philadelphia and Loganian Libraries, Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, etc. etc.

It contains sixty-four plates of curious and interesting relics. Every private and public library should have it. Cloth, \$8; half morocco, \$10.

IRVINGIANA:

MEMORIAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

(75 CENTS.)

Containing Reminiscences, Anecdotes, Original Letters, etc., also an Original Portrait sketched by DAWLEY, and a fac-simile page of Rip Van Winkle.

The undersigned offer their services to public Institutions, Librarians, and Book-Buyers generally, for supplying rare American Works; Historical, Biographical, Bibliographical, Local Histories, Genealogies, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, Foreign and American, on the most favorable terms. They are also agents for the sale of the Publications of the various Literary and Historical Societies in the country.

Books of all descriptions sent by mail, carefully enveloped, to any part of the United States.

CHARLES B. RICHARDSON & CO.,
14 BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE.

AGRICULTURAL BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

C. M. SAXTON, BARKER & CO.,

25 PARK ROW NEW YORK.

C. M. Saxton,
E. D. Barker,
S. F. Libbey.

{ Address of
R. C. M. Co.
25 Park Row.

Single copies of any Book upon this List sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, upon receipt of its price.

American Farmer's Encyclopedia.....	54 00	Hooper's Dog and Gun.....	50 50
American Weeds and Useful Plants.....	1 50	Hunt's (Dr. E. M.) Patient's & Physician's Ad.....	1 00
Allen's (R. L.) American Farm Book.....	1 00	Johnston's (James F. W.) Catechism of Agri- cultural Chemistry and Geology.....	25
Allen's (R. L.) Diseases of Domestic Animals.....	75	Johnston's (James F. W.) Elements of Agri- cultural Chemistry and Geology.....	1 00
Allen's (L. F.) Rural Architecture.....	1 25	Johnston's (J. F. W.) Agricultural Chemistry.....	1 25
Allen (J. Fisk) on the Culture of the Grape.....	1 00	Langstroth (Rev. L. L.) on the Hive & Honey Bee.....	1 25
American Architect.....	6 00	Leachman's How to Build and Ventilate Hothouses.....	1 25
American Florist's Guide.....	75	Liebig's (Justus) Familiar Lectures on Chemistry.....	50
Barry's Fruit Garden.....	1 25	Linsley's (D. C.) Morgan Horses.....	1 10
Bement's (C. N.) Rabbit Fancier.....	50	Milburn on the Cow and Dairy Husbandry.....	25
Blake's (Rev. John L.) Farmer at Home.....	1 25	Miles on the Horse's Foot and How to Keep it Sound.....	50
Blake's Every-day Book, or Life in the Country.....	2 25	Miner's (T. B.) Bee-keeper's Manual.....	1 00
Boussingault's (J. B.) Rural Economy.....	1 25	Morfit (C.) on Manures.....	1 00
Brown's American Bird Fancier.....	50	Munn's (B.) Practical Land Drainer.....	25
Brown's American Poultry Yard.....	1 00	Nash's (J. A.) Progressive Farmer.....	50
Brown's Field Book of Manures.....	1 25	Nell's Practical Fruit, Flower and Kitchen Gar- deners' Companion.....	1 00
Bridgeman's (T.) Young Gardener's Assistant.....	1 50	Norton's (John F.) Elements of Scientific Agri- culture.....	50
Bridgeman's Kitchen Gardener's Instructor.....	50	Olcott's (Henry S.) Sorgho and Imphee, the Chinese and African Sugar Cane.....	1 00
The Same, cloth back, paper sides.....	50	Pardee (R. G.) on Strawberry Culture.....	50
Bridgeman's Florist's Guide.....	50	Pedder's (James) Farmer's Land Measurer.....	50
The Same, cloth back, paper sides.....	50	Quibby's Mysteries of Bee-keeping Explained.....	1 00
Bridgeman's Fruit Cultivator's Manual.....	50	Randall's (Henry S.) Sheep Husbandry.....	1 25
The Same, cloth back, paper sides.....	50	Reemelin's (Chas.) Vine-Dresser's Manual.....	50
Brock's (Joseph) Book of Flowers.....	1 00	Richardson on Dogs; their Origin & Varieties.....	50
Buist's (Robert) Am. Flower Garden Directory.....	1 25	River's (Wm.) Orchard House.....	40
Buist's (Robert) Family Kitchen Gardener.....	75	Rose Cultarist.....	50
Chorlton's (William) Grape-Growers' Guide.....	50	Robin's (R.) Produce and Ready Reckoner.....	50
Cobbett's American Gardener.....	50	Saxton's Rural Hand-Books, in 4 Series..... each	1 25
Cottage and Farm-Bee-keeper.....	50	Schenck's Gardener's Text-Book.....	2 00
Cole's (S. W.) American Fruit Book.....	50	Shepherd's Own Book.....	2 00
Cole's American Veterinarian.....	50	Skilful Housewife.....	50
Dadd's (Geo. H.) Modern Horse Doctor.....	1 00	Smith's (C. H. J.) Landscape Gardening, Parks and Pleasure Grounds.....	1 25
Dadd's (Geo. H.) American Cattle Doctor.....	1 00	Stephens' (Henry) Book of the Farm..... 2 vols.	4 00
Dadd's (Geo. H.) Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse..... plain plates.....	2 00	Stewart's (John) Stable Book.....	1 00
The Same, colored plates.....	4 00	Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature.....	1 00
Dana's (Samuel H.) Muck Manual, for Farmers, Domestic and Ornamental Poultry, plain plates.....	1 00	Talpa; the Chronicles of a Clay Farm.....	75
The Same, colored plates.....	2 00	Thaer's (Albert D.) Agriculture.....	2 00
Downing's (A. J.) Landscape Gardening.....	3 50	Thomas (John J.) Farm Implements.....	1 00
Eastwood (B.) on the Cultivation of the Cranberry.....	50	Thomas (J. J.) American Fruit Culturist.....	1 25
Elliott's (F. R.) Western Fruit Book.....	1 25	Thompson (R. D.) on the Food of Animals.....	75
Every Lady Her Own Flower-Gardener.....	50	Todd's (S. E.) Young Farmer's Manual.....	1 25
Family Doctor.....	2 00	Turner's (J. A.) Cotton Planter's Manual.....	1 00
Farm Record, printed and ruled for 25 years.....	3 00	Walden's (J. H.) Soil Culture.....	1 00
Farmer's Practical Horse Farrier.....	50	Warder's (J. A.) Hedges and Evergreens.....	1 00
French's Farm Drainage.....	1 00	Waring's (G. E., Jr.) Elements of Agriculture.....	75
Fressenden's (T. G.) Am. Kitchen Gardener.....	50	Weeks' (John M.) Manual on Bees.....	50
Fressenden's (T. G.) Complete Farmer & Gardener.....	1 25	Wheat Plant.....	1 50
Field's (Thomas W.) Pear Culture.....	1 00	White's (W. N.) Gardening for the South.....	1 25
Fish Culture.....	1 00	Yonatt and Spooner on the Horse.....	1 25
Flint (Charles L.) on Grasses.....	1 25	Yonatt and Martin on Cattle.....	1 25
Grant's (Dr. C. W.) Vine Culture.....	1 25	Yonatt and Martin on the Hog.....	75
Guenon on Milch Cows.....	50	Yonatt on Sheep.....	75
The Same, in neat paper covers, 8vo.....	38		
Gunn (John C.) Domestic Medicine.....	3 00		
Hall's (Miss E. M.) American Cookery and Do- mestic Economy.....	1 00		
Herbert's (Henry Wm.) Hints to Horsekeepers.....	1 25		

RURAL HAND-BOOKS.—Paper Covers.—25 cents Each.

American Bird Fancier.—American Kitchen Gardener.—American Horse Tamer.—Bee Culture.
Bee-keeper's Chart.—Chemistry made Easy.—Chinese Sugar Cane and Sugar Making.—Culture of Flax.
Bement's Rabbit Fancier.—Cow; Dairy Husbandry and Breeding.—Dogs; their Origin and Varieties.
Dog and Gun.—Domestic Fowls.—Elements of Agriculture.—Every Lady Her Own Gardener.
Essay on Manures.—Familiar Lectures on Chemistry.—Hogs.—Horse's Foot, and How to Keep it Sound.
Horse.—Hyde's Chinese Sugar Cane.—Hive and Honey Bee.—Manual on Bees.—Pests of the Farm.
Perros on the Vine.—Preservation of Food.—Rose.—Skilful Housewife.—Vine Dresser's Manual.
Spoon on Grape Vines and Wine-Making.—Vine Culture and Wine-Making.

LITERARY AGENCY.

To Authors and Publishers.

It is now some eight years since the Subscriber, in consequence of many requests, consented to read MANUSCRIPTS, and give his opinion concerning them. He was obliged to make a small charge in advance to recompense the time required. This charge has been in most instances cheerfully met; and although he has noted as unworthy of publication six works out of every ten which have been submitted to him, he has never been reproached or found fault with by that class distinguished by the Latin poet as the *genus irritabile*. Neither the writers of verse nor the writers of prose have shown the least irritation, and he is happy to bear this testimony to their good temper and good manners.

Encouraged by the favorable way in which his judgments have been received, the subscriber now resolves both to continue and extend his agency for authors and publishers.

He offers to authors to receive and read their manuscripts, to give his candid opinion concerning them, and, if approved, to offer them to publishers. For this service a *preliminary* fee, graduated according to the size of manuscripts, is always required.

He offers to publishers to act not only as reader of works submitted to them, but as umpire in all matters of doubt between them and authors. He will also receive and notice new books, and render, if possible, his large literary experience useful both to book-makers and booksellers.

He moreover offers his services to the buyers of books, whether individuals or corporate bodies. For a reasonable commission he will purchase any book or books either for public or private libraries. He will also sell such books as their owners may desire to dispose of, either at *private sale* or PUBLIC AUCTION; and residents out of the city who may address him by letter, as well as those at home who may favor him with their personal requests, can depend upon a careful and faithful execution of their orders. Please address

PARK BENJAMIN.

24 West 17th Street, New-York City.

LECTURES FOR 1860-1861.

The subscriber is now prepared to accept invitations and make engagements to deliver lectures before ASSOCIATIONS, INSTITUTES, and LYCEUMS, or for the PROPRIETORS of PUBLIC HALLS or BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES, during the SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, of the present year, and the WINTER of 1860 and 1861. He has prepared new lectures on popular subjects, and altered and improved former discourses. Though partially engaged in another occupation, it is by no means his intention in any manner to withdraw his services as a public lecturer. His terms shall be reasonable, and he will be as ready to accept invitations to speak in small places as in the larger towns and cities. Please address

PARK BENJAMIN,

24 West 17th Street, New-York.

"On standing before it all preconceived ideas vanish. We have a splendidly luminous effect; the most powerful, natural, and truly elegant painting that has been exhibited in this country for many years past."—*London Times*.

"Millions! gaze upon the picture:
Nature will enrich the eye:
Lo! the mighty Norman charger
Rearing in his pride on high.
He has right to be exultant—
Splendid son of splendid sire,
Who, of old, bore LION RICHARD
Storming through the battle-fire!"

Wm. Ross Wallace, on receipt of a copy.

ROSA BONHEUR'S Great Painting, IN OIL COLORS, MAGNIFICENT CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH,

Presenting every tint and shade and color of the original painting in all of its

EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOR.

The first impressions of a new and superb engraving of Rosa Bonheur's celebrated painting of THE HORSE FAIR, printed in beautiful OIL COLORS, are ready. It is executed by the unrivaled artists, Sarony, Major & Knapp, who have undertaken to make it the most splendid work of the kind ever issued from their extensive establishment. Its size is nearly two by three feet, embracing more than TWENTY DIFFERENT TINTS, SHADES, AND COLORS, and it will present upon the walls of the parlor, drawing-room, or art-gallery, all the splendid effect of a superb oil painting. So rich and costly an engraving, requiring so much artistic labor and skill in its production, has never before been sold in this country or Europe for less than \$5 to \$10 per copy; yet, assured of the sale of a very large edition, we shall furnish them at the low price of

\$1.50 PER COPY,

delivered, free of charge, at any Post-office, or at the office of any periodical dealer in the United States, and an extra copy for a club of five.

We will furnish the colored engraving with the UNITED STATES JOURNAL, one year, for \$2, and an extra copy of each for a club of five.

We will furnish it with Dickens' ALL THE YEAR ROUND, one year, for \$3.50, and an extra copy of each for a club of five.

We will furnish a plain engraving of "The Horse Fair," (of which nearly 25,000 have been sold during the last three months,) with the UNITED STATES JOURNAL, one year, for \$1.15, and an extra copy of each for a club of five.

A liberal discount will be made to PERIODICAL DEALERS and BOOKSELLERS who wish to engage in their sale. They can order through any of the wholesale houses in New-York, Philadelphia, or Boston, with whom they are accustomed to deal.

We will make such arrangements with intelligent ladies and gentlemen in sections where we have not agents already employed, as will enable them to earn from \$50 to \$100 per month, by engaging in the above enterprise.

J. M. EMERSON & CO.,

No. 37 PARK ROW, NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHERS OF

United States Journal, Dickens' All The Year Round, etc.

THE PIONEERS OF CIVILIZATION. COLT'S REVOLVING BREECH FIRE ARMS.



PISTOLS, RIFLES, CARBINES AND SHOT GUNS.

Simple Reasons for preferring Colt's Arm to all others.

1. They have been thoroughly tested by all classes of men in every country, and from the first rifle fired in Florida, during the Indian war in 1837, to the present hour they have always responded to the touch of their owners in the time of danger.

2. They have a force and accuracy which have no parallels in the history of fire-arms.

3. They do not endanger your eyesight and brain, as do the arms with patent primers, which fly like shells into many pieces.

4. They do not stick fast, refusing either to open or shut without the aid of an axe when heated, as do the guns which open like molasses gates or nut crackers.

5. They leave no burning paper in the barrel after a discharge, to blow the next cartridge into your face, as do the guns which open from behind.

6. They are simple in construction, and easily taken care of, as any ranger or cavalry soldier will tell you. Treat them well, and they will treat your enemies badly.

7. They are made of the best steel that can be procured for money, and have the strength to resist the explosive force of gunpowder, while the mongrel imitations and cheap arms are clumsily made of cast iron or inferior materials, and are more dangerous to their owners than they are to all others.

8. They are well finished, and as cheap as a good arm can be made by the aid of modern machinery and skillful labor.

9. They are always worth what they cost—in the Far West much more, almost a legal tender! If you buy anything cheaper, your life, or that of your companion, may balance the difference in cost.

10. If you buy a Colt's Rifle or Pistol, you feel certain that you have one true friend, with six hearts in his body, and who can always be relied on.

11. They can be carried loaded and capped, with entire safety. In rain, or when wading or swimming rivers, they remain water-proof.

12. They have no knife edge to cut off the end of the cartridge and the powder, cutting off more and more at every discharge, as the barrel gets heated, and finally getting so dull that they will not cut at all. What old lady will lend her scissors to cut paper with? Ask any ranger who has tried the cutting slide guns, what he thinks of them.

13. Colt's arms have been adopted for the service of the United States by the army board at West Point, in 1858, and for many years previously, as superior to all others. See the printed reports, which fill volumes.

14. Colt's weapons are old friends to many thousands who will read this sheet. See Colt's new rifles before you buy any other, and then decide which will afford surest protection to your family, your life and your property

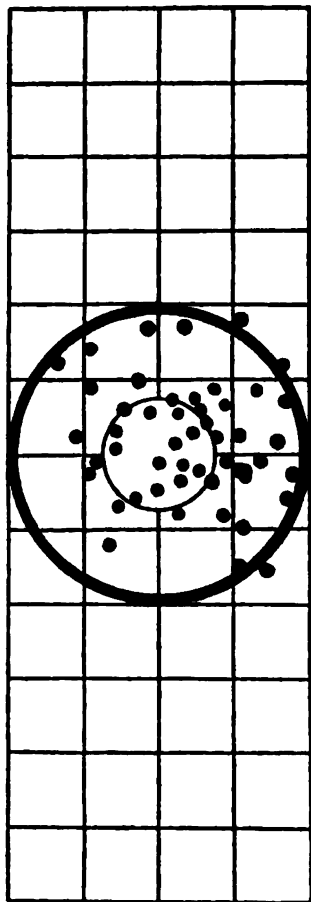
Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the world.

COL. COLT'S Military and Sporting Rifles.

Captain Randolph B. Marcy, U. S. A. in his recent work the 'Prairie Traveller,' thus speaks of Colt's Breech Loading Fire Arms, page 42.

Colt's revolving pistol is very generally admitted, both in Europe and America, to be the most efficient arm of its kind known at the present day. As the same principles are involved in the fabrication of his breech-loading rifle as are found in the pistol, the conviction to me is irresistible that, if one arm is worthy of consideration, the other is equally so. For my own part, I look upon Colt's new patent rifle as a most excellent arm for border service. It gives six shots in more rapid succession than any other rifle I know of, and these, if properly expended, are oftentimes sufficient to decide a contest; moreover, it is the most reliable and certain weapon to fire that I have ever used, and I cannot resist the force of my conviction that, if I were alone upon the prairies, and expected an attack from a body of Indians, I am not acquainted with any arm I would as soon have in my hands as this.

My own experience has forced me to the conclusion that the breech-loading arm, possesses great advantages over the muzzle-loading, for the reason that it can be charged and fired with much greater rapidity.



Lieut. Hans Bask, M. A. of the Victoria Rifles, England, in his recent work "The Rifle and how to use it," thus speaks of Colt's Arms, pages 45 and 46.

"His cavalry pistols are, in fact, pocket rifles. With one of them I once fired from a rest, at the Erith rifle ground, thirty-six rounds at the enormous range of FOUR HUNDRED AND TEN YARDS! Six bullets struck the butt at a distance varying from thirty to thirty-six inches from the centre of the target, eighteen bullets struck within the circumference of a circle seven feet in diameter, and the other six shots at heights varying from ten to twelve feet above the target—satisfactorily proving the capacity of the weapon for a still greater range. As regards the purposes for which they are intended, they may be pronounced in every respect perfect."

In a letter to the inventor, dated 28th April 1859, sending target (attached) he says: "Your rifle is by far the most complete specimen of a soldiers firelock that has yet been produced and considering that I have fired more than 68,000 rounds from my own shoulder, my opinion in such matters is perhaps, worth more than the mere empty praise of a groom-hand; let any one who wants to know what a Colt can do take my word that for efficiency and strength of shooting nothing can beat it."

Target, 6 ft. by 2 ft.; 8 in. Bull's-eye.

Shot 28th day of April 1859, by Lieut. Bask; Distance 400 yards; No. Rounds, 48; No. Hits, 48; Colt's Regulation Rifle, also Colt's Ammunition.

Opinions in the United States,

OF

COLT'S REVOLVING FIRE ARMS.

During the past twenty years, the arms now made in the greatest perfection by this Company have been tested as no other arms have ever been, and the following distinguished officers, and many thousands of others have certified to their superiority.

Hon. Lewis Cass, late Sec'y War & State	Major F. T. Lally,	U. S. A.
“ Jefferson Davis, “ of War,	“ M. L. Bonham,	“
Major Gen. Alexander Macomb, U. S. A.	“ James H. Carlton, “	“
“ “ Zachary Taylor, “	“ Phillip Kearney, “	“
“ “ W. J. Worth, “	“ John S. Simmons, “	“
“ “ D. E. Twiggs, “	“ D. H. Rucker, “	“
“ “ John A. Quitman, “	“ A. B. Eaton, “	“
“ “ George M. Brooks, “	“ O. Cross, “	“
“ “ Joseph Lane, “	“ Henry Hill, “	“
“ “ Gideon J. Pillow, “	“ G. Rains, “	“
Brig. Gen. C. Gratiot, “	“ R. H. Chilton, “	“
“ “ Matthew Arbuckle, “	“ Edward Deas, “	“
“ “ Frank Pierce, “	“ L. Twiggs, “	“
“ “ W. S. Harney, “	“ Henry Wilson, “	“
“ “ John Garland, “	“ L. Whiting, “	“
Colonel, Benj. Huger, “	“ G. T. Howard, “	“
“ B. L. E. Bonneville, “	“ R. B. Marcey, “	“
“ George Croghan, “	“ G. W. Kendall, “	“
“ John C. Fremont, “	Captain M. E. Van Buren, “	“
“ Jere. Clemens, “	“ Samuel H. Walker, “	“
“ Jack Hayes, “	“ H. W. Benham, “	“
“ Wm. Turnbull, “	“ W. W. Tompkins, “	“
“ J. J. Abert, “	“ W. W. Fulton, “	“
“ John W. Tibbatts, “	“ J. P. Simonton, “	“
“ Wm. Davenport, “	“ R. B. Screven, “	“
“ George W. Morgan, “	“ John Page, “	“
“ Robert E. Temple, “	“ A. R. Hetzel, “	“
“ Ward Burnet, “	“ A. Canfield, “	“
“ George W. Hughes, “	Lieutenant Thomas J. Lee, “	“
“ Charles A. May, “	“ W. H. Emory, “	“
Lieut. Col. R. S. Baker, “	“ J. T. Sprague, “	“
“ “ Geo. A. Cadwell, “	“ M. Knowlton, “	“
“ “ Nathan Boone, “	“ Magilton, “	“
“ “ T. P. Moore, “	Commodore, Charles Stewart, U. S. N.	“
“ “ Joseph E. Johnson, “	“ Tho's. A. Jones, “	“
“ “ J. B. Magruder, “	“ M. C. Perry, “	“
“ “ J. H. Hook, “	“ J. M. McIntosh, “	“
“ “ Benj. S. Roberts, “	“ J. H. Aulick, “	“
“ “ J. McClelland, “	“ C. S. McCauley, “	“
“ “ R. B. Mason, “	“ F. H. Gregory, “	“
“ “ James Kearney, “	“ Samuel L. Breese, “	“
Major A. Mordecai, “	“ Joshua R. Sands “	“
“ W. A. Thornton, “	“ Chas. Wilkes, “	“
“ Benj. McCulloch, Texas, “	Captain David D. Porter, “	“
“ J. P. Gaines, “	“ J. F. Schenck, “	“
“ W. H. Polk, “	“ W. May, “	“
“ P. Morrinson, “	“ C. F. Beale, “	“
“ U. J. McCarty, “	“ C. Ringgold, “	“
“ John F. Hunter, “	Commodore E. W. Moore, Texas, “	“

FOREIGN NOTICES.

The following are selected from among numerous notices of Colt's Revolving Breech Arms published abroad.

Fermoy Barracks, (Ireland,) January 24, 1854.

SIR,—Having lately obtained one of your revolvers, I have much pleasure in forwarding for your information, the result of the trials I have made. I find that the force and precision of the fire exceed that of ordinary pistols of greater length and larger bore. The recoil is considerably less than usual, and a greater number of shots may be fired without fouling. The pistol is very easily and quickly loaded, with the lever ramrod, and when properly capped is water-proof as the following instance will show; I loaded the chambers and capped them; placed the entire pistol under water in a running stream, and left it there till I conceived that every part must be thoroughly soaked. I then took it out of the water, and, without any wiping or drying, fired, the round. There was no hanging fire, or any symptoms of the charge being wet. I have since taken the lock to pieces, (a very simple operation,) and discovered no traces of injury from the water. I can load and fire 'without hurry' at least ten shots to every three of a common pistol, and neither in the chambers nor barrel can I find any lead or foulness. Ten minutes are sufficient, at any time to wash and clean the pistol thoroughly after use.

Ever your obedient servant,

Col. COLT.

H. BROWNE, *Captain 9th Regiment.*

COLT'S REVOLVERS, *versus* CARBINES FOR THE CAVALRY & ARTILLERY.

To the Editor of Jackson's Woolwich (England) Journal & Army and Navy Gazette.

SIR,—Previous to my departure for the seat of war, I had read with much interest the various opinions expressed in your journal, respecting the introduction and use of Colt's Revolvers. I was induced thereby to purchase one, and try it. I have had many opportunities of so doing, and feel in duty bound, as an act of common justice to you and the ingenious inventor, Colt, to state as far as my experience and observation have served me, that what you have stated is—True!

1st. The weapon is most formidable and efficient.

2nd. The objection raised against the method of cocking, i. e., drawing back the hammer by the thumb, instead of by the pull at the trigger, as in some other weapons, I consider an advantage.

The difference in the rapidity of fire by others is nothing—a skilful person can use Colt's quite as quickly; and the great advantage you get of *one shot more* and sighting with Colt's, over the other method, is undeniable. The long, steady, strong pull at the trigger, necessary to rotate the cylinder, throw back the hammer, and to produce the shot in self-cocking arms, depresses the muzzle and turns it out of range.

3d. The method of loading Colt's arm by the aid of the lever ramrod, thus securing and sealing the charges, is very superior.

4th. The nicety of poise and balance is admirable; the recoil in firing is very trifling, a most material point in ball practice.

5th. In firing about 60 snap shots—quick shots—at thirty yards, many struck the bull's eye, while a large proportion were within a space of twelve inches square. I found that pieces of bullets rebounded back to the spot where I stood.

6th. I am decidedly of opinion that Colt's Revolver might be substituted for a Carbine. For force of penetration and length of range it is nearly equal; and it can be easily cocked and shot *with one hand*—while the Carbine requires two.

7th. Finally, I am prepared to back the opinion of the scientific inventor of the big gun, viz., C. W. Lancaster, who states in his evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons on small arms, 20th March, 1854, that "*Colonel Colt's Pistol is the best Repeating Arm that we have.*" I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

CONTINGENT.

London, (England) August 9, 1854.

SIR,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony as to the superiority of your repeating pistol over all others against which I have seen them tried, both as to accuracy and strength of fire, and safety to the charge during exposure to bad weather, &c. I have been present at some trials at the cape of Good Hope, and the result satisfied me as to the superior performance of your pistols, which I consider very efficient weapons—combining as much accuracy as can be obtained from a fire-arm of that description, with greater general efficiency over all others that I have seen.

I remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

H. D. KYLE, *Lieut.-Col. 27th Regt.*

SIR,—The practice of some of my native officers with the Pistols I brought out is excellent, putting 4 or even 5 shots into the target (6 feet by 2) at 50 yards, beating our carbines out and out.

THOMAS TAPP,

Col.-Commandant Poona Horse and Cavalry Brigade. (India.)

NEW SHOT GUN FOR THE FIELD!

Colt's Patent Revolving Breech Shot Gun.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26, 1859.

DEAR "SPIRIT."—I have just returned from a visit to Col. Sam. Colt's factory at Hartford, Conn., where I have been most agreeably entertained, and being called upon while there to witness some experimental trials with a new breech loading shot-gun on the "revolver" principle, and being an old shot myself, could not refrain taking a hand. I was so well satisfied with the shooting qualities of the above gun, that I have thought proper to pen this article for the information of my fellow-sportsmen. The gun being made at present is not of so large a calibre as those generally in use, although I believe they intend constructing ones of larger bore. But what thorough sportsman wants a blunderbuss for field use? I have always used a small bore gun myself, and am willing to leave the large ones to those fellows who shut both eyes and pull. A great advantage in this peculiar gun is, that while one of the chambers in the cylinder may be loaded with shot of any size, others can be charged with ball, a single turn of the cylinder, (which has five chambers,) bringing the desired one opposite the barrel. I was impressed that they would make a most effective gun for the "Bee Hunter." I have seen an article in use, half rifle and half shot-gun, neither one thing nor the other, besides being very heavy. The gun of Colt's that I have described, is very light and handsome.

Yours, &c.,

"A.M."

(*Spirit of the Times*, N. Y.)

COL. COLT AGAIN PRE-EMINENT. OF INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN.—We have frequently, within the past ten years, been induced by our own desire, to direct the attention of the public in the most proper channels to note some new improvement in firearms by this determined-to-excel manufacturer. We have advocated his rifles in Texas, his revolvers in Nicaragua, his pocket-companions throughout the South, as our editorial labors or avocations have been variously transposed from the white settlements to the borders; and now we are again in a position to communicate directly with thousands of our old sporting friends, who we know will be pleased to learn that the inventive genius of the Colonel has been directed especially to their wants, and that he is now ready to furnish them with the very article they need in the shape of Colt's Revolving Shot-gun. It is a shot-gun on the revolving principle. Upon a late trial of this valuable gun, at a distance of thirty yards, it put one hundred and seventy-five pellets in a circle of twelve inches diameter, penetrating seventy-five sheets of ordinary brown paper; the charge used being 1½ ounces of No. 6. shot, and two drams of powder to each charge. The gun is a five shooter, and is finished in fine style. The cartridges are manufactured to suit the gun, and are impervious to the effects of water, or dampness. It is well worthy the attention of our sportsmen, and if in general use will create quite a revolution among fowling pieces. (*Spirit of the Times*, N. Y.)

SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—A novel and interesting match took place on Monday, 28th ult., at the Bleak House, Harlem. Mr. Amos Colt, a gentleman of this city, having ventured some remarks as to the efficiency and utility of a new gun (Colt's ducking gun, with a revolving cylinder,) undertook with that weapon "to break forty champagne bottles to be thrown in the air by a disinterested party." The engagement was pretty generally considered as almost impossible to fulfil. Mr. Colt, however, succeeded not only in winning the match, a minor consideration as he said, but as well made good his opinion, which had been received with no little want of confidence. The bottles were not only broken, but in every case, as far as could be judged from appearances, each received the whole force of the load. (*New York Paper*.)

DIRECTIONS FOR USING COLT'S Pistols, Rifles, Carbines & Shot Guns.


Before Loading snap off a round of Percussion Caps to blow the oil and dirt out of the Nipples.
Great care should be taken when Colt's Cartridges are not used, that all the Balls are perfect and fit the chambers snugly, otherwise the charges may jar out, and more than one chamber be discharged at once.

For Loading and Firing.

- 1st. Draw back the Hammer to half cock, which allows the Cylinder to turn in one direction freely.
- 2nd. Holding the muzzle erect, place a charge of Powder in, and a Ball upon the mouth of the chamber.
- 3d. Turn the Cylinder until the loaded chamber is under the Hammer and force the Ball with the Lever below the mouth of the chamber, (if the Ball fits, the chamber is then hermetically closed and the powder protected from water, damp, and sparks of fire.)
- 4th. Reverse the Arm and place the Percussion Caps upon the Nipples.
- 5th. Draw the Hammer to full cock, and the arm is ready for firing.

For Cleaning Old Model Pistols, Army, Navy and Pocket.

- 1st. Set the Hammer at half-cock and drive out the Key or Wedge which holds the Barrel and Cylinder to the Lock Frame and remove the parts.
- 2nd. Turn out the bottom and two rear screws which fasten it to the Trigger Guard and Lock Frame, and remove the Stock.
- 3d. Loosen the screw that fastens the Main Spring to the Guard, and turn the Spring from under the Hammer.
- 4th. Turn out the three screws which fasten the Guard, to the Lock Frame and remove it.
- 5th. Turn out the screw, and remove the Double Spring which bears upon the Trigger and Bolt.
- 6th. Turn out the side screws, and remove the Trigger and Bolt.
- 7th. Turn out the Hammer screw, and remove the Hammer with the Hand attached, by drawing it down ward out of the Lock Frame. Clean and oil all the parts thoroughly and restore them to their place in the reverse order of separation.


 In ordinary cleaning, set the Hammer at half-cock, and drive out the Key as far as the screw will allow, remove the Barrel which may be done by the aid of the Lever pressing down the Hammer upon the partitions between the chambers of the Cylinder. Wash the Cylinder and Barrel in warm water, dry and oil them thoroughly, oil freely the Base pin on which the Cylinder revolves, then replace the parts.

For Cleaning Rifles, Carbines and Shot Guns.

- 1st. Set the Hammer at half-cock, press down the Base-pin Catch with the left hand, draw the Base-pin with the right and remove the Cylinder.
- 2nd. Turn out the Tang and rear Guard screws and remove the Stock.
- 3d. Turn out the remaining Guard screws and remove the Guard.
- 4th. Turn out the screw, and detach the Spring from the Stirrup and remove the Main Spring.
- 5th. Turn out the Rear Spring screw from the under side of the Frame and remove the Rear Spring. [for Shot Gun and 56-100 Calibre Arms, the Rear Spring is attached to the Guard and need not be removed.]
- 6th. Turn out the screw and remove the Trigger.
- 7th. Turn out the Bolt screw and remove the Tumbler Cap.
- 8th. Turn out the Tumbler screw, drive the Tumbler out of the Hammer, the Bolt and Hand can then be removed.
- 9th. Turn out the Base-pin screw and remove the Base-pin Catch.
- 10th. Drive out the Key and raise the Lever till the screw is opposite the hole in the Frame, turn out the screw, remove the Lever and Hammer, and turn out the Barrel. Care should be taken to remove the Lever before turning out the Barrel.

For Cleaning New Model Pistol.

- 1st. Turn out the Screw that fastens it to the Frame and remove the Stock.
- 2nd. Set the Hammer at half-cock; press down the Base-pin Catch with the left hand and draw the Base-pin with the right and remove the Cylinder.
- 3d. Turn out the screw, drive out the Pin, detach the Spring from the Stirrup, letting the Spring rest in the Frame and detach the Main Spring.
- 4th. Turn out the screw and remove the Trigger.
- 5th. Turn out the Cap and Bolt screws and remove the Tumbler Cap.
- 6th. Turn out the Tumbler screw, drive the Tumbler out of the Hammer, the Main Spring, Bolt and Hand can then be detached.
- 7th. Turn out the Base-pin screw and remove the Base-pin Catch.
- 8th. Raise the Lever till the Hammer Pin is opposite the hole in the Frame, draw out the Pin from the left side of the Pistol, remove the Lever and Hammer, and turn out the Barrel.

 In ordinary cleaning, remove the Cylinder in the manner described above, clean the Cylinder, the Base-pin and Frame and oil them and replace the parts. To oil the interior of the Lock, remove the Bolt and turn it a little.

To carry the arms safely set the Hammer rest upon the pin or cavity between the Main Spring and the Cylinder.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MAN'F'G. COMPANY.

COLONEL SAM. COLT, President.

REDUCED PRICES FOR 1860.

Henceforth the prices for Colt's Revolving Breech, Rifles, Carbines, Shot Guns, and Pistols, will be as follows:

POCKET PISTOLS. Plated or Steel Mountings, Calibre 31-100ths of an inch, (92 Elongated or 140 Round Bullets to the pound.)				
Three inch Barrel,	Weight 23 oz.	Six Shots,	\$10.00,	Five Shots, \$9.00
Four " "	" 24 oz.	" "	" 11.00,	" " 10.00
Five " "	" 26 oz.	" "	" 12.00,	" " 11.00
Six " "	" 27 oz.	" "	" 13.00,	" " 12.00
BELT PISTOLS. Army, and Navy, Medium Size, Plated or Steel Mountings, Six Shots, 7½ inch Barrel, Calibre 36-100ths of an inch, (30 Elongated or 86 Round Bullets to the pound.)				
Weight 2 lbs. 10 oz.				18.00
With an "Attachable Carbine Breech," plain, extra.				8.00
with Canteen, extra.				10.00
HOLSTER PISTOL. Army, Large Size, Brass or Steel Mountings, Six Shots, 7½ inch Barrel, Calibre 44-100ths of an inch, (38 Elongated or 46 Round Bullets to the pound.) Weight 4 lbs. 2 oz.				
With Plated Mountings.				20.00
With an "Attachable Carbine Breech," plain, extra.				21.00
with Canteen, extra.				8.00
NEW MODEL POCKET PISTOL. Steel Mountings, Five Shots, 3½ inch Barrel, Calibre 265-1000ths of an inch, (128 Elongated or 200 Round Bullets to the pound.) Weight 1 lb. 1 oz.				
				12.00
Ornamental Engraving on Pocket Pistols. extra.				
do. do. Belt and Holster Pistols, extra.				4.00
do. do. Attachable Carbine Breech, extra.				5.00
Ivory Stock, for Pocket Pistols, extra.				3.00
do. do. for Belt or Holster Pistols, extra.				5.00
Powder Flasks, for Holster Pistols, each.				6.00
do. do. for Belt " "				1.25
do. do. for Pocket and New Model Pistols, each.				1.00
RIFLES. New Model Steel Mountings, Six Shots, Calibre 36-100ths of an inch, (42 Elongated or 86 Round Bullets to the pound.)				
Twenty-four inch Barrel,	Weight 9 lbs.			32.50
Twenty-seven inch Barrel,	Weight 10 lbs.			35.50
Thirty inch Barrel,	Weight 10 lbs. 8 oz.			36.50
Same Model, Six Shots, Calibre 40-100ths of an inch, (38 Elongated or 68 Round Bullets to the pound.)				
Twenty-four inch Barrel,	Weight 8 lbs. 12 oz.			33.75
Twenty-seven inch Barrel,	Weight 9 lbs. 12 oz.			36.75
Thirty-one and 5-16 inch Barrel, (Army Pattern.)	Weight 10 lbs. 4 oz.			39.75
Same Model, Six Shots, Calibre 44-100ths of an inch, (36 Elongated or 46 Round Bullets to the pound.)				
Twenty-four inch Barrel,	Weight 8 lbs. 15 oz.			35.00
Twenty-seven inch Barrel,	Weight 9 lbs. 2 oz.			38.00
Thirty-one and 5-16 inch Barrel, (Army Pattern.)	Weight 9 lbs. 10 oz.			41.00
Same Model, Six Shots, Calibre 50-100ths of an inch, (30 Elongated or 34 Round Bullets to the pound.)				
Twenty-four inch Barrel,	Weight 8 lbs. 11 oz.			36.25
Twenty-seven inch Barrel,	Weight 8 lbs. 14 oz.			39.25
Thirty-one and 5-16 inch Barrel, (Army Pattern.)	Weight 9 lbs. 6 oz.			42.25
Same Model, Five Shots, Calibre 56-100ths of an inch, (14 Elongated or 24 Round Bullets to the pound.)				
Twenty-four inch Barrel,	Weight 8 lbs. 14 oz.			37.50
Twenty-seven inch Barrel,	Weight 9 lbs. 11 oz.			40.50
Thirty-one and 5-16 inch Barrel, (Army Pattern.)	Weight 9 lbs. 15 oz.			43.50
CARBINES. New Model, Rifled Barrels, 15, 18, or 21 inches long: Steel Mountings, Six Shots, Calibre 36-100ths of an inch, (42 Elongated or 86 Round Bullets to the pound.)				
Weight 8 lbs. 8 oz.				30.00
Six Shots, Calibre 44-100ths of an inch, (38 Elongated or 46 Round Bullets to the pound.)				
Weight 8 lbs. 12 oz.				32.50
Five Shots, Calibre 56-100ths of an inch, (14 Elongated or 24 Round Bullets to the pound.)				
Weight 9 lbs. 8 oz.				35.00
SHOT GUN. Twenty-seven inch Barrel, Weight 8 lbs. 12 oz. Five Shots,				
				40.00
Patent Powder Flasks, for Carbines and Rifles,				
				2.00
Ordinary do. do. " "				
				1.50
Globe Sights, For Rifles,				
				3.00
Telescope Sights, For Rifles,				
				15.00
Bayonets, For Rifles,				
				2.50
Sabre Bayonets, For Rifles,				
				4.00

All Pistols, Rifles, Carbines and Shot Guns, are furnished with a Bullet Mould, Screw Driver and Nipple Wrench free of charge.

Pistols are put up assorted or otherwise, in packages of 10, 20, 25, 50 and 100 each.

Rifles, Shot Guns, and Carbines, are put up assorted or otherwise, in packages of 5, 10 and 20 each.

For smaller quantities reference is made to the retail trade.

TERMS. Cash in New York Funds.

All Communications should be addressed to

"COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MAN'F'G. COMPANY.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A."

By Order of the Board of Directors,

W. M. B. HARTLEY, Sec'y.



COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MANUFACTURING CO.

I thought me of the poet-king
Whose reign ignores the night-bound grave,
And heard the eternal voices sing
The praise of heroes truly brave.

Deep calmness, like a spirit, reigns
Where'er I look, where'er I tread;
O'er Weimar's rural, verdant plains
O'er earth and skies its hues are shed.
I hear the angel of the past
Declare in accents mild and clear,
That Weimar shall the ages last
Because to Genius ever dear;
That Athens from her grave of Time,
And Stratford where the Avon flows,
Shall with the hymn of Epochs chime
As Change his endless circuit goes.
Whate'er the place APOLLO owns
Outlasts the fame of gold-starred thrones.

Weimar, September, 1859.

T O C — H — .

DARLING CLARA, how much brighter
Than the gilded cross and mitre
Are thy hazel eyes and laughing,
While thy devotees are quaffing
At thy shrine, thou little airy,
Brilliant, dazzling, floating fairy!

Quaffing much, but thirsting often,
Hoping yet thy heart to soften;
Listening for the faintest sound
Of liquid love from depths profound,
To bless the eager lip and ear,
Elate with hope, now faint with fear.

CLARA, CLARA! have a care,
Tempt them not with smiles so fair;
Love is sweet, is rich and rare:
Thou mayst need it yet. Beware!
Love is heavenly in its birth,
Worship ne'er was meant for earth.

TROUT-BOOK OF THE YEAR.

CHAPTER ONE.

WHEREIN THE GENTLE READER WILL FIND AN ACCOUNT OF GREAT LUCK IN FISHING AMONG THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, TOGETHER WITH SUNDRY OBSERVATIONS BY THE WAY.

TROUT-FISHING in brooks and rivulets, according to my experience, is rather unsatisfactory now-a-days in these parts. Although the population is busy the year round with the main thing, and you would not suppose that many would have time to trifle away in angling, yet in the wildest and remotest spots among the mountains I have found the streams well thrashed and the fish scarce. The melting snows impart to them an icy coldness up the first of June. In July the heat begins to be excessive, the gnats and flies chastise those who go about with a rod in their hands, and the fish are left nearly undisturbed. A few inefficient laws are made for their protection, but nature has left no creatures without defence. Thus, as the poet Anacreon sings, Bees have stings, bulls horns, fretful porcupines have quills, skunks or essence-peddlers, 'liquid-damnation,' but fish, the more ferocious kinds excepted — tender, elegant, refined trouts — what have they? PROVIDENCE has provided them with 'troops of friends.' On the edge of the stream Gad-Fly buzzes about, quite blue, and eager for blood. Captain Gallinipper, his legs encased in pepper-and-salt breeches, marshals his squadrons, who blow their horns, and keep up a great hum in the camp. Corporal Gnat is not to be outdone with his legions.

As the winter, therefore, is so long, the summer so short, and so little of it is available, (only that portion which lieth between corn-planting, and dog-days,) I resolved last year to fish if possible to some purpose, and boast of something better as the result of a day's work, than ten or fifteen little creatures, no larger than sardines; instead of dropping a hook into the ripples and cascades of little streams which run down so fast from the mountains, that they soon run away, to push farther off still into the wilderness, and sometimes try the lake-trout in their profound fastnesses. Listen, then, to a chronicle of piscatorial triumphs, which I am pleased to entitle 'TROUT-BOOK OF THE YEAR.' It is intended to be a diary of excursions made at intervals, in the course of twelve months, among the Green Mountains of Vermont, in case I should think it worth while to fulfil my design and write out my *memoranda*. I am not a professed angler, and indeed have little tact or skill, such as should be possessed by those who write such books, yet I am alive to the genial influences of nature. The

1875 Jan. 12.
Subscription Fund.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LV.

JUNE, 1860.

No. 6.

THE POEM OF MR. PIGEON:

EDITOR OF THE 'CRUSTACEAN': REVIEWED BY CAPTAIN CROSSBILL, EDITOR OF THE 'TESTACEAN.'

HERE in a thin volume, adorned with a sorry cut of the 'Polyphe-mean University,' we have the first appearance of the wonderful little editor of the 'Crustacean' in a new character, positively a new character, namely, poet. Following the erudite anniversary oration of Hon. Mr. Themis, and preceding the Alumnean statistics for 1857-8, we behold with some astonishment the soul of Mr. Pigeon bursting forth, regardless of consequences, in a metrical freshet of several hundred lines, and depositing a sediment of *great* and *fertilizing* thoughts on what was before but a barren expanse of paper. 'Poem read before the Alumni of the Polyphemean University.' Upon our editorial word, we really begin to look upon the three-story brick building on the other side of the street, from the upper story of which Pigeon issues his weekly pestilence, as a sort of Olympus where the whole of the Dii Majores are buttoned under the editor's vest in the disguise of a human unit. Thus the town knows that Pigeon can thunder like a very Jupiter Tonans. Witness his last leader in relation to the delegates elected, (and *regularly* elected too, whatever may be said to the contrary by the reckless rule-or-ruin crustaceous faction,) to represent this county at the State convention of the Republicratic party. Fairer caucus never was in the world. Grant that our tonitrons little friend with a few gentlemen of his own shell did get accidentally crowded out of the window, leaving only a few fragments of caudal broadcloth as mementoes to console us for their lamented absence; was that little casualty, we ask, a sufficient reason for harrowing the public mind with four columns of mingled objurgation and affidavit headed, '*The Crucial Outrage of the Age!*' '*The Rape of the Sabine Woman Paralleled!*' '*The Republicratic Party in New-Sebastopol in the power of Hessian mercenaries!*' No; the rage of Pigeon was inexcusable, although sublime. The great London Thunderer was never in more Jovian mood.

But furthermore we have reason to believe that the valorous Mars himself is secreted behind the before-mentioned vest-buttons of the 'Crustacean.' The fact was never more signally proven than on the day when, as our readers are aware, it became our duty to pull his nose. We called at his office on that interesting occasion, accompanied only by a single reporter and an *attaché* of the pictorial press, but before we could enact a single paragraph of history, Pigeon effected such a neat and expeditious retreat through the scuttle, drawing the ladder after him, that the spectators at once recognized the presence of the same divinity who inspired Xenophon, Fabius, Santa Anna, and all the great retrograde strategists of the world. It is needless to say that we left the laurels of that field to be gathered by some bolder spirit than we are. Then again, to show that Pigeon is able to stand with credit in the sandals of the eloquent Mercury, we have but to refer to his lecture on 'The Created Universe, Material and Immaterial,' which he delivered before the Piketown Lyceum last winter, and which was noticed so handsomely in the local editor's column of the 'Crustacean,' (without the knowledge of the senior editor, *of course*.) We believe the 'well of English undefiled,' was pumped entirely dry on that occasion, as it necessarily must have been to irrigate so extensive a field, and the lecturer was obliged to extend hose to four or five other wells.

Last of all, the fact now leaks out that Apollo himself has not disdained to masquerade in this lower sphere in the mortal apparition which, under the name of Pigeon, goes about our streets confessing himself to be the editor of a crustaceous journal of the most *abject* and *unmitigated* description. Here in the volume referred to at the commencement of our article, is the proof of what we say. Pigeon it seems is an A.B., nay, even an A.M. While we, on the gory field of Cherubusco inhaled the sulphureous fumes of battle, and were laying, as we in our simplicity imagined, some foundation for a claim to the gratitude of our country, to the extent possibly of a small collectorship, our little friend over the street was nursing his precious intellect in the halls of the Polyphemean University, and in due time was rewarded with the usual graduating parchment. These circumstances, it seems, entitled him to claim and receive a certain office here at the disposal of party leaders, while *our* degree of A.B., or Bachelor of Arms, engrossed on our own hide by the sabre of Montezuma himself as we entered his celebrated halls at the head of the American troops, entitled *us* to step to the background. We mention this trifling circumstance in no invidious spirit, nor by way of accounting for our perhaps not wholly concealed scorn and contempt of the editor of the 'Crustacean.' We allow no such things to influence our

judgment of men or affairs. But we allude to the facts simply because they are facts, and truth is always wholesome, wherever disclosed.

Well, our neighbor being a graduate of this institution of learning, was, it seems, solicited to deliver the annual poem before the alumni; and as he never declines any undertaking, however herculean, nor omits any opportunity to remind the public of his existence; of course he wrote and read the poem, just as he would have delivered the annual *Concio ad clerum* before the Spanish Inquisition, or fathered a new theory of Waterspouts for the British Association, if invited. Now as our purpose is to give our readers some idea of this last lucubration of our little friend, we will proceed at once to our task, without any injurious prefatory remarks; for we desire to do Pigeon justice, and allow our readers to conceive in their own minds if possible, any excuse for his pushing himself before the public with his ridiculous poetical claims.

Our poet begins with an address to various individuals, bachelors, doctors, teachers of tongues and languages, ciphering sages, and various other members of society, and also to the

‘WORTHIES of the quill and brief,
Who don like me such academic tatters,
As ten years cruising in an open skiff,
Pirating up and down the sea of life,
Has left to honor this our Alma Mater’s
Thanksgiving day,’ etc. etc.

Having made sure of universal attention by specially calling upon all sorts of persons who could be expected to be present, he of course has something important to say. And what is it? Why, (to compress in a few words what Pigeon with difficulty declares in several stanzas,) simply this: ‘Why, in the name of all that is sensible, have you pressed me, a proser, into service as a poet?’ Now here is the only glimmering of common-sense in the whole melancholy business, and if Pigeon had then sat down and waited till the assembled learning of the audience had given a satisfactory response to his question, the poem would just at that spot have ended. Every body would have gone home; the university printer would never have had the crime of ruining so many pages of innocent paper to answer for; the critic would not have been required to lead Pigeon to the slaughter-block, and humanity in general would have escaped a neuralgic twinge. Unhappily, however, the honorable gent did not stop to allow the point to be discussed, or the previous question moved on him, but stalked on after the following style:

‘In ancient time, no hand of mortal dared
To touch the thund’ring strings of that great lyre
Which JUPITER’s bright son, the golden-haired,
Played in the gates of morning, when the fire
Of day’s new orb first kindled night’s deep realm,
And light and music did the anarchy’s hosts o’erwhelm.

'Though th' Olympian harper down to earth
 Stepped from the clouds, and gave the harp to men,
 That Valor might be born, and Song and Mirth
 Cheer mortal hearts, and e'en the clam'rous den
 Where dwell the nether demons might be hushed
 No man dared touch the gift, but all stood back, abashed.

'But proudly the grand old Grecian came:
 And he, the first of all the sons of clay,
 Could touch the awful lyre and not be slain,
 Far down the ages swept his mighty lay;
 And unborn souls of heroes heard the song,
 Watching behind Time's curtain in a god-like throng.'

After the statement of the above historical facts, we wondered how it was that the editor of the 'Crustacean' ventured to meddle with so dangerous a machine, but we soon found the explanation in the following stanza:

'But in these modern days of pompous science,
 When every donkey sports a Nubian mane:
 When pigmies strut the streets in boots of giants,
 And Jov's proud eagle, by the chattering crane
 Is fluttered from his perch, the lyre — ah! shame!
 Is to the gallows tied with hangman's ropes,
 And coxcombs kick the wires divine with shameless boots.'

This was intended, we suppose, as a slur at the nineteenth century, out of complaisance to the learned owls on the platform, but the poet was unconsciously characterizing his own performance, and we ought not therefore to find fault with it, as it is in accordance with usage for poets to prefix their own portraits to their works.

Pigeon then alludes to the martial and romantic spirit which has pervaded the poetry of nearly all nations, down to our own time, and refers to the inclination of the Muse in our own day to abandon these old themes, and harmonize her numbers with the pacific and industrial spirit of our times. It is said she

'Gives prosy Ciro catapult and sabre,
 And sings, or tries to sing, the psalms of Labor.
 'Hear her exhort: 'O toiling brother-soul,
 Gnashing thy teeth upon the anguished Sphere,
 Promethean-vulture-torn, with Ixion-roll
 Self-gyrated! Awake! thy task is here,
 Amid the earnest phalanx of the Doers!
 Where great Humanity's heart's choral Symphony
 Voluminously deep, out-thunders hoary Infamy!'

This fine stanza, by the distinguished poet Spread, is introduced by our editor with a sneer, (when *his* grovelling muse can surpass the 'Marsellaise of Labor' it will be early enough for Pigeon to sneer,) and with the assertion that for his part he do n't believe in the genuineness of these 'raptures over Adam's curse.' He supports his position in the following language, which for some reason not understood by us, the printer has divided into short lines, each commencing with a capital letter, namely:

- 'THE Muse loves not the grindstone: King ADMETUS
Found lord AROLLO but a faithless serf:
Lions devoured the flocks, gnats and mosquitos
Tortured the herds, while stretched upon the turf
The good-for-nothing herdsman watched the clouds,
Or flirted with the Dryad ladies in the woods.
- 'I have small faith in sudden reformation,
When the Parnassian Amazon becomes
A factory-girl, and talks to edification
O' the good of spindles and the shame of drums,
I hope the fit will last till Nineteen-Hundred,
But if I have my doubts 't will not be wondered.
- 'Tis well enough, when one's poor hurdy-gurdy
Must grind some tune for academic youth,
To chaunt the psalms of work, how'er absurdly,
And pipe up strong on Progress, Freedom, Truth,
And such abstractions as are now admired,
Good things no doubt, but which make one so tired.
- 'Tis well to point fine youth to 'fame's proud steep
That shines afar;' to hint of HUMBOLDT, NEWTON;
To recommend them to dispense with sleep;
Extol hard workers, Saxon, Frank, or Teuton,
Shout '*quisque suae fortunae est faber*,'
With other ache-suggesting saws of Labor.
- 'But here, among these medalled veterans
Who have seen service in life's tedious wars,
And who have gained in wearisome campaigns
Perhaps a little spoil, but many scars,
Let no smart bard blow the recruiting fire;
Enough we've had of labor, sweat and strife.
- 'And as for that 'proud steep' (not on the maps)
Where SHAKESPEARE, CAESAR, BACON, CICKERO,
And all those demi-gods to whom men's caps
Fly up, are seen by gaping folks below,
To congregate, that envied House of Peers,
Whose doors are oped for man but once each hundred years:
- 'We want no rhymster with heroics shrill
To urge us up the treacherous ascent;
Let those who wish, ascend the icy hill:
We with less dizzy paths are now content;
And choose the cozy tavern in the vale
Rather than first-class lodgings in the realms of hail.'

Having indulged in this grovelling train of thought as long as it was probably safe for him to do so, even before the despicable audience which (taking his own words for it) listened to him, Pigeon proceeds to business; for all his 'song' up to this point is, it seems a mere prelude to the main performance. With an entire change of time and key, somewhat like the transition from a corduroy road to unmitigated mud, our poet opens thus:

- 'CAESAR has caught his castle in the air:
On yonder summit stands the shining pile:
From cliff to cloud the flanking towers rise,
And the steep dome between flings off its splendors;
A rising moon betwixt white mountain peaks.'

Pigeon then goes on to relate how this castle in the air, this 'vagrom' castle, got 'comprehended,' as Dogberry has it. It was originally made from 'the mist of night,' by some 'aery Angelo.' There was only one man in the world who was able to see it, namely, the aforesaid Cæsar. Persons who are out very late in the night might have seen what they supposed was

'A MOUNT of fog
Piled by the envious fiends against the gate
Whence morning comes,'

(the said evil spirits having, we suppose, the insane idea of blockading day-light.) But when this mysterious individual looked at the fog-bank at two o'clock in the morning, he saw another sight:

'He gazed, and lo! the sullen range of mist
Was all illumined by a central light;
And then flashed out in the last hours of night
The very house of Jove, sent down from heaven.
'Tis thine,' the tempter said; 'go and possess
The house which Heaven, and Fate the lord of Heaven,
And I the lord of Fate, have made for thee:
And on the throne which yonder dome but canopies,
Reign thou the lord of all the realms of earth
Which from that lofty seat thou may'st behold;
But bend the knee to me, thy sovereign;
'Tis well; thou art most wise! the fief is thine.'

Rather a heavy transaction in real-estate, that, and all 'resting in parol' as the lawyers say, not a seal, not a sign nor scrap of paper. It then became necessary for Pigeon to have the day break, and he breaks it thus:

'THEN in the east morn's little postern gate
Was opened, and day's skirmishers ran out;
Gray archers running through the air like eagles,
Spreading to right and left, a saucy troop,
Shooting, as they ran, the night's swart spectres
That stalked with ebon shields upon the hills,
But fled in rage and fear, most sorely stung
Between their harness-joints by the slim arrows.
The lights within the aery palace faded;
Once more 't was but a homely mount of fog:
And when the royal conquering chariot
Bore the day's emperor up the eastern sky,
Trampled beneath his horses' fiery hoofs
That house of Jove floated adown the vale,
Trailing along the ground, a tattered mist.'

Our hero must have felt somewhat confounded, to see his fine estate dissolving in such style, our readers doubtless suppose. Never was a greater mistake. Pigeon's 'heir of realms in cloud-land,' not in the least affected by the singular effect which the 'chemical ray' had on his property, went on in dead earnest to find his missing mansion. Without going much into particulars, it is sufficient to say that the road led through certain 'royal courts' positively necessary for him

to pass through. The proprietor thereof, however, had objections: the hero, however, was resolute, and pushed ahead:

'He paused not, though the guardsmen's levelled pikes
Warned back the rash intruder. With a blow
He overthrew the clumsy slaves, passed on,
And haughtily the royal threshold crossed;
Yea, with audacious feet he dared to stride
Into the audience-hall with his bared sword.
A troop rushed in and rallied round the throne;
A thousand foes beset him front and rear.
The trumpets cry, the drums alarming roll,
The muskets blundering volley, and the dialogue
"Twixt steel and steel, quick, sharp, and soon concluded,
Rang for a moment through the mouldy halls;
And when the fray was done, oh! piteous sight,
The errant knight disarmed, defeated, stood
A captive in the midst of wondering throngs.
The soldiers leaning on their pieces, looked
In silence: possibly a thought or two
Ploughed o'er the weed-grown surface of their brains
And broke the fallow for the future seed.
A group of courtiers chattered airily,
Dispensing with free tongues th' occasion's wit;
And, from their interrupted conclave hasting,
The minister came forth with trembling limb,
And cried: 'Away to prison with the madman!''

Pigeon now most unhandsomely treats his hero to a term in the penitentiary; but the hero keeps up his courage and gets an occasional view of his tantalizing investment:

'When toward the east the drowsy sentry looked
In vain for day's first ray, the sleepless captive
Saw from his tower the glorious phantom flash,
As if from heaven Sirius were plucked,
And swung the central lamp from that vast dome.'

By-and-by his rather dismal prospects slightly improve. A subterranean convulsion attended with electrical manifestations entirely prostrates the obnoxious structure, and the Pharaoh who had imprisoned the hero has to run for his life. The hero takes this opportunity to come out; people extremely glad to see him, but very much puzzled to know what to do with themselves. The hero plays his cards skilfully:

'He stood beside the broken throne and swore:
'Freedom shall be yours, O men and brothers,
Or I will fall, the latest blest of those
Who draw from Freedom's helm the lot of death.'
So Freedom girt a sword upon his thigh,
And placed upon his breast her ancient badge:
And made him her new champion, for all
The worthy who had worn that starry emblem
Long since had died, they and their valiant sons.'

Pigeon then envelopes the earth in darkness, puts the people to bed, and sets the hero on guard. Suddenly he sees the airy palace. This time it is not far away on the 'far-off crags that wall the world,'

'But close at hand, upon the nearest steep,
Flaming with haughty glories to the stars'

The hero now sees that his time has come. He pushes on regardless of danger, and although, as Pigeon emphatically says, that

'SHADES of noble men, the knights
Of Liberty's round-table, long since dead,
Arose and stood across the way: in sorrow
Some implored, and warned with outstretched hands,
And others frowned from their immortal brows
Contempt and wrath;'

the hero is wisely uninfluenced by these apparitions; goes on without faltering, and at last reaches the long-wished-for, often-seen, and forever unattainable moonshine mansion:

'AND lo! a wonder happened: when his foot
But touched the threshold of the aery castle,
Instantly the unsubstantial pile
Became all adamant from base to dome.'

After this satisfactory turn of affairs, the hero getting comfortably settled on his throne, with his legs, we doubt not, elevated with non-chalance, on the table before him, Pigeon treats us to another day-break:

'But soon in the abyss day's champion,
The sun-born HERCULES, arose in wrath,
Flinging, for his lion's hide, a robe
Of tawny clouds upon his shoulders; scaled
The peaks that wall the world, where turbid heaps
Of thunder-laden clouds o'erhung the vales.
Full on the hosts of night he hurled his glories!
They fled in anguish, pierced with blades of flame.
But it fell not, that fortress of thin mist,
Which erst at day's first fire dissolved in air;
Defiant on the steep, its walls of adamant
Flung back the sun's hot darts with haughtier blaze.

'Then men arose and saw, with souls amazed,
The fortress standing on the beetling steep,
Lording it o'er the city; saw the flags
Of regiments encamped on the plateau
That stretched beside the castle's further wall:
Beheld the gaunt and brazen-bellied cannon
Resting their bronze jaws upon the rocks,
Like lions grouped upon some lonely steep,
And gazing on the herdaman's fold below.
And, sight more wondrous, saw the knight of Freedom
A sceptred CÆSAR throned 'mid shameful pompa.'

Forcible Pigeon! we regret that space compels us to shut off this muddy cataract. Suffice it to say that the citizens are not suited with the nocturnal arrangement, and talk of abating the nuisance. Hero however is made of too stern stuff for such nonsense, and lets loose his regiments:

'~~There~~ was one day of wrath
Through the devoted city, and at eve
The host returned with jaunty music trilling
Through the sweet evening air, while gashed Rebellion
Lay, a dead carcass, in the street.

This settles the business, and Cæsar has his own way after this, and Pigeon remarks :

'Ah! nobler far is this
A house like Jovr's, or tithe of Jovr's dominion,
Than Freedom's Spartan tent and jealous rule.
He waves his hand; obedient frigates bow,
And spreading their vast wings, in silence fly,
Eagles of doom, around the hemisphere.
He points his sword toward turrets glimmering
Where the first morning rays salute the world,
And armies rise up with a shout, and haste
To do his bidding in the clouds of battle.
He scrawls his name, and twenty distant senates
Utter in twenty tongues their doubts and fears.
He smiles, and stocks that lately sank like lead,
Bounce cork-like to the topmost market tide.
He calls for physic, and a million types
Hop from their nests like startled grasshoppers.
He bites his thumb, and straight the dizzy telegraph
Flashes the tidings that his highness sulks.'

Pigeon has now got his hero, after all his troubles, living in greater content amid his splendors

'THAN CINNATUS knew — that narrow soul —
Who prized those stingy boons of liberty,
A farm, an ox, a single suit of clothes,
And that not worn except to save the State.
True now and then a peevish pistol-shot,
Or gleam of ill-thrust dagger starts his nerves:
But how were safety prized without the spice
Of danger?'

Pigeon next gives us a bird's-eye view of a grand evening levee at his hero's. We can't take up room with a description of the scene, which we doubt not was strictly first-class. The poet admits himself unequal to the undertaking, and concedes that

'SWIVELLER himself,
Although with Heliconian bumpers deluged,'

would have been dumb had even he been required to report the affair for the Court Journal. Among the guests our poet notices one whose republican simplicity pleases him :

'He bears nor sword, nor star, nor e'en a diamond;
A pale-faced, studious man, of charming modesty,
Sweet-voiced, with calm and sympathetic eye.'

Pigeon at first supposes him to be a man of science, philanthropist, professor, or something of the sort; afterwards changes his mind on listening to a conversation between his hero and the prim stranger

apart from the guests, on a balcony overlooking an extended scene. The hero charges the stranger with fraud in the real-estate transaction alluded to in the commencement of the poem :

'Dider thou not promise me for mine all realms
Which from this height mine eye might look upon ?
Yet see, yon petty stream clips my dominion
Like some mean ditch bounding a peasant's farm.
Yonder the hills receive my words of rule,
And toss them back to me with mocking echoes.
And there, not e'en a ditch, or hill, or hedge,
Marks where I may not dare to bid
A swineherd doff his cap: but with her crutch
Diplomacy (that worthy, anxious nurse,
Who ties us monarchs to her easy-chair
Lest we should burn our fingers while she naps)
Has scratched a line, beyond which all my thunders
Are but the barkings of a petulant cur.
Yes, all around me are fair realms not mine:
And there, that noblest empire which enfolds
All puny nests of men, to bear whose sceptre
Not JULIUS, nor the Macedonian
Dared to aspire, but easier thought to gain
Sceptres in other worlds—thou hast not given
To me: another bears that tri-pronged bauble,
The emblem of the ocean's sovereignty.

'There struts a pompous fleet; its blood-red flags
Flaunting defiance to my snowy ensign.
On yonder cliffs the brazen dragons bark
And blow their insolent flames each morn at me.
And hark! far in the east the swaggering drum
Announces day. Ere this, what haughty race
Dared give a guard of honor to the sun,
And round the world escort his chariot?'

'The fruit is dust and ashes, lying phantom!
What though thou hast given me this dome
With all its shows: Ah! nobler far than these,
ATTILA's tent of hides, that more oppressed
The fainting earth than all the rocks of ATLAS!
What though thou hast given this paltry realm,
Which scribes style 'empire' in state documents?
Such realms as this the conquerors of old
Gave to their captains as one fight's reward,
A bullock's carcass dragged out for the hounds
After the stag was slain for the king's table.'

To this tirade the stranger replies with unruffled composure, and with the plausible argument in substance that he has fulfilled the covenant on his part, because all the other monarchs being dreadfully and undisguisedly afraid of him, the hero, therefore he was substantially their master, and in possession of the sole dominion,

'WHICH one of mind so high might condescend
To accept among a race of imbeciles.'

The hero, however, seems chafed by the philosophical and subjective treatment of the matter by his guest, and vows :

'BEFORE me lies my path ; that will I tread
 With my drawn sword, although thy treacherous lamp
 Throws not a ray before my feet, and though
 LUCIFER bestride the way to drive me back.'

The stranger replies with his accustomed sweetness, and taking the hero's arm, they once more join the brilliant assemblage in the saloon. Pigeon here cruelly breaks off in these words :

'I LIKE him not, this logic-chopping guest :
 Come, let us leave this gaudy house of revel ;
 I can but fear lest this fair-spoken stranger
 E'en as he smiles so sweetly by yon princess,
 Draw from his pocket some infernal shell
 And throw it on the floor with thunder snap,
 To fulminate the revellers to atoms
 And give again the castle to the air.'

Thus closes this part of Pigeon's production. And now to drop all levity, we beg to assure the editor of the 'Crustacean' that we well understand to whom he refers under the thin disguise of the hero of this poem. And we inquire whether it is according to his notions of taste and decency, to utter at a literary festival a political diatribe against the Hon. Jonas W. Spike, the Governor of this State ? It is no secret that Pigeon's faction of the party were both astonished and enraged that Mr. Spike, whom they thought to use as a tool in an inferior station, carried off the highest nomination in convention, was elected, and pitched the Crustaceans out of office within thirty days after his inauguration. This is well understood. We know, too, of what that clique is capable. But it required more venom and audacity than we supposed even Pigeon possessed, to conceive, elaborate, and utter such a malignant attack on the highest officer of the State, as this which we have noticed. However, our space is so limited we can do no more on this occasion than to pay our respects to the author as an author, and not as a politician. We therefore hurry on with our wearisome task. Pigeon opens with a puerile story of another man, who

'Has had his dealings with the cheating phantoms
 Who sell to covetous fools fair realms in cloudland.
 Fair realms of cob-web spun o'er hungry gulfs,
 That swallow worlds of fools, yet yawn for more.
 My friend bought one of these mock-auction kingdoms
 And took his title, and assuring covenants
 Against all title paramount. But when
 The chuckling phantom, with his fresh-caught fool,
 Went on to give investment of the manor,
 (A hollow lordship sold the hundredth time,)
 My friend, with some smart magic which he knew,
 Slit the slight rogue into a long-necked bottle
 And corked and wired him in as dexterously
 As any juggler famed in black-art classics
 E'er bottled upon imp.'

The unlucky little wretch, thus treated like small-beer, is naturally much enraged. He begs, storms, scolds, but finding all of no use, as his captor pays no attention to him, finally comes to terms and proposes to buy his liberty. The captor's terms are soon told, and these are, that the imp shall transform the cloud-land property which he had sold into honest real-estate, *terra firma*. The outwitted little joker declares the thing impossible, thus :

‘O MAN bereft of reason,’ shrieked the phantom,
 ‘You ask a thing impossible, unheard of :
 That I, a child of air, a smoke, a nothing,
 A wandering whisper, a poor orphan imp,
 Who try in vain to snap this bit of wire,
 Should be by you imagined strong enough
 To build a realm — pile leagues of rock and ice,
 To drag yon river out of his old channel
 Like an unwilling hound pulled from his kennel,
 And fling him down that barren, rocky steep,
 Betrays a mind demented and distort.
 That were a task for all those brawny elves
 Who dwell in mines and caves and mountain clefts,
 And who, obedient to some mighty sorcerer,
 Swing bridges in a night o’er frightful gulfs,
 Or perch a castle on some giddy crag.
 I am not strong like these, my broad-backed cousins :
 Some simple arts I know t’ amuse mankind,
 And by my harmless craft I live and please.
 I weave the mists, or gild the evening sky,
 Or tease the electric serpents from their nests
 Within the bellies of low-hanging clouds ;
 Or, with my lantern, on the midnight heavens
 Throw semblances of armies : or fulfil
 The prophecies of weather-mong’ring seers,
 Just to perplex the gentlemen of science :
 I do beseech thee, most puissant man,
 To name some lighter task which I may do.’

This, however, does not go down. The gentleman tells him that he has no doubt

‘Those same tough goblins
 Who burrow in the caverns of the earth,
 Are wheedled by you Yankees of the air
 Whene’er you wish rough work on earth accomplished :’

and informs imp of his inexorable determination to keep him in close confinement, unless his friends close a contract with the under-ground gentry to perform the required task. Finally the prisoner complies, and the required job is thus performed. Night comes on, and at midnight the moon rose,

‘REVEALED the gleaming rivers and bright lakes,
 And half-filled up the surly glens with light :
 Lo ! there was seen a thing, the like whereof
 Since Rhymer THOMAS on the sandy beach
 Watched his rope-making brownies, ne’er was seen.
 A file of little men with picks and barrows
 Walked out o’ the hill-side smoking their short pipes.

Those were the brown and brawny elves of earth.
 Then rose terrific noises in the mountains,
 Of tumbling crags, and forests overthrown,
 Of hill-top aliding into chasms: of rocks
 Rushing in frantic herds adown the slopes:
 Of aged hills, ripped open cruelly
 By blasts, uprising from their seats in woe,
 Then falling, piteous wrecks: and 'mid the uproar
 Ten thousand of the little brown earth Samsons
 Swarming like ants among the flying ruins,
 Sometimes by falling acres overwhelmed,
 And sometimes by distracted torrents deluged,
 Loaded their barrows with the mighty fragments
 And hurried off as if with loads of straw.

One night of such work as this finished up the affair, and Pigeon's sharp friend made a very good thing of the operation. The poet now invites the audience to pay a visit to this second man, who caught his castle in the air, thus:

'AND now, O friends! amid these streets of Babel
 The mid-day clamor rises high and harsh,
 The sun pours blistering floods upon the roofs;
 The lofty booths of vanity resound
 With fashion's pleasure-hunting sons and daughters,
 And from the offices where Mammon's slaves
 In sordid bondage do their master's work
 Swells the hoarse buzz that Mammon loves to hear.
 There, in convention met, reforming Joshuas
 Blow their distressing ram's horns at the walls
 Of social Jerichos, that bolt upright
 List with composure to the serenade.
 Here Chief-Justice RHADAMANTHUS sits,
 While bellowing wranglers show that Righteousness
 Should be non-suited and turned out of court.
 Hark! 'neath the vaulted street the clashing press
 Stamps on ten thousand sheets the day's misdoings:
 For shameless man, could he at evening peep
 In the recording angel's grievous book,
 Would in the morning sell the damning record,
 Delighting all the city's breakfast-tables.
 Yonder, 'mid thundering wheels and hissing pipes
 And fumes and fogs and clouds of Stygian smoke,
 Industry, with grimed face and anxious eye,
 Watches his slaves — blind Calibans of iron,
 Bolted and chained within their master's mills,
 And lashed to endless toil by fiery scourges.
 Industry — ah! how changed from that hale genius
 Who erst with sun-browned arms and ruddy cheek,
 Strode through the harvest-field among his reapers.
 . . . He, too, was bitten by the mad dog Progress;
 Poison of genius in his veins fermented:
 The honest brutes that shared his toil he hated
 Despised his little gains, his narrow fields,
 The simple swains, the flocks and glossy herds,
 He left them all, rushed to the city's streets
 And there reared mills and factories and forges,
 Tore from the earth its ores and anthracite,
 And wrought in metal his distempered fancies.
 Here Trade, with clam'ring tongue and restless arm,
 Drags to the wharves his ships; from crammed warehouses
 Tumbles his treasures, loads his railway-trains,

Hurries his steamships on their world-wide erranda.
 Trade — once I knew you with your cart and nag,
 A snail-paced peddler plodding on the highway,
 Content with daily pence and bread and beer :
 But now, with piles of bullion in your vaults,
 Steam for your nag, and for your cart Leviathan,
 This noble city Babylon hath not
 Treasures or dainties to content your soul,
 Though here the rummaged earth yields all its wealth.
 'Come, friends, and let us leave these noisy scenes
 And visit in his haunt that fooling wight
 Who bought a trumpety estate from phantoms.'

Pigeon, having determined upon this, has some trouble after all in getting out of town. We are taken to one gate looking out upon an ugly sort of a highway, which we are told 'was hewn by Death and Sin;' then to another, looking off across a plain on the horizon of which we see

'The tint of Ophir's harvest-fields,
 The gleam of Ophir's yellow-sanded brooks.'

Then to another, 'hung with garlands,' opening into 'mazes of delight and garden paths,' where 'the splash of fountains and the stir of leaves' put one nicely to sleep in the day-time, but where

'At night the paradise will blaze with light:
 The cantatrice will fly her fluttering notes
 Like frightened pigeons darting through a grove;
 While, like a truculent kite, the basso follows,
 Chasing the fugitives through all the scales.'

Various other attractions are offered, and for our part, we would have been glad if our poet had stopped there at least 'ten minutes for refreshments;' and, by-the-by, his own tendency to freeze to a straw in hot weather is so well known that we wonder he ever tore himself away from so nice a place. But he goes on to the next gate. The architecture is of a more frigid character :

'The portly Ciceronian Janitor
 Proclaims, with his grand air, *rotundo ore* :
 'These are the comely gardens of the wise:
 Yonder the rank pastures of the foolish ;
 If ye would feast your souls with Wisdom's fruits,
 Pass ye in here.'

'We pray have us excused,
 Most portly pompous friend ; to-day we seek
 A man who ne'er did rate himself so wise
 That while the dog-star raged he might delight
 His soul with dreary feasts of pedantry.'

Our crustaceous poet therefore travels on, and on the other side of the town tells us

'A river issues from a hazy glen,
 A sky-bright, idle flood, in one long curve
 Bending to touch the town, and then in haste
 Wheeling with arrowy tide to seek the hilla.

An idle shepherdess that brings her flocks
 Of sparkling waters from the lakes that flash
 Afar in undiscovered wildernesses,
 And leading the bright vagrants down the vale,
 Now loitering among the tree-arched isles
 Where birds each morn sing Nature's temple service,
 Now catching the sweet streams that sport awhile
 Within the rocky hollows of the hills,
 And then come dancing down, with laugh and song,
 Hearing afar their father Ocean's voice
 Calling his little children to their home.'

We cannot spend time and ink to follow the meanderings of this young female, in the words of Pigeon. We can only say in our own words, which are just as good, that after roaming an hundred leagues or so, she hears the distant clamors of the city, and in spite of good advice, issues from the wilderness, passes out of the 'hazy glen' before-mentioned, and strolls cityward:

'LEAVING the shade of forests and wild steeps,
 And walks into the glare of that vast plain.
 Radiant, pure, all trusting she goes forth,
 Moving unto the staring, jewelled city
 That greets with a gross welcome the fair maid,
 And wonders that so sweet a prize is caught
 So easily, by force of fascination.
 But she escapes before it is too late;
 She tastes but once the city's filthy kiss,
 Bestowed by gutters,
 Then wheels in fright and flies like ARETHUSE
 To hide once more among the honest hills.
 Down the first gorge the foaming waters pour,
 Leaping from ledge to ledge between the cliffs,
 Until, descending half a score of fathoms,
 A bowl of granite catches the scared floods;
 A bowl where all the banqueters of Valhall,
 Thor at their head, might plunge in giant sport,
 Running, all stript, a race from Odin's house
 And leaping in the water from the crags.
 'From this Valhalla bath-room the stilled floods
 Move through a glen, where one might think to see
 DIANA's setters lapping the cool water,
 Their mistress meanwhile resting on the shore,
 Arrayed coquettishly, a modern sportswoman—
 Her jewelled fowling-piece across her lap—
 A crooked horn wrenched from some griffin's snout,
 Carved with grotesque device, her powder-flask;
 And wild birds lying on the grass, her spoil.'

Pigeon soon gets us out of this damp region into a vale which he describes with the assistance of all the agreeable adjectives in the language, and tell us this is the land that his 'crack-brain won from phantoms.' We naturally are anxious to see the castle which this Cæsar, with the impish architects under his thumb, compelled them to build for him. Would it be credited that the ass, instead of ordering such an establishment as Pigeon's Cæsar Number One enjoyed, filled his order for such an affair as this, namely:

'YET see the mansion — yonder apple-bough
 O'ertops the ridge: the urchin's fishing-rod
 Exalts itself above the chimney-top:
 The clambering vine, with mischievous ambition,
 Essays to strangle the red weather-cock
 That watches o'er the gable — the sole sentry
 Upon the fortress walls.
 There is the garrison — one valiant dog,
 Courteous as BAYARD, grave as WASHINGTON,
 Couchant upon the grass, where children part
 His leonine jaws to peep down his black throat.
 There is the army — a chained brace of hounds —
 Dissolute pretorian guards — free-booters,
 Eager to follow any captain's lance
 That leads to plunder in the parks and covers,
 Nor loth, I fear, to plunge their sensual nostrils
 In the slain sheep's hot spouting throat, that *ovicide*
 Which has no nice degrees, and is but *murder*.

The despot of this realm stalks forth straw-hatted,
 A tyrant of stout limb and lordly whisker.
 The cares of empire are to-day but light
 Upon his ample shoulders, for no doubt
 Assassination, revolution, treason,
 Those hideous spectres that environ kings,
 Are buried in deep graves, and pinned with stakes —
 Ne'er to disturb our rural CÆSAR'S reign.'

Pigeon introduces two friends of the 'Crack-brain,' one an editor and another a poet. We perfectly understand his covert sneer at the great poet Spread, when he says of the person introduced as the poet:

'I bought his volume once, and on my fingers
 Measured by rules of metric trigonometry
 The first half-page of print, and found it poetry.
 The other pages wore poetic livery —
 Capitals at the head of every line;
 Stanzas with wasp-like waists and frog-like stomachs,
 Sprawling in suicide, with abdomens
 Spitted by Alexandrines long and sharp,
 All in the latest style of lyric agony;
 So I've no doubt I got my money's worth.'

Now, at this point the poem comes to a dead stop — remorselessly ends. Just as Pigeon had got where we supposed the poetry of the poem was going to commence — for up to this point even the literary editor of the 'Crustacean' will not claim there is any thing but chopped prose — our poet had to stop, like the man who took so long a start when about to jump over the wall, that when he got to the wall he had to stop and rest. A few short croaks then closed the day's performance. We give the last two:

'So with one glance o'er that fair vale of Leisure,
 Which just revealed itself unto our eyes;
 One look at shaded streams, and summits azure
 That slumber, breast to breast, with sleeping skies;
 One glance at water-falls, whose mists arise
 O'er tree-tops, and with dainty rainbows grace
 The heads of hale old oaks, we turn with lagging pace.

'And, as we go, from yonder mossy cave,
 Mentor steps forth, arrayed in hermit's gray;
 And reads, with visage sad, in accents grave,
 The homily appointed for the day:
 'Thus ever from men's sight is snatched away
 The vale of Leisure, which so fairly sleeps
 Beyond the hills of Toil and Conflict's bastioned steepa.'

We have unintentionally given so much space to extracts from the production itself, that we are compelled to refrain from critical comments. Our readers will give us credit for our moderation when they see what a blessed opportunity we have now got for slowly peeling the skin off Mr. Pigeon, beginning at his toes and ending with scalp and finger-nails. But we will not do it. Owing to our political relations toward him, it might be said we were influenced by sinister considerations; and though we are conscious of entertaining nothing but the most impartial feeling, still, knowing what we *must* say, if we say any thing, we say nothing. The spitefulness, however, with which he assailed the eminent patriot Spike and the great poet Spread may give an inkling of what we may expect when our own poem comes out, if we ever write one.

THE SLEEPING MAIDEN: A FRAGMENT.

'T WAS here at noon, when summer's ripening light
 Paused, like a pallid thinking hour of day,
 O'er matted roofing, in whose mimic night—
 Mute joy it was—a sleeping maiden lay:
 Her tresses from her forehead thrown away,
 Her bodice all unjewelled, so the air
 With cooling sigh about her form might play—
 Paling that blush which sometimes dreams will wear
 When first the heart begins its fondness to declare.

Mute joy it was!—her bosom's gentle strife
 Slowly upheaving with a measured beat
 Like breathing wave; but not a trace of life
 Moved her grouped limbs, which you beheld repeat
 Themselves through gauzy robe, yet incomplete
 As vision wandering through a cloud of thought.
 One arm fell low as were her nestled feet,
 The other circling round her brow was brought,
 And braceleted with hair that flashed the light it caught.

A DAY AT LONG LAKE.

OUR second morning at Long Lake dawned slowly and mistily, yet the tired travellers were early awakened by the screaming of numberless blue-jays, early and hard at work upon Carey's little corn-patch back of the cabin. The truant hound that had left us yesterday at South Pond had not yet appeared, and Carey anxiously prepared to go in search of him. He spoke of his lost pet and attendant as one might of a missing child, and as soon as breakfast was dispatched, he started off upon a jaunt of sixteen miles through the woods to a clearing to which he declared that the dog had driven the deer.

In a pen near the house was a fawn which Carey had captured a few days before our arrival, a tender, lithe little beauty, in its first coat of yellow, spotted with white. That it had been taken alive was owing to the magnanimity of this same hound. He had driven the mother doe from her covert somewhere by the lake shore, and forced the little one out into the shallow water. The dog would not seize the puny thing, yet kept it captive until his bayings summoned the master.

The deer is a docile, affectionate creature, intelligent, and capable of being perfectly domesticated. At this season the forest is full of these little ones. A month earlier, the timid doe, prompted by the instinct of maternity, retires to the most sheltered nook of the woods, where the hunter's step rarely falls, and the ever-pursuing cry of the hound shall not startle her soft pledges. She selects a position with much foresight, often near a spring or rill fringed with grass, that hunger may not force her far away from her fawns. She now lives a very secluded life, and it is by the rarest fortune that the hunter discovers her. For weeks the life of the poor creature is but a series of alarms; she dares venture forth only for a moment, and only when keen hunger spurs, for the fox, the weasel, and a host of lesser vermin, watch her going forth, to skulk in and destroy her maternal treasures.

Let the reader watch with us at this cover. It is even an old hunter's boast to have witnessed a scene like this. We shall not have to wait her egress long. Hark! she is coming even now. The trailing fir-boughs wave slightly, and part, and the doe trips out, half-proudly and half-timidly. She stops short, and quickly turns her large, facile ears, now forward, now backward, to test the rustling breeze for sources of warning. A long time she stands with one fore-foot slightly lifted, and her large liquid eyes rove into every nook in the glen. She is gaunt, and her coat is dry and rough in spots, for her

motherly cares and alarms have wrought severely upon the gentle creature.

Her long scrutiny it seems is satisfactory, and she trots a few steps away from the cover, but only to halt at a few rods' distance, and turn a fond look back upon the spot that conceals her treasures and her cares. Finally, persuaded that the coast is indeed clear, she starts off down the glen at a quicker, more decided trot, and is out of sight. She has gone to the brook eighty rods away, to crop the wild water grass. One who has seen this, will hardly again draw a trigger upon so motherly a creature.

Now that the doe is away, perhaps we might steal a hasty peep at these loved, torturing treasures of hers. If so, we must be quick and silent about it, for she is likely not to be away long, and the most trifling whim getting into her brain, would send her back any moment. Let us creep to the far side of her retreat, and there wind our way flat on the ground, under the heavy spruce branches. This should be the spot, the centre of the thicket, but where is her bed? You do n't see it; a careless eye would not detect it in that stray handful of moss. But our guide tells us to peer more closely, and surely there is the slightest of palpitations under that blanket somewhere; it rises and sinks, as if to the faint breathing of something. Carey lifts the moss blanket, and ah! there they are! two of the tiniest of satin-coated, velvet-spotted nestlings huddled up together. The little hoofs that hardly would cover a ten-cent bit, shine like polished ebony. What a look of guileless wonder is in the large, tame eyes. They do not start or shrink with fear, for they know no enemies. This one raises its head to lick your hand, and rubs its velvet nose against your palm, and appears really to like your caresses. But they shiver; the damp, raw air of this spruce thicket is too chill; and we must hurry away from this sanctified precinct of maternal solicitude; so replace the moss, warm and downy, and we will shy away, leaving no broken twig for a sign.

We have gained our hiding-place not a second too soon, for there is a quick patter of hoofs upon the hard ground, and back ambles the doe, all alert and refreshed. She does not halt now to test the breeze, but disappears instantly behind the dense screen of her cover. We shall see her no more to day, so let us depart, and if hereafter as we cross the stream which is her resort, the staunch hound Rover strike this doe's trail, we will call him off. Let the three have present peace, for full soon their lot will be the lot of the hunted, and sore enough, too.

While Carey is away in search of his missing hound, we will take the trail for South Pond. It is one of those warm, still, cloudy days which are better than days of garish sunshine. The repose of nature

herself, and her curtained sombreness, seduce to idleness and dreaming. It is just the day for the patient angler, for he can muse in comfort upon his narrow thwart the live-long day, careless whether there be 'bites' or not. It does not quite rain; yet we wish it would; the silvery plunging of the great drops upon the glassy surface of the lake would be the most delicious of all monotonies. It may rain yet, for it seems as if the slightest squeezing would force the near, dun clouds to distil their over-weight of drops.

In such a warm, dark day, how sweet it is to stroll in the edge of the low beechen forest, and hear the soft, steady monotony of the rain upon the leaves. Those who have drunk the secrets of such hours, would not exchange those wanderings beneath the umbrella and the rough coat, amid trees dripping perfumes, for the best hour of boisterous hilarity.

South Pond slept in such an atmosphere, but it was a wild, gigantic scene which these influences softened. The pines that darkened the mountain slopes were darker than ever; and the sharp granite pinnacles intercepted the idle breeze as it drifted over, and wrung from its moisture festoons of fleecy mist with which to curtain their scars. The water, to-day a stable mirror, reproduced, numberless fathoms down, the dark and bold shores, other mountains, base to base with the real, and below all, the mighty concave of the sky, so that the spectator almost grew dizzy with looking, and thought himself floating, ambient as a cloud itself, in the centre of a vast hollow sphere. If one spoke, his words trembled over the glassy plane, and the rocks returned them to him polished of all their harshness.

Two loons — most solitary of birds — were the only life astir here to-day. They were diving a little way off, no doubt for the chopped bait we had thrown in the day before.

The lake abounds with the heavy salmon trout, and doubtless we might have great sport, did we prefer to anchor the skiff here and throw out our lines in the deep water; but we will float on into the inlet, where Carey caught those splendid spotted fellows yesterday.

The party reached the stream, and paddling against the gentle current, and over the trailing water-grass a half-mile, they reached an old barken camp which stood on the stream-side. The water at this spot was deep and black, though sluggish, and promised good fishing. At this spot yesterday Carey set ashore his companion, with many cautions 'to be shy,' and to cast his 'fly' deftly, for the 'hole was alive with them.' He himself, he declared, would push on and explore a little further, and soon return. A long hour did the beguiled tyro whip the pool, until it was plain that never a fish was there. Carey returned after a couple of hours, and was profuse in wonderments that his friend had met no better success.

To-day the party pushed on, determined to explore the stream to its source. Only forty rods above they reached a wide, dark pool, or eddy, at the foot of which the boat was stopped, for the stream fell into the eddy over a broad shelf of rock, upon which the water was no more than two inches in depth.

The cauldron was circular in shape, and about ten feet deep. It was girded with shelving rocks, overhung with tangled alder bushes, so that there was no foothold on shore. The outlet of the basin was shallow and narrow. Not a novice in the noble art of angling but would have said, that were there trout in this stream, they were every one here. The day was gloomy, and this place was so shaded by the giant pines and spruces that intertwined their limbs overhead, that it seemed here like evening. The slowly gyrating waters of the pool were of inky hue, and they lazily bore around in endless circles great snowy flecks of foam.

The anglers paused awhile in very admiration, for they had never before seen the secret retreat; the water fortress of the shy and beautiful trout. Under these shelving rocks, into whose miniature caverns the flood slowly sucked itself, to regurgitate with faint swirling murmurs, trout were lurking, eager for bait. Now we could not blame Carey for wishing to visit this spot alone; and almost justified the simple craft by which he secured all its spoils yesterday.

The skiff was cautiously pushed over the little sand-bar, into the lower edge of the eddy, and made fast to an overhanging alder-bush. The rods were spliced, and in the cloaking gloom which suffered no shadow to startle the sharp-eyed tenants of the pool, a decoying 'fly' was dropped lightly as a snow-flake upon the farther side of the cauldron. The whirl bore along the counterfeit, but not many yards, for there was a quick boiling of the water, a shower of spray, a bright flash upward from the black water, and then down sprang the tip of the rod to the very surface. Two or three mad surges the victim made across the basin, then was quietly reeled in. He was quickly followed by a second, and a third, and for twenty minutes the whole party had busy work. Then the sport abruptly ceased, and though there were doubtless a hundred trout in the pool, yet not another could be coaxed to rise. Nothing could be lost, then, by casting off and floating down the stream, for after a trout has caught one glimpse of the angler, it is lost time to try to allure him. He will coyly rise, nose the bait, balance an instant on his trembling fins, driving the angler to despair, then with a dart he is out of sight.

The party could not forsake this romantic spot without cherishing a vague hope of some time troubling its dark waters again. They held their course down the lake, across which the mists were creeping from the mountains, and reached the landing at dusk; then

shouldering their well-filled basket, they hastily trod two miles of crooked, muddy and rocky path, to Carey's cabin. He welcomed them at the threshold, wet and weary from his arduous day's journey. But the old hound was found; Carey's surmise had proved correct; the dog had driven our deer to the 'Irish clearing' sixteen miles over the mountains; the 'friendly sons of St. Patrick' shot the quarry, and not content with that windfall, at once sent the hound off on a second race, so that when his master came to the rescue, the poor dog was too exhausted and stiff to move.

N E X T M A Y .

WHERE is she who used to trip
 Past my window, through the grass;
 Saying oft, with pouting lip,
 'Wont you kiss me as I pass?'

I have seen her smiling face,
 In the sunshine — in the rain;
 Often seen her stop and trace
 Letters on the window-pane.

I have idolized her name,
 In a hundred little rhymes,
 And have checked the blush that came
 To my cheek — ah! many times.

She was very proud, I own,
 And could look disdainful, too;
 But her pleasant talk alone
 Would the former faith renew.

She will come no more to me,
 So at least her kindred say,
 For she is a BRIDE to be
 In the blushing month of May.

Many at the altar stand,
 With a false vow on their lips:
 Thus will *she* bestow her hand,
 While her heart is in eclipse.

THE CHAMBER OF ART: BERLIN.

BARON TRENCK AND THE PRINCESS.

I HAD been wandering for hours in the midst of the rare and antique things that Prussian pride and curiosity has collected in the Kunst Kammer, or Chamber of Art, in the attic story of the old Schloss at Berlin. Feathered cloaks from the Sandwich Islands, Australian necklaces of human teeth, tattooed heads of New-Zealand savages, were there most strangely mingled with curious relics, illustrative of names and deeds in Prussian history. The earlier records of the Wendish tribes who first laid the foundations of the Prussian State, are here. Memorials of the Great Elector, who, after the prostration of Germany's energies through the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, succeeded in vindicating the honor of the Teutonic name, and resisting the encroachments of France, may be seen scattered all around. 'Old Ziethen's hussar-dress, battle-stained, and with the dented helmet, still ornamented with that wing from the black eagle, that had been the oriflamme to the Prussians at Prague, occupies a conspicuous position in the main hall. There, too, upon a raised platform, was to be seen the wax figure of 'der alte Fritz,' clothed in the very suit he had on when seized with the agonies of death. It consists of a dirty blue coat, faced with red, a yellow waistcoat, and breeches snuff-stained and begrimed with dirt. Near this may be seen the ghastly cast taken from the old monarch's face after death, most strikingly in contrast with the angelic face in wax, taken of Queen Louisa, whose rare, almost supernatural, beauty death even could not mar. And there may be seen a curious collection of pipes, sole relics of the singular gathering that nightly met beneath the roof of the palace, the Tabagie or smoking-parliament of Frederick William, Frederick the Great's insane old father. These are pipes which to look at, no rational smoker could think that he would enjoy. One, as he gazes at them, could easily conjure up the reality of that scene, of which the numerous engravings in Berlin are but the representations. There is heavy visaged Grumkow, old Dessauer, Seckendorf, old Flans, rugged Dutch specimen as Carlyle calls him, capable of rough slashes of sarcasm when he opens his old beard for a speech; and Ginkel, the Dutch ambassador, and talkative Polnitz, and kings and high princes on their royal visits; all of whom were permitted to sit beneath that cloudy canopy that night after night hung above the heads of the Tobacco that nightly met for high debate, stormy controversy and drunken revelry. And here, too, is Gundling's pipe, poor court-fool, who wrinkled the Tabagie so often into a grim radiance of banter and silent grins, and

who, without much wit himself, seems to have been the irrepressible cause of wit in others — ‘chaotic blockheadism,’ as Carlyle calls him, ‘with the consciousness of being wisdom as was wondrous to behold, a mine of native darkness and human stupidity, capable of being made to phosphoresce and effervesce.’

It was while I was gazing at and speculating one morning over these historical treasures so dear to the heart of every Prussian, that I stumbled accidentally upon a curiously-carved cup, which my catalogue informed me was the drinking-cup of Baron Trenck during his long confinement — the carvings done by his own hand. There it stood, with etchings of rare beauty upon its surface; lines painfully traced day by day through the long and weary hours of that painful confinement, and its edge actually worn by constant contact with the parched lips of that poor captive, whose tale of patient endurance, resolute energy, and wonderful escapes, had been the wonder of my childhood. In a moment the whole story of his eventful life was before me.

The loves of Amelia, the sister of Frederick the Great, and Baron Trenck, were of so romantic a nature, that it was almost impossible that they should not be recalled in all their vividness, standing there in the very palace that had been the scene of their constant intercourse and unfortunate loves. The unfortunate Trenck appears to have been another example of the vanity of human wishes:

‘For TRECK could tell what ills from beauty sprang.’

While a handsome young officer, he attracted the regards and won the affections of Frederick’s youngest and favorite sister, the Princess Amelia, who was not so much distinguished for her beauty as for her exalted rank. Alas! she was also a philosopher, like her royal brother. Her affections, therefore, had their full play in the absence of all religious restraint. But Shakspeare has said that love’s true course never did run smooth, and this case appears to have been no exception to the rule. The great Frederick decidedly objected to his sister becoming Mrs. Trenck. He at the same time wished to avoid all scandal: and to combine these objects, no time was to be lost. He therefore gave Trenck, who was his own aide-de-camp, strong hints to mind and mend his conduct. His hints were thrown away. Who that has been young himself can wonder at the handsome young lieutenant’s blindness and obstinacy? It is not every day that a beautiful, witty, and accomplished princess sacrifices every thing for the love of a simple gentleman. And was the favored object to risk nothing in return? The supposed secret interviews continued: but were, in fact, no secret to the penetrating eye of an all-powerful King. Arrests for pretended military crimes were the next measures adopted to warn

the lover and protect the lady in spite of herself. But Trenck was no sooner freed from these restraints than he again flew for consolation to the arms of his illustrious mistress. A longer incarceration was next decreed. From this, however, Trenck made his escape, and fled to a town beyond the Prussian dominions. There, in his indignation against what he styled Frederick's tyranny, he soon forgot what he owed to one who had sacrificed for him every thing that the world holds dear. In his blind anger he irreparably injured his royal mistress. He

‘ROBBED *her* of that which not enriched him,
And left *her* poor indeed.’

He had the audacity to display, at a large dinner-party, the portrait of the Princess Amelia. Frederick could therefore no longer pretend ignorance of her conduct, nor endeavor to provide her with a suitable husband. Nothing but vengeance remained; and for this the continued imprudence of Trenck soon furnished the monarch with an opportunity which he did not neglect. He was suddenly seized and hurried off to the dungeons of one of the fortresses, where he suffered that long incarceration whose dreadful story he has himself told so pathetically, and which is so familiar to the world. This was the real cause of the royal anger against Baron Trenck, and of his severe punishment. After Trenck's escape, he drifted about the world, and was at last caught in the maelstrom of the French revolution, and met his death, with so many illustrious victims, by the guillotine.

THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH-SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

‘THIS is God's holy day !
Now, one last matin bell I hear :
Now, all is silent, far and near,
As in the fields I stray.

In prayer I bend the knee :
Sweet dread ! mysterious whispering sound !
As if unseen ones all around,
Were worshipping with me.

The skies their glories ray ;
The stainless heavens, far and near,
Seem opening to my vision clear :
This is God's holy day !’

REMEMBRANCES.

X

A DISCOVERY.—CONSUMPTION.—OLD SILVER.

TURNING over some papers in an old writing-desk the other evening, I came upon a time-worn envelope, almost yellow with age. Blowing the dust off, I found written on the back, in a strong old-fashioned hand: 'Brainard, my husband's friend. These lines written on my wedding day.' Then just underneath, in the clear, delicate hand of my well-remembered: 'Keep these verses: Brainard gave me my first silver spoon.'

Poor Brainard! you too fed on your own thoughts, and went into communion with 'thick-coming fancies:' you too died young: you too added a unit to the countless millions claimed by that slow, certain, but deceitful scourge which is wafted along by every wind that blows: you too, looking out of your window must have longed for the going of the snow, for the song of the birds, for the changing grass, for the April shower, and the rosy month of June: you too, like those to whom you sent your offering of verse, and little gift of silver, must have had the neglected cough; the feeling of weariness in going upstairs; the shortness of breath; the thin hand, growing more and more transparent; the glassy eye, and the cheek with the crimson flush; all these bore witness to you, (as they did afterward to them,) that God's fiercest destroying angel had you in his grasp.

Does any one doubt that consumption is God's most active destroying angel? if he is a matter-of-fact man, let him read the weekly return of deaths in Monday's 'Times.' If like me he is some poor dreamer in the country, let him count up the victims from those of his own household. Let him remember how the wife-mother died, and then looking round on her little *living* likeness, let him 'commune with his own spirit and be still;' and the voice will tell him (what he has always longed to know) why his eldest girl, in going out of doors, must always wear a shawl and over-shoes, and why, when threatening rain-clouds hang around, she rushes in, and with her arms on the window-sill, and her breath dimming the glass, (which she wipes off with her finger-ends,) she holds her dreamy watch of stronger girls playing on the lawn; stronger girls with laughing eyes and redder cheeks; yes, stronger girls, who never will come in, till God's spring rain-drops patter down upon their necks.

Turning to my little girl with her face against the window-pane, what shall I say to her? Is there no figure on the tapestry carpet

that will please her? Are there no new daguerreotypes on grandmother's table in the corner? Is there no new story-book? no new Easter song? Ah! no; she has seen and knows them all; all things within-doors are old acquaintances of hers. Her spring-time love is all for God's green grass, and the red buds of the maple tree. . . . Shall the little girl live till the roses come in June? . . . The rain-drops have n't fallen yet, and she and I are alone together: she, wondering why she came in so soon; I, writing these Remembrances.

This is Easter-day. The flowers in the church have reminded me how, breaking through the bands of frost and snow, they come once more, sure witnesses to the rolling away of the stone; to the breaking of the seal of Pilate; to the 'linen clothes lying;' to the 'napkin wrapped together in a place by itself,' and to the utter emptiness of the sepulchre.

Do those who have 'gone before,' ever come back again at Easter-time? because just now, as I laid down my pen, some one put a thin white hand upon my shoulder, and it came stealing and creeping along, till the white arm circled about my neck, and the brown ringlets touched my cheek. Then just as I felt the breath, and was longing for the kiss, the vision (forgetting its mission) started back, and pointing over to the little figure at the window, said: 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

I tried to say the little word 'when,' but the vision seemed to be trying to get out of the room. I thought it floated away, saying, 'By-and-by, by-and-by,' though this may have only been the noise made by the rustling of its wings.

The rain-drops are coming now, and the other stronger girls are running into the house.

Is there any doubt left yet about consumption being God's fiercest angel? If there is, I do n't know how to satisfy it. Suppose some warm day, about noon-time, leaving your spade in the ground, you go over and lean on the fence, and beckoning to your neighbor, (who, like you, wants a resting-time,) ask him what has become of his fair-haired girl, the one that used to run over into your orchard and gather daisies in May, and frolic in the meadow while the grass was cutting. Just tell him that you remember going over to his home one evening last winter, and seeing her sitting in the cushioned rocking-chair by the fire. Placing your arms between the pickets, just say, 'Neighbor, what did she die of?' Then there will be a little pause — for a moment — then the answer will come: 'Well, now, the doctors called it consumption.' My friend, it *was* consumption. Go back again to your work.

REMEMBRANCES.

I.

A DISCOVERY.—CONSUMPTION.—OLD SILVER.

TURNING over some papers in an old writing-desk the other evening, I came upon a time-worn envelope, almost yellow with age. Blowing the dust off, I found written on the back, in a strong old-fashioned hand: 'Brainard, my husband's friend. These lines written on my wedding day.' Then just underneath, in the clear, delicate hand of my well-remembered: 'Keep these verses: Brainard gave me my first silver spoon.'

Poor Brainard! you too fed on your own thoughts, and went into communion with 'thick-coming fancies': you too died young: you too added a unit to the countless millions claimed by that slow, certain, but deceitful scourge which is wafted along by every wind that blows: you too, looking out of your window must have longed for the going of the snow, for the song of the birds, for the changing grass, for the April shower, and the rosy month of June: you too, like those to whom you sent your offering of verse, and little gift of silver, must have had the neglected cough; the feeling of weariness in going up stairs; the shortness of breath; the thin hand, growing more and more transparent; the glassy eye, and the cheek with the crimson flush; all these bore witness to you, (as they did afterward to them,) that God's fiercest destroying angel had you in his grasp.

Does any one doubt that consumption is God's most active destroying angel? if he is a matter-of-fact man, let him read the weekly return of deaths in Monday's 'Times.' If like me he is some poor dreamer in the country, let him count up the victims from those of his own household. Let him remember how the wife-mother died, and then looking round on her little *living* likeness, let him 'commune with his own spirit and be still;' and the voice will tell him (what he has always longed to know) why his eldest girl, in going out of doors, must always wear a shawl and over-shoes, and why, when threatening rain-clouds hang around, she rushes in, and with her arms on the window-sill, and her breath dimming the glass, (which she wipes off with her finger-ends,) she holds her dreamy watch of stronger girls playing on the lawn; stronger girls with laughing eyes and redder cheeks; yes, stronger girls, who never will come in, till God's spring rain-drops patter down upon their necks.

Turning to my little girl with her face against the window-pane, what shall I say to her? Is there no figure on the tapestry carpet

'You do n't say so ; well, I will sleep on it.' And I did sleep on it, and the next morning took an old piece of newspaper and wrapped up the broken spoons, together with three or four that had the marks of children's teeth in them, took them down to our village watch-maker, and made a trade. I got ten beautiful-looking spoons, with beaded handles (came near getting a dozen) all nicely wrapped up in blue tissue paper. Went home to dinner, gave them to the house-keeper. The next I saw of them was on the tea-table. The handles were short, and they seemed to me, as I balanced them, to be rather light. I was just going to say something when the house-keeper (who always comes in at the wrong time) says : 'What did I tell you ? now those spoons are something fit for a tea-drinking ; only look how they shine.'

Well, to tell the truth, the new spoons do shine ; but if ever we have a sale of silver-ware, do n't you buy those spoons — that's all. It's the last trade of old silver I shall ever make ; and if I did not know for a certainty that ere this every thing is melted down, I would at least make an effort to get back those with the marks of the children's teeth on them. . . . I have just read over the last part of this to my eldest little girl — the one that has to come into the house. What do you think she says ?

'Why, papa, perhaps they were not marks of children's teeth. I have often known grandmother, after washing up the breakfast-things, forget to take a spoon out of the tub, and so it gets into the pail by the back-door, and Richard finds it up in the trough behind the barn.'

'Well, really now I never thought of that ; but who ever heard of pigs eating silver spoons ?'

'No ; but, papa, they may have made the marks in them.'

'It can't be possible, my daughter. Those spoons were bought when your grandmother was a little girl ; and she has often told me that whenever she was cross or fretful, her nurse used to give her a silver spoon to play with. Why, those were days when all little boys and girls were 'born with a silver spoon in their mouth.' They did n't have any gutta-percha dolls in those days. They always quieted children with a silver spoon.'

'Well now, papa, that may all be true, but, as you say, it *was* before my time. I am very certain nobody ever quieted me with a silver spoon.'

XI.

SOMETHING ABOUT A DOG.

MORE than a week ago I promised to tell the children something about the death of the dog, but you remember Kate came in and interrupted me. Now I will just run down-stairs and see where they

Some people think consumption is an interesting disease ; it is so *very interesting*, one fades so gradually, one has so much time to prepare his mind, and then he floats away so quietly over the dark river, that you and I, standing together on this side, know nothing of the passing.

Reader, in crossing that river, sunlight never plays with the drip-pings of oar-blades. The river is black and dark and deep ; but the oar are never muffled. You must not even dream that they are : you can hear every stroke thumping against the thole-pins. . . . The writer of these little 'Remembrances' is no physician, but often and often, while the ferryman was waiting, he has heard that great wishing, longing cry come crushing up through the last agonies : 'Give me air ; open the window.' And all this in the midst of winter.

Well, now we open the envelope : you will remember the verses, but you must let me transcribe them, because of the place where I found them, and of the hand-writing I have told you of :

'I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one :
I thought that morning cloud was blessed,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

'Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat ;
Like summer's beam and summer's stream,
Float on in joy, to meet
A calmer sea where storms shall cease —
A purer sky where all is peace.'

As published in Brainard's poems, there is an intervening verse, but the above is all I found in the envelope. Then, as was natural, I thought of the 'little gift of silver,' and went and took the spoon out of its hiding-place and looked at it. It is very dull-looking ; this may be owing to its not having been cleaned in a good many years ; but it's got the standard-mark stamped on its back, and there's nothing put into the handle to make it look solid and weigh heavy : a good judge of silver-ware will always give as much for it (if not more) than he will for Mexican dollars.

It is quite astonishing how cheap you can buy silver-ware now-a-days. I never realized it until the other morning, when my good house-keeper said : 'What on earth is the use of those old broken spoons in the drawer up-stairs ? why don't you sell them, and get a new set ?'

'A new set ?' said I.

'Why, bless you, yes, you can get a whole new set for the old ones.'

over my looking-glass. I have now got two other dogs: that brass collar fits one of them exactly, but he can't have it—it's a part and parcel of these 'remembrances.' The first time I ever saw this dog, he was lying by a doctor's gig in Thirteenth-street. I wanted to see the doctor, but the dog did n't seem to think it was necessary; after a while we settled matters, and went into the doctor's office together. Just as I was about leaving, the doctor says to me: 'By-the-by, do you see that dog?'

I told him yes, I saw the dog.

Said he: 'Do you know what's the matter with that dog?'

'Well, no,' I said, 'I do n't.'

'My Christian friend,' said the doctor, 'that dog wants country air.'

So it happened the dog and I went up together in the five o'clock train. The doctor never asked me for him afterward, so we claimed him by right of possession.

If the doctor had kept that dog, he never would have known what he died of.

Doctor, that dog died of grief. You may believe it or disbelieve it as you choose. I know it. He was continually going away from home; I knew just where to go to find him, but I did n't go there. There were two rooms in the house that he never would go into: the one was the room off the hall, where they put the coffin and the flowers; and the other was the room up-stairs, looking over toward the Palisades.

Remember, she who loved the dog died in the winter-time. . . .

One morning, coming down to the breakfast-room, and looking out on the snow that had fallen in the night, I saw the dog quietly lying among the straw-covered roses. I knew how much he liked the cold and snow, and thought how happy he must be; so I eat my breakfast, and passing out, stopped to pat him, as I always did on my way to the cars. He was dead! I waited for the next train. Did I do wrong to bury him decently? The little girls and I know just where the grave is; they know whom the brass collar belongs to that hangs up over my looking-glass. Only a day or two ago, when I had finished reading to them in my room, the youngest one took her thumb out of her mouth and said, pointing up: 'Papa, did n't you once say that that collar would just fit the 'Colonel'?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Well he must not have it; it's Watch's collar.'

The children had to learn some other lesson after they had finished their geography; and so, instead of telling this story to them, I find I have been telling it to you.

Some people think consumption is an interesting disease; it is so *very interesting*, one fades so gradually, one has so much time to prepare his mind, and then he floats away so quietly over the dark river, that you and I, standing together on this side, know nothing of the passing.

Reader, in crossing that river, sunlight never plays with the drip-pings of oar-blades. The river is black and dark and deep; but the oar are never muffled. You must not even dream that they are: you can hear every stroke thumping against the thole-pins. . . . The writer of these little 'Remembrances' is no physician, but often and often, while the ferryman was waiting, he has heard that great wishing, longing cry come crushing up through the last agonies: 'Give me air; open the window.' And all this in the midst of winter.

Well, now we open the envelope: you will remember the verses, but you must let me transcribe them, because of the place where I found them, and of the hand-writing I have told you of:

'I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blessed,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

'Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam and summer's stream,
Float on in joy, to meet
A calmer sea where storms shall cease —
A purer sky where all is peace.'

As published in Brainard's poems, there is an intervening verse, but the above is all I found in the envelope. Then, as was natural, I thought of the 'little gift of silver,' and went and took the spoon out of its hiding-place and looked at it. It is very dull-looking; this may be owing to its not having been cleaned in a good many years; but it's got the standard-mark stamped on its back, and there's nothing put into the handle to make it look solid and weigh heavy: a good judge of silver-ware will always give as much for it (if not more) than he will for Mexican dollars.

It is quite astonishing how cheap you can buy —
I never realized it until the other
keeper said: 'What on earth is this
the drawer up-stairs? why do you

'A new set?' said I.

'Why, bless you, yes, yes, yes,
ones.'

capital anecdotes of CHARLES KEAN, and certain other amusing passages, which indicate Mr. BURTON's skill as a word-painter :

'WHEN the committee and performers of Drury Lane Theatre resolved to present KEAN with a magnificent cup, Mr. PETER MOORE, one of the committee, asked MUNDEN, the celebrated comedian, for his subscription. Now the parsimonious habits of 'Funny Jox' are no secret. Indeed, he never parted with his cash under any consideration. 'Subscription, Sir!' said he, twisting his mouth more upon one side than ever, buttoning up his breeches pocket, and drawing his coat down over it, like an experienced general determined to defend his *capital* from all attacks; 'subscription, Sir! — for what?'

'To express our opinion of this inimitable tragedian.'

'Sir, I never liked tragedy.'

'But, Mr. MUNDEN, you are a member of Drury Lane Theatre; Mr. KEAN's talents have saved the establishment, and we wish to present him with a gold cup.'

'A gold cup!' said JOX, rolling the words about in his capacious mouth; 'what dreadful extravagance! You know what SHAKESPEARE says: 'Every *inordinate cup* is unblest, and the ingredients are — devils!'

'But this cup, Mr. MUNDEN, will be an honor to all concerned.'

'The ingredients are devils, Sir; I'll have nothing to do with the mixing. Can't Mr. KEAN have his cups, without my paying for them?'

'A memento, Mr. MUNDEN; an honorable memorial —'

'Not at my expense; you are very welcome to *cup* Mr. KEAN, but I'll be hanged if you shall *bleed* me!'

'When playing at Exeter, in the height of his popularity, KEAN was invited to dine with some gentlemen at one of the principal hotels. He drove there in his carriage. The dinner was announced; the table sumptuously decorated; and the landlord, all bows and submission, hoped that the gentlemen and their distinguished visitor found every thing to their satisfaction. KEAN stared at him for some moments, then said: 'Your name is —?'

'It is, Mr. KEAN; I have had the honor of meeting you before.'

'You kept, some years ago, a small tavern, in the outskirts of this town?'

'I did, Mr. KEAN. Fortune has been kind to us both since then. I recollect you, Sir, when you belonged to our theatre here.'

'And I, Sir,' said KEAN, jumping up, 'recollect you. Many years ago, I came into your paltry tavern, after a long journey, with my suffering wife and a sick child, all of us wet to the skin. I asked you for a pint of beer. You answered me like a dog, and refused to trust the liquor out of your hands, till you had received the pence, its value. I left my family by your inhospitable fire-side, while I sought for lodgings. On my return, you ordered me, like a brute, to take my wife and brat from your house, and abused me for not spending in drink, the money I had not for food. Fortune, as you say, has done something for us both, since then; but you are still the same, I see — the grasping, griping, greedy money-hunter. I, Sir, am still the same. I am now in my zenith — I was then at its nadir; but I am the same man, the same KEAN you ordered from your doors, and I have now the same hatred to oppression I had then: and, by — I'll not eat nor drink in the house belonging to so heartless a scoundrel. Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for this outbreak, but were I to dine under the roof of this time-serving, gold-loving brute, the first mouthful would choke me, I am sure.' *Aussi tôt dit aussi tôt fait.* KEAN kept his word, and the party adjourned to another hotel.

LINES: 'THE GREAT CREATOR, GOD.'

I LIVED with Nature alone one day,
And sought to discern the sound
That murmured up from the growing shrub
And leafy tongues around ;
The field-bell opened her yellow hood,
To let me look in her eye,
And the daffodils lifted their heads to bow,
Whenever I sauntered by ;
The faintest noise, of a sighing breath,
From the heart of the rose came up,
And I bent my ear to the musical hum
In the blue-bell's drooping cup ;
I gave my cheek to their cool caress,
And they stooped so near the sod,
That I knew by the daisy's tearful eye,
They whispered together of God.

I walked in the woodland's solemn shade,
Where gums and dew-drops drip ;
Where mosses embrace the dead old trees,
And kiss with a clinging lip ;
The brave old oak — the monarch oak,
Swung forward his giant arm,
While the infant trees, at his gesture wide,
Waved shivering with alarm :
They knew, perhaps, that a mighty theme
Their forest-king had stirred,
And stiff and solemn the hemlocks stood,
As if they, too, had heard ;
The tasselled pine, with a trembling moan,
Reeled forward and back in the air,
And threw her quivering fingers up
To the sky, as if in prayer :
Then my quick ear oped to the strange refrain,
Around the path I trod,
And I caught a note ere it closed again ;
And the word I heard was ' God.'

I tarried for rest in a valley green,
Where fluttered the wayward gale ;
And out from the dark green thicket's shade,
Came down the wind-god's wail ;
The breeze died sobbing upon my brow,
Then started to life again,
And hurried away to the shrieking hills,
To groan with a secret pain :

It shouted hoarse to the mountains old,
And the mountains answered back ; .
But the song grew sweetly low and mild,
As it neared the valley's track :
Then it came like an angel's breath to me,
And fainting down to the sod,
It sighed a hymn on the clover's neck,
But all that I heard was — ' God.'

I walked by the sea, the tinted sea,
Where the ships go floating by ;
The calm old Ocean lay on his back,
To smile in the face of the sky.
But a sound came up from the caves low down,
And he trembled all over with joy,
And shook and danced, that old gray Sea,
As though he were only a boy :
He hurried past the beautiful islea,
And tossed like a bubble the ships,
In his haste to kiss the virgin beach
With his blue and foaming lips :
Then the Storm arose, and with blackened wings,
Sat brooding over the main ;
Till the wakened Sea, the monster Sea,
I could hear him wild complain :
Then they joined in one, the dark-winged Storm,
And the Sea with terrible roar,
And the white-haired waves, grown gray in an hour,
Fell swooning back to the shore.
But the cloudy monarch was blanched with dread,
And quailed at the Ocean's frown ;
So slowly lifting his wide wings up,
With tear-drops glittering down,
He floated away, with a sweet, sad voice,
To his mistress in the west ;
While Ocean lay, with a murmur, down
On his jewelled floor to rest :
Then a still small voice from the coral hall,
Where the sea-nymphs' feet had trod,
Trembled up through the dimpling, purple wave,
And chanted to me of God !

I watched the Night in her dark gray barge,
When the world was fast asleep,
Sail proudly up from the lonely east,
Across heaven's glittering deep.
The Moon was pushing the clouds aside
From her beautiful, brilliant way,
And the stars were blinking and shining out,
As though for a mere display :

LINES: 'THE GREAT CREATOR, GOD.'

I LIVED with Nature alone one day,
And sought to discern the sound
That murmured up from the growing shrub
And leafy tongues around ;
The field-bell opened her yellow hood,
To let me look in her eye,
And the daffodils lifted their heads to bow,
Whenever I sauntered by ;
The faintest noise, of a sighing breath,
From the heart of the rose came up,
And I bent my ear to the musical hum
In the blue-bell's drooping cup ;
I gave my cheek to their cool caress,
And they stooped so near the sod,
That I knew by the daisy's tearful eye,
They whispered together of God.

I walked in the woodland's solemn shade,
Where gums and dew-drops drip ;
Where mosses embrace the dead old trees,
And kiss with a clinging lip ;
The brave old oak — the monarch oak,
Swung forward his giant arm,
While the infant trees, at his gesture wide,
Waved shivering with alarm :
They knew, perhaps, that a mighty theme
Their forest-king had stirred,
And stiff and solemn the hemlocks stood,
As if they, too, had heard ;
The tasselled pine, with a trembling moan,
Reeled forward and back in the air,
And threw her quivering fingers up
To the sky, as if in prayer :
Then my quick ear oped to the strange refrain,
Around the path I trod,
And I caught a note ere it closed again ;
And the word I heard was 'God.'

I tarried for rest in a valley green,
Where fluttered the wayward gale ;
And out from the dark green thicket's shade,
Came down the wind-god's wail ;
The breeze died sobbing upon my brow,
Then started to life again,
And hurried away to the shrieking hills,
To groan with a secret pain :

It shouted hoarse to the mountains old,
And the mountains answered back ;
But the song grew sweetly low and mild,
As it neared the valley's track :
Then it came like an angel's breath to me,
And fainting down to the sod,
It sighed a hymn on the clover's neck,
But all that I heard was — ' God.'

I walked by the sea, the tinted sea,
Where the ships go floating by ;
The calm old Ocean lay on his back,
To smile in the face of the sky.
But a sound came up from the caves low down,
And he trembled all over with joy,
And shook and danced, that old gray Sea,
As though he were only a boy :
He hurried past the beautiful isles,
And tossed like a bubble the ships,
In his haste to kiss the virgin beach
With his blue and foaming lips :
Then the Storm arose, and with blackened wings,
Sat brooding over the main ;
Till the wakened Sea, the monster Sea,
I could hear him wild complain :
Then they joined in one, the dark-winged Storm,
And the Sea with terrible roar,
And the white-haired waves, grown gray in an hour,
Fell swooning back to the shore.
But the cloudy monarch was blanched with dread,
And quailed at the Ocean's frown ;
So slowly lifting his wide wings up,
With tear-drops glittering down,
He floated away, with a sweet, sad voice,
To his mistress in the west ;
While Ocean lay, with a murmur, down
On his jewelled floor to rest :
Then a still small voice from the coral hall,
Where the sea-nymphs' feet had trod,
Trembled up through the dimpling, purple wave,
And chanted to me of God !

I watched the Night in her dark gray barge,
When the world was fast asleep,
Sail proudly up from the lonely east,
Across heaven's glittering deep.
The Moon was pushing the clouds aside
From her beautiful, brilliant way,
And the stars were blinking and shining out,
As though for a mere display :

But the queenly Night, the saintly Night,
With her gracious, majestic brow,
The stars were forming a magical word
On the front of her gloomy prow :
But distant and far as that gray barge was
From my seat on the mossy sod,
I could dimly trace the characters there,
And the word that I spelled was, 'God.'

The pass-word of all created things,
Was this I had seen and read ;
From the tiniest blossom on earth's green vest,
To the throbbing stars o'erhead :
Then I closed my eyes to the world without,
And silently gazed within,
To the heart's dim cells, where the lamp of love
Burned low in a fog of sin :
Then I bent me down in a grieved surprise,
Till my forehead touched the sod ;
For the harpers were few in the human heart
That chanted to me of God.

THE RECTOR OF ABERNETHNEY.

I SHALL never forget the time upon which my eyes first fell upon Abernethney Hall. The stage had put me down by a nook in the high-way. I felt weary and excited, and seated myself upon the trunks which the driver had but a moment before unstrapped from the boot. But the weariness all left me, and the excitement changed to a quiet calmness as I gazed on the scene before me.

Some fifty yards to my right, embowered amid its little world of trees, stood the manse. It was a beautiful building : there was no definiteness about the style of architecture ; it simply seemed to be the creation of an exquisite taste. There was nothing about it suggestive of fortification and defence, like those of the Tudor or Elizabethan styles ; it was neither of the open Italian order, nor yet of the modern pointed gothic. It was a sort of compromise between the latter, probably what might be called the Anglo-Italian, and a manse peculiarly adapted to the artificial landscape gardening in the front, and the naturalness of the dusky woods and the frowning hills in the back-ground. There was no accumulation of buttresses and gables and turrets, and such other conceits that lower the dignity of a house :

true there were terraces, but they were ornamental accompaniments; they imparted an imposing breadth to the whole group of buildings.

The approach to the house was through a broad, extensive avenue, lined on either side with a variety of trees planted with the most delicate attention to effect. I detected the silvery green of the white poplar mingling with the dark green of the native oak, blended here and there with the abnormal tints of the sycamore and the purple beech. The gardens glowed with the same inspiration of beauty and taste. From where I stood, my eye could not criticise their regularity; but I saw the outlined hedges of blossoming hawthorn, the flower-beds encircled with their ribbons of box-wood, and the gay petunia flaunting beside the humble violet and the bee-haunted thyme.

I felt that the spirit which presided over that exquisite blending of nature and art was thoroughly an artist, not simply of the appreciative, but of the creative school. He was more of an artist than the painter on canvas. The latter commences with a *tabula rasa*; his pencil is subject to his will; he puts down a rock here and a brooklet there, and works in his buildings and trees as taste may suggest, or the laws of perspective demand: then he can remove with the same facility with which he creates. The landscape gardener must accept localities as he finds them; he must conceal deformities and create beauties; the greater and more numerous the difficulties he has to surmount, the more superior to the landscape-painter is his taste and genius.

Beware of the man, says some one, who loves neither flowers nor children. There is not simply a speciousness about that remark; it is the embodiment of truth; we are conscious of the weight and importance of the caution, no matter how limited our experience. As I gazed upon the scene before me, I felt convinced that the proprietor of Abernethy Hall loved both flowers and children; that he was a gentleman of refined sensibilities, a Christian and a scholar. I had come to act as governess to his children; I had misgivings in reference to my new home; my conjectures of harshness and a want of appreciation at times, made me almost shrink away from duty. But I was satisfied, and wholly at ease, as I sat there upon the baggage which made up the sum of my earthly possessions.

And yet there was much of regret connected with it; not on account of myself, but on account of another. We read that William Morton, Kane's friend and companion, stood alone when he gazed upon the unfrozen Polar Sea surging and rolling beneath him. The soul of De Soto, when he first beheld the Mississippi was not touched with half the grandeur and sublimity. The dream of philosophy was a reality; the inductions of science a truth; the open Polar Sea was found!

REMEMBRANCES.

I.

A DISCOVERY.—CONSUMPTION.—OLD SILVER.

TURNING over some papers in an old writing-desk the other evening, I came upon a time-worn envelope, almost yellow with age. Blowing the dust off, I found written on the back, in a strong old-fashioned hand: 'Brainard, my husband's friend. These lines written on my wedding day.' Then just underneath, in the clear, delicate hand of my well-remembered: 'Keep these verses: Brainard gave me my first silver spoon.'

Poor Brainard! you too fed on your own thoughts, and went into communion with 'thick-coming fancies:' you too died young: you too added a unit to the countless millions claimed by that slow, certain, but deceitful scourge which is wafted along by every wind that blows: you too, looking out of your window must have longed for the going of the snow, for the song of the birds, for the changing grass, for the April shower, and the rosy month of June: you too, like those to whom you sent your offering of verse, and little gift of silver, must have had the neglected cough; the feeling of weariness in going upstairs; the shortness of breath; the thin hand, growing more and more transparent; the glassy eye, and the cheek with the crimson flush; all these bore witness to you, (as they did afterward to them,) that God's fiercest destroying angel had you in his grasp.

Does any one doubt that consumption is God's most active destroying angel? if he is a matter-of-fact man, let him read the weekly return of deaths in Monday's 'Times.' If like me he is some poor dreamer in the country, let him count up the victims from those of his own household. Let him remember how the wife-mother died, and then looking round on her little *living* likeness, let him 'commune with his own spirit and be still;' and the voice will tell him (what he has always longed to know) why his eldest girl, in going out of doors, must always wear a shawl and over-shoes, and why, when threatening rain-clouds hang around, she rushes in, and with her arms on the window-sill, and her breath dimming the glass, (which she wipes off with her finger-ends,) she holds her dreamy watch of stronger girls playing on the lawn; stronger girls with laughing eyes and redder cheeks; yes, stronger girls, who never will come in, till God's spring rain-drops patter down upon their necks.

Turning to my little girl with her face against the window-pane, what shall I say to her? Is there no figure on the tapestry carpet

that will please her? Are there no new daguerreotypes on grandmother's table in the corner? Is there no new story-book? no new Easter song? Ah! no; she has seen and knows them all; all things within-doors are old acquaintances of hers. Her spring-time love is all for God's green grass, and the red buds of the maple tree. . . . Shall the little girl live till the roses come in June? . . . The rain-drops have n't fallen yet, and she and I are alone together: she, wondering why she came in so soon; I, writing these Remembrances.

This is Easter-day. The flowers in the church have reminded me how, breaking through the bands of frost and snow, they come once more, sure witnesses to the rolling away of the stone; to the breaking of the seal of Pilate; to the 'linen clothes lying;' to the 'napkin wrapped together in a place by itself,' and to the utter emptiness of the sepulchre.

Do those who have 'gone before,' ever come back again at Easter-time? because just now, as I laid down my pen, some one put a thin white hand upon my shoulder, and it came stealing and creeping along, till the white arm circled about my neck, and the brown ringlets touched my cheek. Then just as I felt the breath, and was longing for the kiss, the vision (forgetting its mission) started back, and pointing over to the little figure at the window, said: 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

I tried to say the little word 'when,' but the vision seemed to be trying to get out of the room. I thought it floated away, saying, 'By-and-by, by-and-by,' though this may have only been the noise made by the rustling of its wings.

The rain-drops are coming now, and the other stronger girls are running into the house.

Is there any doubt left yet about consumption being God's fiercest angel? If there is, I don't know how to satisfy it. Suppose some warm day, about noon-time, leaving your spade in the ground, you go over and lean on the fence, and beckoning to your neighbor, (who, like you, wants a resting-time,) ask him what has become of his fair-haired girl, the one that used to run over into your orchard and gather daisies in May, and frolic in the meadow while the grass was cutting. Just tell him that you remember going over to his home one evening last winter, and seeing her sitting in the cushioned rocking-chair by the fire. Placing your arms between the pickets, just say, 'Neighbor, what did she die of?' Then there will be a little pause—for a moment—then the answer will come: 'Well, now, the doctors called it consumption.' My friend, it *was* consumption. Go back again to your work.

Some people think consumption is an interesting disease; it is so *very interesting*, one fades so gradually, one has so much time to prepare his mind, and then he floats away so quietly over the dark river, that you and I, standing together on this side, know nothing of the passing.

Reader, in crossing that river, sunlight never plays with the drip-pings of oar-blades. The river is black and dark and deep; but the oar are never muffled. You must not even dream that they are: you can hear every stroke thumping against the thole-pins. . . . The writer of these little 'Remembrances' is no physician, but often and often, while the ferryman was waiting, he has heard that great wishing, longing cry come crushing up through the last agonies: 'Give me air; open the window.' And all this in the midst of winter.

Well, now we open the envelope: you will remember the verses, but you must let me transcribe them, because of the place where I found them, and of the hand-writing I have told you of:

'I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blessed,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

'Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam and summer's stream,
Float on in joy, to meet
A calmer sea where storms shall cease —
A purer sky where all is peace.'

As published in Brainerd's poems, there is an intervening verse, but the above is all I found in the envelope. Then, as was natural, I thought of the 'little gift of silver,' and went and took the spoon out of its hiding-place and looked at it. It is very dull-looking; this may be owing to its not having been cleaned in a good many years; but it's got the standard-mark stamped on its back, and there's nothing put into the handle to make it look solid and weigh heavy: a good judge of silver-ware will always give as much for it (if not more) than he will for Mexican dollars.

It is quite astonishing how cheap you can buy silver-ware now-a-days. I never realized it until the other morning, when my good house-keeper said: 'What on earth is the use of those old broken spoons in the drawer up-stairs? why don't you sell them, and get a new set?' 'A new set?' said I.

'Why, bless you, yes, you can get a whole new set for the old ones.'

'You do n't say so ; well, I will sleep on it.' And I did sleep on it, and the next morning took an old piece of newspaper and wrapped up the broken spoons, together with three or four that had the marks of children's teeth in them, took them down to our village watch-maker, and made a trade. I got ten beautiful-looking spoons, with beaded handles (came near getting a dozen) all nicely wrapped up in blue tissue paper. Went home to dinner, gave them to the house-keeper. The next I saw of them was on the tea-table. The handles were short, and they seemed to me, as I balanced them, to be rather light. I was just going to say something when the house-keeper (who always comes in at the wrong time) says : 'What did I tell you ? now those spoons are something fit for a tea-drinking ; only look how they shine.'

Well, to tell the truth, the new spoons do shine ; but if ever we have a sale of silver-ware, do n't you buy those spoons — that's all. It's the last trade of old silver I shall ever make ; and if I did not know for a certainty that ere this every thing is melted down, I would at least make an effort to get back those with the marks of the children's teeth on them. . . . I have just read over the last part of this to my eldest little girl — the one that has to come into the house. What do you think she says ?

'Why, papa, perhaps they were not marks of children's teeth. I have often known grandmother, after washing up the breakfast-things, forget to take a spoon out of the tub, and so it gets into the pail by the back-door, and Richard finds it up in the trough behind the barn.'

'Well, really now I never thought of that ; but who ever heard of pigs eating silver spoons ?'

'No ; but, papa, they may have made the marks in them.'

'It can't be possible, my daughter. Those spoons were bought when your grandmother was a little girl ; and she has often told me that whenever she was cross or fretful, her nurse used to give her a silver spoon to play with. Why, those were days when all little boys and girls were 'born with a silver spoon in their mouth.' They did n't have any gutta-percha dolls in those days. They always quieted children with a silver spoon.'

'Well now, papa, that may all be true, but, as you say, it *was* before my time. I am very certain nobody ever quieted me with a silver spoon.'

XL

SOMETHING ABOUT A DOG.

MORE than a week ago I promised to tell the children something about the death of the dog, but you remember Kate came in and interrupted me. Now I will just run down-stairs and see where they

are, and what they are doing. . . . I found them perched up on the old-fashioned sofa; one was holding with both her hands a great big map, while the other was reading questions out of a book; and their good aunt (like herself) was sitting in between, holding the candle; so I settled myself down in the rocking-chair with the most perfect assurance that among the three a correct answer would be arrived at, and that one or the other of the girls would stand a fair chance of 'going up head' in the morning. While they are conning over their lesson, I rock backward and forward in the chair, wondering why the other evening I did n't make Kate wait till I had told them something about the dog. . . .

That dog was a part and parcel of our household; he always came when I called him, and always did as I told him. He was the same one I used to meet, all wet and dragly, sitting on the platform at the station-house. Whenever that dog was wet and dirty, I always found the children and — at the station: he had been jumping off the dock and bringing in pieces of chip; he had been tossed up and down by steam-boat waves, and then had come up on the beach and rolled all over in the sand: perhaps he thought he was cleaning himself, but he was very much mistaken. After leaving T — we used to go into the baggage-car to look after our baskets; as we neared our station I would lean out of the sliding-door to see if the dog was waiting: if he was, and looked very clean — which was sometimes the case — then I knew I must wait for my welcome; so patting him on the head and giving him the basket to carry, we would take the 'short cut' up the bank, and coming in by the back-door, find the tea-table all set, and the two children waiting for us. Then little hands again patted the dog on the head because he had brought up the basket, and little pouting lips kissed papa, because he had come up safe in 'the railroad train.' . . . Then hearing my voice, there came running down the stairs, all bright in her joyousness — no matter — that meeting, after coming up from among the noise of carts, is not even for these 'Remembrances.'

The dog I have been talking about is the same one the children threw the sticks to in the river. He is the same one that refused to go into the house with the angel: he is the same one I told you we had to take away from her door: the same one that went up to the cemetery with me, and after smelling all round the earth-mound, lay down on it, and when I wanted to lock the gate, would not come away until I went in and tied my handkerchief round the brass collar on his neck.

That dog is dead!

There's nothing left of him, unless it's the brass collar hanging up

over my looking-glass. I have now got two other dogs : that brass collar fits one of them exactly, but he can't have it — it's a part and parcel of these 'remembrances.' The first time I ever saw this dog, he was lying by a doctor's gig in Thirteenth-street. I wanted to see the doctor, but the dog did n't seem to think it was necessary ; after a while we settled matters, and went into the doctor's office together. Just as I was about leaving, the doctor says to me : 'By-the-by, do you see that dog ?'

I told him yes, I saw the dog.

Said he : 'Do you know what's the matter with that dog ?'

'Well, no,' I said, 'I do n't.'

'My Christian friend,' said the doctor, 'that dog wants country air.'

So it happened the dog and I went up together in the five o'clock train. The doctor never asked me for him afterward, so we claimed him by right of possession.

If the doctor had kept that dog, he never would have known what he died of.

Doctor, that dog died of grief. You may believe it or disbelieve it as you choose. I know it. He was continually going away from home ; I knew just where to go to find him, but I did n't go there. There were two rooms in the house that he never would go into : the one was the room off the hall, where they put the coffin and the flowers ; and the other was the room up-stairs, looking over toward the Palisades.

Remember, she who loved the dog died in the winter-time. . . . One morning, coming down to the breakfast-room, and looking out on the snow that had fallen in the night, I saw the dog quietly lying among the straw-covered roses. I knew how much he liked the cold and snow, and thought how happy he must be ; so I eat my breakfast, and passing out, stopped to pat him, as I always did on my way to the cars. He was dead ! I waited for the next train. Did I do wrong to bury him decently ? The little girls and I know just where the grave is ; they know whom the brass collar belongs to that hangs up over my looking-glass. Only a day or two ago, when I had finished reading to them in my room, the youngest one took her thumb out of her mouth and said, pointing up : 'Papa, did n't you once say that that collar would just fit the 'Colonel ?''

'Yes, dear.'

'Well he must not have it ; it's Watch's collar.'

The children had to learn some other lesson after they had finished their geography ; and so, instead of telling this story to them, I find I have been telling it to you.

LINES: 'THE GREAT CREATOR, GOD.'

I LIVED with Nature alone one day,
And sought to discern the sound
That murmured up from the growing shrub
And leafy tongues around ;
The field-bell opened her yellow hood,
To let me look in her eye,
And the daffodils lifted their heads to bow,
Whenever I sauntered by ;
The faintest noise, of a sighing breath,
From the heart of the rose came up,
And I bent my ear to the musical hum
In the blue-bell's drooping cup ;
I gave my cheek to their cool caress,
And they stooped so near the sod,
That I knew by the daisy's tearful eye,
They whispered together of God.

I walked in the woodland's solemn shade,
Where gums and dew-drops drip ;
Where mosses embrace the dead old trees,
And kiss with a clinging lip ;
The brave old oak — the monarch oak,
Swung forward his giant arm,
While the infant trees, at his gesture wide,
Waved shivering with alarm :
They knew, perhaps, that a mighty theme
Their forest-king had stirred,
And stiff and solemn the hemlocks stood,
As if they, too, had heard ;
The tasselled pine, with a trembling moan,
Reeled forward and back in the air,
And threw her quivering fingers up
To the sky, as if in prayer :
Then my quick ear oped to the strange refrain,
Around the path I trod,
And I caught a note ere it closed again ;
And the word I heard was 'God.'

I tarried for rest in a valley green,
Where fluttered the wayward gale ;
And out from the dark green thicket's shade,
Came down the wind-god's wail ;
The breeze died sobbing upon my brow,
Then started to life again,
And hurried away to the shrieking hills,
To groan with a secret pain :

It shouted hoarse to the mountains old,
And the mountains answered back ; .
But the song grew sweetly low and mild,
As it neared the valley's track :
Then it came like an angel's breath to me,
And fainting down to the sod,
It sighed a hymn on the clover's neck,
But all that I heard was — ' God.'

I walked by the sea, the tinted sea,
Where the ships go floating by ;
The calm old Ocean lay on his back,
To smile in the face of the sky.
But a sound came up from the caves low down,
And he trembled all over with joy,
And shook and danced, that old gray Sea,
As though he were only a boy :
He hurried past the beautiful isles,
And tossed like a bubble the ships,
In his haste to kiss the virgin beach
With his blue and foaming lips :
Then the Storm arose, and with blackened wings,
Sat brooding over the main ;
Till the wakened Sea, the monster Sea,
I could hear him wild complain :
Then they joined in one, the dark-winged Storm,
And the Sea with terrible roar,
And the white-haired waves, grown gray in an hour,
Fell swooning back to the shore.
But the cloudy monarch was blanched with dread,
And quailed at the Ocean's frown ;
So slowly lifting his wide wings up,
With tear-drops glittering down,
He floated away, with a sweet, sad voice,
To his mistress in the west ;
While Ocean lay, with a murmur, down
On his jewelled floor to rest :
Then a still small voice from the coral hall,
Where the sea-nymphs' feet had trod,
Trembled up through the dimpling, purple wave,
And chanted to me of God !

I watched the Night in her dark gray barge,
When the world was fast asleep,
Sail proudly up from the lonely east,
Across heaven's glittering deep.
The Moon was pushing the clouds aside
From her beautiful, brilliant way,
And the stars were blinking and shining out,
As though for a mere display :

But the queenly Night, the saintly Night,
With her gracious, majestic brow,
The stars were forming a magical word
On the front of her gloomy prow:
But distant and far as that gray barge was
From my seat on the mossy sod,
I could dimly trace the characters there,
And the word that I spelled was, 'God.'

The pass-word of all created things,
Was this I had seen and read;
From the tiniest blossom on earth's green vest,
To the throbbing stars o'erhead:
Then I closed my eyes to the world without,
And silently gazed within,
To the heart's dim cells, where the lamp of love
Burned low in a fog of sin:
Then I bent me down in a grieved surprise,
Till my forehead touched the sod;
For the harpers were few in the human heart
That chanted to me of God.

THE RECTOR OF ABERNETHNEY.

I SHALL never forget the time upon which my eyes first fell upon Abernethney Hall. The stage had put me down by a nook in the highway. I felt weary and excited, and seated myself upon the trunks which the driver had but a moment before unstrapped from the boot. But the weariness all left me, and the excitement changed to a quiet calmness as I gazed on the scene before me.

Some fifty yards to my right, embowered amid its little world of trees, stood the manse. It was a beautiful building: there was no definiteness about the style of architecture; it simply seemed to be the creation of an exquisite taste. There was nothing about it suggestive of fortification and defence, like those of the Tudor or Elizabethan styles; it was neither of the open Italian order, nor yet of the modern pointed gothic. It was a sort of compromise between the latter, probably what might be called the Anglo-Italian, and a manse peculiarly adapted to the artificial landscape gardening in the front, and the naturalness of the dusky woods and the frowning hills in the back-ground. There was no accumulation of buttresses and gables and turrets, and such other conceits that lower the dignity of a house:

true there were terraces, but they were ornamental accompaniments; they imparted an imposing breadth to the whole group of buildings.

The approach to the house was through a broad, extensive avenue, lined on either side with a variety of trees planted with the most delicate attention to effect. I detected the silvery green of the white poplar mingling with the dark green of the native oak, blended here and there with the abnormal tints of the sycamore and the purple beech. The gardens glowed with the same inspiration of beauty and taste. From where I stood, my eye could not criticise their regularity; but I saw the outlined hedges of blossoming hawthorn, the flower-beds encircled with their ribbons of box-wood, and the gay petunia flaunting beside the humble violet and the bee-haunted thyme.

I felt that the spirit which presided over that exquisite blending of nature and art was thoroughly an artist, not simply of the appreciative, but of the creative school. He was more of an artist than the painter on canvas. The latter commences with a *tabula rasa*; his pencil is subject to his will; he puts down a rock here and a brooklet there, and works in his buildings and trees as taste may suggest, or the laws of perspective demand: then he can remove with the same facility with which he creates. The landscape gardener must accept localities as he finds them; he must conceal deformities and create beauties; the greater and more numerous the difficulties he has to surmount, the more superior to the landscape-painter is his taste and genius.

Beware of the man, says some one, who loves neither flowers nor children. There is not simply a speciousness about that remark; it is the embodiment of truth; we are conscious of the weight and importance of the caution, no matter how limited our experience. As I gazed upon the scene before me, I felt convinced that the proprietor of Abernethy Hall loved both flowers and children; that he was a gentleman of refined sensibilities, a Christian and a scholar. I had come to act as governess to his children; I had misgivings in reference to my new home; my conjectures of harshness and a want of appreciation at times, made me almost shrink away from duty. But I was satisfied, and wholly at ease, as I sat there upon the baggage which made up the sum of my earthly possessions.

And yet there was much of regret connected with it; not on account of myself, but on account of another. We read that William Morton, Kane's friend and companion, stood alone when he gazed upon the unfrozen Polar Sea surging and rolling beneath him. The soul of De Soto, when he first beheld the Mississippi was not touched with half the grandeur and sublimity. The dream of philosophy was a reality; the inductions of science a truth; the open Polar Sea was found!

The chilling grandeur of the snow, the palaces of ice, ideal Alhambras glittering like a thousand stars; the gigantic stair-ways of pearl, surmounted by the brilliant arch of the aurora — but above all, the oppressiveness of that hour of solitude and silence — stirred his soul with a thousand kindling emotions. But he stood there alone; he had no friend to realize with him that half-awakening dream of magnificence; to whom he could relieve his surcharged heart by speech; to whom he could point out this or that object of attraction. The oppressiveness of his loneliness was like a despair; it was the struggle of longing and regret; he would even have grasped irreverently at the ghostly hand of Sir John Franklin, had he come out from his icy tomb to stand beside him there.

It was something of this regret that I felt in my soul. My mind went back to the close, crowded city, with its sea of heated roofs, noisy factories, dusty streets, and interminable walls of masonry. I thought of my sister Alice, with her dark spiritual eyes, brighter than the hectic flush upon her cheeks. Poor invalid child! How I wished that she was standing beside me, feeling the same cool breeze fanning her brow, and gazing upon the same changing vistas of scenery; standing beside me so that I could *talk* to her! But she was not there, and the tears came into my eyes as I thought about it; the silver abele grew indistinct, and there was a shadowiness about the blossoming lilacs.

I was soon started out of my reverie; I heard voices in the avenue, and in a moment afterward Mr. Ashley reached out his hand to me in his kind way, while the servants shouldered my trunks.

I read my employer at a glance; there was not much individuality necessary to do that. His temperament was sanguine, with enough of the phlegmatic to give him calmness and dignity. He was still a young man, well formed, and with that intellectual expression upon his face which comes to men who read and think much. His lips and eyes betrayed his genial nature; they would have given their impressions of geniality to a very child.

He chatted gayly as we walked toward the house; he did so partly to relieve me from embarrassment, and partly because it was his nature; perhaps he noticed, too, that I had been weeping. I already felt as if I had known him for years. There was no atmosphere of mock-aristocracy about him, repellent because so self-evidently put on.

‘Carrie,’ said Mr. Ashley, ere we reached the hall-door, ‘this is your new teacher.’

As he spoke, there came from behind a cluster of China lilacs a beautiful child of ten summers. She had an abundance of dark hair, with eyes from the brilliancy of which nothing could detract but their

shyness, while her figure was the very personification of grace. She sprang forward and caught my hand.

‘Oh! I shall like you very much,’ she cried.

My heart throbbed wildly as I stooped down and kissed her white forehead.

‘I am glad to hear you say that,’ I replied.

‘Carrie is both warm and impulsive in her friendships,’ said Mr. Ashley. There was a calm, steady look in his gray eyes.

‘I thought you were a great, lank woman, with such eyes as make one shudder, and with a mole on your nose,’ continued the child.

I laughed at that, and patted her on the cheek. Mr. Ashley led the way into the sitting-room. Carrie still clung to me.

‘What is your name?’ she asked.

‘Jenny Gray.’

‘So! I like that. You won’t make me call you *Miss* Gray, will you? But I must n’t ask so many questions; only I want you to see Fred.’

She left the room, returning in a minute or two with her brother. I was soon upon social terms with him. He closely resembled his father — had the same light, curling hair, calm gray eyes, and expressive lips. He was not so talkative as Carrie; he was more thoughtful and reserved, more observing and less impulsive.

I was in due time thoroughly installed in my new home. I had much to bless my HEAVENLY FATHER for; my lines were cast in pleasant places. The summer went by, and the winter, in the same quiet, steady, happy way. But I do not intend to speak about my duties at Abernethy Hall, my tutorship of those lovely children, and how in beautifying their lives, my own grew beautiful. It is with the new awakening, the new El Dorado of my companionship, my intimacy with the Rector, that I have to do.

He was standing at one of the windows on the morning that Mr. Ashley introduced me to him. He turned round, nodded gravely, and then gazed out of the window as abstractedly as before. I was not piqued at that; I am not proud, and (so my friends tell me) put too low an estimate upon myself. Though his survey of me was not a leisurely one, I knew that he had already divined as much of my life and character as a less penetrating man would have learned in a week. It took me that long to engage him even in the most incidental conversation.

He was a sedate, even-tempered man; he was often given to fits of absent-mindedness, and from this I learned that there was some great sorrow in his soul. It was only in the pulpit that he proved himself more than an ordinary man. He was an analytical reasoner, subject to bursts of the most captivating eloquence, and strong in the yearn-

ing for the salvation of his fellow-men. The light seemed to go out of his eyes, and the spiritual glory out of his face, so soon as he descended from the pulpit. Few stepped into the aisles to grasp him by the hand; they simply bowed their heads, with the memory of the recently spoken words of truthfulness in their souls, and a sort of sympathy for the secret sorrowfulness which raised him above the plane of their companionship.

But there came a time when he took a deeper interest in me; when his eyes would neglect his book to follow me around the room; when he would meet me with a nosegay, or ask me to stroll with him through the gardens. I found him a more agreeable companion than I had supposed him to be; he would come out of that half-dreamy lethargy in which he seemed to sit, and converse as if he thought and felt like other men. I must say that he even became communicative; he spoke less reservedly and less spasmodically. At first I conversed and he listened; but by degrees, and unconsciously, as it were, our positions became reversed. Then it was that I stood upon the confines of the new El Dorado in the world of thought. It was something grand to sit at his feet, a quiet impressible pupil.

I must say it sooner or later, and so I will say it now: I loved him! Yes, warmly, fervently, passionately. I did not know whether my love was reciprocated, neither did I care. The knowledge of the deep love in my own heart was enough for me to dwell upon at any one time. To be sure, his eyes at times warmed up with a beautiful light, and he would exhibit the most earnest solicitude for a temporary ache or illness; but beyond this I observed nothing. He did not speak of love; what I had noticed might have been merely occasioned by his strong friendship for me.

I was one day reading Goethe's '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*,' (Poetry and Truth.) Mr. Jackson observed the work in my hands.

'Is Goethe a favorite of yours?' he asked.

'Very much so,' I replied.

'His works have never been faithfully translated, and least of all, the one you are now reading. It is not even second-handed; it is what Mrs. Austin called 'a bad translation of a very bad French translation.' Two elements enter into every translation; the author and the translator. Thus, Hoole's '*Ariosto*' is nearer to Hoole than to Ariosto. So in Pope's '*Homer*;' the Greek is nothing, the Englishman every thing. Translations have been called pressed flowers: if you want to enjoy Goethe in all his freshness and fragrance, you must go to the original. In no other way will you be able thoroughly to appreciate him.'

'Do you understand German, Mr. Jackson?' I asked.

'I have been told that I am a perfect master of the language. I have Goethe's works in my library. You must study German.'

Well, I mastered German; the study was a pleasure and a recreation: I caught the inspiration from the very lips, as it were, of Goethe and Heine and Schiller. I learned, too, the truthfulness of Coleridge's definition of genius — that it consists in carrying on the feelings of the child into maturer years. Men of true genius give themselves up to the first simple impressions of common things. They are content to wonder, and smile, and admire, just as they did when they were children; it is the opening of the heart to all sweet influences. We are not called upon to write poetry for angels or saints, but for men; for men who work and think and suffer. He who is to photograph humanity, must at least be able to stand on a common level with it, and by his many sympathies enrich his special experience with all that is universal. Poetry is the music of truth; and let it come through what medium it may, it is always musical while it is true.

But that literary feast also became a 'Liebesmahl:' to conjugate the verb 'to love' in that rich, full, sonorous dialect, was less easy than to give it reality, an active transitiveness. I learned to love the German, but Mr. Jackson, the Rector, more.

Well, time brought with it its changes. The invalid Alice died; she is waiting for me beside those ever-shining gates: Mr. Jackson became more and more endeared to his people and to me; his moodiness went away from him. Fred grew toward the stature of his manhood, a kind, sterling, tractable child; while the angel Carrie grew still more beautiful to me in that childish truthfulness which will light her to the grave. To couple her name, the memory of her virtues, and the consciousness of the godliness of her life, with the tomb, was to rob the latter of all its shadowiness and dread!

At last it came as it was to be. Mr. Jackson spoke to me of love. It was on a cold, starlit night in March. We were standing by one of the broad windows, looking out upon the landscape, which was beautiful still, though clothed in the dreariness of winter.

'Jenny,' he commenced, half-sorrowfully, 'I am about to say something that may lower me very much in your estimation, but I cannot help it. It has been in my heart for many weeks; it has wrapped it like the landscape before us, in all the chilliness of winter. Whether what I may say will bring sunshine and spring, or leave me still standing an Ishmael in this desert of my life, I cannot tell.'

He paused a moment, and I thought I heard my heart beat in that stillness. I had a consciousness of what was coming.

'Go on, Leonard,' I said; 'let me be Hagar to you.'

'No! no!' he cried, with considerable vehemence; 'you must be more; you must be my Rebecca — my Leah!'

'I will be any thing you wish,' I said.

I was surprised at the calmness with which I said that ; I was not surprised that I was thoroughly happy. He took me in his arms and kissed me passionately.

'We love each other, Jenny.'

This was said so slowly, so measuredly, that it caused me to look up into his face.

'We have loved each other for a long while, Leonard. I am very, very happy ! How could you possibly lower yourself in my estimation by such an avowal ? How I wish that words of mine could restore the summer in your heart.'

'It may never be, dearest Jenny. I am like a blasted pine upon a dreary heath ; a Pariah, more of an outcast from his own soul than from the world without. In this hour you will curse me, Jenny, just as I shall curse myself ; in this hour I may sear your heart just as mine has been seared, turn it to stone, just as mine has been turned ; it is the hour of my sin, and I shrink away from the consciousness I have of the purity of your inner life. Jenny, I have loved you long and well ; the passion swells my veins with fire while I speak. My companionship with you has taught me much ; much of hope, and faith, and love. God does not create the intelligent mind with its powers and faculties fully formed at the beginning, with all the principles of truth apparent to thought, and all the elements of experience enfolded in its consciousness. He creates it infantile. He makes the very commencement of its being dependent upon others. And then he leaves the forces that are lodged in it, and that are innately prophetic of a future, to be unfolded, trained, and matured by the action of other minds, manifested in speech or books ; by the exercise of thought, by the ministry of experience, above all by contact with effort and disappointment. I have learned more by my companionship with you, by the action of your mind, than by effort, and suffering, and experience combined. But why should I speak of this ? I have told you that I love you—that is very sweet ; what I have to add is very, very bitter. Jenny, you can never be my wife !'

His face was very white ; there was a dull, icy glare in his eyes, and a perceptible shudder passed over him. Perhaps we were alike affected, and alike manifested it. I felt a sudden chilliness in the air, and I caught at the window-hangings for support. I did not speak for a little while ; then taking both his hands in mine and looking steadfastly into his face, I said : 'Leonard, what does all this mean ? Why can I not be your wife ?'

He took my arms and made me put them around his neck. Then he said, in a low, husky whisper : 'Jenny, I am married !'

One quick, passionate embrace, one long burning kiss, and I was

alone. I seemed only conscious that the rector had staggered across the room, out of the door. Oh! the wretchedness of that hour! I never thought that one's heart could bear so much and yet not break. I felt ten-fold more wretched, more unsatisfied, more sick and tired of life and the world than I did when they laid a beloved mother in the grave, and, later still, the invalid Alice. There were no tears in my eyes; it was a grief too deep for tears. I crept up to my chamber, frightened at my own ghostliness. I prayed for strength, that I might endure; for patience, that I might wait; for life, that I might live!

Now I was able to account for many things about the rector that had seemed singular to me; his frequent absence from the parish; his sullen moodiness; his alternate warmth and coldness toward me. I was certain that he loved me very much—warmly, passionately. Those words that he had spoken had long been burning in his soul; they must have found vent sooner or later; there are some things that the heart must either be relieved of—or burst.

Well, months went by, and the winter set in again. Mr. Jackson ceased to be attentive to me, and even avoided my society. It required a mighty effort; I could read it in his melancholy eyes, and in his more than common restlessness. In part, I felt thankful for the course of action he had adopted. While it made me admire him all the more, it also gave me time to fortify my own soul, and reconcile it to its first great sorrow.

I have an incident of another night in March to relate. It was not a clear, star-light night, though. It was a dreary, wintry night, wondering whether it should relent into the capriciousness of April. A disagreeable rain was falling, one of those wretched compromises between snow and sleet. I was sitting alone by the fire; my pupils had retired to bed, and Mr. Ashley had gone to the adjoining village.

Suddenly the door opened, and there entered, preceded by a gust of wind almost visible in the mistiness, a young woman. She walked straight up to the grate and held her hands over it, neither speaking nor looking around her. It was this silence which made me feel so uncomfortable; a chilliness crept over me as I gazed upon her; it was not the chilliness of the rain, but the chilliness of dread.

She was scantily attired, though a heavy blanket, carelessly thrown around her, had in a manner protected her from the storm. Her hair was dishevelled and very black; her face was ghostly white, and her eyes dull and ghastly, like those of a drowned person when they are found open.

I cannot say that I was afraid of her; she seemed perfectly harmless, and there was an air of refinement about her that told of better days.

‘It is cold,’ I said.

She turned around and bent her eyes upon me ; no, *flashed* ; before they were so icy, but now how they blazed !

‘Who said it was cold ?’ she asked fiercely.

‘I did,’ I replied, in a mild tone, though I was conscious that I trembled.

‘You, eh ? Well, it’s nothing to you or to me if it is cold ! Who makes it cold ? It is a *nice* night to those who never get out into any night at all !

‘How bright the fagots in this little hole
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall !’

Did Campbell say that ? Well, there are no ‘pleasures of hope’ for me ; I have no hope. What makes you stare at me so.’ But I ought n’t to speak so gruffly ; you are a woman, and may help me. Tell me, do you think me crazy ?’

I did not answer directly ; it required an evasive answer, and one so framed that she could not detect that it was such. I still kept my eyes upon her, and said quietly : ‘Who said that you were crazy ? Take a chair : I want to talk with you.’

‘Ha ! ha ! ha ! Just like I answered you awhile ago. Well, I an’t crazy, though they say I am. I have just broke out of the mad-house. Ah ! I am a good hand at stratagem ! There now, send me back !’

‘You need not fear me. I have no reason for sending you any where. You can stay here ; you are no more crazy than I am.’

A warm light came into her eyes at those words, and with a little persuasion I got her to lie down on the sofa, where she soon sank into a slumber. My thoughts were varied as I gazed into that face, pale and care-worn, yet beautiful still, and framed in with its wealth of raven hair. My life had been a life of toil and struggling and suffering ; one by one my relatives had passed into the shadowy tomb, and just then there was a great sorrow brooding in my heart ; but I felt thankful that, amid all, God had still vouchsafed unto me my reason. A prayer went up in that lone, quiet room ; the wind still howled dismally without, but there was a calmness in my heart. I parted the hair from her white forehead, and there were tears in my eyes as I watched her low, childish breathing.

She remained prostrated a week, subject to attacks of insanity that at times really frightened us. Mr. Ashley took as much interest in her as I did, and the children often stole up to her room during the day-time to ask how the strange woman with the white face was, just as if the faces of other women were not white.

In a week from the night upon which she came to Abernethney Hall she died. It rained on that night, too ; it rained on the day we buried her ; it rained on the day she was married, and no doubt on

the day she was born. So had been her life, always listening to the 'fitful sighing of the rain!'

The rector was absent during the time our strange visitor was sick. He returned on the evening before she was buried. I heard him coming up into the study. The crazy woman was lying in her shroud in the room below, with a calm serenity upon her face, and with a few choice hot-house flowers looped among her dark curls. The kind hands of little Carrie had done that.

The rector was somewhat startled when he beheld me sitting in the study instead of Mr. Ashley. He however reached out his hand quite cordially.

'You seem troubled,' I said.

'I have much to trouble me, Jenny,' he said sorrowfully; 'yet I am still thankful that God gives me strength to bear it all. You have been writing?'

'Yes, I was writing to you; it is not necessary now. You are wanted to officiate at a funeral.'

'Is it possible? Any of the parishioners dead?'

'No; it is a strange woman who died here — a crazy woman.'

Oh! how white his face grew! He caught at the table for support.

'Died *where*?' he asked huskily.

'Here, in the house,' I replied wonderingly. 'She is lying in the parlor, arrayed for the tomb.'

He looked at me for a moment; his eyes grew very much like hers in their vacant stare; then he took up the lamp, forgetting that he was leaving me in the darkness, and passed down-stairs. I followed him, impelled by a thought that made me shudder just then because it thrilled my veins with a sort of pleasure.

The rector was kneeling beside the corpse, kissing the cold lips and murmuring: 'O Elsie! my wife! my beautiful one!'

Again that thought flashed through my brain; she was indeed the rector's wife, and the thought would sooner shape into a certainty. There was a choking sensation in my throat, but ere I could turn away, the rector saw me. He motioned me to his side, but without getting up from his knees.

'What did she tell you?' he asked.

'She told me nothing about herself or the past. I heard you call her wife.'

'Yes, she was my wife. She is at rest now, and it is better for her and for me. No prayers need be offered up for a soul so kind and so good as hers was.'

He said nothing more just then, which in a manner surprised me. He rose up, folded his arms, and gazed steadfastly into the face of the dead. A scalding tear fell upon my hand; he seemed to have for-

gotten that I was near him, and I stole up into my room to weep. But in the pulpit, when he preached the funeral sermon of his own once beautiful wife, he explained it all. Many eyes filled with tears then, and the hearts of the people went out farther than ever toward their suffering pastor.

The remainder of the story is soon told. Insanity had been hereditary in the family of the rector's wife. She knew it, but had not dared to tell him of it; the dread presentiment that she would eventually fall a victim to the horrid disease, draped many hours that otherwise would have been joyous ones, in the blackness of night.

At last it came, in the third year of her marriage, and the poor, almost heart-broken rector was compelled to send her to an insane asylum. He visited her often while there, providing many comforts for her, and leaving no means untried to restore her.

Sometimes she appeared perfectly sane, meeting him with all the pleasantries of yore, and asking to be taken to his heart again; at other times she would be perfectly ungovernable, and charge him with the most violent abuses, and this lasted five years.

But she was dead now; she had gone to her home at last—to a beautiful home decked with stars, and gorgeous in the unspeakable richness of Christ.

'And you and the rector were married in the end?' is the suggestive query.

And very meekly yet contentedly I answer: 'We were.'

T H E K I S S .

I.

THE lyre I bear, so sweet of sound,
I dash it on the frozen ground;
For idle are its golden chords,
And vain of song the burning words.

II.

I kiss thee. Let my kiss avail,
Where speech and music both must fail,
To tell the love, that else must be
A secret evermore from thee.

J. A. D.

Philadelphia, April, 1860.

RURAL LETTER TO A COCKNEY FRIEND.

My friend Jenks has very kindly permitted me to take a copy of the following letter which he recently dispatched to his old chum and class-mate, George Gore. As the reader may like to know something about Jenks, (of course he knows Gore,) I will give him a short sketch of his career. Jenks was a charity scholar in college. Being an orphan, some friends of the family, anxious to get rid of him in the easiest way possible, begged a school education for him; in acquiring which, having evinced occasional gleams of aptness and some industry, they next succeeded in getting him into college as a charity student. The friendship between him and Gore grew out of the former taking part with the latter in a quarrel which Gore got into with some of the Grundy family. Jenks was the best friend, but Gore the most demonstrative one. They both stood very fair in their class. Jenks was the best Greek scholar, Gore the most subtle metaphysician. If either of them gave especial promise of being good for any thing, or every thing, Jenks was the man. He was, nevertheless, a good while in finding out for what particular post in life he was more especially adapted. Fortunately, however, he learned, before he reached the age of thirty-five, that a toll-gate post was the one by which he would be content to pass the remainder of his days.

But a wide and various experience was necessary to enable him to make this discovery. After he graduated from college, he studied divinity three years, preached three months, and then renounced the profession for good—for his own good he said, as well as for that of others. As soon as the society over which he was settled got organized on a firm and permanent basis, that is, one half of the society opposed to him, and the other half in his favor, he resigned on account of his health. He used to tell his friends that his health was good enough at the time of his resignation, but that he never could have preserved it in such a quarrelsome position as that. Still, he said no society could be kept alive long unless the friends and enemies of the minister were very nearly equally divided. When he left the pulpit, he became for a time the literary critic of a country newspaper. For attending to this department of the paper and 'doing the chores' of the editor's family, he obtained his board and washing; but the necessity of getting a new suit of clothes obliged him to hunt up some more lucrative situation.

He then taught school for a time; but the school-children having become a good deal attached to him, some of the parents said, there could not be much order, much study, or much progress, where the children found the school so pleasant. For their part, they recollected

that they dreaded the school-master as they did the evil one, and the school-house as they did the evil one's dominions. The consequence was, he received a rather sudden dismissal. To continue the narrative in his own words, he said: 'Not anticipating so sudden an end to my labors as teacher, I had got in debt to the man with whom I boarded about forty dollars, and was to pay him from my wages for the next term. He was very much interested in my welfare, and stirred himself so zealously in my behalf, that at a caucus for nominating a representative to the General Court, so much enthusiasm had been created in my favor that I received the nomination. The party to which I belonged being in the ascendancy, I was elected, and in due time took my seat among 'the assembled wisdom.' I soon discovered that it was much pleasanter to contemplate a great political joke at a distance than to participate in it. Such a view of political matters does better for an outsider than for an office-holder; and one term as a representative finished my political career.

'I next purchased a movable daguerreotype saloon, and travelled about the country with that for a time. This business I was very well satisfied with, but disliked moving away from a place just as I began to get attached to it. The last place I moved into, a fire occurring one night, a man who had a house about a quarter of a mile distant from it in the same direction as the wind was blowing, suggested that a back-fire might be necessary to stop the progress of the flames. At this suggestion half-a-dozen firemen, with a calmness and deliberation usual at such times, rushed upon my portable home, and amid inarticulate yells and such screams as 'Now then!' 'Heave ahead there!' 'Make room for No. 2,' my house was shoved up against the burning building, and was soon a heap of ashes. No other buildings were burned but mine and the one where the fire originated. A vacancy having occurred in this toll-house about that time, I was fortunate enough to obtain the place. The rest you know.'

Thus ended the narrative of my friend Jenks. It was one of the most creditable features in the character of Gore that he should have remained the persistent and fast friend of Jenks, notwithstanding their paths, as they advanced in life, had diverged so widely.

'DEAR GEORGY: I find that I am all the time overrating people, especially celebrities like yourself. The fact is, a prominent, social position like that you enjoy, must tend to enervate the character. Somehow it seems to make men thin-skinned, at least you seem to be so. I am confirmed in the doubts I have long entertained, whether too gregarious a life is conducive to toughness of moral and mental fibre. It has a tendency to scatter the power which needs to be very much condensed in order to give a man substantial, moral equipoise

and real intellectual calibre. You stand fire so poorly, that my sympathies have been roused in your behalf. To be candid, I was not a little provoked at the delight afforded your scaly literary brethren by the stone I carelessly tossed at you while you were disporting in the shallow waters of a muddy stream. In contemplating your present condition, two maxims of Jean Paul commend themselves to my notice.

‘Mollify thy heart by pointing out the sufferings of thy enemy : think of him as of one spiritually sick, who deserves sympathy.

‘Most men judge so badly : why wouldst thou be praised by a child ? No one would respect thee in a beggar’s coat : what is a respect that is paid to woollen cloth, not to thee ?’

‘I wear some such sort of garment as that spoken of above, though it is of very good material and modern cut. If nobody respects me, I am sorry for nobody, that’s all.

‘I have mollified my heart a good deal toward you, Georgy. I am afraid I evinced a more ungenerous spirit than the circumstances of the case would warrant, in declining to pitch into you except on such mercenary grounds as those I designated. But I must confess, from what poor means I have of judging, that you have displayed less philosophical equanimity under a little good-natured banter, than might reasonably have been expected of you. It is very evident that you do not believe all is vanity and vexation of spirit. You very plainly covet the applause of ‘Vanity Fair.’ Do you ever read Curtis’ ‘Potiphar Papers’ ? If you have read that very popular satirical production, you certainly cannot be willing to make very great sacrifices in the hope of standing well with ‘our best society.’ The fact is, dear Georgy, you mix too much with this social excellence for your own spiritual health ; you very naturally acquire the tone which prevails there, and from all that I could ever read and learn about it, (I have n’t much practical knowledge of it, as it may be needless to say,) it is not the realization of the highest possible ideal tone.

‘You will excuse me for assuming a rather patronizing air toward you, inasmuch as I am somewhat older than you are — an advantage, however, which I never allow another to presume upon in his treatment of me — and I have had advantages in education which you cannot boast. To be sure, these advantages may bear some resemblance to those exultingly enumerated by the elder Mr. Weller, when reproaching his son Samivel for his defeat in an encounter with the Mulberry chap. You may affect to sneer at that sort of education, but, think you, we should have ever heard of Sam Weller if he had spent seven years at Oxford ? They would have taken the humor all out of him in half that time. Colleges do n’t tolerate humor. It is unconventional ; a thing of too rank growth ; it has n’t respect

enough for persons ; it sometimes lacks refinement ; it is too spontaneous, hearty, and genial for the cold serenity and delicate sensibility of fastidious and elegant culture. You may say that humor is none the less attractive for being refined instead of coarse. Polish only adds to the beauty of the diamond as well as to that of the oak stick. But humor bears no resemblance to any thing in the mineral or the vegetable world. You spoil a Pegasus when you harness him to a bark-mill or a threshing-machine.

‘If you do n’t like my patronizing tone, of course you have a right to resent it in any way you please ; I do n’t deny that you have this privilege. If you are a wise man, you will prefer being abused to being praised. Pray did you never observe how much more kindly-disposed your acquaintances are toward you when you are the object of censure than when you are the object of praise ? Of course, the reason of this is too obvious to dwell upon ; the praises you receive mortify their vanity ; the abuse you receive gratifies it. I do n’t know what your experience has been in this way, but doubtless this observation has been thrust upon you time and again. I never fail to give people the best opportunity I can to slight me in a way that will be most gratifying to their vanity ; they always feel so much better disposed to me afterward. The slight may be unimportant to them, why should it be of any consequence to me ? You may not have supposed that I should have had any very great superfluity of praise to complain of, yet I have had enough to alienate nearly all my relations from me, and sometimes dogs, I believe, would have been set on to me, if the four-legged brutes had not had surer instincts than their owners — if they had not had a better appreciation of those who were their master’s friends than their masters themselves had. All on account of being over-praised. I mention the circumstance by way of illustration, from philosophical motives only. I do n’t pretend to be much more deserving than Aristides was, and do n’t expect to be much better treated ! You see, Georgy, I am a man that hath had losses, and therefore I expect you to pay a greater regard to my utterances. Heed the admonitions I give unto you.

‘You write too much. What necessity is there of your having an income of four or five thousand dollars a year, or half that sum ? You will finally write yourself into insanity like Southey. You bear a greater resemblance to that writer than to any other that I know of, though I think you are superior to him. Too much brain did not cause Southey’s insanity, but the over-working of a little brain. You may have a similar experience : I intend to avoid it. If Coleridge’s and Southey’s wives had continued the millinery business, and the two poets had opened a cheap (or dear) publication stall near them, they could have lived in a very cheap and comfortable manner, and it

would have been better for all concerned. If Southey had written no more than Coleridge, the world would have been just as wise perhaps. Furnishing material for the outside of the head is full as agreeable and more lucrative employment than furnishing material for the inside.

‘One of my ideals of a comfortable and happy life is a house and shop united, a small book-store, for instance, with the books all paid for, and no debts to harass one. When there were no customers in the shop, it would be so pleasant to run up-stairs and kiss the baby or its mother.

‘As you and I are bachelors, Georgy, our characters have never been softened or hardened as the case may be, by the wedded joys or domestic trials that are said to be necessary to make a full and perfect man. I do n’t know who the authority is for Byron’s having said that ‘A man’s education was never complete until he had had a separation from his wife.’ As likely as not he never said it, though to be sure it is much more characteristic than many remarks ascribed to him which we know to be genuine. If he had been inclined to publish such an assertion, he would not have found a better place to put it in than among the following remarks. Speaking of his wife, he says: ‘First, she refused me, then she accepted me, then she separated herself from me: so much for consistency. I need not tell you of the obloquy and opprobrium that were cast upon my name when our separation was made public. I once made a list from the journals of the day of the different worthies, ancient and modern, to whom I was compared: I remember a few, Nero, Apicius, Epicurus, Caligula, Heliogabalus, Henry the Eighth, and lastly, the —; all my former friends, even my cousin, George Byron, who had been brought up with me, and whom I loved as a brother, took my wife’s part; he followed the stream when it was strongest against me, and can never expect any thing from me; he shall never touch a sixpence of mine. I was looked upon as the worst of husbands, the most abandoned and wicked of men; and my wife as a suffering angel, an incarnation of all the virtues and perfections of the sex. I was abused in the public prints, made the common talk of private companies, hissed as I went to the House of Lords, insulted in the streets, afraid to go to the theatre, whence the unfortunate Mrs. Mardyn had been driven with insult.’

‘Here now was an experience worth while, and it would seem as though a philosopher ought to have drawn the richest moral and mental nutriment from it. To recur again to Jean Paul, another of his maxims was: ‘Not chance, but I am to blame for my sufferings.’ There are maxims more flattering to the self-love than this, but hardly any more safe to believe in.

If Byron had lived until this time, I have no doubt he would now

have been a very respectable, conservative old gentleman. He undertook to sow a larger crop of wild oats than he had strength to harvest, and he died in the undertaking. The same experience befell Burns. If one gets successfully through a geopoical experience in ethics of this kind, he may have acquired moral strength, and he may have received a moral taint from it — more likely the latter. Therefore, from what little light I have on the subject, I think I would advise all young men to dispense entirely with any such experience.

‘Jones says you complain of my provokingly calm stupidity, my swaggering complacency, my stilted composure, and wish that I could be flogged into the same fretting discontent, the same unhappy mood of irritation, which possesses you so much of the time. You are uncharitable, Georgy; ’t is a gift of fortune, this same calm stupidity, and he is highly favored (flavored too, perhaps) who has it. Hume says it is worth ten thousand pounds a year to a man. I should like to sell, nevertheless, one tenth of my possessions in this line for a thousand pounds a year. I will not, however, give up a single iota of it except for a pecuniary consideration.

‘In speaking of some good-natured man the other day, you called him ‘impertinently happy.’ The remark at once struck me as a very felicitous one. If there is one greater impertinence than all others that an American can be guilty of, it is that of being happy. Steady, uniform, imperturbable happiness is a personal insult to an immense majority of the sovereigns of the United States. An intelligent foreigner recently said that he would not live in this country to own it. ‘What an unhappy people, if their faces express their feelings, he said. I never saw a man in the streets that did n’t seem uneasy, and walk as if driven; nor scarcely a woman in the house without a care-worn and fidgety air.’

‘You very naturally added that such impertinent happiness as that spoken of was not compatible with what you consider a proper self-respect. Of course it is n’t. You, Georgy, are a superior specimen of the American branch of the Grundy family. According to the scale of merit used by that family, a happy man must be most emphatically a ‘Miss Nancy,’ and consequently wholly without self-respect. The man who has the most self-respect, according to this standard, is he who sacrifices all peace of mind, ‘walks as if driven,’ and pursues with the most intense eagerness, some popular shadow. I am a slow coach, and am not going to engage in any such scrub-race.

‘Your idea of self-respect, Georgy, I think is associated somewhat with a man’s occupation and income. I have no doubt it is quite different from that entertained by Dr. Johnson, and it is very evident that he had a good deal more respect for himself than for any body else. ‘He said a man might live in a garret at eighteen-pence a week;

few people would inquire where he lodged; and if they did, it was easy to say: 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending three-pence in a coffee-house, he might be for some hours every day in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, and do without supper. On clean-shirt days he went abroad and paid visits.'

'Life is quite a mixed affair — mixed with good and evil, poverty and riches, impertinent happiness and humble misery, sense and nonsense, and all that sort of thing. If is an awful reality, nevertheless, devoted chiefly to shams. Never mind, Georgy, let us act well our parts, however contemptible they may be. We have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the performance will soon be over, and the gas shut off.

Yours, etc.,

ELIJAH JENNA.

'P. S.: As your conduct of late has been rather sheepish, I desire, before sending this off, to make one more quotation from Jean Paul, well calculated to meet your case, as it pertains especially to sheep. He says:

'If you hold a stick before the wether, so that he, by necessity, leaps in passing you, and then withdraw your stick, the flock will nevertheless all leap as he did; and the thousandth sheep shall be found impetuously vaulting over air, as the first did over an otherwise impassable barrier.'

'Now, Georgy, you are a sort of literary wether, and in consequence of the stick I good-naturedly thrust before you, you have been found impetuously vaulting over air, angrily scrabbling and sprawling in the dirt, butting imaginary objects, (not imaginative ones,) and behaving in a manner rather unbecoming a well-poised, self-possessed, and philosophical wether. But what I complain more especially of, is that you should cause a hundred thousand, more or less, old sheep and young lambkins to go 'vaulting over air,' thus wasting their strength without any possible good to them, and simply on account of a blunder you, their wether, committed.

'I always strive to be magnanimous enough to be just, under all circumstances; I will therefore cheerfully admit that in watching your appearance as you travelled over the two last rods of this well-worn sheep-path,* and entered the pasture where the death of every thing green had been caused by a hail-storm, I was pleased with the grace and vigor of your movements—they betokened unusual power and elegance—and I thought they well entitled you to the ovine leadership you enjoy.

'In writing you, friend Georgy, I always feel that there is no occa-

* This path was a good deal worn, and it was therefore more difficult for you to appear to advantage in it. Other wethers have often taken their flocks over it. A new field would have afforded a better chance for a display of genius, in striking out in a new and original direction.

sion for my being guarded in what I write, no need of carefully weighing the phrases I use. We know each other too well to take offence at any remarks either of us may make. Like Goethe, we have no time to hate or be angry with any one, our thoughts run in too elevated a sphere for that; but it was unkind in you not to do me that little municipal favor I asked of you.

R. J.

S U S A N N A H.

THERE comes me in a wafered note,
Writ in a dainty female hand,
With compliments all underscored,
And neatly signed SUSANNAH BLAND.
The writer says my pleasant rhymes
Have caused her many a hearty laugh,
And in a crispy postscript asks
The favor of my autograph.

She also sends a postage-stamp,
Which gives the thing a business
look,
As if she were methodical
In every thing she undertook:
Or ought I rather to infer,
And neither give nor take offence,
That poet's signatures are worth
And can be purchased for three cents!

If not, what may your notion be,
In thus applying for my name?
Is it because you'd have me think
That I am not unknown to fame?
If this is what the note implies,
Permit me to express my thanks;
But, let me hint to Madame FAME,
I'd rather stand well with the Banks.

I know she owns a pillared dome
That crowns a steep and lofty hill:
Its picture in my spelling-book
Haunts busy manhood's memory still.
But ah! such real estate 's too high
For even corner-lots to rise,
And hers are not the kind of rocks
To charm a bank-director's eyes.

An over-stately dame is she,
Who carries, I have cause to know,
Two trumpets — one to hear withal,
And one, the longest, made to blow.
Harford, (Conn.)

She's precious hard of hearing, too,
And keeps the short one at her ear,
Wherein her suitors have to bawl
Tremendously to make her hear.

And even then the one she blows
Emits at times so faint a sound,
That ere it reaches Echo's cell
'T is in the misty distance drowned.
It takes a most stentorian blast
To reach the stolid public's ears,
And so for wind to fill the trump
She has to husband hers for years.

Besides, I do n't know you, SUSANNE,
Nor whether you look ill or well:
If you are widow, maid, or wife,
Or neither, 's more than I can tell.
Wherefore, (excuse me,) I should like,
Ere I comply with your request,
To see you in your morning-gown,
Or Sunday-go-to-meeting best.

Perhaps you'll take the trouble, ma'am,
To aid me in this little matter:
So, just to guard against mistakes,
(For friends, you know, are apt to
falter.)

Please send me your daguerreotype,
And I can guess from seeing that,
If you're a charming wide-awake,
Or only an unconscious flat.

And if it shows fair cheek and brow,
Ambrosial lips and laughing eyes,
The autograph shall leap to light
In letters of the largest size.
Still, if the picture proves a fright
I will not altogether alight you,
But hand your note to cousin BEN,
And let the hirsute dandy write you.

G. H. C.

THE BORROWED GARMENTS.

‘FRANK, lend me your swallow-tail coat.’

‘What for?’

‘Here,’ and I tossed him a moderate-sized card bearing the following inscription: ‘Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater’s compliments, and would be pleased to see Mr. Wilkins on Friday eve, the thirteenth instant at eight o’clock.’

‘No doubt of it.’

‘No doubt of what?’

‘That the sight of you would please Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwaters.’

‘Probably: will you lend me the coat?’

‘Yes, certainly.’

Frank Barnes and I were disciples of *Æsculapius*, and pursuing our studies at the — Medical College. We were chums and fast friends: we studied together, walked together, ate at the same table, and enjoyed in common our shuck-mattress and scanty quilts. We had just finished our mid-day allowance of ‘victuals,’ measured according to the boarding-house rule, and called by courtesy and our landlady ‘dinner,’ and had lit our pipes for our post-prandial siesta, when the above card was sent up to me, and occasioned the remark that opens this chapter. Frank and I were of about the same height and weight, and his coat would fit me exactly: but here the resemblance ceased entirely. Frank, though not foppish in the least, was always dressed with scrupulous neatness, and though he seldom went into society, always had a complete suit of handsome clothes. On the other hand, while I was very fond of society, I was very unfortunate in regard to my wardrobe, and was rarely the possessor of a respectable outfit. I had gone one moonlight night to the suburbs, with the intention of serenading my adorable Amelia, a young lady educated, refined and polished according to the most approved style, but whose father was not at all romantic, had a lamentably tuneless ear, and ‘did n’t approve of these here sareynades; thought young men ought to be in bed time enough to get up airy in the mornin’, and not go round howlin’ like a pack o’ painters.’ Notwithstanding this prejudice on the part of the parent, I resolved to woo the fair lady with a song, perhaps with two or three. Having importuned her to ‘Wake, lady, wake,’ I was respectfully soliciting her to ‘Meet me by moonlight alone,’ when her father interrupted the strain in a most inharmonious manner:

‘Look here, young man, pack up that blasted fiddle, and leave here! How do you s’pose a man’s goin’ to sleep with such an infernal screechin’ goin’ on?’

I did not deign to reply to his interrogatory, but muttering, 'I go, but I return,' went. Vexed at such a termination of the affair, I waited near by till all was again quiet, then went back, and taking up the thread of my song where it had been broken off, finished it. Gathering confidence as I went on, I was proceeding to request her to 'Come o'er the hills with me,' and was picturing in glowing colors the 'sweet content of our humble, happy lot,' when whack! like a discharge from a catapult, a body of unknown shape and dimensions, but evidently of considerable weight and density, struck the fence near me. Instinctively divining that this came from the hands of the 'enraged parient,' and fearing lest he should follow up his salute with a volley, I silenced the vibrating guitar-strings, postponed the 'Good night' song *sine die*, (excuse the bull,) and retreated. In my hasty and not remarkably graceful evacuation of the premises, an upstart nail in the fence made an ugly right-angled rent in my best broad-cloth.

And now Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater want to see me Friday eve: to-day is Thursday: too late to get a new garment made, to say nothing of my own impecuniosity. But as I said before, I was very fond of society, especially that of Amelia, who would certainly be at the party, as she was on very intimate terms with Miss Georgia Fitzwater. So go I must; and as society has decreed that a coat is an indispensable article of apparel at a party, I borrowed Frank's immaculate swallow-tail.

'And Frank, I shall want your gaiters,' as I discovered that one of mine showed a very ragged abrasion on the side, and the other was sadly run down at the heel.

'Take 'em along,' said he, and quietly went on 'cloud compelling.' But I was too much agitated to smoke. I let my pipe go out, called Frank Mrs. Fitzwater, and was only recalled to my senses when he reminded me that my 'doeskins' needed repairing. So I seized a needle and thread, and after many futile efforts succeeded in passing the latter through the eye of the former. I then carefully closed the gaping fissure, not without tangling the thread several times, and uttering several adjectives not very complimentary to the pantaloons and the maker thereof.

'T were vain to attempt to tell what horrid dreams racked my brains that night. They were an *olla podrida* of absurd incongruities. At one time I was making my *salaam* to Mrs. Fitzwater, and repeating the well-conned complimentary speech to Miss Georgia, when suddenly the needle which I inadvertently had left in my trousers, made its presence known in a very insinuating manner. At another, Mr. Fitzwater was shaking my hand with one of his, and with the other extracting the pins with which I had attempted to cobble the disinte-

grated coat-tail; while Amelia's father stood by poising two bricks over my devoted head. Amelia looked charming in Frank's dress-coat; and Miss Temperance Jones, an elderly spinster who formerly had 'taught my young idea,' and administered wholesome correction with her slipper, (I forget the number, it seemed Brobdignagian at that time,) appeared at a side-door armed with my damaged gaiter. This last apparition woke me, and I lay feverishly tossing till morning. When morning came, I rose, but unrefreshed. The day was long and weary, and I enjoyed it most miserably. Evening came at last, and with it the necessity of preparing for the party. Who that has ever got ready for a party does not remember the petty annoyances attendant on the operation? How the refractory shirt will not be buttoned, and the razor will cut your chin! Your shoe-strings get into a hard knot, and your rebellious scalp-lock will not submit even to a most copious lubrication with fragrant Maccassar. All this I suffered and more; and Frank complacently sat there laughing at me.

'Wilkins,' said he, after I had gone through the trying ordeal of outward purification, and donned a clean under-garment, 'Wilkins, have you polished those gaiters?'

'Thunder! No!'

So I had to divest myself of the clean garment, and go at it. As I sat silently rubbing the calf-skins, the thought struck me that perhaps I could not get them on. The distressing idea had not entered my brain before, and now it came upon me with terrific force. I have said that Frank was about as tall as myself; but as he probably had more aristocratic blood in him than I have, he wore shoes two numbers smaller than mine. Though those before me were too large for him, for me they were 'a leetle too small by a plaguey sight.' But I had gone too far to be baffled by this fact; and so after a great deal of exertion, much perspiration, and perhaps a few maledictions, I succeeded in encasing my extremities in the shoes. I performed my ablutions a second time, and proceeded with my toilet.

'Wilkins,' said Frank, 'Miss Georgia is rather sentimental, is n't she?'

'Rather.'

'Somewhat given to 'awakening the slumbering echoes in the caverns of memory'?'

'Somewhat.' I was too much engaged with my cravat to make any very extended remarks.

'Well, Wilkins, when she talks to you about the 'hollow-hearted world,' do n't spoil the metaphor by a description of the *auricles* and *ventricles*.'

'There's my hat on the floor; take it.'

'No, I thank you: you need it to-night.'

By this time I was dressed; and leaving the house, I started on foot for the Fitzwater mansion, as it was but a few squares distant. I had not gone far when I discovered that the shoes were rather tight; but I trudged boldly on, and by the time I had reached the house my feet were in an anæsthetic state, and I was comparatively comfortable.

I pass over my entrance; the nervous manipulation of my cravat in the cloak-room, while I endeavored to persuade myself that I was perfectly self-possessed; my salutation of the host and hostess; and my chat with Miss Georgia, in which the charming moonlight evenings and Mrs. Harlan's last novel were the predominant topics, with a few remarks on the struggles of unappreciated genius, and one allusion to the 'hollow-hearted world.' Georgia was called away to be presented to Colonel and Mrs. Somebody, and espying Amelia across the room, I made my way to her side. With her I forgot all the tribulations of the day, and was fast losing consciousness in the intoxication of love, when I was called back to this world in a very uncomfortable manner.

'Sir,' said the editor of the —, with Pickwickian emphasis and dignity, 'I set my foot *down* upon such principles!'

The remark was made to Major —, one of the prominent street-corner politicians, and in reference to some of the Major's principles; but the foot — the eighteen inches, rather — was set down upon my unoffending member, which I had gracefully thrown before me in taking my favorite attitude. Oh! it was excruciating! That ruthless tread sent a thrill through every filament of my nervous system, and at the same time woke me from my elysian dream. A howl was upon my lips, but I choked it down with a cough and a subdued groan, and wiping the perspiration from my brow, attempted to renew the conversation with Amelia. But the charm was broken. I made a few disjointed, spasmodic remarks, wiped more perspiration from my brow, and was about to plead sudden indisposition and retire, when a gentleman approached and handed me a letter, saying I had dropped it as I drew my handkerchief from my pocket. As he was handing it to me, Amelia snatched it. I trembled in my — I beg pardon — in Frank's shoes, lest it might be one of my numerous duns, which were just then falling thick and fast upon me. I begged her not to read it; tried to seize it; and failing in this, resorted to strategic measures with equally poor success. My anxiety only increased her curiosity, of course; and opening it, she began to read: 'Dear Frank, your sweet, charming, lovely, and highly-prized letter came —.' The truth flashed upon me in an instant. It was one of Frank's letters which he had left in his coat-pocket, having used the envelope to light his pipe with. I became more anxious than ever, and entreated her to give it to me and permit me to explain. For visions of a broken

engagement, rings and other tokens returned, blighted hopes, and blasted reputation, passed quickly through my brain. I had the letter; my name was Frank, and it was indisputably a love-letter. Female logic needed no more definite propositions. Calming myself as well as I could, I asked Amelia to come with me out upon the piazza, and I would explain all. We went out, and I was rapidly giving her the details, telling her that it was my chum's letter from his cousin up in Vermont, and that I hoped she would not read it, as he would be very angry if the contents were known —

'But how did you get it? He would not let you have such a letter.'

'Here was a dilemma. I must either tell her a falsehood, or acknowledge that I am wearing borrowed garments. My pride revolts from the latter horn, as would hers at the thought of a coatless lover. If I adopt the other alternative, I sacrifice my sense of right; and besides, I have not time to concoct a respectable lie.

But pride prevailed, and I did not mention the coat. I do not know what I did tell her; it must have been an incoherent jargon; for I remember that she looked at me with curious, inquiring eyes, as though she had suspicions concerning either my veracity or my sanity. She seemed satisfied, however, and gave me the letter. The rooms were warm and crowded; the guests were warm, and many of them very musky; so we preferred to promenade on the cool piazza, and I was again oblivious of all things earthly. I repeated the choice selections I had made from Byron, and what I could remember of Lalla Rookh. Thus, in full enjoyment of the calm autumnal night, were our souls in sweet commune. As we gazed at the distant stars, and selected one as our future home, the well-known words of the poet rose to my lips:

'Orr in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wished this little isle had wings;
And we within its fairy bowers
Were wafted off to —'

'The devil!' I cried, as I struck my foot—the bruised one—against one of Mrs. Fitzwater's flower-pots. Amelia withdrew her arm from mine, and casting a scornful, withering look upon me, said, in a voice husky with emotion:

'Sir, you are a brute! you are drunk!'

She paused, as though for a reply, and I was about to say that I wished I were both, when she continued:

'You have insulted me both in your conduct and your language. You carry on flirtations with other girls. You have a letter from one, and when I see it, you make a miserable drunken apology for it. We part forever. Never appear in my presence again!'

And I did n't. With majestic air she disappeared: I left the house

as fast as my crippled feet would take me. I reached home, and taking off the coat and shoes which were the cause of all my misery, deliberately threw the latter at Frank, who sat deeply immersed in the mysteries of Carpentier. But I was too much agitated to take aim: one missile shattered the mirror, the other fractured the wash-bowl and pitcher.

Frank seized me before I could put the coat into the fire, held me till I was somewhat calm, then put me to bed, and went on reading, after muttering something about 'drunk again.' I awoke in the night with a high fever; roused Frank and sent him for the doctor, who came, saw, and blistered me most unmercifully.

Thus did I blight my matrimonial prospects, suffer a brain-fever, and break a looking-glass and washing utensils, (exorbitant bill of damages sent in by our landlady,) all because I went to a party in borrowed garments.

I have never seen Amelia since the memorable evening; but have learned that she married a respectable grain-dealer out West, and has an interesting family of children.

I am a bachelor yet, and have an *intensely* interesting family of toecorns.

SCENE IN ITALY: A CRAYON SKETCH.

I.

'T WAS a broad garden of Italia's South,
Where human hands had guided Nature's will
Into green fancies; where from stony mouth
Of grotesque fountain, in the noon-day still
Of sunlight, you might hear cool waters, till
They charmed the faintness from your brow away;
Fretting the silence which they could not fill,
With the low babble of a glitt'ring spray
That starred with living gems the blue, o'er-hanging day.

II.

'About this garden scene were clustering trees,
Prisoning a pleasant twilight in the grove
That vista'd into gloom, 'neath leafy frieze,
Entangling like a gothic arch above.
No human step could here be heard to move;
The mossy pathway muffled wandering feet —
The busy winds grew mute as maiden's love,
Or feared to breathe in such a calm retreat,
Where you might think to hear the heart of Nature beat.'

A DAY AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY

AND ANNESLEY HALL, NOTTINGHAM.

WITH A SKETCH OF LORD BYRON, AND A VISIT TO HIS TOMB.

BY STEPHEN C. MASSETT.

IN a central part of Nottinghamshire, nine miles north of Nottingham, is situated Newstead Abbey, the place where the immortal genius of Byron first 'stretched her wing for fame.' Apart from the natural reverence of mankind generally for the memories of men distinguished in past days for great talents and high attainments, and especially for one who has touched the tenderest chords of human passion, and awakened the sympathies of the world with never-dying smiles and tears; apart from these associations, intimately connected as they are with the name of Byron and his romantic home, such varied scenes present themselves to the mind, from the history of this ancient castled convent, which of themselves are sufficient to interest the most casual observer, and to fully repay the antiquarian, historical or literary tourist who may visit its precincts, whatever trouble or expense he may have incurred in reaching it. But in these days of rapid locomotion, delay and expense have become almost chimerical, for we may journey from London Bridge to the Land's End in little more than a day, and for as small a cost as would formerly have been involved in visiting a neighboring town. Newstead is particularly easy of access from the surrounding neighborhood; and from whichever side it is approached, the scenery is delightful, the objects of attraction varied and rich in romantic tales and legendary lore. From Nottingham, Newstead is approached either by road or rail. The road is by far the most preferable, and generally adopted by parties who engage a vehicle at a moderate charge for the enjoyment of a rural ride.

The abbey was, it appears, founded in the year 1170, as a priory of Black Canons, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Through successive reigns it continued a religious house, down to the time of Henry the Eighth, who closed the doors January first, 1539. In the year 1540, by letters patent, it passed, I am informed, into the family of Sir John Byron, and continued in the family of the Byrons down to the time of the noble poet.

From the gate to the abbey is a mile. The carriage-road runs through the plantation for about three hundred yards, when it takes a sudden turn to the right: and on returning to the left, a beautiful

and extensive view over the valley and distant hills is opened, with the turrets of the abbey rising among the dark trees beneath.

To the right of the abbey is perceived a tower on a hill, in the midst of a grove of firs. From this part the road winds gently to the left, till it reaches the abbey, which is approached on the north side. It lies in a valley, very low, sheltered to the north and west by rising ground, and to the south enjoying a fine prospect over an undulating vale. A more secluded spot could hardly have been selected. The whole edifice is a quadrangle inclosing a court, with a reservoir, and the cloister still entire, running round the four sides. The entrance-door is on the west, in a small vestibule, and has nothing remarkable in it. On entering, you come into a large stone hall; and turning to the left, go through it to a smaller, beyond which is the stair-case. The whole of this has been rebuilt by Colonel Wildman, its late possessor, with whom, in the summer of 1858, I had the pleasure of passing a most delightful day. The abbey was purchased by Colonel Wildman in 1818, for one hundred thousand pounds, of Lord Byron; and I was shown the original letter of the poet to the Colonel in relation thereto. The gallant Colonel was school-fellow with the poet, and sat on the same form with him at Harrow.

The following extract from the letter written by Byron, and which was handed me to read, expresses not only the regard he felt for his old school-fellow, but also his evident satisfaction that the place which had cost him 'more than words to part with,' had fallen into hands likely to raise the venerable and romantic pile to something like its former splendor. He says: 'I should regret to trouble you with any requests of mine in regard to the preservation of any signs of my family, which may still exist at Newstead, and leave every thing of that kind to your own feelings, present or future upon the subject. I trust that Newstead will, being yours, remain so; and that it may see you as happy, as I am very sure that you will make your dependents. With regard to myself, you may be sure, that whether on the fourth, fifth, or sixth form at Harrow, or in the fluctuations of after-life, I shall always remember with regard my old school-fellow — fellow monitor and friend, and recognize with respect the gallant soldier, who, with all the advantages of fortune and allurements of youth to a life of pleasure, devoted himself to duties of a nobler order, and will receive his reward in the esteem and admiration of his country.' Many most interesting anecdotes were related to me by Colonel Wildman, who accompanied me through many of the apartments, rendering the visit doubly interesting. Over the cloister on the four sides of the building, runs the gallery, from which doors open into various apartments, now fitted up with great taste and elegance for the accommodation of the family.

In one of the galleries hang two oil-paintings of dogs as large as life, one a red wolf-dog, and the other a black Newfoundland, with white legs, the celebrated 'Boatswain:' they both died at Newstead. Of the latter Byron felt the loss as of a dear friend. These are almost the only paintings of Byron which remain at the abbey.

From the gallery you enter the grand drawing-room, an apartment of great dimensions, facing south, with a fine vaulted roof and polished oak floor, splendidly furnished in the modern style. The walls are covered with full-length portraits. This room was, in days of old, the sleeping-apartment of the monks. Two objects were here which demanded my attention: the first is the picture of Byron by Phillips, and is certainly the handsomest and most pleasing likeness I had seen of him; the other is a thing of which every body has heard, and of which few have any just idea. In a cabinet at the end of the room, carefully preserved, is kept the celebrated 'skull-cup,' and out of which I drank some claret, and on which are inscribed those striking verses:

'START not, nor deem my spirit fled;
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

'I lived, I loved, I quaffed like thee,
I died; let earth my bones resign.
Fill up, thou canst not injure me,
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

'Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood,
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

'Where once my wit perchance hath shone,
In aid of others let me shine;
And when alas! our brains are gone
What nobler substitute than wine?

'Quaff while thou canst, another race
When thou and thine, like me, are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace
And rhyme and revel with the dead!

'Why no! since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.'

People often suppose, from the name, that the cup retains all the terrific appearance of a death's head, and imagine that they could

'BEHOLD through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit.'

There is nothing whatever startling in it. It is well polished, its edge is bound by a broad rim of silver, and it is set in a neat stand of the

same metal. It is in appearance a very handsome goblet, from which the most fastidious might drink without scruple. I was told it was always produced after dinner when Byron had company at the abbey, and a bottle of claret poured into it. An elegant round library-table is the only article in this room that belonged to Byron, and this he constantly used.

Beyond this noble room, on the same floor, is Byron's study, now used as a temporary dining-room, the entire furniture of which is the same that was used by him: it is all plain and solid. A good painting of a battle over the side-board was also his. This apartment, perhaps beyond all others, deserves the attention of the pilgrim to Newstead, as more intimately connected with the poetical existence of Byron. It was here that he prepared those first effusions of his genius, which were published at Newark under the title of 'Hours of Idleness.'

It was here that he meditated, framed and wrote that retort to the severe critique they had called down, which stamped him as the keenest satirist of the day, and it was here that his beautiful and tender verses to 'Mary,' of whom I have to speak hereafter, were composed. A most touching incident, which occurred in this very room, during the last visit of Lady Lovelace (Byron's daughter Ada) to the abbey, was then related to me by Colonel Wildman. He informed me that it was the custom of Lady Lovelace, who was at the time on a visit to Newstead, to rise very early, before any of the servants or other inmates were up, and walk for hours in this apartment alone, gazing continually at the likeness of her father. Upon one of these occasions Colonel Wildman entered unexpectedly, and found Lady Lovelace with her face buried in her hands, sobbing violently: she looked up, and pointing to the picture, exclaimed: 'O Colonel Wildman! I feel as though I were walking in the tomb of my father!'

When the Colonel replied: 'Say rather, Lady Lovelace, in a splendid monument erected to his memory.'

Every memorial of his noble friend the Colonel has preserved with almost filial reverence. He conducted me to the bed-chamber of the poet, still remaining in the same state as when he left it forty years ago; the bedstead he had with him at Cambridge, with gilt posts, and surmounted by coronets; several views of Cambridge, and a portrait of Charles James Fox, adorn the walls; the washing-stand, table, chairs, carpet, (now much worn,) bed-curtains, and even the counterpane and boot-jack, are just as when the poet left them. In the dressing-room adjoining is a picture of his servant 'Murray,' and a likeness of 'Jackson' the pugilist.

In some of the rooms are very curiously-carved mantle-pieces, with grotesque figures, which are of very ancient date.

On the evening before Lord Byron left the abbey, business connected with the purchase called Colonel Wildman to Newstead, where he found the poet with his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, walking in the garden. Byron's attention was attracted to a tree with two stems, and he observed to her that the tree reminded him of themselves, alone in the world; and, taking a knife from his pocket, cut his own initials and those of his sister on the bark. A few weeks only before I arrived on this my second visit, a wealthy Italian, who had called to inspect the abbey and grounds, was so struck with the inscription pointed out to his attention, that he immediately sent his card by the gardener to Colonel Wildman, with an offer of five hundred pounds for that portion only containing the initials; but Colonel Wildman politely refused, stating that five thousand pounds would not induce him to part with that relic of his illustrious friend.

Next to Lord Byron's bed-room is the 'Haunted Chamber,' a dismal room, where 'tis said the spirit of a restless monk still at times intrudes his ghostly presence! During Byron's time it was occupied by his page. The bedstead is a specimen of good carving.

I then entered the library, containing a most valuable collection of ancient and modern literature. On one side hang two portraits of Nell Gwynne and Mrs. Hughes, also the Earl and Countess of Rutland, and one of Sir John Byron, 1599. Here is also a pair of magnificent gilt stirrups, formerly belonging to the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. We then went to the 'tapestry bed-room,' a splendid apartment, formed by the Byrons for the use of Charles the Second. The state-bed is surmounted by ostrich plumes, decorated with hangings and coverlet of the most costly and beautiful silk tapestry, all old French needle-work. The ceiling is richly decorated with the Byron arms.

Colonel Wildman then took me to the apartment which was formerly used as Byron's dining-room, and in which his mother died. It is now superbly furnished, and is used as the sitting-room of Mrs. Wildman. Here were two of Broadwood's pianos, and finding one of my own songs there, at the request of the host and hostess, I had the pleasure of singing it to them. The ceiling of this room is richly decorated in azure and gold in square compartments, and is ornamented by another of those beautiful many-headed mantle-pieces before described: in the centre of this one are the armorial bearings of the Byrons, upon which may be traced, in ancient letters, 'Sir John Byron, M.D. L.V.I.' The chairs are covered with tapestry, illustrating many of the fables of Æsop. Descending the staircase, you are introduced to the 'cloisters,' which are precisely in the same state as in the time of the monks. They present a most venerable and solemn appearance.

The chapel, which is open to the public every Sunday for service, is

a small, dark, groined room, formerly the chapter-house of the abbey. In it there are three stained windows, representing the twelve apostles, and another containing some beautiful specimens of the respective dates of 1534 and 1607. Returning back to the cloisters, I was next shown the stone coffin which was found near the high altar when the workmen were excavating the vault intended by Lord Byron for himself and his dog.

Having expressed to Colonel Wildman a desire to visit Annesley Hall, the former residence of Mary Anne Chaworth, Byron's first love, he kindly offered me every facility for accomplishing my wish. Accordingly, after a picturesque walk through a country, every footstep of which is more or less associated with the name of Byron, I entered the wild and park-like domain of Annesley, which joins the Newstead estates, and which, from the abbey, is distant about three miles. My eye rested upon the interesting range of hills, so famous by the poet's

'Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood strayed,
How the northern tempests warring
Howl above the tufted shade !

'Now no more the hours beguiling,
Former favorite haunts I see ;
Now no more my MARY smiling,
Makes ye seem a heaven to me !'

One of the most conspicuous of these wood-crowned heights is more particularly interesting from its being the scene of his parting with Miss Chaworth, (previous to her marriage with his rival, Mr. Musters,) a farewell, as he then thought, forever to her

'Who was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.'

In the 'Dream' the place, and this heart-stirring incident, are thus vividly remembered :

'I saw two beings in the hues of youth,
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green, and of mild declivity, the last
As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke,
Arising from such rustic roofs : the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man.
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing — the one on all that was beneath,
Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her ;
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood :

The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.

He had looked

Upon it till it could not pass away ;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers :
She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words : she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects : he had ceased
To live within himself ; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts
Which terminated all : upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously, his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share :
Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
Even as a brother, but no more ; 't was much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him ;
Herself the solitary acion left
Of a time-honored race. It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not, and why ?
Time taught him a deep answer, when she loved
Another ; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better : in her home,
A thousand leagues from his, her native home
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty ; but behold
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be ? She had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there,
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affliction her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be ? She had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind — a spectre of the past.
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love, oh ! she was changed !
As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth ; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things ;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of other's sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy ; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift !

What is it but the telescope of truth?
 Which strips the distance of its phantasies
 And brings life near in utter nakedness,
 Making the cold reality too real!
 My dream was past: it had no further change:
 It was of strange order that the doom
 Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
 Almost like reality — the one
 To end in madness — both in misery!’

Annesley Hall is a place of great antiquity, and has for centuries been the residence of the Chaworths. It has no very great pretensions to architectural beauty, but strikes the visitors as a fine specimen of an old English baronial residence. You approach it by an ancient gate-house, which, from its loop-holes, bears evident marks of having been used as an out-post or barbican during the troubles of the civil wars. A long and sombre-looking arch-way led me through the centre of this gate-house into a spacious court-yard, on entering which the principal front of the hall presented itself. I looked for the ‘antique oratory,’ and by the butler was taken to the very room, occupied by Byron, now used as a dressing and bathing-room, and in which his celebrated ‘Dream’ was written; and although every room in the hall is more or less associated with the name of Miss Chaworth, and the whole place invested by Byron with charms of a more than ordinary character, this spot particularly claimed my attention.

The room is small, and built over the porch or principal entrance of the hall, and looking into the court-yard. The table, chair, and even the ink-stand, are preserved, which were used by him in composing that vivid picture of his departure from Annesley, after learning that Miss Chaworth was about to be married to Mr. Musters. I trust I may be pardoned for here introducing the lines:

‘THERE was an ancient mansion, and before
 Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.
 Within an antique oratory stood
 The boy of whom I spake: he was alone,
 And pale, and pacing to-and-fro: anon
 He sat him down, and seized a pen and traced
 Words which I could not guess of, then he leaned
 His bowed head on his hands, and shook as ’t were
 With a convulsion; then arose again,
 And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
 What he had written, but he shed no tears.
 And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
 Into a kind of quiet: as he paused
 The lady of his love reëntered there:
 She was serene and smiling then, and yet
 She knew she was by him beloved — she knew,
 For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
 Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
 That he was wretched, but she saw not all!
 He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
 He took her hand; a moment o’er his face

A tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced, and then it faded as it came;
 He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
 Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
 For they did part with mutual smiles; he passed
 From out the massy gate of that old hall,
 And mounting on his steed, he went his way,
 And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more!

The after-life of this lady was full of grief and bitterness, and although she still resided in the halls of her forefathers, surrounded by all the allurements which wealth and station could command, and although she was, as Byron beautifully expresses it,

‘Bright with growing infancy,
 Daughters and sons of beauty;
 Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife:
 And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
 As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.’

The poet is not the only writer who has alluded to this melancholy subject.

William Howitt remarked that ‘there is nothing in all the histories of mortal sorrows and broken affections more mournful and striking than the idea of this lady, so bright and joyous-hearted in her youth, sitting in her latter years alone, and uninterrupted in this old house, weeping over the poems which commented in burning words on the individual fortunes of herself and Lord Byron.’ Another writer in the following graphic stanzas, strikingly impresses the mind with the same subject:

‘She sate in silence, and her tears fell free
 Over the open volume on her knee;
 She sat unheeding, while the hollow blast
 Rushed through the trees, whose shadows overcast
 The ancient terrace-walk. Within that room,
 The very aspect of decay and gloom
 Seemed gathering round its inmate; yet her eye
 Ne’er glanced upon its fallen luxury.
 Her bloom was gone forever, sad and pale
 As a crushed lily withering ‘neath the gale;
 With none to break her solitude, or view
 Her tearful eye, her cheek of marble hue,
 The few gray hairs amid each braided tress,
 And anguish fading all her loveliness.
 ‘T was mournful that so sad a change should fall
 Upon the lady of that silent hall;
 Was there not *one* to cheer her breaking heart,
 To bid each wild and fearful dream depart,
 And win her back to gladness? Could it be
 She was forgotten in her misery?
 Forgotten! by that oft-repeated word;
 What bitter memories in her heart were stirred
 Of *him* whose thoughts through all his wandering
 Were ever turned to *her*, whom life could bring
 No happiness. She thought of her own scorn

And all the wrong that BYRON'S name had borne;
 Then wildly gazed upon each line that told
 Of love rejected, cherished hope grown cold,
 Of thrilling agony, enduring care,
 And genius fiercely striving with despair!
 Her tears were dried, but a dark shadow grew
 Upon her smooth, white brow; 't was then she knew
 How fervently he loved her. She is laid
 Within her silent grave, beneath whose shade
 All anguish is forgotten. Stern decay
 Hath found a home within her mansion gray;
 Dark ivy clings upon the terrace wall,
 And wild plants grow around the ruined hall;
 While bending there, its branches rich and green,
 A willow stands, as if it mourned the scene:
 Not often in the court is heard the tone
 Of human accents, tall weeds have overgrown
 The fountain, and its cooling waters lie
 Hushed as the tears that flowed in Annesley.'

It is not my intention to enter into the causes of her unhappiness; they were fully known and canvassed in the neighborhood at the time: this much, however, was told me, that the marriage with Mr. Musters was a most unhappy one, and we will therefore content ourselves by saying, that after a long period of deep mental suffering, she died in February, 1832.

On leaving Annesley, I next reached the rural village of Hucknall, where stands the well-known church of Hucknall Torkard, the last resting-place of the Byron family; and where repose the ashes of the poet, marked only by a neat marble slab, bearing the following inscription:

'In the vault beneath,
 Where many of his ancestors and his mother
 Are buried, lie the remains of

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,

LORD BYRON OF ROCHDALE,

In the County of Lancaster.

The author of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.'

He was born in London 22 January, 1788.

He died at Missolonghi in Western Greece,

On the 19 April, 1824,

Engaged in the glorious attempt to

Restore that Country to her ancient freedom and renown.

His Sister, the Hon. AUGUSTA MARY LEIGH,

Placed this Tablet to his Memory.'

This last home of the poet is much frequented particularly by Americans; and the album kept for visitors bears evidence of the heartfelt emotions of many a pilgrim to his tomb. In the book for January, 1832, I noticed the names of Washington Irving, Martin Van Buren, and John Van Buren.

The day of my visit was most gloomy : thick clouds hung in the heavens, and a mournful sighing stole from the trees. The little church, more than fifteen hundred years old, stands at the top of the village, and upon my applying to the sexton, I soon obtained admission. He was buried upon the sixteenth of July, 1824, and on Friday the third of December, 1852, just twenty-five years afterward, the remains of his daughter Ada rested by his side. She died, as did her father, in the thirty-seventh year of her age.

Upon my inquiring of the sexton if it was possible for me to see the interior of the vault, I found out that by an additional fee he had a method of gratifying my wishes. A piece of the stone of the vault had given way, leaving an opening, through which I could distinctly see into the interior. The piece of stone had been carefully replaced, but could at the pleasure of the sexton be removed.

The coffins of the poet and his daughter were by me plainly seen ; the one divested by time of all the trappings and gew-gaws of state, the coronet crumbled to nothingness, the velvet of the coffin hanging in shreds, and tattered remnants from the worm-eaten shell ; and the other — the daughter's — covered with rich puce silk-velvet, the handles and other ornaments being of frosted silver. Upon the upper panel were two raised shields, on one of which was emblazoned the family crest ; on the other shield there was the following inscription :

‘THE RIGHT HONORABLE AUGUSTA ADA,
Wife of WILLIAM EARL OF LOVELACE,
And only daughter of GEORGE GORDON NOEL — LORD BYRON.
Born Dec. 10, 1815.
Died Nov. 27, 1852.’

The coronet glistened and sparkled again as the bright light of the little candle for a while illumined the sepulchre. At the head of Byron's coffin was a square box, in which are deposited his heart and brains ; and I thought as I looked for the last time at the two coffins of the prophetic line :

‘ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart :’

and the terrible conception of his poem entitled ‘Darkness’ came vividly to me. Here then rest the remains of the author of ‘Childe Harold.’

Dr. Millengen, the surgeon to Lord Byron, thus described the appearance of the body after death :

‘Before we proceeded to embalm the body, we could not refrain from pausing in silent contemplation on the lifeless clay of one who but a few days before was the hope of a whole nation and the admiration of the civilized world. After consecrating a few moments to the

feelings such a spectacle naturally inspired, we could not but admire the perfect symmetry of his body.

Nothing could surpass the beauty of the forehead, its height was extraordinary, and the protuberances under which the nobler intellectual faculties are supposed to reside were strongly pronounced. His hair, which curled naturally, was quite gray; the mustachios light colored. His physiognomy had suffered little alteration, and still preserved the sarcastic, haughty expression which habitually characterized it. The chest was broad and high-vaulted, the waist very small. The only blemish of his body, which might otherwise have vied with that of Apollo himself, was the congenital malconformation of his left foot and leg.

I think I cannot better close this hasty sketch than by offering to you the following magnificent tribute to his memory by Sir Walter Scott:

‘Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant, whose ideas went not beyond his daily task.

‘The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced, and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question what were Byron’s faults, what his mistakes, but now is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not we fear in one generation, which among many highly-gifted persons, has produced none which approached to Lord Byron in originality, the first attribute of genius.

‘Only thirty-six years old — so much already done for immortality, so much time remaining, as it seemed to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition — who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path; such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and bewilder?

‘One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it forever. The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart, for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense, nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue.

‘No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for

the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, provided he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles.' Thus spoke the author of 'Waverley' of his brother poet.

He died, but left a name to be lisped by future generations, when Time has gathered the present to its forefathers; and material upon which the future philosopher, historian, poet, and student will dwell with rapture.

To his memory monuments may be built, but they are unnecessary; he erected his own — more durable than brass or marble. It may be seen in the palace, upon the plains of India, upon the shores of the Adriatic, of whose glories he had sung in such exalted strains only six years previous to his death; it stands in every city, town, and hamlet throughout the civilized world, and it will last to the end of time: that monument is — his **WORKS**!

A S C E N E I N R O M E .

THE voiceful crowd — the city's busy life,
Once more with Sleep's returning boon is blest,
And silence mocks the Forum's fretful strife.
Now Night, like dusky Indian mother's breast,
Pillows the world, her slumbering child, to rest.
Grief-killing hour! how many a fretful care
In its own native nothingness is dressed!
Sleep, the true satire on the life we wear,
Writing all a mind's weals and woes in viewless air!

The day-light's kiss still warms the soft wind's sigh,
Although the moon has reached her pausing height,
And spreads a pensive stillness o'er the sky —
Clear e'en to-day — that blue of southern night,
In which lone stars most love to throb their light.
Such mid-night, as with dream of sun-beams fraught,
Sublimes our nature, and makes strong our sight;
Until the soul, with its own joy o'er-wrought,
Swoons in a **MAKER's** works, and faints with wordless thought.

Below the ruins of an Empire's pride
Make proud the dust with **Cæsared** glory wed;
Rome cannot bury Rome, though time may hide
Her broken temples in a vulgar bed.
Still you may trace the arch triumphant spread;
Still many a column stands, like sculptured sigh,
To mourn the altar of a faith that's dead;
Something immortal yet seems hovering nigh,
For Gods will look divine, though passed into a lie.

C E L E B S' L A M E N T.

I.

Ah me! ah me! I am lonely;
With sorrow my bosom is tossed;
In the hands of the sable laundress
My shirt all its buttons has lost.

II.

With grief is my spirit bowed down;
With grief that cannot be repressed;
'Tis Saturday night, and the tailor
Has n't finished my new satin vest.

III.

My cheek is moistened with tear-drops,
My heart heavy-laden and sad;
My coat is decidedly seedy,
And my 'castor' is shockingly bad.

IV.

While my neighbors are joyful around me,
In silence and sadness I mourn;
There are holes in both ends of my stockings,
And my trowsers are hopelessly torn.

V.

But by far the most harrowing grief,
The bane of my comfortless life,
The most unendurable want,
Is the want, ah! the want of a wife.

VI.

A wife to enliven my home,
To lighten my load of care;
To button my shirt at the top,
And to keep my old clothes in repair.

VII.

But alas! 'tis fruitless to wish;
No children will e'er call me 'Pa';
I never was handsome at best,
And now I'm too old by far.

VIII.

Alone must I travel life's journey,
To Fate's stern decree I must bend;
Till death must I darn my own stockings,
And my own inexpressibles mend.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

LEONILDA: A ROMANCE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By FELIX MELDRED. London: JOHN MITCHELL.

UNDER the *nom de plume* of 'FELIX MELDRED' we have here a graceful and delicate poem from the versatile pen of W. NOYCE BROWNE, better known as the 'Paris correspondent of the *'London Post.'*' The writer has some suggestions in his preface, which if not strictly novel, are well expressed, and might be commended with great propriety to the careful consideration of some of the descriptive poets who fill a much wider space in the temple of Fame than is claimed by the modest author of this beautiful poem. He says: 'One day whilst strolling in a beautiful garden near Rome, I thought I might produce pictures with words. 'Why,' said I, 'should not a man deliberately sit down before an object and endeavor to give the tone, form, and sentiment of that object as well with the parts of speech as with the parts of color?' Thus I went on speculating and thinking I had made a discovery, as if there were no such thing as poetry in the world!' . . . 'I was determined to try if there was nothing to be got out of word-painting direct from nature. I began with the stump of a tree, a window, a vase; just as people do when they begin to learn drawing. I found there was much beauty in objects which poets in their pride had neglected; refused to write about or think about.' . . . 'I soon ascertained beyond form and color, objects suggested reflection; then I found my sketches after a time accompanied by thoughts which grew out of things.' . . . 'I fell into a melody of words as unconsciously as winds become musical when they play about a stringed instrument.'

If a poet can be 'made,' we like the process suggested, and commend it to those who *will* write.

The story of this poem is simple, but involves opportunity for much display of poetic power. MARCO, a priest, loves and elopes with a young Italian girl. His religious vows prevent the solemnization of his marriage. The offspring of this love is 'LEONILDA,' the heroine of the poem. LEONILDA grows a beautiful woman, and loves OSCARO, but she is at the same time beloved by Cardinal VOLPO. There is a prophecy concerning VOLPO, that if in his sixtieth year he can win the love of a certain maiden, he shall be supreme Pontiff. He plots against the life of the Pope. He does murders OSCARO. LEONILDA goes to meet her lover

OSCARO to marry him. She finds him murdered by the hand of VOLRO. In her rage she vows to destroy the murderer of her lover. She throws herself in his way. She feigns to reciprocate his love. In his confidence, and to obtain her aid, he reveals his plot against the Pope. LEONILDA meets the Pope and divulges the secret machinations of her pseudo lover. The Pope imprisons VOLRO, and LEONILDA and her mother leave Italy to join her father, who had become Lutheran and now marries the mother of his child.

There are many lines of exquisite description scattered through this graceful poem; showing that the author has studied nature, and practised his theory of word-painting with deserved success. We have room at this time, however, for but a single passage :

‘ An awful silence wrought upon the brain,
And tongues grew thirsty with the fear of thirst,
And limbs ached with that wearying prison-pain
Contracted space creates. Some men rehearsed
How they could die; some hearts their fondness nursed;
Some thoughts went home, paused, and loved, and wept.
Still Nature’s trance endured! At length a first
Faint breath athwart the oily waters crept;
The answering sails flapped life, and on the good ship swept.’

TYLNEY HALL. By THOMAS HOOD. In one Volume, Duodecimo: pp. 479. Boston: J. E. TILTON AND COMPANY.

TYLNEY HALL is not a new book; but it will be welcomed as heartily by a large class of readers as if it were a newly-discovered work in manuscript by the departed and lamented author. We read it for the first time several years ago; and as MEMORY is a good critic, it is something greatly in favor of the work to say, that in glancing over its pages, all its incidents and characters come back as forcibly upon us as if we had met them to-day for the first time. We think that in the opening chapters, HOOD's propensity for punning is somewhat too apparent to please the general reader: but he could no more help it than he could help breathing. As WASHINGTON IRVING said of the multifarious knowledge of Dr. COGSWELL, Chief-Librarian of the Astor Library, puns ‘seemed to drip from him, like whiskey from an illicit Highland still.’ When the narrative proper commences, however, we have less of this; and the interest of the story flows on uninterruptedly to the end. ‘Tylney Hall,’ when it first appeared, was reviewed at length in these pages: we shall content ourselves at present, therefore, by calling the attention of our readers to this new edition, which is a very handsome one, reflecting credit upon the publishers. ‘Tylney Hall’ was written when HOOD's genius was at its full maturity. The characters, remarks an able critic, are admirably depicted. For example, how marked the contrast between the brothers TYRELL, and again how decidedly both are the moral antipodes of their cousin WALTER. Mr. RIVERS, the kind-hearted justice who used to steel his heart to harsh legalities by contemplating a painting of the Judgment of BRUTUS; Sir WALTER TYRELL, like NIMROD in his hunting predilections, and charming GRACE RIVERS, are distinct individualities. INDIANA, the Creole,

is rather in the melo-dramatic and *Mozz Merrilies* strain, but some fine touches of nature show her human, and even womanly. The Twiggos family, who give the burlesque of the story, are executed in Hood's own 'Comic Annual' vein, and their *fête champêtre*, with its pretension and its failure, is irresistibly amusing. But the original character of the novel is Unlucky Jox, the post-boy, pursued from his birth by misfortune, as by a resistless and implacable Fate, such as Greek tragedy loves to present; and all, in the victim's own opinion, because he was born on a Friday. This character is well sustained, and though the tendency to exaggerate must have been great, is never once overdrawn. The volume is 'replete with Hood.' You see him reflected in his unmistakable characteristics on almost every page of the book. Look at this little 'bit' for example: 'In the weather-column of MOORE'S Almanac for the year of our Lord 17—, and exactly opposite to the date of Friday, the nineteenth of November, a state of atmosphere was predicted unusually genial and serene. Accordingly (!) on the morning of the nineteenth, the wind began to blow with a violence unparalleled for half a century, accompanied by occasional showers of hail-stones, of a magnitude so unexampled, that several natural philosophers took the pains of measuring and publishing their dimensions!' What a satire upon 'carefully-guarded weather-predictions!' It is, however, in Hood's individual sketches that he most excels. 'He was a *painter*,' said an eminent artist the other day, in our hearing, 'if ever there was one.' Here is a little 'study' from his brush: a drawing of the little 'walking dispensary,' or medicine-boy, of 'Dr. BELLAMY,' himself an admirably-drawn character:

'Doctor's boys, like chimney-sweeps, universally run very small, and Old FORM-LUTY's urchin really looked as stunted as if his board as well as his wages had been derived from his master's shop. Perched at a door in charge of the old-fashioned covered chaise, he looked actually like a periwinkle shrivelled in its shell. He had two little dark, bolus-looking eyes, set squintingly in a long, pale, old face, in the middle of which stood a nose, originally a pug, but made seemingly still pugger by its habitual turn-up at the nauseous freight that he commonly carried. His mouth had an appropriate screw-up of its own, as if hinting that he considered his place was to take out medicine, and not to take it in; while a chin of disproportionate length rested on a couple of linen dog-ears, which he called a collar. As for his livery, it was of a very decided blue, turned up with quite as decided a red, matching exactly the very colors of the two glass globes which by night glared over the doctor's door; for as yet the chemists had not compounded those delicate tints, which in our days emulate the fashionable Parisian hues of eau de Nil, terre d'Egypte, and flammes d'enfer. Small as the imp was, however, his predecessor must have been smaller, for his clothes did not fit; his sleeves hung as distant from his sides as if he held an imaginary quartern loaf under each arm, and his knee-breeches buttoned above his knee, his gaiters were an inch too short, and his shoes were as much too long, but were kept on by a liberal allowance of supplementary *toe* thrust into each extremity. Nothing else was big enough for him save his hat, which he kept from extinguishing his eyes by wearing his pocket-handkerchief and two sheets of brown paper in the crown, as well as letting it rest on the collar of his coat behind, a collision which had given a truly clerical turn to the back of the brim. Gloves he had none, though, as far as appearance went, he scarcely needed them, his hands looking always too red or too blue to be taken for the natural skin.'

For similar daguerreotypes of hero and heroine; of TWIGGS, and TIBBIE, and Mrs. TWIGGS, and TWIGGS, Junior, and for the story of the novel in its entirety, we must refer both old and new readers to the new edition of this the most continuous and the longest of all the works from the pen of its author.

A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL.D. In one Volume Quarto: pp. 1354. Boston: HICKLING, SWAN AND BREWER.

AFTER AN examination such as we have seldom bestowed upon a mere collection of words, we feel bound to pronounce this one of the best dictionaries we have ever encountered. WEBSTER'S Dictionary is a marvel of learning and research; but his clipped spelling of many words in common use must repel many from using his work; certainly as a *standard* work. Some of these words are almost YELLOWFLUSH-ish in their orthography: 'Sometimes I git kisis, sometimes kix.' Mr. WEBSTER might adopt this, were he living, in relation to the treatment which his great work receives at the hands of the critics; extravagant praise and extravagant blame being visited upon it in about equal proportions. But we like WORCESTER'S Dictionary the best, for many reasons; and we fully concur with the *North-American Review*, for the April quarter, in its commendations of the work: 'It fully justifies the years for which it has been promised and expected, and the manifold labor employed in its preparation. In all the essentials of a dictionary, it can safely challenge rigid examination, or any comparison to which it may be subjected.' The reviewer adds:

'We prize this Dictionary beyond all others, because it is the latest, and thus contains the newly-coined and adopted words of a language which is constantly receiving numerous accessions from other tongues, and from various sciences and arts; because it is also full—complete, for aught we can say to the contrary—in the department of antique, obsolete, and rarely used words, as to which we are often in need of a thorough vocabulary; because it includes a larger number of technical terms, semi-naturalized words, and semi-proper names, (if we may be permitted this addition to the nomenclature of grammar,) than any other similar work; and because the classes of definitions which it required specific knowledge to furnish and specific skill to frame bear uniform and luculent traces of much knowledge and skill. Under this last head we confess our sense of indebtedness to the wood-cuts which are judiciously employed under various titles in science, art, and natural history, and of the use of which in a work of the kind Mr. WORCESTER, we believe, may claim the honor of invention, though he was anticipated in that of publication. As regards orthography, it is enough to say that Mr. WORCESTER spells words as they are written and printed by the almost universal usage of England and America. Orthography is a matter of fact, not of taste; and a dictionary virtually promises to describe, not the author's idea of what a language ought to be, but its actual condition as to spelling, pronunciation, and meaning. Teachers and educational functionaries who impose upon children and youth under their charge an orthography at variance with the almost universal custom of literary men and cultivated society, would do well to consider whether their whim may not cost their pupils too dear in the mortification, embarrassment, and ridicule to which it will expose them.'

We perceive, by published letters from official quarters, that this dictionary has been adopted as a *National Standard* for the executive printing, the debates in Congress, and the official records of the Senate and House of Representatives. It is gratifying to know, also, that it has received a cordial welcome from the philologists of England. The venerable CHARLES RICHARDSON, now in his eighty-sixth year, the author of RICHARDSON'S Dictionary, has written to Dr. WORCESTER a congratulatory letter upon the success of his work. B. H. SMART, the author of a Practical Grammar of English Pronunciation, who has devoted a long life to philological researches, and whose pronouncing dictionary is a standard authority, also gives warm praise to a rival work from this side of the Atlantic. The Rev. RICHARD C. TRENCH, also well known for his philological researches,

and Mr. HERBERT COLERIDGE, the Secretary of the Philological Society of London, have both expressed themselves in high terms of commendation of Dr. WORCESTER's labors. Beside these, the distinguished author of the Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language, the Rev. Dr. BOSWORTH, of CHRIST Church, Oxford, and Professor of Anglo-Saxon in that University, has written a critical letter to Dr. WORCESTER, in which he praises both the matter and the manner of the book.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and 'ADAM BEDE.' In one Volume: pp. 464. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IN two successive early morning trips to town, oblivious of all the stir and bustle around us, we accomplished the perusal of this truly excellent and interesting book. The author of 'ADAM BEDE' has little necessity to be commended to the public; yet we are of opinion that 'The Mill on the Floss' will enhance his already enviable reputation. There is one thing especially note-worthy in his writings: his characters are *natural*: they speak and act like human beings; and though they are various in kind, they are in every instance most artistically discriminated. We shall give no detailed sketch of the story, as the work will doubtless be in the hands of a large portion of our readers before these pages come before them: but we do not hesitate to commend it to a wide perusal, as one of the very best novels of the season. Simply as an example of the easy, flowing, colloquial style of the author, we submit the subjoined pen-and-ink picture of a querulous, fault-finding, never-satisfied female, in the house of a married sister, at which she has just arrived, hungry enough, it would seem, but too early for dinner:

"'I DO N'T know what ails sister PULLEY,' she continued. 'It used to be the way in our family for one to be as early as another—I'm sure it was so in my poor father's time—and not for one sister to sit half an hour before the others came. But if the ways o' the family are altered, it sha'n't be *my* fault; I'll never be the one to come into a house when all the rest are going away. I wonder at sister DEANE; she used to be more like me. But if you'll take my advice, BESSY, you'll put the dinner forrard a bit, sooner than put it back, because folks are late as ought to ha' known better.'

"'Oh! dear, there's no fear but what they'll be all here in time, sister,' said Mrs. TULLIVER, in her mild-peevish tone. 'The dinner won't be ready till half-past one. But if it's long for you to wait, let me fetch you a cheese-cake and a glass o' wine.'

"'Well, BESSY!' said Mrs. GLEGG, with a bitter smile, and a scarcely perceptible toss of her head, 'I should ha' thought you'd know your own sister better. I never *did* eat between meals, and I'm not going to begin. Not but what I hate that nonsense of having your dinner at half-past one, when you might have it at one. You was never brought up in that way, BESSY.'

"'Why, JANE, what can I do? Mr. TULLIVER does n't like his dinner before two o'clock, but I put it half an hour earlier because o' you.'

"'Yes, yes, I know how it is wi' husbands—they're for putting every thing off—they'll put the dinner off till after tea, if they've got wives as are weak enough to give in to such work; but it's a pity for you BESSY, as you have n't got more strength o' mind. It'll be well if your children do n't suffer for it. And I hope you've not gone and got a great dinner for us; going to expense for your sisters as 'ud sooner eat a crust o' dry bread nor help to ruin you with extravagance. I wonder you do n't take pattern by your sister DEANE—she's far more sensible. And here you've got two children to provide for, and your husband's spent your fortin i' going to law, and 's like to spend his own too. A boiled joint, as you could make broth of for the kitchen,' Mrs. GLEGG added, in a tone of emphatic protest, 'and a plain pudding, with a spoonful o' sugar and no spice, 'ud be far more becoming.'

'With sister GLACE in this humor, there was a cheerful prospect for the day. Mrs. TULLIVER never went the length of a quarrelling with her, any more than a water-fowl that puts out its leg in a deprecating manner can be said to quarrel with a boy who throws stones. But this point of the dinner was a tender one, and not at all new, so that Mrs. TULLIVER could make the same answer she had often made before.

'Mr. TULLIVER says he always *will* have a good dinner for his friends while he can pay for it,' she said, 'and he's a right to do as he likes in his own house, sister.'

'Well, Bessy, I can't leave your children enough out of my savings to keep 'em from ruin. And you must n't look to having any o' Mr. GLACE's money, for it's well if I do n't go first—he comes of a long-lived family; and if he was to die and leave me well for my life, he'd tie all the money up to go back to his own kin.'

'Sister PULLET' (and a pretty 'Pullet' she is) finally arrives, in a 'one-horse chay,' accompanied by her husband, who seems very far from being 'cock of the walk.' She is 'like NIOBE, all tears,' as she is assisted from the vehicle; but is very careful, nevertheless, not to disarrange her personal wardrobe:

'THERE was a farther shake of the head as Mrs. PULLET slowly rose and got down from the chaise, not without casting a glance at Mr. PULLET to see that he was guarding her handsome silk dress from injury. Mr. PULLET was a small man with a high nose, small twinkling eyes, and thin lips, in a fresh-looking suit of black, and a white cravat, that seemed to have been tied very tight on some higher principle than that of personal ease. He bore about the same relation to his tall, good-looking wife, with her balloon sleeves, abundant mantle, and large be-feathered and be-ribboned bonnet, as a small fishing-smack bears to a brig with all its sails spread.

'It is a pathetic sight and a striking example of the complexity introduced into the emotions by a high state of civilization—the sight of a fashionably-dressed female in grief. From the sorrow of a Hottentot to that of a woman in large buckram sleeves, with several bracelets on each arm, an architectural bonnet, and delicate ribbon-strings—what a long series of gradations! In the enlightened child of civilization the abandonment characteristic of grief is checked and varied in the subtlest manner, so as to present an interesting problem to the analytic mind. If, with a crushed heart and eyes half-blinded by the mist of tears, she were to walk with a too devious step through a door-place, she might crush her buckram sleeves too, and the deep consciousness of this possibility produces a composition of forces by which she takes a line that just clears the door-post. Perceiving that the tears are hurrying fast, she unpins her strings and throws them languidly backward—a touching gesture, indicative, even in the deepest gloom, of the hope in future dry moments when cap-strings will once more have a charm. As the tears subside a little, and with her head leaning backward at the angle that will not injure her bonnet, she endures that terrible moment when grief, which has made all things else a weariness, has itself become weary; she looks down pensively at her bracelets, and adjusts their clasps with that pretty studied fortuity which would be gratifying to her mind if it were once more in a calm and healthy state.'

We think we should have liked to see 'Sister PULLET' in a '*Maison de Deuil*,' or 'Mourning Store,' selecting her apparel, appropriate to the memory of the 'dear departed,' for whom she had 'come to grief;' an old lady who finally died of the dropsy, after having been 'tapped no end of times:' an old lady 'as had doubled her money over and over again, and kept it all in her own management to the last, and had her pocket with the keys in under her pillow constant.' At this time 'Sister PULLET' would have made all her purchases in the 'Poignant-Grief Department' of the mourning-store; for she was not then aware that the 'old 'oman had left no legacies to speak on—but left her money all in a lump, to her husband's navy.' Thereafter, most probably, she would have made her selection from the 'Mitigated Affliction Department,' particularly if the 'styles' were new and satisfactory. Space fails us for farther quotation, or we should be glad to make the reader acquainted with other characters of the book, upon whom the main narrative-interest concentrates. When the reader shall hear of 'MAGGIE,' and 'STEPHEN,' and 'Aunt GRITTY,' from the volume itself, he will be made aware of what we should have commended to his attention and admiration.

STORIES OF INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS IN SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. : pp. 474, 12mo. New-York : HARPER AND BROTHERS.

It is pleasant at this day to read of the times when the highest force of steam was expended in raising the lid of a tea-kettle, when printers were denounced as magicians, when illuminating gas was not, balloons had not risen, diving-bells not sunk. Content with our present civilization, we give little heed to the steps by which it was reached, and scarce ever think of the discoverers whose toil and sacrifices have won for us so many material comforts. This book will help us to correct that error. It contains short articles, upon the discoverers of almost every age, written in a pleasant style, and finely illustrated. It is valuable for reference, and will prove attractive even to the young.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. In Twenty-seven Illustrated Volumes. Philadelphia T. B. PETERSON, Number 102, Chestnut-street, Philadelphia.

If any evidence were wanting of the popularity of CHARLES DICKENS' writings in this country, it certainly can be found in the fact, that one enterprising and liberal publisher — '*alone he did it*' — has issued *ten different editions of his works*; all well deserving the patronage of the public; and the announcement of this simple business-fact will show, that they have abundantly *received* such patronage. Mr. PETERSON certainly deserves great credit, for publishing, in various forms, all handsome, readable, in convenient sizes, and on clear, legible types, such editions of DICKENS' writings, at such '*sliding-scale*' prices, as to place them easily in the hands of the whole reading community who may desire to peruse them. It was our intention to have accompanied the present notice, with sundry reminiscences of Mr. DICKENS, while in this country; but we found the theme so growing upon our hands, and so replete with what to us seemed '*interest*,' that, we thought it best to impose its perusal upon our readers in a future '*EDITOR'S Table*,' separate and by itself. We believe we were the first correspondent Mr. DICKENS had in America; and we certainly saw as much of him while in this country '*as the second man*.' But after he went home, and wrote '*Chuzzlewit*' and his '*Notes on America*' — '*Never mind, now*:' we are forgetting the matter at present in hand.

He who has not read DICKENS complete, has a great treat yet in store, and he who neglects its enjoyment from any scruples concerning light literature being waste of time in perusal, can form no idea of the high moral tone of his works, and the great social reforms he has attempted by their powerful agency. Mr. PETERSON has placed within the reach of every prudent family a source of entertainment of the most interesting character, and almost inexhaustible, in the repeated perusal which such productions will bear. We are glad to learn that this enterprise has met with the success that it deserves, and it is with pleasure

that we commend it to farther esteem as a work perfected for the convenience of the American people. In this matter we have the advantage of the English people. Such an edition as this of PETERSON'S, and at the same price, would be hailed with acclamation in Great Britain, and thousands upon thousands of copies would be demanded. And in all probability, as the enterprise of Mr. PETERSON becomes better known and appreciated throughout the Union, he will find himself kept as busy as he now is for a long time to come in supplying the demand.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the April Quarter. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE, AND COMPANY. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

WE never take up a number of this old and permanent Review, without a feeling of gratitude that it remains as a representative and exponent of the growing literature of our country. We know that it represents us most favorably abroad; and we are glad to hear also that it is more and more appreciated in our own country. It ought to have a hundred thousand subscribers. The articles proper in the present issue are twelve in number, and are upon the following works: 'Memoirs of WILLIAM BECKFORD;' 'The Ways and Means of Payment, an Analysis of the Credit System;' 'ANNE WHITNEY'S Poems;' 'The Letters and Times of BASIL of Cesarea;' 'NICHOLS' Hours with the Evangelists;' 'The Law of Divorce;' 'United States Coast Survey;' 'The Life of JOHN COLLINS WARREN;' 'DARWIN on the Origin of Species;' 'Recent French Literature;' 'ISAAC DISRAELI: Curiosities of Literature;' 'Woman's Rights as to Labor and Property;' together with the usual supply of brief 'Critical Notices.' From the article upon BECKFORD, one of the most interesting and instructive in the number, we make the subjoined extract, for which we are sure our readers will heartily thank us:

'BECKFORD returned from his second Peninsular visit in 1796, at the age of thirty-six years. Sixteen years of his life had passed in almost constant residence abroad, and he now determined to stay at home. His foreign experience had confirmed his taste for splendor, and his immense wealth pampered his intense selfishness. His father's house at Fonthill was one of the finest of its day in the kingdom; but it did not satisfy the son, and he resolved that his new creation should have no rival. The old house did not interfere with the new, being on a different site; but no thought of disposing of it seems to have entered his mind, and, princely as it was, he proceeded to demolish it; first the wings, of two stories, and then the centre, of four. Thus what had cost more than half a million of dollars was recklessly destroyed for a mere whim. BECKFORD maintained a large household, and a physician, a musical performer, and the Abbé MAQUIN, topographer, artist, literary character, and adept in heraldry, were permanently attached to his establishment. One of his first operations was to build a wall around his domain, seven miles in extent, and twelve feet high. He said that it was to keep off trespassers on his game; but it had the effect of keeping the general public at a distance, which no doubt was nearer his desire. When he pulled down the old house, he proceeded to alter the grounds about it. There was an artificial lake near it, its banks ornamented with rocks, caverns and grottos. This was all changed, and in due time sheep ran wild where the mansion had stood. No amount of money was spared to gratify any extravagance. BECKFORD would still have maintained the bulk of his fortune unimpaired, in spite of losses in Jamaica, had he not so senselessly broken in upon his capital. Hundreds of workmen were employed day and night upon the abbey, as it was styled; and it is said that the laborers were induced by larger pay to desert the royal works at Windsor, although the fact is not stated in these Memoirs. If true, it was probably on the occasion

of Lord NELSON's visit in 1800, when, in order to complete a certain part of the pile, he set five hundred men at work, a portion of them laboring at night by torchlight. He had known Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON and his first wife intimately in Naples; and now that his second wife had become so scandalously connected with NELSON, she and her husband were included as guests at his splendid fête. Old Fonthill was still in existence, and the visitors with a brilliant company were entertained there for three days in such style as excited their wonder. The crowning glory of the entertainment was reserved for a night-scene, when the abbey, as far as it was completed, was fitted up in monastic style, and a fête was held in it such as might have been seen in Sicily, the buildings and plantations being illuminated by myriads of lamps, torches and fires.

About six months after this time the abbey was so far advanced that its master decided to occupy it, and accordingly he left his father's mansion, sold off its magnificent effects, and proceeded soon afterward to demolish it. Although this place never excited a tithe of the curiosity which the abbey did afterward, it attracted vast numbers at the sale, and people wondered equally at the wealth and the folly of one who could deliberately destroy what had cost such vast sums, and in point of true taste probably far excelled its successor. The building was not only a palace in size and appointments, but the grounds were of the highest elegance, planted with every American, European, and Asiatic tree and shrub that could be procured, and enlivened with sheets of water, the haunt of aquatic birds. All was sacrificed to the whim of 'VATHEK.' We should perhaps hardly prolong this article by an account of the abbey, but for the fact that it avenged the Vandalism that attended its erection by crippling the owner, and that its celebrity is now only historic; for after passing from BECKFORD to Mr. FARQUHAR, a wealthy miser, in whose hands the great central tower, its distinctive feature, fell, it passed again out of aristocratic keeping to Mr. MORISON, a tradesman, who died in 1858, leaving twenty millions of dollars, thus ending about where BECKFORD began. There was no story, however extravagant, that was not believed of the famous abbey when building. A writer in one of the leading London papers said that the ascent of the central tower would be so wide and easy, that a coach and six could be driven to the top and back again without difficulty. The gaping public were content to swallow these marvellous figments; for they could obtain no sight of the pile.

'The building was in the form of a cross, the arms of which were nearly of the same length, although differing in breadth. The exterior measurement was two hundred and seventy feet from east to west, and from north to south three hundred and twelve. In the axis of the cross rose the central octagon tower, to the vast height of two hundred and seventy-six feet. The interior was divided into numberless halls, stair-cases, galleries, saloons, libraries, oratorios, drawing-rooms, and cabinets. Every thing like convenience was sacrificed to grand effect, to long perspective aisles and arches. One octagonal room, formed by the great tower, was thirty-five feet only in diameter, and one hundred and twenty-eight feet high. In the huge fabric there were but seventeen bedrooms, thirteen of which were at a most distressing height; and the whole far better merited the satire of POPE on Blenheim, than the sumptuous palace of MARLBOROUGH:

'T is very fine;
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 't is a house, but not a dwelling.'

'Part of the interior of the eastern wing was never finished, but all the rest was completed. The most splendid effect was secured, not only by architecture of gigantic proportion, but also by vast mirrors multiplying aisles and galleries, by a profusion of stained glass and heraldic decorations, by the richest velvet draperies and hangings of various colors, and by a collection of furniture, pictures, books, antiques, Greek, Roman, and Etruscan, and dazzling articles of *virtu* of CELLINI's time, in apparently exhaustless profusion. A mere catalogue of these costly toys would bewilder the reader. The amount spent upon them was almost fabulous, and when they were dispersed in 1823, their sale under the hammer occupied forty-one days. BECKFORD stated that the abbey alone cost him nearly a million and a half of dollars. Its interior decoration must have cost twice as much, without estimating any thing for the grounds, while we know that millions of dollars were spent upon the plantations. In his impatience, which could brook no delay, parts of the abbey were so ill-constructed that the work was necessarily renewed.* Thus his great tower was three times rebuilt, and fell at last. It is said that he was swindled enormously by builders and agents, as any man with sublime contempt for economy is likely to be.

'In his palace of pleasures BECKFORD lived for more than twenty years, sixteen of

* Once the tower fell from the effect of a large flag hoisted on the top of it, which exerted in a high wind such leverage as to topple it over. When informed of the mishap, BECKFORD, merely regretting that he had not seen it fall, gave an immediate order for the construction of another.

which were passed in almost entire seclusion. He entertained nobody, had very few friends or visitors, and in great part made associates of his topographer, musician, and others of his household. Still, these were mere subordinates, and even his own daughters do not seem to have passed much time with him.* Something out of the common course of events must have contributed to his withdrawal from the world, and we have heard of circumstances not even alluded to in these Memoirs to account for it. BACKFORD had an ugly dwarf as servant, and the story goes that he was accused of improper practices with him. He prosecuted an editor who mentioned it, for libel, and recovered damages. It was doubtless foul slander; but such an accusation might naturally tell powerfully against one so shy and haughty as he, and from his command of money and mental resources little dependent on society. His biographer only says that he survived the vilest detraction, referring doubtless to this calumny. Recluse as he was, BACKFORD was neither idle nor unhappy. His knowledge of French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and Persian, secured to him the literary charms of those languages; he was an omnivorous reader and book-collector, and a thorough musician; his taste for art was elaborately cultivated, while his passionate love of nature and acquaintance with botany afforded him constant recreation abroad. The magnificent gardens and groves covered nearly two thousand acres within the wall, while beyond it were three thousand more. When he gave an order, or wished an alteration made, it was obeyed as if by VAREX's magic power. At night scores of laborers were set to work, those of the adjacent village being sometimes wanted, and by the next morning, when the caliph walked out, the transformation was complete. Although he lived for himself, his expenses were immense; and in 1822, when he decided to sell Fonthill, he stated that he could not live there for less than thirty thousand pounds a year.

By that time his colossal fortune had become seriously impaired. His palace, reared upon a barren mountain, which by plantations became a paradise, cost, as we have seen, prodigious sums; the managers of his West-Indian property doubtless cheated him; the estates themselves in view of emancipation, declined in value, while some were totally lost in law-suits. Even as far back as 1801, one of the Jamaica estates which had been sixty years in the family, and had produced twelve thousand pounds per annum, was taken from him for want of title by a decree of chancery, and, as chancery proceedings in those days were proverbially costly, he sunk thousands more in defending his claim. From one cause or another, the principal one his unbridled extravagance, he found in 1823, when sixty-four years of age, that his five million dollars of ready money had disappeared, beside which his regular annual income of five hundred thousand more was reduced to a mere fraction of what it had been. His biographer sees with a snob's eye imposing grandeur in such waste, and whines over the downfall as he would over that of a kingdom. In the whole record of prodigality we can scarce call to mind a parallel to BACKFORD's folly. He hesitated for some time whether to live in a small place on his estate, and keep his huge pile to look at, since he could not live in it, or to part with it altogether. He wisely decided to sell it, disposed of the whole estate to Mr. FARQUHAR for a large sum, removed the choicest of his paintings, books, porcelain, and *civets* to Bath, and then the sale of his rarities commenced. The disposal of them attracted greater attention among the fashionables of the kingdom than any event of the century. The sale occupied more than six weeks, during which time every house within many miles of the abbey reaped a golden harvest by letting rooms, while thousands were eager to possess some relic of the place, and thousands more to see a palace from which they had been rigidly excluded. Then all were dazzled by the sight of its riches within and without; but for one who appreciated its real beauties of groves and gardens, hundreds were tickled by the display of tapestries, stained glass, ebony cabinets, caskets, eastern vases, marble tables, coffers, robe chests, clocks, candelabra, jewelled ornaments, onyx cups, lapis-lazuli and gold boxes, miniatures, ivory furniture, and unnumbered articles of luxury. Then many stories of his magnificence, taste, and prodigality were repeated, some true, and many more without foundation. His worshipper tells us that his table was generally plain, and we may believe that he could now and then dine simply, without insisting on 'venison cutlets, each served up in a hundred-pound note, with sovereign sauce.'

After all, money may cause the female steed to propel her person along the 'pike with celerity, but it cannot always produce happiness: a specific fact, which is well exemplified in the case of our royal VAREX.

* The Duchess of Gordon, hoping to catch him for one of her daughters, once paid him a visit. She was splendidly entertained for a week, but her host never once allowed her to see him, and she finally left Fonthill in a rage.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER FOURTEEN. — Among the early contributors to this Magazine was CHARLES G. LELAND, of Philadelphia. He was a 'trump-card from the jump;' and made friends of his readers every where; and what is more, preserved and preserves them still. MR. LELAND passed through an honorable collegiate career at Princeton, and graduated in the year eighteen hundred and forty-five. Immediately after taking his first degree, he embarked for Europe, and passed the flower of his youth, like a scholar of the middle age, either in wandering from one great university to another, pursuing various courses of study at his different resting-places, or in gathering that peculiar knowledge of men and things which comes only from the changing scenes of travel. Such a life must have been strictly in accordance with MR. LELAND's tastes; and by the longing looks which he sometimes casts behind him, we should infer that he abandoned his student-life with no common regret. After some years, however, he returned to America, adopted the profession of the law, which he soon abandoned for the more genial pursuits of literature. With whatever success MR. LELAND's career in the law might have been attended, we are of the opinion that he chose wisely; for nature designed him rather as a curious scholar, and a skilful literary teacher, than as an ordinary legal drudge. His writings, which cover a large circle of literature, from the most abstruse philosophical criticism, to the lightest essays and the most dashing poems, are of striking originality both in form and in spirit. If we were called upon to give a list of authors whose works least resemble any of the present generation, MR. LELAND's name would certainly stand among the first. The wonderful amount and variety of his learning, and the facility with which he uses it on all occasions, and for all purposes, belong to a race of writers whose last genuine type departed with the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' This class has afforded but very few specimens. The fathers of the style were RABELAIS in France, and BURTON in England. Between their time and SOUTHERY's, a period of nigh three centuries, scarcely a name of any distinction can be mentioned. Those who won reputation in the Rabelaisian field were, at the best, but mere imitators of their great master. BURTON himself had too much of the Classic, and too little of the Gothic element in his composition, to stamp him as a true disciple; while SOUTHERY's 'Doctor,' in spite of his ostentatious display of

learning, was evidently written by one who assumed a style, for the nonce, to which he was not accustomed, and it therefore lacked that easy genialty which vivifies the works of RABELAIS, and draws the distinctive line between originality and imitation. SOUTHEY, as we all know, could and naturally did write in a widely different manner; but RABELAIS could not. His learning flowed forth as spontaneously as his exhaustless humor; it was the *sine qua non* of his style, and to deny him that, would have been to deny him a language. The latter case is also Mr. LELAND's. In his serious essays he piles authority upon authority, quotation upon quotation—from all times, and from all languages—until the reader fairly staggers under a weight of recondite arguments, tossed into his mind with an ease and a prodigal profusion that is absolutely astounding. Even in his poems and light sketches, we are struck, on close scrutiny, with the strange and unusual knowledge that shines through them, and peers from every corner, in grotesque contrast to the main design, like the purgatorial heads that startle us amid the airy graces of a Gothic building. A love-song may be founded upon a Neo-Platonic idea, or treated after the manner of the Minni-singer or the Troubadour. A squib at some modern superstition may be written with the simple faith of Doctor JOHN DEE; or traced back through the wild beliefs of ancient middle Germany; through the Cabala, the Talmud, the mysteries of Egypt—until it vanishes among the fragments of early Sanscrit literature. So wide a sweep of knowledge, gathered both from the study of books and the observation of travel, is possessed by no living writer of our language. It was said of one of the SCHLEGELS, that he could read any thing, from PLATO to a primer; such must be the adaptability of Mr. LELAND's mind. How a man, of his 'innumerable years,' has managed to make his brain the store-house for every system of philosophy and of art that has ever been broached; from CONFUCIUS to KANT, from the occult dreams of AGRIPPA to the dogmatic materialism of HELVETIUS; has heaped upon this an accurate acquaintance with most languages that possess a literature; and not content even here, has busied himself with the most varied and incongruous courses of reading, in rare and obscure books—is to us a matter of profound wonderment. Certain mental qualifications for such labor Mr. LELAND indeed possesses, in a perfection seldom allotted to man. An insatiable thirst for knowledge, a memory that never errs or fails, a power of enduring any amount of scholarly exertion, a subtle quickness of perception and appropriation, joined to an intellect of great logical soundness, and of strong originality in the direction of its efforts; these natural gifts form the chief means of his vast acquisitions.

Among the multifarious writings of Mr. LELAND, none have impressed us more than his criticisms. These essays are the first in the English language, that have embodied any thing like a universal system of criticism in art. This system is wider than the title implies; for under the head of art, Mr. LELAND includes all works of the imagination—whether poetry, painting, sculpture, or music—regarding them all as but different methods for expressing the same family of ideas. It may perhaps startle the reader, that we claim this to be the only philosophical system of criticism. Our claim is nevertheless just; and we defy any man to point to another, that wears the semblance of a system, adapted to all the phases

of art that ever have occurred, or that ever can occur. Without meeting these requirements, there can be no philosophy, in the highest sense of the term.

We have felt some twinge of modesty in speaking as we have of an author the bulk of whose writings have graced our pages; not because we hope to secure even a part of the honor that is due to him, but because our motives may be misunderstood. It is our opinion, however, that nothing more becomes a man than to speak well of his friends, provided he speak honestly, as we trust we have spoken. Under the quaint title of the 'Sketch-Book of Me, Meister KARL,' Mr. LELAND has produced a series of articles unlike any thing under heaven since the five books of Pantagruel. In Mr. LELAND's work, as in RABELAIS's, there is the same extraordinary display of universal learning, the same minute exactness of quotation, the same extravagant spirit of fun, the same capricious and provoking love of digression, the same upsetting of admitted ideas, by which trifles are seriously descanted upon, and bolstered up with endless authorities, until they expand into gigantic proportions, while time-honored truths are shuffled by with the most whimsical contempt. In his manner of literary treatment, Mr. LELAND certainly resembles RABELAIS; they both smother their subject under a strange compound of learning and humor, but here the resemblance ends. Mr. LELAND has a humor and a philosophy of his own, and the subjects upon which he exercises them are peculiar to himself.

'Meister Karl' starts with the reader upon an imaginary tour through Europe; but such a *voyage en zig-zag* mortal never took before. Time and space are nothing to our author. The boundaries between the real and the spiritual are completely broken down. The Rome of Pope PIUS, and the Rome of JULIUS CÆSAR, are the same thing to 'Meister KARL.' He is as much at home with gnomes and sylphs as with gentlemen and ladies. He flatters CLEOPATRA and NIXON DE LENCLOS in the same breath. Now he is before the terrible *Vehmgericht* of Westphalia, and now before the *Tribunal Correctionnel* of Paris. Now he is trampling behind the returning Crusaders, or joining in the procession of the *Bouf Gras*, or marching into Worms with LUTHER and VAN HUTTEN, or heading a LOLA MONTEZ riot in Munich. Sometimes we find him dreaming away a day in old Provence, or swinging in a gondola on the Grand Canal of Venice, or putting to sea with the furious Berserkers, or holding an ethical dialogue with the Devil, upon the summit of Strasbourg Cathedral. To give a tithe of the subjects that employ 'Meister KARL's' attention would be a labor beyond our power and understanding. Intermixed with his curious scenes are innumerable dissertations, legends, songs, etc., on the most incongruous subjects, and in styles that baffle description. Quips, cranks, and puns of all kinds, and in all languages, fly around us like hail-stones, and pelt us until human endurance can go no farther. Then, in the midst of his wildest mirth, our author will sail off in a poetical rhapsody on Undines, Fays, and fresh-water spirits in general; and having gotten below the surface of things, he will burrow through the land, among elves and Kobolds, and Salamanders; and perhaps emerge again into this 'week-day world' under the very feet of some frail nymph who dwells within sound of the bells of *Notre Dame de Lorette*.

'*The Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl*,' was his first contribution to our pages: his next, '*The Observations of Mace Sloper, Esq.*' And to show what they were, we present the following passages, taken almost at random:

'I HAD often observed in the reading-room of our own and the up-town hotels a gray but fresh-looking old gentleman, who might, as far as looks went, have come from any where, or, for that matter, have gone any where, without looking particularly out of place. One evening I was sort of coincidentally introduced to him by NEPONSSET PEABODY, ('Squire PEABODY that was, of Thermopylae, now of Beaver-street.)

'Mister DOOLITTLE, allëaow me to introduce yëu to Mister SLOPER.'

'Mr. DOOLITTLE rose and honored me with the bow of a gentleman of the old-school.

'I am happy, Sir, to make your acquaintance. I have frequently, Sir, had the honor of seeing you, Sir, about the house. I have heard Mr. SRETSON speak of you, Sir, as one of whom a more intimate knowledge was to be desired.'

'Sir,' said I, 'the pleasure as I reckon is about reciprocal.'

'A hotel like this, Sir,' pursued Mr. DOOLITTLE, 'affords many facilities for studying the curious and agreeable phases of human nature. Nothing, Sir, is so pleasant to me as, after my daily devotion to business, (to which I have as it were a settled aversion,) to forget the miserable toil of traffic, and recreate my fancy by looking at folks as they run round here.'

'Business, Sir,' says I, 'must be business. Dollars are dollars.'

'The almighty dollar, Sir,' is the pest and bane and venom of the country. We are becoming, Sir, a parcel of dollar-hunters, and it is with regret that I observe an increasing tendency among us, Sir, to regard without reprobation transactions which are not a great ways off from regular swindles. Art, Sir, should interest us. I make a point of going every day into SHERWOOD's, merely to study the exquisite painting behind the bar. Nor should Literature be neglected.' Here Mr. DOOLITTLE flourished 'The Life of BARNUM,' which he held in his hand.

'NEPONSSET PEABODY had been listening to all this with a look of ghastly bewilderment. At last he broke:

'I say, Mister DOOLITTLE, I rather calculate nëow that yëu did n't hear this gentleman's name. MACE SLOPER, Sir! Sho'—why yëu must a' known the SLOPERS of Chippety Whonk?—grand-son of old AZARIAH SLOPER, who fit at Bunker-Hill. He an't a Yankee by birth—but he's one of us, you know.'

'We—all,' replied Mr. DOOLITTLE, beginning the word in New-Yorker and ending it in Yankee, 'I should kinder calculate that I *did* know old AZARIAH, and the hull lot on 'em. So yëu're MACE SLOPER, hay? Tarnal smart brother that o' yours. I lost a thëaousand dollars once by him. It was just abëaout the most elegant chisel I ever stud. I never think on it, Sir, without admiration. Any body, Sir, who can shave as clëuse as yëu're brother MADISON shaves, deserves all the money he can git. Wall, he dus! How do yëu like livin' here to the Astor, Mr. SLOPER?'

'Pretty well,' said I, 'about middling.'

'I like it,' pursued Mr. DOOLITTLE, 'because it's a tip-top place to *bore and drum*. A Southern or Western man, Sir, when he goes skewtin' abëaout, buyin' goods in bissness heëurs, keeps his eye-teeth skinned. But up to the hotel a'ter dinner or supper-time, he feels sorter sociable-like, and can be hooked as easy as a bull-frog with red flannel. Half the time yëu need n't say nothin' to him about goods, for his

head's full on 'em, and if yēn only lay low, he 'll begin on yēn. There are men here, Sir, who I watch, so to speak — wäll, asleep and awake tēu. A man, Mr. SLOPER, to be in business, should be nothin' *but* a business-man. Yēn just said somethin', Sir, which did yēn honor, when yēn said, 'Business must be business, and dollars air dollars!' It orter be written in letters 'er gold (if they did n't cost tēu much) in every young man's store. Talking o' business, Mr. PRABODY, what do yēn think of Yonkville?'

'Stocks' sorter goin' to rise, I calculate,' replied NEPONSKY. 'EPH STEBBINGS has sold 'em a tarnation lot of iron at half-price, and is goin' to take it in sheera. It 'll come out in the statement and make a rise.'

'STEBBINGS can't deliver, of course.'

'Wäll—if the stock rises *very* high, perhaps he will. Then, Mr. DEULITTLE, we hold on. If it do n't—why, we sell.'

'Jest what my daughter HOPKFUL sed this mornen. She come döoun to the store and asked me to buy her all the Yonkville I could find at sixty. 'Why, HOPK,' says I, 'what on airth sets yēn to buyin' that stock?' 'Never yēn mind, father, sez she; 'it's comin' up.' Now how under the sun did the gal find that all 'bout?'

'Sho!' cried PRABODY, 'daon't yēn see? SOL STEBBINGS, EPH's cousin, was an old beau of HOPK's, and she got him into the secretaryship of the road. SOL writ to her, of course. Wal, Mr. DOOLITTLE, as yēu and I and EPH have got all the Yonkville we can kerry, I dao n't care if Miss HOPK *doos* git a slice. We're the only Eastern folks in it, 'less Mr. SLOPER 'll take a few—and of course any body else may be stuck and be *darned*!'

'HIRAM TWINE was a good specimen of a go-ahead yet honest Yankee. HIRAM had travelled the world over, knew every body, had an inkling of almost every thing, and never lost sight withal of *the main chance*. HIRAM was *some* on horses, *numerous* at billiards, *immense* at ten-pins, and upward of considerable among the politicians. I know that when I say that HIRAM was known to all, and beloved by many of the big-bugs at Washington, my assertion as to his honesty will be looked upon as rather shaky, or at least smoky—but it is true nevertheless. Perhaps he set off the evil effect of his political associations by an incredibly extended intimacy among clergymen of *most* denominations and ladies of *all*. Uncle EBBIN and I followed HIRAM one fine day up Broadway, and watched him as he bowed. Such a mess of salutations never before greeted any one man, unless it were the Governor, or CLARK of the KNICKERBOCKER. Among the nodders were

John Van Buren,
The Four-Cent Man,
Mrs. Van Huysensplash and daughters,
Brother Greeley of the '*Tribune*,'
Mrs. Fitzsplendid Buckhorn,
St. Leger of Cuba,
Rev. Dr. Eagles,
The Editor of the Bunkum Flagstaff,
Our Cousin Frederick,
Col. Cobweb,
Sim Draper,
Our Fanny,
Brown of Grace-Church,
Carl Benson,
Baron Spolasco,
Little Jacob,
Dan Bixby,
George Law-less,

Cogswheel,
Tom Hyer,
'George,'
The Lime-kiln Man,
Judge Hardsbell,
Boventhien Van Spuytentyfel and family,
The Original Jacobs,
Puffer Hopkins,
Madame Killdeville,
Dr. Francis,
Col. Du Solle,
Bancroft,
Kate,
O'Connor,
N. P. Wiggles,
Burton,
Pat Hearn,
Collins,

Rev. H. Ward Speaker,
Miss Van Killem,
Rev. Rufus W. Griswold,
Sappho Basbleu,
Le Grand Smith,
La Belle Pirouette,
J. E. Cooley,
John Wheeler,

Caleb Lyon of Lyonsdale,
Grinnell,
† Bishop ———,
Par Venue, Esq.,
Mrs. Beauty Belle Ermine,
Count Gurowski,
Count Tschistossersdetschijtschestnostaky,
Counsellor Slashing.

And numerous other ladies and gentlemen well known in our gay metropolia.

'HIRAM's ostensible occupation or profession seemed to consist in taking hold of any thing that turned up, though he did n't confine himself strictly to this particular line. Mysterious stock operations in London, lobbying in every legislative assembly in the country, and vast gettings-up of corporations, alternated with a little cock-fighting, a very little tiger-scratching, and *not* a little love-making, occupied a portion of his time. He was singularly well looked upon by the editorial fraternity, having been at divers times 'one of 'em' himself, and always having a quiet hand in the game somewhere as proprietor, correspondent, or the Lord knows what. HIRAM delighted in 'little dinners;' and at these assemblages which he gave about once a day on an average the year round, you seldom failed to see several gentlemen whose somewhat disordered hair, pale countenances, and noble, intellectual expression bore witness to the wearying yet elevating influence upon the system, exerted by the 'sitting up late for the mails.' Great institution, those mails!

'I shall give no personal delineation of HIRAM, for the chances are, reader, ten to one that if you've ever been *about* in the least yourself, you have seen him and 'spoked to him.' HIRAM is getting to be well known in these days; in fact, there are a great many of him — though I'm sorry to say that all are not equally commendable. From the salmon-haunted shores of California to the seal-skinned frozen wastes of Captain Nat Palmer's Land; from the Esquimaux track of Grinnell's exploring-boat to the hide-and-horny port of Valparaiso; from London to Canton, and from here to Hades, the shrewd, accomplished, gentlemanly Yankee HIRAM is 'around.' Once in a while a stray word or a quaint phrase betrays his Northern birth; and once in a while, too, a *rather* close trade indicates a somewhat more than average perception of his own rights.'

'I admire as much of the upholstery as I can get a squint at. Every thing is expensive and bran-new, including the antique pictures and vases. Not being smart myself, I can't criticise, but I hear a man who *ought to know*, say something about 'bad taste.' I fancy Widow TWIGGLES could get a parlor up in better style for half the money. HIRAM comes along and introduces me to seven young men, all exactly alike, three clergymen who do not greatly differ, four ladies who talk in the same style on the same topics, and two old gentlemen whom I mistake for one another. I get delirious with the clatter, I mistake a gambler for a missionary, ask Mrs. TORLORRY when the balloon's coming down, and have thoughts of telling a Temperance editor that he looks as solemnholly as if punch had riz. There is a *tremendous* sort of swing in the crowd, and something like a jolly funeral begins to travel out of doors. I wildly capture a bit of muslin with a girl in it, and join the ranks. The girl and I talk with neck-and-neck velocity. There is another awful jam in the ante-room; but my good angel places me near a table full of 'flush,' lemonade, wines, cakes, coffee, and ice-water. I hand the muslin with the girl in it a pint-mug of lemonade, and do twice as much for myself out of the great bowl of claret-punch. Respect for the *conveniences* of society alone prevents me from putting my head into it like a horse, and draining it dry.

'The supper is splendor above par! 'Great chance for grub!' says a youth at my left. 'Muslin' says she'll take a faint shade of terrapins. Easier said than done. Twenty-two waiters rushing round like enraged hornets. Champagne popping already. Crash—chip—bang go four dozen plates. I get hold of the ladle: some body gives me a knock, and the terrapin-eggs and soup fly up to the ceiling like a fountain. Try it again. Awful battle for a fork! Grand display of ice-cream all over my pantaloons, and brilliant effects of water-ice in my hair and sleeves! Single combat for a biscuit, each forager being armed with a 'split spoon!' Carry off the booty to the muslin. Grand tableau of the victor-knight bending low and presenting the spoils (half-spoiled) to beauty!

'Though I'm not particularly bright myself in the matter of dandyism, never having been able to bring it beyond passing pretty well in most crowds, I've always taken a very great interest in those old and young fellows who have a natural gift that way. To be a dandy, a man's got to be born so. Money won't make one, a tailor can't begin to make one. A real *dresser*—a fellow who contrives to give you the idea that his genius is all over him outside, must have outside genius; and genius, whether it strikes out or in, is *natural*, and can't be come by. The dandies, in my opinion, are a greatly abused and slandered race. I say so because I've seen lots of men with all sorts of inside genius—great financiers, great editors, great orators, and great preachers—who tried all their lives long to be dandies, and could n't begin to do it. By a dandy, I do n't mean a man who dresses in extravagant style, but rather one who takes you down by the general impressiveness of his outside arrangements. There is one of that sort whom I see every day about town, and sometimes at our hotel-table. He wears an old coat as often as a new one—sometimes he has on patched boots—sometimes a hat that used to be new. But put him in any crowd you choose, some how or other you'd always pick him out as holding four aces and a king, as far as rig and style go. He's *one* of the dandies for whom I have a respect.

'About once in fifteen years a new sort of dandy turns up, just as in about the same time people pretty generally get a new kind of furniture, and begin to build new sorts of churches. From where I sit at table I can see a splendid specimen of what was rather the correct thing about twenty years ago—a man who looks as if he might have been immense in the days of the old annals. His hair is very thick and shovelled up on the top of his head, and rolled off at the sides, as if his noddle was a barrel full of shavings for kindling, and he had got good measure. When he was a fashionable, young people had n't got over pirate notions of beauty, and the girls used to tell him he looked considerable like a corsair. He wears a high stock, and looks queer. His friends that used to be, have settled down or died, some of them look like other folks, and some have dropped into the new fashions. But he stands out for the old style, and there are still three or four married ladies about who won't give up the notion that he's a very stylish young man. It always makes MACZ SLOPER a little blue or a little old-times-y to look at him, for MACZ can remember that when *he* was a young shaver, and just suffering from his first attacks of calico-fever, he used to think that if he could only look as *that* man used to look, he'd consider himself as provided for. Well!—I wonder who Widow TWIGGLES would call the finest-look — O LORD!'

'If we take it first and last all through life, it's really amazing what a raft of people we've heard and never seen. Especially in hotels.

'It has been MACZ SLOPER's luck to be very frequently quartered in rooms with

nothing but a door betwixt his room and his neighbor's; and whenever this happened he has been pretty generally about as certain to hear, willing or unwilling, considerable that was n't spoken to him. Particularly when girls were in the next room! Not giving myself credit for any especial 'cuteness, I can't brag of ever having got up any wise theory on the subject; but it does seem to me that the queerest, wildest, and most amazing speeches I ever heard in all my life from mortal lips, always came from people I could n't see. Moreover — and every body 'll agree with me if he 'll rake out his own experience a little — I maintain that no two people can talk in the dark to one another as they do in the light. Report such a talk, and read it to them, and they 'll as soon believe that they 've been talking Injun. That's so!

'Which reminds MACE SLOPER of a talk he once heard in a New-Jersey hotel. I had quietly smoked myself into a regular nap such as the good alone enjoy, when I was awoke by hearing some body enter the next room. Apparently he woke some body else up too, who was sleeping there in advance of him.

'Hullo thar?' says the man a-bed.

'Hul-lo and behold!' answered the one entering.

'Wait for your welcome afore you come in,' said No. I.

'In-comes are always welcome,' answered No. II. 'The mixologist of tipulars' directorized me to apartment XC., which, being exceedingly weary, I did uncandelized. Yet if you desire illuminosity —'

'Stranger!' cried No. I.: 'hold thar! do n't light a match, for the love of God! I know adzackly what you look like without goin' furdur. You're five feet 'leven inches high, got gray eyes and a coon-colored vest, short-cropped ha'r and a loose over-coat, nose like a razor-handle, and scar over your left eye. That's the stripe!'

'How do you cognovit that?' was the amazed reply.

'Cog — thunder!' was the response. 'How do I know how you look? Why, who the d—l ever heard of a man's coming to bed in the dark, and calling a bar-keeper a mixologist of tipicular fixins, unless he *had* gray eyes, razor-handled nose, short ha'r, an' a coon-colored vest? Do n't light a match, stranger, on my account. Drummon' lights would be darkness on *your* face arter such a blaze of language as that. 'Illuminosity' and 'cognovit!' That shows you've got a ca'pet-bag in your hand and a whiskey-bottle in it. *Sko!*'

'There was a sound like the pop of a cork, and a clear case of drinking to better acquaintanceship going on as I fell to sleep. We hear queer things in the dark. That Western man rather knocks me whenever I think of him.'

Mr. FRANCIS COPCUTT, a frequent contributor in past years to the KNICKERBOCKER, deserves honorable mention in these pages; and we are the more happy to mention his name in this connection at this time, that he is about presenting to the public an exceedingly handsome volume from the press of ROLLO, entitled '*Leaves from a Bachelor's Book of Life*,' made up, for the most part, of communications which have appeared from his pen in this Magazine. Now, of this forthcoming book we have frankly spoken, 'as below,' in the publisher's circular; and with that, and a justificatory quotation mentioned, as annexed, by the *Boston Post*, we bring to a close this present chapter of the Historical Narrative:

'DEAR SIR: We desire to call your attention to a work which we have in press, entitled, '*Leaves from a Bachelor's Book of Life*,' and to be published early in May.

'The *Boston Post*,' high authority in such matters, speaking of one of the 'Leaves,' says: 'It is a very beautiful sketch; a man who writes as he does, may write in his own name. The composition in question describes the sickness and death of little 'Lottie,' and we speak advisedly in saying, that it is as plainly stamped with the mark of genius as if it had been three duodecimo volumes long. We have not met with any thing so good this many a day. It is simple, unaffected, and unexaggerated. It is *the* thing. If the author can produce more of the same sort, he will be a leader in our literature. It is a perfect gem of its kind. We have seldom read a short production by any one, in which the 'just enough' was more delicately told.'

'And the well-known Editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, in whose Magazine so many authors of note and fame have made their first flights towards the goal they have reached, writes to the author, as follows:

'Knickerbocker Sanctum, April 18, 1860.

'DEAR SIR: I have carefully and thoughtfully examined your 'Leaves from a Bachelor's Book of Life,' about the propriety of publishing which, as of the possible profit, you have asked my opinion.

'Frankly and cordially, I say then, my old friend, publish the book by all means.

'If the first step towards success be merit, you have secured the difficult *premier pas qui counts*.

'During the past twenty-five years, I have been almost continually placed in judgment over *ms.* anxious to obtain the immortality of type, but I have seldom seen one where the elements of success seemed to me to be more clear and decided. While there are variety, humor, and breadth of experience enough to satisfy the craving, or even morbid appetite, there is a depth of pathos which will reach the hearts of all; but no sentence which cannot be taken to the fire-side, and read to sister, wife, or sweet-heart. Indeed, a few of the 'Leaves,' which have appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, have received such hearty commendations from all sorts and conditions of men — and women — that its success, in my mind, is a foregone conclusion.

Yours, very truly,

'L. GAYLORD CLARK.'

The passage which ensues requires no comment at our hands. Every reader who possesses that noble entrail called a *heart*, will appreciate it:

'WHEN she came to herself, she was on her bed, and Dr. ARMOUR standing by her. Recollection returned, and she said, with an unnatural calmness which startled him:

'Doctor, is my child dead?'

'Not yet. But do not rise, Madam: you are too weak.'

'Mrs. MAY looked at him with a surprised look; then rose and went to her child's bed-side. LOTTIE knew her mother; and when Mrs. MAY took her hand, she felt it pulled slightly, and bent down her head until her lips touched those of her child, and she felt them move a little to kiss her: then she tried to speak, but could not; and the mother stood by the side of the bed, with glazed eyes, in which were no tears, for she could not weep. Oh! how she wanted to weep, but could not, and her eyes burned her as she gazed at the dying girl!

'The doctors stood round her in silence, for they knew that she was dying; the mother bent over her in silence, for she felt that she was dying; and the child gasped, and gasped, and a slight gurgle was heard in her throat, and she lifted her head suddenly, and said, with a faint voice, 'Mother!' and fell back on the pillow, quite dead.

'God of mercy, help me to bear this!' said Mrs. MAY. 'ALMIGHTY FATHER, help me to bear this!' and she fell on her knees and clasped her hands in agony.

'THE doctors slowly and silently left the room, and went down-stairs, and they stepped into the parlor to have a chat before they separated.

'Mrs. MAY started suddenly from her kneeling position, and looked earnestly at her child, the last hope of her heart, the last link that bound her to the earth; and she hurriedly felt her feet, hands, heart, and put her ear down to the still, silent lips, then glided swiftly and noiselessly down stairs to the back-parlor, where the folding-doors were ajar.

' . . . Lower down; the breathing showed that. I was afraid we were to be kept up all night.'

'I think you gave her too much calomel, MASON.'

'Not a bit, not a bit: she should have had more yesterday, instead of your arsenic.'

'Well, well. Curious case.'

'Very.'

'Gentlemen,' said the old gray-headed Dr. ARMOUR, who had wept at the death-bed, and had not spoken before; 'gentlemen, it is unprofessional for me to say so, and late in life to acknowledge it, but this is all wrong somewhere. The child should not have died, and I must — . . .'

'Mrs. MAY had been checked by the tone of indifference, almost of levity, of the first speakers; now she threw open the doors, and stood there, drawn to her full height, and with her earnest eyes dilating, with a look that made them shrink as if they had seen a spectre: but she only said:

'Heaven help ye, gentlemen, in your extreme need. Dr. ARMOUR, for God's sake, come back and tell me if the child is dead!'

'They returned, but the corpse was growing cold. Mrs. MAY clasped her hand round its neck, bent her head over its face, tear after tear rolled down her cheeks, and there she sat through the long night, clinging to the garment that had held her LOTTIE.

'Mrs. MAY sat by the little coffin that contained her child's form. She had grown much older in the two long, weary, solemn days that LOTTIE had been dead. She could look at the death-sleep, and the little hands crossed on the bosom, and the closed lids over those dark, expressive eyes, and place fresh roses, and geraniums, and heliotrope about the calm, life-like corpse, without weeping now; but there was a deep, fixed, almost stern expression of grief on her pale, classic face, which seemed to ask no sympathy, and was feeding on the springs of her own life. She could not pray yet. Often had she fallen on her knees since the little one's last faint cry of 'Mother!' but no utterance followed, for her heart only asked in agony, why H^E had taken away her LOTTIE? And thoughts high and deep passed through her mind, of time and space, and heaven and immortality, until imagination had wandered and lost itself in the dim confines which separate thought from the impenetrable mysteries which surround us, until all consciousness of time and space in her present life was lost; and then the question would recur, *did* H^E take her away, or was she sent, uncalled from the earth, by unholy errors, by poisoning drugs; and she shrank from the question shuddering.

'CARRIAGE after carriage drove up to the door, rooms were filled with friends and acquaintances of the mourner and the mourned, and a solemn-looking man opened the Bible, and read: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!' Then he said many beautiful things about

the child, which he had known from its birth; but Mrs. MAY could not listen, and, sobbing out her anguish, left the room, for *why* had HE taken away her LORRIE? After the ceremony was over, she returned, and stood by the coffin, and looked at her child for the last time. She thought of all her grace and repose, even among her little play-mates, and all her arch and winning ways, and hot tears fell on the cold form. Then they closed the coffin, and placed it in the carriage with Mrs. MAY alone; she would have it so. They drove slowly down Broadway, and Mrs. MAY was startled by the noise of carts and omnibuses. It seemed strange that they drove on so furiously while LORRIE was carried by; and crowds of people lined the streets, all gay and unheeding. Mrs. MAY drew down the curtains, and hid them from her sight. They passed over the South Ferry, and so on to Greenwood; and between the beautiful sculptures and white monuments (standing over buried hopes, like the rainbow over the abyss of the cataract, or the fair face over a crushed heart,) until they came to LORRIE's grave. It was a sweet spot, on the southern side of a gentle rise that overlooked the Bay and Narrows, and caught the first smile of Day, as he rose from the horizon and bathed himself in light; and the last rays of the sun rested on its bosom, while the twilight lingered there when darkness had hidden all below. LORRIE had often played on it, and told her mother which was *her corner*. Poor child! she little thought how soon she would take possession; indeed, she always said it with as happy a smile as if she had been immortal, and would never need an earthly resting-place.

'Mrs. MAY remained in the carriage; and when they took the coffin toward the grave, there was again that fixed and glassy look, those tearless eyes. How she longed to keep even the corpse forever near her!

'They lowered the little coffin into the grave, and, as the earth fell on the lid, said, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!' and a little mound marked the place where, down, down in the earth, the fair-haired girl awaited the final reckoning.

'They came to Mrs. MAY as they passed out, but she waved them away, and one after another left, until she was quite alone. Then she descended from the carriage, and went to the grave; and the servant brought a basket of flowers, and wept as he retired, for they all loved LORRIE; and Mrs. MAY bent over the grave, and scattered flowers about it, she felt so wholly desolate, now that they had taken away the last link, the body of her poor child. The sun went down, and the night came on, as she knelt there. Tree and leaf and insect, all were hushed as still as the grave beneath her; and she looked up to the heavens, and saw the stars, like tapers on the pall of darkness which shrouded her, and she gazed and gazed, and her heart longed for a revelation of her child's fate and her own in that mysterious sphere, and her heart was softened as she gazed. Then she bent over the grave again, and took a little flower and put it in her bosom, and thought of her child and its last faint 'Mother!' and the tears came to her eyes, her bursting heart found vent, and she wept, oh! how long and passionately, as if existence itself were welling from her eyelids! Then she looked up again, and the sky seemed to have lost its darkness; and the stars dilated, and seemed to fill the heavens with glory; and her spirit became more rapt and exalted, as if spiritual influences were about her with which she could commune; and her lips were opened at last. She prayed long and earnestly to the FATHER who had taken her idol. She felt now too truly that it had been an *idol*, and she blessed HIS holy name, and knew *why* HE had taken her LORRIE. Her mind became more exalted; a transcendent exaltation took possession of her soul, and it seemed to expand super-sensually, until it lost sight of earth and

its earthly tenement, and rose to the feeling, the *consciousness of the INFINITE*. She seemed to have a dual existence, a being separate from her being; and looked down on herself, as she knelt at the grave, with an *infinite pity*. (Whether under the direct influence of the 'inspiration of heaven,' or the native powers of her soul drawn from their slumbers by surrounding circumstances, who shall tell?) And her soul expanded in its exaltation, until she felt herself a link between the *FOUNTAIN OF HOLINESS* and the *GREAT SOUL OF HUMANITY*; and while a feeling of deep love and pity for mankind took possession of her soul, their errors and weaknesses shrank into the back-ground; even her own sorrows became vague, undefined, distant, almost little.

'This consciousness, this exaltation, vouchsafed to the best of us so rarely, from the low or grovelling forever barred, may come sometimes perhaps to a mother at the birth of her first-born, oftener at its death. A revelation to great minds at the moment of their best conceptions; to others, at the moment of death, or when death suddenly becomes imminent and near, and fear does not paralyze the soul. Sometimes it comes with the fervid devotion of the worshipper, filled with a holy and living faith; seldom, if ever, in mere religious ecstasy; this, the flash of the torch, soon out and lost; that, like the June sunshine, lighting all things, and drawing them from the earth to warmth and life. But it comes to none without leaving him better, wiser, stronger to endure and bear, and with deeper sympathies for the sufferings and errors of his kind.

'Mrs. MAY knelt there, wrapped in her new existence, hour after hour, far into the night, until her servants were alarmed, and they came and accosted her; but she answered them calmly, and left the grave with a blessed peace in her heart; and they drove over the lonely road, and through the quiet and deserted streets, toward her desolate home, a sad, but a wiser, a better being; for her soul had known the *divine* depth, her heart had become the *sanctuary* of sorrow. God had taken away her loved ones for a time, but HE had given HIS own love in their place, and she wept no more.'

THE AUTHORSHIP OF 'A YEAR IN HEAVEN.'—Our thanks are due, and are hereby tendered to the kindly author of the following note:

'Newburyport, Mass., April 23, 1860.

'SIR: In your 'Editor's Table' of the April KNICKERBOCKER, you ask who is the author of the beautiful lines 'A Year in Heaven?'

'Rev. Dr. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, of Boston, wrote them. You will find them in a volume which he published one or two years ago—a memory of his daughter. The book is entitled 'CATHERINE,' and is one of the most faultlessly beautiful poems which a father's love ever wept over the grave of his child.

'I remain, Sir,

'Yours respectfully,

H. M. FLETCHER.'

The best evidence of the justice of this encomium is, that the lines alluded to, have already been widely copied from the KNICKERBOCKER in the religious and secular journals of the day.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We cannot permit the eloquent *Eulogy of William Cullen Bryant upon the late Washington Irving*, delivered before the Historical Society at the Academy of Music, to pass without farther comment than the few brief remarks to which we were confined in our last number. We have read it many times; and each perusal of it has but confirmed our admiration of its completeness as a running biographical sketch, and its great beauty and eloquence as a composition. We are glad to perceive that Mr. PUTNAM, in his new and beautiful edition of Mr. IRVING's writings, is to preface them all with this comprehensive and admirable address. The main biographical facts here set forth, have already appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER; but we cannot resist the inclination to preserve in these pages the two passages which open and close this calm yet warm and glowing eulogy: 'We have come together, my friends,' said Mr. BRYANT, (addressing such an audience as had never before assembled in the vast Academy of Music,) 'on the birth-day of an illustrious citizen of our republic; but so recent is his departure from among us, that our assembling is rather an expression of sorrow for his death than of congratulation that such a man was born into the world. His admirable writings, the beautiful products of his peculiar genius, remain to be the enjoyment of the present and future generations; we keep the recollection of his amiable and blameless life and his kindly manner, and for these we give thanks; but the thought will force itself upon us that the light of his friendly eye is quenched; that we must hear no more his beloved voice, nor take his welcome hand. It is as if some genial year had just closed and left us in frost and gloom: its flowery spring, its leafy summer, its plenteous autumn, flown, never to return. Its gifts are strewn around us; its harvests are in our garners; but its season of bloom and warmth and fruitfulness is past. We look around us and see that the sunshine which filled the golden ear and tinged the reddening apple brightens the earth no more.' The following tribute of one noble genius to another is not less characteristic than it is just and truthful: 'IRVING's style is one of the most agreeable in the whole range of our literature. It is transparent as the light, sweetly modulated, unaffected, the native expression of a fertile fancy, a benignant temper, and a mind which, delighting in the noble and the beautiful, turned involuntarily away from their opposites. His peculiar humor was, in a great measure, the offspring of this constitution of his mind. This fanciful playing with common things is never coarse, never tainted with grossness, and always in harmony with our better sympathies. It not only tinged his writings, but overflowed in his delightful conversation.' Speaking of Mr. IRVING's connection with this Magazine, Mr. BRYANT says:

'SEVERAL papers were written by IRVING in 1839, and the following year, for the KNICKERBOCKER, a monthly periodical conducted by his friend, LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, all of them such as he only could write. They were afterwards collected into a volume entitled '*Wolfert's Roost*,' from the ancient name of that beautiful residence of his on the banks of the Hudson, in which they were mostly written. They

were, perhaps, read with more interest in the volume than in the Magazine, just as some paintings of the highest merit are seen with more pleasure in the painter's room than on the walls of an exhibition.'

This last is a felicitous simile: for in the same KNICKERBOCKER gallery, where hung the exquisite paintings of IRVING, there hung also the *chef d'œuvres* of other eminent masters, ('old masters,' some of them, now, we are sorry to say,) to divide the public admiration. IRVING, BRYANT, HALLECK, LONGFELLOW, were side by side in the same 'apartment' or department of the Magazine. The subjoined is the impressive peroration of Mr. BRYANT, to which we have adverted:

'I HAVE thus set before you, my friends, with such measure of ability as I possess, a rapid and imperfect sketch of the life and genius of WASHINGTON IRVING. Other hands will yet give the world a bolder, a more vivid and exact, a more distinctive portraiture. In the mean time, when I consider for how many years he stood before the world as an author with a still increasing fame—half a century in this most changeful of centuries—I cannot hesitate to predict for him a deathless renown. Since he began to write empires have risen and passed away; mighty captains have appeared on the stage of the world, performed their part, and been called to their account; wars have been fought and ended, which have changed the destinies of the human race. New arts have been invented and adopted, and have pushed the old out of use; the household economy of half mankind has undergone a revolution. Science has learned a new dialect and forgotten the old; the chemist of 1800 would be a vain babbler among his brethren of the present day, and would in turn become bewildered in the attempt to understand them. Nation utters speech to nation in words that pass from realm to realm with the speed of light. Distant countries have been made neighbors; the Atlantic Ocean has become a narrow frith, and the Old World and the New shake hands across it; the East and the West look in at each other's windows. The new inventions bring new calamities, and men perish in crowds by the recoil of their own devices. War has learned more frightful modes of havoc, and armed himself with deadlier weapons; armies are borne to the battle-field on the wings of the wind, and dashed against each other and destroyed with infinite bloodshed. We grow giddy with these rapid and ceaseless mutations; the earth seems to reel under our feet, and we turn to those who write like IRVING for some assurance that we are still in the same world into which we were born; we read, and are quieted and consoled. In his pages we see that the language of the heart never becomes obsolete; that Truth and Good and Beauty, the offspring of God, are not subject to the changes which beset the inventions of men. We become satisfied that he whose works were the delight of our fathers, and are still ours, will be read with the same pleasure by those who come after us.

'If it were becoming, at this time and in this assembly, to address our departed friend as if in his immediate presence, I would say: 'Farewell, thou who hast entered into the rest prepared, from the foundation of the world, for serene and gentle spirits like thine. Farewell, happy in thy life, happy in thy death, happier in the reward to which that death was the assured passage; fortunate in attracting the admiration of the world to thy beautiful writings; still more fortunate in having written nothing which did not tend to promote the reign of magnanimous forbearance and generous sympathies among thy fellow-men. The brightness of that enduring fame which thou hast won on earth is but a shadowy symbol of that glory to which thou hast been admitted in the world beyond the grave. Thy errand upon

earth was an errand of peace and good-will to men, and thou art now in a region where hatred and strife never enter, and where the harmonious activity of those who inhabit it acknowledges no impulse less noble or less pure than that of love.''

A noble tribute! - - - 'JOHN WATERS' ghost-story of *'The Iron Foot-step,'* and the apparition anecdote told to COLERIDGE by WASHINGTON ALLSTON, seem to have 'stirred up' correspondents 'to a degree.' We have received, from different parts of the country, not less than a dozen '*veritable*' ghost-stories for publication in the KNICKERBOCKER. We select a few passages from a brief communication by a new contributor, entitled '*Hallucinations,*' which have a bearing upon this general supernatural theme. The writer, in his opening, says: 'We may philosophize as we will about a disordered physical system and an overwrought fancy; but there are few who could awake suddenly from sleep, and view philosophically a tall figure standing by the bed-side, or look with composure, even in broad daylight, on the form of a long-dead friend, as he silently entered the door-way. Indeed we cannot find an age or nation so rude or unenlightened, but it possesses a belief in the supernatural and a love for the marvellous. In humble communities, where imagination is not enlightened by science, a group of neighbors will often gather around the dim fire-light and listen with hushed breathing, to some recital of fearful voices heard at night; of strange lights seen glancing over dead men's graves; of apparitions from the other world appearing to warn them of death or peril; and the story is received as absolute fact: the hearts of the hearers quaking with terror lest some such mysterious visitant should be found in the doleful midnight standing by *their* pillow. Every fitful gleam of the embers causes a start, and the homeward journey is taken with breathless haste.' Our correspondent proceeds to cite the following interesting and amusing instances of 'established hallucination':

'Of late years mere hallucination has come to be regarded as entirely consistent with reason; a simple disease, requiring the treatment of the family physician, as much as brain-fever, or the fracture of a limb. Many great minds have been subject to these delusions, and yet no one suspected them of insanity. If the mind dwells long and intensely on any object, there is always a tendency to clothe that idea in a visible form. BEN JONSON told a friend, that he had once spent a whole night watching a horde of Tartars, Turks and Catholics fighting around his great arm-chair. Though the impression was as vivid as the real scene, he attributed it to the right cause — an over-heated imagination. OLIVER CROMWELL, as he lay stretched on his couch, weary and sleepless, beheld a gigantic woman draw aside the curtains and proclaim to him that he should 'be the greatest man in England.' Doubtless his own ambition bade the phantom welcome. POPE, when suffering from an acute disease, once asked his physician 'What that arm was which came out of the wall?'

'No doubt the larger share of the phantoms which have disturbed mankind, required only a little investigation to make them out as harmless as 'the cook's ghost,' which appeared to the crew of a home-bound vessel, once in the early twilight. The second mate came to the captain in great terror, telling him that the cook who was buried in the sea a few days before, was walking on the water before the ship, and all hands were on deck looking at him. The captain, who was vexed at such superstition, replied: 'Well, see which will reach New-Castle first.' A second earnest ap-

peal brought him on deck, however, and there, sure enough, appeared his old friend in his customary dress, walking along with the same roiling gait. The crew were so terrified they could do nothing; so the captain was obliged to steer the ship himself. On a nearer approach, behold, the spectre resolved itself into a floating fragment from the top-mast of some unfortunate wreck. But for this solution, a veritable 'ghost-story' would have been circulated for generations among the good people of New-Castle, fully corroborated by a whole ship's company.

'PURY tells us, in one of his letters, of a house in Athens which was haunted by a spirit loaded with chains. The philosopher, ΑΘΗΝΟΠΟΛΙΣ, resolved to lay the spirit, and repaired to the house at night-fall, taking his light and writing tablets. At the dead of night the chained man appeared and motioned with his hands. The philosopher rose and followed him down to the court-yard, where he sank into the ground. The spot was marked, and the magistrates informed next day. The place was examined, and the bones of a man in chains were found buried there. They were publicly burned; after which the spirit seemed very well satisfied, as it came no more.

'Granting the story to be true, the illusion is easily enough accounted for. The shape assumed was the precise counterpart of the one existing in the philosopher's mind, and for which he had waited long hours, while the idea of the man buried in the court-yard might have been a reminiscence of some forgotten tradition.

'Strange hallucinations are often met with by the physician, while the patient is perfectly sane and calmly analyzes his feelings, and takes note of the strange appearances. Many are familiar with the case of NICOLAI, a distinguished book-seller of Berlin, who from time to time observed people walking about in his room, conversing together busily, as if in the market. He grew familiar with them after a time, and rather enjoyed their society, though they were usually the shadows of people with whom he was not very familiar. They attended him in the street as well as in his own house, and were easily distinguished from real people by a somewhat paler color. An application of leeches to the patient proved too much for the constitution of the phantoms, and they grew fainter and fainter until at last they died away.

'A short time ago an interesting case of illusion occurred to the well-known librarian of the Astor Library. He had been deeply engaged until late at night on a catalogue of the books which he is preparing. On going to a distant alcove he beheld a man standing before the books. Supposing it to be a thief, he changed his position to get a view of his face, when to his surprise he recognized a physician who had lived in the vicinity, but who was buried not long before. Not at all alarmed, he said:

'Doctor, you seldom came here when living. Why do you come now you are dead?'

'But though such a reasonable question, the Doctor, instead of answering, vanished away. The librarian visited the same spot at the same hour the two succeeding nights, with the same result, speaking always dispelling the illusion. He attributed it to an overtaxed mind, and by the advice of a physician, has taken a journey to recruit.

'Hallucination often precedes or is connected with insanity. Visitors to a lunatic-asylum will often observe very curious cases. There was at one time a singular patient named BLAKE, in the retreat at Bethlem, England. He was a large, powerful man, with a pale, intellectual face, and a great fund of general information. He

spent his time in conversation with the great ones of the earth who have gone to the land of shades, chatting familiarly with MOSES and the prophets, enjoying a sumptuous supper with SAMUEL, and always having his crayons at hand to sketch the portraits of his guests. He had large volumes of these portraits, which he was quite proud to exhibit to any who called. Among them was a sketch of the Devil and his mother. EDWARD the Third was a very frequent visitor, and in return for the compliment he painted his portrait in oil at three sittings.

'A gentleman put some questions to him with a view to puzzle him:

'Are these illustrious visitors announced, that you recognize them so readily? Do they send their cards to you?'

'No; but I know them as soon as they appear. I did not expect MARK ANTONY last night, but I recognized the old Roman as soon as he entered. Poor JOB was here yesterday, but he only staid two minutes. I had scarcely time to make a sketch, which I afterward copied in aquafortis. But hush! Here is RICHARD the Third. He stands in a good position now: if you speak, he will go.' BLAKE was very happy in the society of the illustrious people who crowded his little room.

'Formerly but little attention was given to the treatment of hallucination. If any step was taken, it was but to shut up the unhappy person in an asylum, often producing the evil it was sought to cure. A few eccentric notions need not unfit a person for discharging the ordinary duties of life, and require his seclusion from the society of his friends. If so, we should need to have our lunatic asylums constructed on a much grander scale than at present.

'A supernatural explanation of this simple phenomenon of illusion is not confined to the uneducated. Men of high literary and religious attainments have believed that departed spirits could, and sometimes did assume a visible form. I think that most of them had seen something of the kind, or at least that their maternal grandmother or grand-father had met one, I will not be sure which.

'But as a general rule, I think it is best, as some one has said, 'to believe every ghost bogus till he proves himself genuine, by telling you something you did not know before, and which it is important for you to know. And do n't 'for any thing' believe in a ghost you have not seen yourself. A second-hand spectre is too faint and ghostly for any sensible man's faith.

J. E. L.

A 'second-hand' spectre 'is good!' - - - JUNE will be 'hereabout' when the reader shall 'take his eye and throw it over' this page. The weather will be warm; 'the sky clear, and the air very salubrious,' if the sage MERRIAM, of Brooklyn, (who has almost ruined our climate,) does n't interfere with his practical prognostications. There is *one* sign of hot weather which is unfailing in this metropolis; and that is, the advertisement in all the daily journals, of our friend, *Lucius Hart, of his Ice-Pitchers*; those cool, cheering, ice 'thud'-thumping, ice-echoing vessels, as beautiful in that which they *do*, as in their grace and beauty of *form*. In the most scorching of summer days, they have upon them 'the dew of their youth,' trickling down their burnished sides — 'good as new,' if ten years old; while within, their contents are as cold and grateful, as if just poured from 'the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.' A great and a cheap treasure and luxury, and a 'great comfort,' and a 'good thing,' are these ICE PITCHERS, as we have long had occasion to know. By-the-by, we perceive that an esteemed contemporary, the *Evening Post* daily journal, has a paragraph touching our old and esteemed friend HART, which we shall quote in this place,

and make good the claim of HART 'against all-comers,' be they HEENANS, SAYERS'S, or any 'other half-and-half' 'champions.' 'The 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' is the euphonious title of one of SCOTT'S most admired novels. Some future novelist of this city will find a title equally euphonious in the 'HART of Burling-Slip,' and certainly, if continuity for thirty years in one location can justify hearts or HARTS in assuming titles like those above, LUCIUS HART, of Nos. 4 and 6 Burling-Slip, deserves such an addition to his name. For that long period has the heroic HART of Burling-Slip remained, like CASABIANCA, firm at his post, whence all but him had fled, and where he can afford to sell his coffee and tea-urns, castors, cake-baskets, forks, spoons, tea-sets, dinner-sets, and other table articles, at the lowest prices. People wishing to obtain wife-ly or bridal presents will at once fall in with the crowd that daily sweeps downward to his store, to find him 'fresh as the flowers in May.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT ('H. C.') writing to the EDITOR from Toledo, (Ohio,) says: 'Some time ago, in church-yard wanderings, I picked up the following epitaph, and transcribed it for you, only altering names and places, for obvious reasons: but I vouch for its veracity; and as it seems to explain the origin of a saying which I never before could comprehend, I think it worthy a place in the archives of the dear old KNICKERBOCKER:

' Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

ELIZABETH SHERBURNE.

THE BELOVED WIFE OF

PETER B. SHERBURNE,

of Cobourg, C. W.,

WHO DIED

APRIL 20TH, 1850,

Aged 23 Years.

HER AFFLICTED HUSBAND HAS ERECTED THIS

TABLET

TO HER MEMORY.

PEACE TO HER ASHES:

LET HER RIP!'

'You must remember,' adds our friendly antiquarian, 'that this is on a beautiful marble tablet, and in a conspicuous place in a frequented grave-yard. No doubt the intention has been to instruct the engraver to inscribe R. I. P., the initials of the Latin words *Requiescat in pace* — 'Repose in peace:' but the tablet has gone up, and the record is as I give it. I have seen the like in Catholic grounds, but never quite so ridiculously quoted as in this instance. '*Let her rip!*' What an aspiration for a tomb-stone!' - - - Coming up to-night, in the cars of the '*Northern Rail-Road of New-Jersey*,' along the heights from Weehawken to the Tappaan-Zee, which expands at its greatest breadth opposite our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' all the while rushing along the western slope of the Pali-

sades, of which most exquisitely beautiful scene so many of our metropolitan citizens are utterly ignorant; the scent of apple, cherry, and peach-blossoms — 'light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow' — filling all the air; coming thus, we had in our mind, (we had them 'by heart,') the following

Song of May.

- 'THE spring's scented buds all around me are swelling;
There are songs in the stream, there is health in the gale:
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;
The desolate reign of old Winter is broken,
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm, and a token
Of love, O thou Spirit of Beauty, to thee!
- 'The Sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year:
He fills with delight all the balm-breathing flowers;
He mounts to the zenith and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.
- 'The young bird is out on his delicate pinion,
He timidly sails in the infinite sky;
A greeting to MAY, and her fairy dominion,
He pours on the west-wind's fragrant sigh;
Around and above, there are quiet and pleasure;
The woodlands are singing, the heaven is bright;
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.
- 'Alas! for my weary and care-haunted bosom!
The spells of the spring-time arouse me no more;
The song in the wild-wood, the sheen of the blossom,
The fresh-welling fountain — their magic is o'er!
When I list to the stream, when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throng of my long-vanished hours
And sigh that their transports are over and gone!
- 'From the wide-spreading earth, from the limitless heaven
There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;
To my sad mind no more is the influence given,
Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream;
The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth;
I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;
But the eye of my spirit in weariness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.
- 'Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended —
'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
But the newness, the sweetness of being are ended:
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now;
The shadows of Death o'er my path have been sweeping —
There are those who have loved me debarred from the day;
The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.
- 'It is shut to the glow of this present existence,
It hears, from the Past, a funereal strain;
And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
Where the lost blooms of earth will be garnered again:
Where no mildew the soft damask rose-cheek shall nourish,
Where grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring.

'It is thus that the hopes which to others are given
 Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
 I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven —
 I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;
 And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,
 Delights not my bosom, ah! do not condemn;
 O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
 For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.'

Now it was really the first warm day of Spring, when we repeated these lines from WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK's true and full heart; and strange as it may seem to some, the 'jocund spring,' the 'emerald spring,' the 'joyous spring' is not such to us. In the first place, the first warm spring day that surprises one with a touch of summer is most oppressive. Yesterday, for example, the seventh day of May, weighed down the spirit like as if it were lead. And after all, we can hardly explain how it is: but the Autumn, with what our friend Mr. BARRANT calls its 'melancholy days,' is really more cheerful, to our fancy, than the coming on of spring. Reminiscence may perhaps have much to do with it; possibly enervation of body may also influence one's feelings in this regard. But we think *this* is the feeling, as simply, briefly, touchingly expressed by BYRON:

'And when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to live;
 And saw around me the wide fields revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
 Come forth its work of gladness to contrive,
 With all its reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turned from all she brought, to those she could not bring.'

It seems to us that this 'tells the story' of the influence of Spring. - - - An Albany correspondent sends us the annexed, with the assurance that it is 'every way true':

'Some years ago Captain JOHN EAGLES kept the 'Aurora House;' and capitally he kept it, in a capital village, on the eastern bank of 'old Cayuga.' He was an 'old salt;' had 'circumnavigated master of a ship' several times; had not forgotten how 'to splice the main brace' when needful; was as 'jolly as a fourtop-man in a calm;' and such 'yarns' as he spun, not unfrequently, astonished all his hearers, even ANDY, who had 'made a six weeks v'yage in Joon, an' seen all sorts o' weather an' shipwracks an' crathurs that wor nivir seen afore, any way — barrin the Cap'n's.'

'Well, the Captain and his family purposed to visit New-York. The little 'steamer' neared the dock; ANDY stepped in to 'take a small smatther.'

'An' it's lavin' ye are, Cap'n?' asked ANDY.

'Yes,' was the answer.

'Is it any lingsh ye'll be away?' again asked ANDY.

'The Captain, drawing on one of his 'tough yarn faces,' replied: 'Yes, ANDY, I shall be gone a long time. President POLK has appointed me Minister to Russia.'

'Begorra, an' that's mighty quare,' thought ANDY, but spoke: 'Will I help ye aboard with the trunks?'

'On the deck of that little steamer ANDY grasped the hand of the Captain warmly and sympathizingly, while the last bell was ringing, and burst out: 'Good by, Cap'n — good-by t' ye; and God be good to the Rooshyans, for it's the height of good preaching ye'll give 'em, barrin' the devil the word of thruth there'll be in it!'

Candid, if not complimentary! - - - HERE is a beautiful '*Child-Anecdote*, from an esteemed friend: 'One morning at family worship our group was entirely feminine, excepting the 'man of the house.' The chapter in course was one in PETER, on the duties of wives; and at last, from its personal nature, provoked a smile from the reader. 'Well,' said one of the listeners, 'I do n't object so much to those things from PAUL, for he was a bachelor, but PETER had a wife.' 'Yes,' chimes in our little four-year-old, who thinks that her comments are always timely: 'Yes,

'PETER, PETER, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and could n't keep her!''

Little Biblical cherub! - - - WE call attention to, and commend with pleasure to our readers, a fine large engraving of *St. Anne's Church for Deaf Mutes in Eighteenth-Street*, the only one of its kind in the United States. The deaf-mutes ask for dollar subscriptions to relieve this church from debt; and we sincerely hope that they may be entirely successful. The church is a handsome structure, and is open every Sunday, for worship by signs, by the rector, Rev. THOMAS GALLAUDET. Let no churchman, who is able, turn these mute applicants empty-handed away. - - - 'A POOR dog came to me,' remarked a humane citizen, 'on one occasion, as I sat on the porch of an inn at Manhattanville, who had just liberated his tail from a tin pot. He was 'worried' almost to death, and moaned 'as if his heart would break.' For my expression of sympathy he manifested the warmest gratitude, and would hardly leave my side for a moment. In the evening, however, he ventured out, and I shall never forget the disturbance it gave me on awaking in the night, to hear the poor fellow coursing along the dusky road, howling with affright at some dreadful missile, more awful from the gloom in which it vibrated, rattling at his heels as he leaped away from the horrid tin spectre.' TRUFLESDRÖCKE, in 'Sartor Resartus,' gives a description of a somewhat similar scene: 'Well do I still remember the red sunny Whitsuntide morning, when, trotting full of hope by the side of Father ANDREAS, I entered the main street of the village, and saw its steeple-clock then striking eight, and the aproned or disaproned burghers moving in to breakfast: a little dog in mad terror was rushing past, for some human imps had tied a tin kettle to his tail; thus did the agonized creature, loud jingling, career through the whole length of the borough, and become notable enough. Fit emblem of many a one to whom Fate has malignantly appended a tin kettle of ambition to chase him on, which, the faster he runs, urges him the faster — the more loudly and more foolishly.' Not an 'impotent conclusion.' - - - 'For the love of Heaven,' said one of the unhappy victims, struggling in the water, to the crew of an over-loaded boat, 'take me in! take me in, and I will give you thirty-five thousand pounds!' Ah! what was his money then? We thought, as we read this thrilling incident, of the preservation of a man who fell overboard in a storm, while in the middle of the Atlantic. The Rev. Dr. PARKER, who was in the same vessel, received the account from the mate, who went with a boat and four of the ship's crew to the poor fellow's rescue. The whole incident may be found in the interesting book,

by Dr. PARKER, entitled '*Invitations to True Happiness.*' We give but the closing passage :

'As we rose upon a mountain wave, we discovered the man on a distant billow. We heard his cry, and responded, 'Coming! coming!' We descended into the trough of the sea; we lost sight of the man, and heard nothing but the roar of the ocean. As we rose on the wave, we *again* saw him, and again distinctly heard his call. We gave him another word of encouragement, and pulled with all our strength. At the top of each succeeding wave we saw and heard him, and our hearts were filled with encouragement, as often in the trough of the sea we almost abandoned our hope of success. The time seemed long, and the struggle was such as men never use except for life. We reached him just as he was ready to sink with exhaustion. When we had drawn him into the boat he was senseless and speechless.

'Our minds now turned to the ship. She had rounded to; but exhausted as we were, the distance between us and the vessel was frightful. One false movement would have filled our boat, and consigned us to a watery grave. Yet we reached the vessel, and were drawn safely on board.

'We were still exhausted, nor could the rescued man speak or walk, and yet he had a full sense of his condition. *He clasped our feet, and began to kiss them.* We disengaged ourselves from his embrace. He then crawled after us as we stepped back to avoid him: he followed us, looking up one moment with smiles and tears, and then *patting our wet foot-prints with his hand, he kissed them with an eager fondness!*

'I never witnessed such a scene in my life. I suppose if he had been our greatest enemy, he would have been perfectly subdued. The man was a passenger. During the whole voyage he showed the deepest gratitude, and when we reached the port, he loaded us with presents.'

UNABLE to be present at the private view of our friend Col. THORPE'S great picture of '*Niagara as it is*,' we take this discriminating notice of it from the *New-York Times* daily journal :

'ONE of the most accomplished members of the New-York Press, Col. T. B. THORPE, of the *Spirit of the Times*, last evening exhibited to a company of his friends and colleagues, a most unique and interesting work of art, a literal picture of Niagara as it is. That Col. THORPE is an artist in spirit has long been known to the reading world. We owe to Mr. DEXBY, who kindly opened his house to receive both the painting and the painter's friends, the knowledge that Col. THORPE is an artist by the hand as well as by the heart. He has studied Niagara as Niagara deserves to be studied, year after year and month after month, from all possible points of view, and under every changing influence of season and of light. The result of his studies was a conviction that Niagara might be painted for the popular eye in the fulness of its characteristic beauty — with all the splendor of rushing water, all the mystical majesty of rising misty vapor, all the grandeur of cloven ravines, and all the solemnity of river depths too profound to be stirred by breeze or keel.

'The result of this conviction is the picture which this most enthusiastic and energetic of amateurs has now completed, and which is on its way to England to be submitted to the engraver's burin.

'Col. THORPE has selected his point of view most happily. Taken from Victoria Point, just below the Clifton House, his landscape includes all that impresses itself most strongly on the eye and dwells most lastingly in the memory of the visitor of Niagara. The American fall, thin, nervous, almost mercurial in its sudden, steep plunge of sheeted silver; the mass of Iris island; the picturesque interposition of Goat Island; and the magnificent emerald crescent of the great Horseshoe Fall, all are portrayed with panoramic fidelity; and the peculiar effect of the stately narrowing gorge through which the water of the western lakes forces its descent to the St. Lawrence and the ocean, is rendered by Col. THORPE with rare, and we think with unprecedented truth. If justice is done in the

chromotint to the special qualities of this remarkable painting, there can be little doubt that Col. THOMAS will win and wear, as he well deserves to do, the honor of bringing the complete natural features of our great waterfall, for the first time, into the homes of the people. The honor will be no slight one, nor will its charm be diminished, we hope by the consideration that it will bring with it profit as well as praise, the cash of the *connoisseur*, as well as the applause of the critic.

Serves the 'Colonel' right! - - - We have been 'placed in possession' of the following epistle and poetical effusion, by a friend of 'the party' doing the writing. We are informed that Mr. SUNNEY is delighted with the notice which we have taken of his Muse, and is only desirous of doing away the impression that he is a 'common waiter.' Not at all: he *commands* waiters, by platoons; being himself chief officer of a 'section' of the same, in the 'blooming hotel' aforesaid. *Macte virtute, SUNNEY! En avant, SUNNEY! 'Go ahead,' SUNNEY!* While GENIUS holds the reins, and SUNNEY drives the horse, there is no fear of the 'car of poetry' coming to a dead halt:

* *International Hotel, April 28, 1860.*

'DEAR SIR: Having read the production of my pen in the last number of your much-respected and widely-circulated journal, I return you my most sincere thanks and gratitude for giving publicity to that simple ode termed the 'Blooming Praises of a Blossoming Poet,' and depends on your liberality for the publication of the following verses.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES SUNNEY.'

Sunney to the Editor.

'After my foreign travel,
Through England and France,
I composed a few verses
And wrote a romance;
In the true blarney style,
You remarked with good will,
That I expounded the praises
Of a brilliant Hotel.

'The assertions you made,
You may think they were right;
But if I was the writer,
You'd say I was tight:
For I am *not* a waiter,
It's plain to be seen,
As you have inserted
In your last Magazine.

'I perused your remarks,
Which were worthy of note,
Concerning the waiter,
Or the blossoming poet;
Your joke it would carry
Reproof to a clown;
Adorned with logic,
Without causing a frown.

'So I hope those mistakes
You'll correct very soon
Respecting the 'waiter'
In TAYLOR's saloon,
Who stands elevated,
Both noble and grand,
Diffusing much knowledge
From the pen I command.

'You spoke of my country,
But did not disdain;
The flower that's transplanted
Can't grow without rain;
So I, like the cedar,
My lot has been cast
In this free foreign land,
To withstand every blast.

'No longer I'll trespass
On your precious time,
Sincerely I thank you
For inserting this rhyme,
And for giving publication
To my former song:
I hope you'll excuse me
If I have said wrong.'

'Excuse' you, SUNNEY? Yes! - - - THE pleasant and graphically-written sketch of a 'Visit to Newstead Abbey and the Tomb of Lord BYRON,' by our old friend and occasional correspondent Mr. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, the well-known 'JEEMS PIPES, of Pipesville,' now first given to the public, will be found in the forth-coming book of Mr. MASSETT's adventures, shortly to be produced by one of our New-York publishers, the title of which is, '*Fire, Smoke, and Ashes from my Meerschbaum*,' or Adventures in all parts of the World. Mr. 'PIPES' has travelled in almost every part of the habitable globe: at one time writing us

from the shores of the Bosphorus; again from the 'Eternal City;' scribbling us a line from the 'GARRICK Club' in London, or describing in his off-hand style his caravan-ride through the sands of Egypt, or his interview with a nephew of Lady BLESSINGTON in the far-off colony of VAN DIEMEN'S LAND: all these, and a hundred other exciting scenes and adventures, will be given in his book, when it shall appear in the autumn. MASSETT has eaten *Sandwiches* with the natives of Honolulu, bear-steak on the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, curry and rice in the city of Palaces, Calcutta; and we predict for his interesting book of adventures a very large sale. - - - THE following is a genuine authentic letter, placed in type from the writer's own manuscript, if 'manuscript' it can be called. It is positively 'awful' to behold. Such zig-zag characters can only be paralleled by 'cross-cut lightning' playing in a bank of western summer clouds. The writer (save the mark!) is a TEACHER!—and he addresses his missive to the well-known school-book publishing house of our city, A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY:

'MR A S BARNES & Co publishers Der Sirs I see yere advertisemente in the New york tribune Whar yue have publish juvenile Definer also yue say in advertisemente thate teachers can gite one at half price and I ask you to send to me one and send the amount Whitch is half price and I Will send hite hite to yue bye malle and you have the Book malle to me and also send me a full Catalogyue of all your Books When yue malle the Book and Catalogyue Dyerect them to WILLIAM BEAM Palatine Post offices Calhune Esq County Alabama

' this Given under my hand and this Day and Date this october the 10 1858

'yorse truly friend &c

WILLIAM BEAM Esq

' *Palatine alabama Calhuns County*

{ L. S. } ' Given under my hand and seale this Day and Date &c &c Ben ritan and so foth

' rite if Posteig stamps is as the same as money With yue WILLIAM BEAM Esq

' mister BARNES & Co Sir oblige your truly frened and I Will send the money or the stamps Whitch ever yue rite for yue Gite the silver Woold B myta heavey and hit moute Be taken out be fore hite Get to yue But if chuse hite yue Gite hite

' WILLIAM BEAM Esq'

If such be the 'Teachers' in 'Alabama,' what must be the *Taught!* - - - THE *Annual Dinner of the Eclectic Club*, at their Club-House, on the eleventh ultimo, will not be forgotten in our next: a brilliant, *recherché* 'repast,' every way. - - - THE following is from an old and estimable correspondent:

'To those who have not particularly observed the dramatic form of many of the narrative portions of the BIBLE, the following extract from the Gospel of John will possess a new interest. It is arranged from the 'common version,' and retains very nearly the exact words of the same. Vide JOHN 4: 5-41.

'PLACE: A city of Samaria which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that JACOB gave to his son JOSEPH; JACOB's well was there.

'PERSONS: JESUS; a woman of Samaria; (and on their return,) the disciples, who were gone away into the city to buy meat.

'TIME: About the sixth hour, on a journey from Judea to Galilee, going through Samaria.

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria, at Jacob's Well.

'Jesus being wearied with travel, sat on the well, and there cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water.

'JESUS: 'Give me to drink.'

'THE WOMAN: 'How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?' For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritana.

'JESUS: 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldst have asked of him and he would have given thee living water.'

'THE WOMAN: 'Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence, then, hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father JACOB, who gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?'

'JESUS: 'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life.'

'THE WOMAN: 'Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.'

'JESUS: 'Go call thy husband, and come hither.'

'THE WOMAN: 'I have no husband.'

'JESUS: 'Thou hast well said, 'I have no husband;' for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that thou saidst truly.'

'THE WOMAN: 'Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet. Our fathers worshipped on this mountain, and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.'

'JESUS: 'Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth.'

'THE WOMAN: 'I know that MESSIAS cometh, which is called CHRIST; when he is come he will tell us all things.'

'JESUS: 'I THAT SPEAK UNTO THEE AM HE.'

'And upon this came his disciples, and marvelled that he talked with the woman; yet no man said, 'What seekest thou?' or, 'Why talkest thou with her?' The woman then left her water-pot, and went her way into the city.

'THE WOMAN: (To the men of the city:) 'Come see a man which told me all the things that I ever did. Is not this the CHRIST?'

'Then they went out of the city and came unto Him. In the mean time his disciples brought food.

'THE DISCIPLES: 'Master, eat.'

'JESUS: 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of.'

'THE DISCIPLES: (To one another,) 'Hath any man brought him ought to eat?'

'JESUS: 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work. Say not ye, 'There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest?' Behold I say unto you, 'Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; they are white already to harvest.' And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. And

sion for my being guarded in what I write, no need of carefully weighing the phrases I use. We know each other too well to take offence at any remarks either of us may make. Like Goethe, we have no time to hate or be angry with any one, our thoughts run in too elevated a sphere for that ; but it was unkind in you not to do me that little municipal favor I asked of you.

R. J.

S U S A N N A H.

THERE comes me in a wafered note,
Writ in a dainty female hand,
With compliments all underscored,
And neatly signed SUSANNAH BLAND.
The writer says my pleasant rhymes
Have caused her many a hearty laugh,
And in a crispy postscript asks
The favor of my autograph.

She also sends a postage-stamp,
Which gives the thing a business
look,
As if she were methodical
In every thing she undertook :
Or ought I rather to infer,
And neither give nor take offence,
That poet's signatures are worth
And can be purchased for three cents !

If not, what may your notion be,
In thus applying for my name ?
Is it because you 'd have me think
That I am not unknown to fame ?
If this is what the note implies,
Permit me to express my thanks ;
But, let me hint to Madame FAME,
I 'd rather stand well with the Banks.

I know she owns a pillared dome
That crowns a steep and lofty hill :
Its picture in my spelling-book
Haunts busy manhood's memory still.
But ah ! such real estate 's too high
For even corner-lots to rise,
And hers are not the kind of rocks
To charm a bank-director's eyes.

An over-stately dame is she,
Who carries, I have cause to know,
Two trumpets — one to hear withal,
And one, the longest, made to blow.
Earlford, (Conn.)

She's precious hard of hearing, too,
And keeps the short one at her ear,
Wherein her suitors have to bawl
Tremendously to make her hear.

And even then the one she blows
Emits at times so faint a sound,
That ere it reaches Echo's cell
'T is in the misty distance drowned.
It takes a most stentorian blast
To reach the stolid public's ears,
And so for wind to fill the trumpet
She has to husband hers for years.

Besides, I do n't know you, SUSANNAH,
Nor whether you look ill or well :
If you are widow, maid, or wife,
Or neither, 's more than I can tell.
Wherefore, (excuse me,) I should like,
Ere I comply with your request,
To see you in your morning-gown,
Or Sunday-go-to-meeting best.

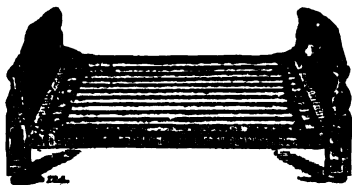
Perhaps you 'll take the trouble, ma'am,
To aid me in this little matter :
So, just to guard against mistakes,
(For friends, you know, are apt to
flatter.)

Please send me your daguerreotype,
And I can guess from seeing that,
If you 're a charming wide-awake,
Or only an unconscious flat.

And if it shows fair cheek and brow,
Ambrosial lips and laughing eyes,
The autograph shall leap to light
In letters of the largest size.
Still, if the picture proves a fright
I will not altogether slight you,
But hand your note to cousin BEN,
And let the hirsute dandy write you.

G. H. C.

Howe's Patent Elliptic Spring Bed.



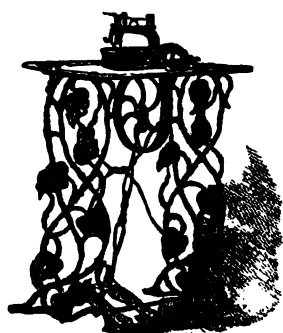
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

It is truly a luxurious article.—*U. S. Journal*.
 But accomplished the object desired.—*Home Jour.*
 Will be universally used.—*Times*.
 Exceeds every thing else in that line.—*Daily News*.
 A most invaluable invention.—*Times and Messeng.*
 We have no hesitation in recommending it.—*Merc.*
Mag.
 It is easy, luxurious, cheap. We speak advisedly.—*Atlas*.
 We know them to be just the thing.—*Ohio Farmer*.
 Universally admired and applauded.—*Com. Advert.*
 The public are unanimous in its praise.—*Bull. Disp.*
 The most meritorious invention ever introduced.—*Plain Dealer*.
 For sickness it must be invaluable.—*Hartf. Press*.
 It is simple, durable, and cheap.—*Chicago Trib.*
 Economical, and will not get out of repair.—*Chica.*
Journal.
 Ranks foremost among modern inventions.—*Intell.*
 It far exceeds our expectations.—*Louisville Jour.*
 Commends itself to every lover of easy repose.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.
 Must secure for itself universal demand.—*New Yorker*.
 Truly it is an ease to the weary in limb.—*Putnam's Mag.*

Yields to every part of the body.—*Valley Farmer*.
 They are all the inventor claims for them.—*Lake Sup. M'cer*.
 The "Invalid Bed" is particularly valuable.—*Mothers' Mag.*
 We unhesitatingly advise our friends to buy it.—*Trenton Gaz.*
 Every family will certainly adopt it.—*Louisville Journal*.
 We are satisfied with our investment.—*Westvils Herald*.
 The greatest of luxuries.—*Ladies' Newspaper*.
 Being of good steel, will last for ever.—*Cleveland Herald*.
 The bed costs less with than without it.—*Farmer*.
 It is precisely the article wanted.—*Mercant. Trav.*
 It must always be a great favorite.—*Hotel Direct.*
 Every "Angel of the Household" will adopt them.—*Newark Advert.*
 Cool, compact, portable, durable, cheap, cleanly, and delightful.—*Knickerbocker Magazine*.
 It is within the reach of every family.—*Delaware Gazette*.
 It is the ne plus ultra of what it purports to be.—*Medina Trib.*

The Elliptic Spring Bed is for sale by all first-class Dealers throughout the United States and Canada, or may be procured direct from the manufacturers in the city of New York. In the latter case, give width of bedstead, and enclose the price of the Springs (\$5 for a single bed, and \$6 for a double bed), and the order will receive prompt attention. SEND FOR A DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.

Address, GEO. F. GRAY,
 Sec'y Elliptic Bed Spring Company,
 159 Chatham Street, N. Y.



Singer's Sewing-Machines.

PRICES REDUCED TO \$50, \$75, \$90, and \$100.

The plain reason why Singer's Sewing-Machines have always sold readily at a higher average price than any other, is that they are better, more durable, more reliable, capable of doing a much greater variety of work, and earning more money. Long-continued popularity is proof of sterling merit. In the purchase of what are called cheap Sewing-Machines, thousands have been deceived and disappointed, but with Singer's Machines there is never any failure or mistake.

SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE,

the price of which is only \$50, is a light and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family. It has secured a great reputation during the few months since it was first offered to the public.

SINGER'S TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE-MACHINE,

to be sold at \$75, is a Machine entirely new in its arrangement; it is very beautiful, moves rapidly and very easily, and, for family use and light manufacturing purposes, is the very best and cheapest Machine ever offered to the public. These Machines are being increased in number as rapidly as possible, and yet the demand for them cannot be fully supplied.

SINGER'S No. 1 SHUTTLE-MACHINE,

formerly sold at \$185, but now reduced to \$90, is too well known all over the world to need any description. Every sort of work, coarse or fine, can be done with it.

SINGER'S No. 2 SHUTTLE-MACHINE.

This is the favorite manufacturing Machine every where. The size of the Machine gives ample space for almost every description of work, which, together with its admirable working qualities, gives it a decided advantage. Price, with table complete, \$100.

All of Singer's Machines make the interlocked stitch with two threads, which is the best stitch known. Every person desiring to procure full and reliable information about Sewing-Machines, their sizes, prices, working capacities and the best methods of purchasing, can obtain it by sending for a copy of *I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette*, which is a beautiful pictorial paper entirely devoted to the subject. It will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway, New-York.

I did not deign to reply to his interrogatory, but muttering, 'I go, but I return,' went. Vexed at such a termination of the affair, I waited near by till all was again quiet, then went back, and taking up the thread of my song where it had been broken off, finished it. Gathering confidence as I went on, I was proceeding to request her to 'Come o'er the hills with me,' and was picturing in glowing colors the 'sweet content of our humble, happy lot,' when whack! like a discharge from a catapult, a body of unknown shape and dimensions, but evidently of considerable weight and density, struck the fence near me. Instinctively divining that this came from the hands of the 'enraged parient,' and fearing lest he should follow up his salute with a volley, I silenced the vibrating guitar-strings, postponed the 'Good night' song *sine die*, (excuse the bull,) and retreated. In my hasty and not remarkably graceful evacuation of the premises, an upstart nail in the fence made an ugly right-angled rent in my best broad-cloth.

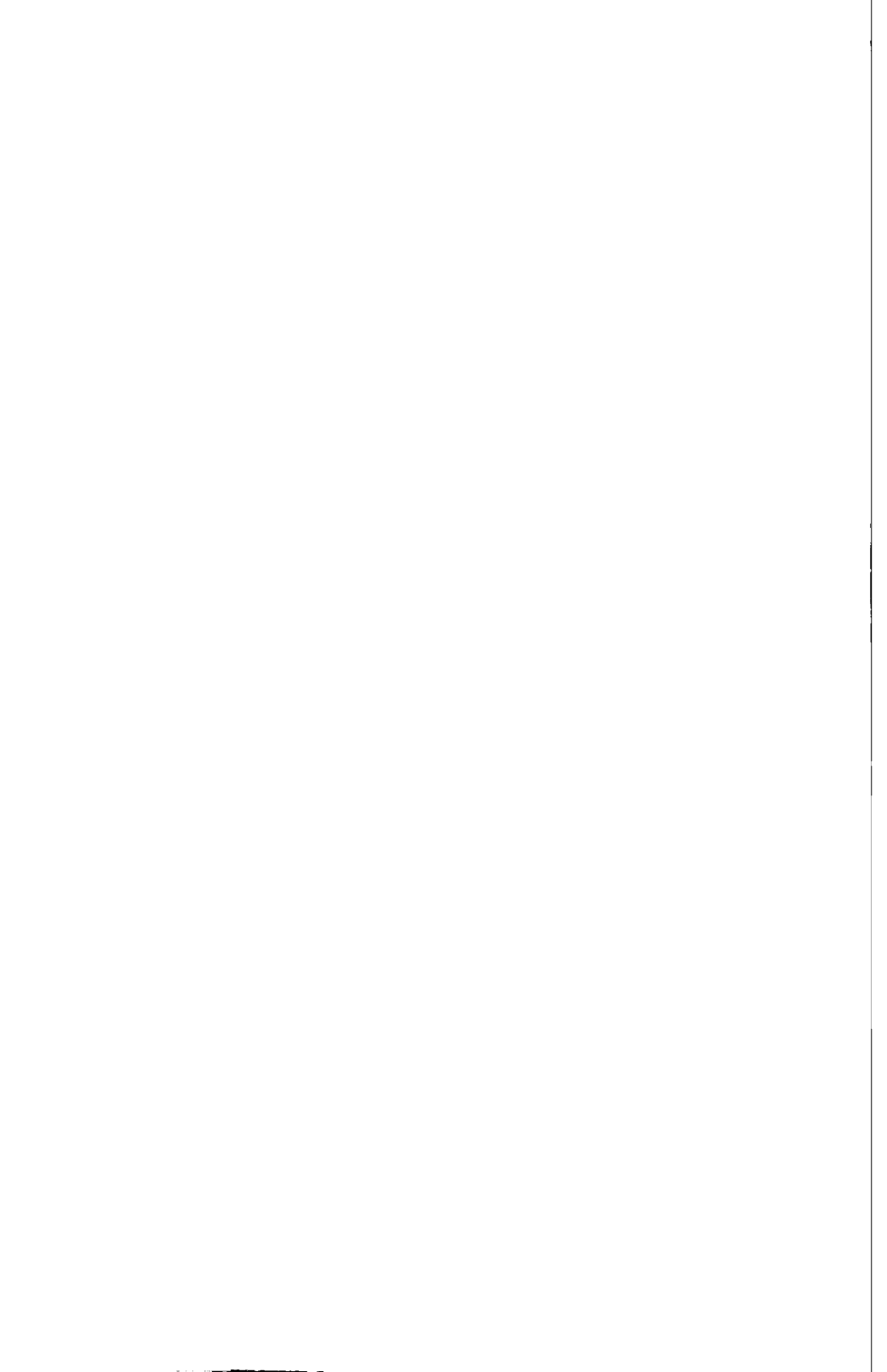
And now Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater want to see me Friday eve: to-day is Thursday: too late to get a new garment made, to say nothing of my own impecuniosity. But as I said before, I was very fond of society, especially that of Amelia, who would certainly be at the party, as she was on very intimate terms with Miss Georgia Fitzwater. So go I must; and as society has decreed that a coat is an indispensable article of apparel at a party, I borrowed Frank's immaculate swallow-tail.

'And Frank, I shall want your gaiters,' as I discovered that one of mine showed a very ragged abrasion on the side, and the other was sadly run down at the heel.

'Take 'em along,' said he, and quietly went on 'cloud compelling.' But I was too much agitated to smoke. I let my pipe go out, called Frank Mrs. Fitzwater, and was only recalled to my senses when he reminded me that my 'doeskins' needed repairing. So I seized a needle and thread, and after many futile efforts succeeded in passing the latter through the eye of the former. I then carefully closed the gaping fissure, not without tangling the thread several times, and uttering several adjectives not very complimentary to the pantaloons and the maker thereof.

'T were vain to attempt to tell what horrid dreams racked my brains that night. They were an *olla podrida* of absurd incongruities. At one time I was making my *salaam* to Mrs. Fitzwater, and repeating the well-conned complimentary speech to Miss Georgia, when suddenly the needle which I inadvertently had left in my trowers, made its presence known in a very insinuating manner. At another, Mr. Fitzwater was shaking my hand with one of his, and with the other extracting the pins with which I had attempted to cobble the disinte-





This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

~~OCT 16 58 H~~

as fast as my crippled feet would take me. I reached home, and taking off the coat and shoes which were the cause of all my misery, deliberately threw the latter at Frank, who sat deeply immersed in the mysteries of Carpentier. But I was too much agitated to take aim : one missile shattered the mirror, the other fractured the wash-bowl and pitcher.

Frank seized me before I could put the coat into the fire, held me till I was somewhat calm, then put me to bed, and went on reading, after muttering something about 'drunk again.' I awoke in the night with a high fever ; roused Frank and sent him for the doctor, who came, saw, and blistered me most unmercifully.

Thus did I blight my matrimonial prospects, suffer a brain-fever, and break a looking-glass and washing utensils, (exorbitant bill of damages sent in by our landlady,) all, because I went to a party in borrowed garments.

I have never seen Amelia since the memorable evening ; but have learned that she married a respectable grain-dealer out West, and has an interesting family of children.

I am a bachelor yet, and have an *intensely* interesting family of toe-corns.

SCENE IN ITALY: A CRAYON SKETCH.

I.

'T was a broad garden of Italia's South,
Where human hands had guided Nature's will
Into green fancies ; where from stony mouth
Of grotesque fountain, in the noon-day still
Of sunlight, you might hear cool waters, till
They charmed the faintness from your brow away ;
Fretting the silence which they could not fill,
With the low babble of a glitt'ring spray
That starred with living gems the blue, o'er-hanging day.

II.

'About this garden scene were clustering trees,
Prisoning a pleasant twilight in the grove
That vista'd into gloom, 'neath leafy frieze,
Entangling like a gothic arch above.
No human step could here be heard to move ;
The mossy pathway muffled wandering feet —
The busy winds grew mute as maiden's love,
Or feared to breathe in such a calm retreat,
Where you might think to hear the heart of Nature beat.'